

Be Honest! 451

Chapter 451 I Believe!

It took a while for Davon to believe the insane idea that his grandfather was out to get them.

Growing up, his grandfather was the closest to him, taking him fishing and even hiking up the woods.

So when did it all change? Why did he suddenly develop psychotic impulses after them?

Questions, questions, questions...

Davon had a million and 1 questions to ask but knew that apart from him but knew that apart from him, Ross was also very close to Grandpa too.

So for him to come out and say this meant he at least had evidence to back up his claim.

Davon didn't fully believe it, but as they say, it was better to be safe than sorry.

What if it's really true? Won't it be better to deal with preparation rather than waiting for his grandpa to kill them all?

"Then what's the vinegar for?"

Ross's heart skipped a beat. "Ever since Grandpa came back, he has developed a strong allergic reaction to vinegar. Last time he accidentally tasted it and had his hands on his neck, running for fresh air."

Okay, Ross lied a bit, but it was better than telling the truth.

Davon nodded, feeling Ross's thoughts were smart.

After all, he and probably Ross didn't want to kill their grandfather. No.

It would be best to apprehend him in a way that left both sides unharmed.

So after spraying vinegar on Granddad, they could take advantage of his moment of anxiousness and weakness to tie him up and wait for the police's arrival.

Don't think because their granddad was old, he couldn't injure them.

If their grandfather is holding a knife, one of them might get injured before they have the chance to tie him up.

But put him in a vulnerable state and they would have the chance for a safe victory.

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Alright.

"I believe you... is that why you wanted us to sleep together tonight?"

Ross nodded heavily, not intending to hide it.

"With us being together, it would be difficult for Granddad to make a move at night."

Davon massaged the few strands of growing hair on his chin thoughtfully. "We best hurry up and meet Mom in her room. Mom has an early day tomorrow so she needs to sleep early too."

"Yeah." Ross agreed, grabbing his lucky pillow and following Davon to his room.

Ross was already in his PJs after taking a quick bath. When taking his bath, the speed he used could've definitely set a world record.

How can he not be in fear and in a rush knowing that that thing was living with them in place of Grandpa?

He feared if he stayed in the shower longer, he would probably die mysteriously.

Following Davon out of his room, the duo suddenly came face to face with their creepy smiling grandpa.

Davon's heart jumped, subconsciously keeping Ross behind him.

"Evening Granddad."

The old man said nothing, only smiling and looking at both of them mysteriously.

Just this alone made Davon's pupils dilate.

Hearing it from his brother's mouth is one thing, but finally seeing and linking Granddad's weirdness with murder was another matter altogether.

Davon didn't know when his legs started quivering, as the brothers slowly inched forward, trying to bypass Granddad, whom they just noticed had somehow grown a little more burlier.

His shoulders were broader, his chest wider and his overall body huge.

Just him alone took up a menacing amount of space along the hallway.

Everyone now found themselves sticking to the walls as they bypassed the old man, chased into Davon's room and hastily locked the door.

F***!

Davon cursed, breathing heavily.

He knew cursing would lead him to put money in a swear jar, but in such a situation, who the hell cares about that?

It was usually his younger brother who ratted him out to Mom if he said a single bad word. But today, Ross was feeling generous.

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F***, F***, F***, F***!

Ross stood and exclaimed, with his hands grabbing his hair and his body moving back and forth in horror.

No. This is some movie shit right here.

You know, the ones about slashers who are family members?

Son of a b**ch!

"Ross, he's really out to get us. But Mom will not believe it. After all, it's her father they were talking about."

Her mom has grown up with the father since their maternal grandma died from giving birth to their mom.

So you can imagine how close the 2 are.

Davon didn't think such psychotic thoughts sprung from nowhere.

In most slasher movies, you can see the traits that existed in each character from the very beginning.

Maybe mom didn't notice it when growing up, but their Grandpa should've been killing people when he was younger.

The look in the man's eyes was that of a hunter staring at prey.

It seemed their grandfather must've been preparing to take them down for years.

Maybe to their grandfather, their heads on his walls would be his greatest and most fulfilling hunt of all.

The sick part of it all was that he had other elderly buddies with him who do the same thing perhaps as a sport.

Davon was in no mood to take any bloody shower.

Washing his face and brushing his teeth were all the night preparations he did, especially when thinking his mom was alone in her room. I think you should take a look at

Looking around his room, he grabbed a few sharp objects, held Ross's hand and leaned into the door with his ears open wide.

~Din... Din... Din... Din.

Heavy rhythmic footsteps echoed about the hallways.

Davon heard the footsteps move away, before descending the stairs, slowly fading into nothingness.

-Silence-

Blink. Blink.

You look at me; I look at you.

It seems it's all good.

Both brothers looked at each other, before counting to 5 in their hearts and opening the door.

But what they didn't expect was a close-up view of their granddad standing inches from their door.

"Ahhh!... Granddad, it-it-it's just you."

Davon tried to put up a bold front. "Ross and I are just playing hide and seek, so we won't bother you anymore. Mom is waiting for us."

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Mommy...

Who can tell him how his granddad whose footsteps had faded suddenly appeared outside his door?

Davon wished for himself and the walls to become one as he leaned against it, keeping a steady pace while bypassing the old man again.

For Ross, he kept his head low but his hands tight on the vinegar wrapped within his special blanket.

No one knows the rollercoaster of emotions that went through their brains in these few seconds that seems like an eternity.

Bam!

Amelia came out with a towel on her damp head, wondering what the hell had gotten into her boys of late.

"Are you both obsessed with playing so late in the night?"

"Mom, you don't"

"Enough. I'm happy to see you both bond but Mama needs some quiet and a good night's sleep here. So from now on, zip it."

Both brothers could only look at each other helplessly, as they looked at the door from the inside and got on the bed robotically.

Amelia, who came with dry hair wearing her nightgown, stared at the bed both angry and funny.

Her older son Davon was wearing his skateboarding helmet... a helmet he hasn't worn in years now.

As for Ross, he had padding on his arms, as though trying to stop something from biting him.

Forget it...

She was too old and too tired for this shit.

Let them do as they want. After all, Ross was very scared today, so maybe he did all this, feeling it would protect him from who-knows-what.

Augh~

Children.

Be a parent, they said.

It was going to be fun, they said.

It was going to be amazing and stress-free, they said.

Amelia wished she could slap the mouths of many in her past.

It was indeed an amazing experience. But do you know how many times a day her heart raced because of these 2 idiots who call themselves her children?

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The duo were expecting their mother to comment on their ridiculous sleeping attire, but all she did was put on her eye covers and made herself comfy under the sheets.

"Good night."

"..."

"Good night, Mom... we love you."

Amelia felt weird hearing those words from Davon. When was the last time he said he loved her?

Since his rebellious age kicked in, he seemed hell-bent on going against her for every little thing.

What was going on today?

Why were her children so weird?

Amelia truly wanted to delve into the matter further but her heavy eyelids did not allow for such luxuries.

It was midnight and this was the longest she has stayed up on a working day.

It didn't take long for her to sleep.

The brothers thought they too would stay up long, but their eyes couldn't help falling into deep sleep too.

Well, the door was locked and there was no way granddad would be coming in... or so they thought.

--2 hours later--

~Catchack!

Ross heard the door's locks mysteriously turn on their own.

Ross didn't need to open his eyes to know that his worst nightmares were realized.

Granddad... Granddad was here!

Chapter 452 A Harsh Reality!

--20 minutes ago--

A luxurious plane finally had its tires touch the ground with the pilot and stewardess inwardly thanking the God of Science for letting the trip end.

How awkward it was to be on such a flight.

It was amazing that when they landed, everyone's eyes opened at the same time, following which they also stood at the same time with perfect synchronicity.

They had no luggage or baggies on the plane so it was an easy checkout process for the group. Saving the airport, the group didn't take any taxis or cabs and slowly walked into the dark surroundings before vanishing from the airport's sight.

Dorian opened his 3rd eye and didn't need a map to know exactly where they should be headed.

In the very far distance, there was a thick aura of purple mist circulating about the unfortunate town.

Looking at the mist that was constantly changing, Dorian's face turned grim.

"Something has changed. Let's go."

Swish!

In a flash, the group punched forward, moving faster than vehicles and rushing to the little farm town several miles ahead.

Dorian's main target was the corn maize because the 2nd portal/gateway was located on it.

There should be a gateway protector and keeper always guarding the place.

From the official reports of elders getting missing and returning, Dorian did have a couple of hunches on what creatures they might be facing off against.

Only after meeting the true guardian would he be 100% sure of what it was.

Still... despite his guessing, all the creatures he had in mind were not the sort to attack all at once.

However, tonight something seems off.

"We have to hurry up."

~Swish!

They vanished like a burst bubble. And in the meantime, many children in the town were now facing their fates with their parents in deep slumber with some knowing their end was near.

Who can tell them what's going on? Who can stop this madness from happening?

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Ross felt his body electrocute the moment he heard the door slowly unlock itself, though he recalled Davon locking it from the inside.

He thought he was the only one awake, but soon felt a hard squeeze on his thighs.

Yes! Davon also woke from the creepy sound, but Mom was still sleeping and snoring with their blue covers over her eyes.

The duo didn't need to say anything, as their hands slowly reached for the weapons nearby.

~Din... Din... Din...

The grandfather's footsteps could make the dead wish they died again.

They meant it when they said it was hard to describe. Yet it was the most terrifying thing they have ever heard.

Up and down their chest rose, as they slowly fluttered their lashes, trying to take a peek at the enemy.

The old man casually walked in and stopped by their mother's side, opening his mouth and letting his thick saliva drip down his mouth.

Dear God of science! What did this bastard want to do? The old man's eyes widened, and his cheeks raised high like a clown's.

But what shook them the most was his shoulders that left jiggling up and down, as though amused by it all.

Wearing a strange heavy cloak, Davon felt his Grandfather almost look like a creepy shadowy figure that was floating in the air.

But how can that be?

Davon felt a little ridiculous, knowing there were no such things as monsters.

No. What they were facing was a deranged old man with psychotic tendencies.

That was how he thought until he saw something move in his grandfather's face.

Was that a worm?

The long worm wiggled and protruded itself against the flesh of the old man's cheeks.

It swam up and even moved around his eyes, before vanishing as though it was all an illusion.

Davon was dumbfounded.

What was going on here? Aren't worms supposed to only target corpses after being buried?

How can there be a living worm of that humongous size swimming in his grandfather's face?

Tapeworm? Or some strange species of worm they knew nothing about?

Davon might be confused but Ross wasn't.

When he saw the worm, he once again confirmed this 'grandfather' wasn't his but a monster in disguise.

Davon felt reality was already too hard for them to swallow. But what happened next almost left him fainting in a deep coma.

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After opening its mouth for what seemed like an eternity, their grandfather began his laugh marathon, laughing until his shoulders cracked and rose higher than his head.

No matter how slow Davon was, he knew it wasn't natural, but had no time to comment as his grandfather changed more and more into something he didn't recognize.

Bahahhahahhahahahaha~

His grandfather began a low laughing chuckle, slowly increasing the volume and deepness of his voice the longer he laughed.

Wait! Do you hear that?

Both bodies wished the nightmare would end as the many shadows in their rooms began dancing on the walls and floors along with the heavy laughter.

Mommy! Mommy! Mommy! I think you should take a look at

I believe in the God of Science.

I believe in the God of Science.

I said I f**king believe in the God of Science!

So can their imaginations stop getting a hold of them now?

Davon wished he was blind and deaf at the same time, seeing the many changes in the room.

He felt the end was slowly being moved by something strange.

He knew it wasn't the old man pulling the bed away. So who? And where were they taking them?

The Who and where parts were the most terrifying matters of all. But did he have a choice?

The duo could only lay back in test, as they watched their bed suddenly develop character, as it twirled and moved with them on it, opening their parent's balcony door and jumping out of the building without warning.

F***!

A kidnap? Are they honestly being kidnapped by their own bed?

There were times when the bed stood vertically. They should've been holding onto its rails as though hanging onto the side of cliffs.

Yet, they were pinned in position as if the laws of physics no longer applied.

Sweet mother of Pearl!

Both children began braver, seeing as their creepy grandfather no longer followed them.

Turning on their bellies, they peered forward like Snippers on the ground looking at faraway targets.

"Ross! What the f*** did we just see?"

Ross shook his head bitterly, finally confessing what Greg, himself and the others truly saw before.

Davon placed a hand on his chest, wondering if this was still their original world or not.

So... so... that thing wasn't Grandpa but a gruesome monster in disguise?

Then what happened to Grandpa?

Wait. Ross said he was sure that thing was wearing Grandpa's skin. Meaning their grandfather was indeed dead.

"All the missing Grandparents who returned are monsters, right?"

Ross nodded heavily. "Then we are fighting with a large group. With the little vinegar gathered, how can we defeat them all?"

Dammit!

Davon wished he knew sooner so he could have cleared the entire kitchen for this. Do you know how much vinegar farmers have?

You would be amazed how much stockpile was in the storage shed.

Had he known, he might have taken more in the large water gun his dad made for himself when he was just a little kid.

Ross also said that whenever these monsters laugh, the fake skin would twist revealing what truly lay underneath.

This must be why every time Grandpa laughed he would only show them his back, never his face.

But why are the monsters wearing their grandparents always laughing? Was it their way of communicating?

Such questions only flashed through Davon's mind for a brief second, as he was still blown away by the many unnatural things happening around him.

Fear, uncertainty, doubt and lack of hope made him feel they might be fighting something no one in the human race would win against.

These things even killed Timmy and many others right under their noses.

So was it truly their time to die now?

No way! No matter how scared they were, they must fight to survive.

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~Crash!

Beds jumped out from their neighbor's homes, creepily following behind them too.

"Sarah!"

"Davon, what is going on here?" The neighbor girl Sarah, who had teary eyes, didn't let a single one drop.

"You damn kids! Can't you see I'm trying to get some rest here?"

Amelie was about to curse more when she saw the strange scene before her.

Hello? Why were there beds moving on their outside?

Alas... she must be dreaming. Thinking like this, she closed her eyes and prepared to go back to bed.

"Mom!"

Eh? Not a dream?

Amelia had no choice but to open her eyes again in a daze.

"Start talking. Does this have anything to do with you both?"

"..."

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~Crash! Crash! Crash!

More And more beds jumped out from the neighborhood, taking their captives to the place Ross and the others were familiar with. Along the way, they also saw Gregory and Helga.

And where were they headed? Of course to the maze!

Chapter 453 A Town Crises

Hahahahahah~

What were these brats talking about? How can her father die just like that?

Amelia shook her head crazily, not wanting to believe any of it.

Sadly, the fact that she couldn't get off the running bed, no matter how she tried, already gave her an ominous feeling.

Were they truly monsters in this world? Or was this the work of some mad scientist who found the time to sneak into their homes and create mechanized robotic beds that could run like dogs?

Don't blame her for thinking so, since the concept of monsters was so far-fetched she began wondering if her children had secretly taken drugs from who knows where.

They won't have snuck into Old Man Connor's home and gotten a taste of his special brownies, right?

[The duo]:...

Where is the trust?

It took what seemed like an eternity to the boys for their mother to finally get a clue.

Even then she still felt they were exaggerating things, but Davon inwards scoffed thinking she was only doubtful because she slept through the gruesome kidnapping.

She didn't see how the monster managed to open the door from the other side.

She didn't see the many dancing shadows that came to life in the room and did not also see the old man's twisting face filled with worms underneath.

Lying trough!

Had she seen it, won't she dare to argue with them while on their way to their deaths?

Maybe by coincidence or fate, Gregory and Helga's beds soon ran alongside them.

Gregory's parents, as well as Helga's dad, were in the beds too. It seems all the kids had managed to bring their parents to sleep with them.

It was strange that when the kidnapping happened, the monsters even threw newly born babies to the humans on the beds before sending the bed horses away.

Tonight, no one was bound to survive.

Tonight, it seems their little town would soon turn into a ghost town with all residents disappearing, leaving only the old behind.

The mystery will no doubt remain unsolved, as many strange mysteries that have gone down in humanity's history.

From the disappearance of hundreds to the disappearance of thousands... Many will speculate the group found a line connecting them to a parallel universe, while others might speculate it was the work of Male serial killers kidnapping for a cause.

They believed in science and would draw out all scientific explanations to the disappointment of many.

For the residents facing the crisis firsthand, words couldn't describe how helpless they felt now, feeling deceived by the government.

Why? Why did such things exist and no one bothered telling them?

Wasn't this a world of pure science? A world where people could sneakily get sent to the Looney Bin for the littlest speculations of the supernatural existing? So if it was all real, then why frighten them so much with the matter of the looney Bin?

Davon stared at Gregory, suddenly treating him like an equal. "Little man, up five got a plan?"

Gregory nodded. "Sort of. We still have a long way to go before we reach the corn fields. There's a strange force keeping us bound on the beds but haven't you noticed we can still pick up objects along the way?"

Everyone around Gregory, including his parents, had brightly lit eyes, as they leaned against the bed's edge, grabbing as many stones and sharp objects they could find.

All the while they kept listening to Gregory, appreciating his brains and quick thinking.

Indeed, he was right.

They hardly knew the creature's weakness, except for vinegar.

"Good boy." Gregory's parents rubbed his head, proud yet distressed that he had to face such a life-changing event at such a young age.

They hoped should he make it alive, he wouldn't be scared for life.

"Although we don't know all their weaknesses, we do know of their capabilities. They can move extremely fast, and can control blah, blah, blah, blah."

Gregory and the other children wasted no time telling what they found.

"Hold on." Davon frowned. "Earlier, you said Timmy and a few of those who fled the town, had the elders in their homes go through several stages before their disappearance. So why are these creatures now doing mass attacks even though it's not our time yet?"

Gregory already had the answer in his heart. "Because they were provoked... by us."

"You--"

Davon and everyone else froze. "Could it be the incident earlier today when you all were brought back by the police?"

Helga nodded. "Yes, Dad. During that time we were something we were not supposed to see and fled before running into the officers Macy and Trey."

Suddenly the atmosphere seems 10 times heavier, knowing that they would have remained alive for a few more days before dying. I think you should take a look at

In these desperate times, all traits of humanity are quickly Unleashed with some showing hate for Gregory's group of nosy kids.

"It's you! It's all you!" A girl in her 20s exclaimed, pointing at Gregory hatefully.

Luckily, her father had cupped her mouth with his hands, apologizing to them for his daughter's outburst.

Helga's face turned pale, never imagining the beautiful girl she always looked up to, would one day poke at her like a shrew in a marketplace.

You have to know that the youthful girl was dubbed the number one beauty in the town, with many little girls like Helga giving her flowers whenever they saw her.

Who doesn't like to appreciate beauty?

This elder sister was always poised and well-collected, though sometimes she tended to look down on people.

It's just that in the face of her face-changing skills, she could make many fascinated by her again.

Helga has never seen her look so murderous. Everyone had the illusion that if she could, the beautiful sister would waste no time kicking them down and sacrificing them to appease the monsters.

Sure enough, after biting her father's hands away, she was quick to offer these children as sacrifices, wanting to gather a crowd behind her to support her ridiculous idea.

Even the girl's father was so shocked that he slapped her hard on the cheek.

"I'm sorry, everyone! I've spoiled this girl stupid, making her lack some brain cells in that head of hers. We should be thanking the children rather than condemning them." He hastily said, explaining his thoughts.

Think about it.

If they were alone in their homes not even knowing the danger surrounding them, they would have been dying one by one as the days went by.

No one would be able to find their bodies, so it would be possible to think they left the town or are missing.

They would have died without knowing the enemy in the shadows.

However, thanks to these children, they now had more information on the enemy, and could now work together in a large group aiming to take down the enemy together.

The man was a police officer who was off duty tonight.

It was a shame to hear his own daughter say such barbaric words like throwing the children to the monsters, who by the way would still most likely kill them even then.

When doing with villains, be they human or not, the moment you keep giving in to their demands, that's the money you lose.

A blackmailer will never stop if you keep giving in to them constantly.

Likewise, a killer who already had the thoughts of killing you earlier will never stop, only dragging out your death day for an extended period before making their move.

Just like that, some selfish and daring people in the crowd quickly thought about it, deciding not to sacrifice the children.

Yes!

Now, they need to overwhelm the enemy with their sheer numbers. Maybe the children would be useful as the first line of defense against these so-called monsters they haven't seen yet.

RING~

Officer Macy held her phone by her ears, puzzled by why no one was answering her calls.

Seated within the police station, she and a few others whose shifts ended 2 hours ago, were still seated at their desks, working in the missing senior cases.

These days, she has been doing overtime constantly. She couldn't help wondering when it would all end, and when the so-called specialists from the capital were coming.

Eh?

Macy frowned. "That's odd. No one is answering the walkie-talkies."

Every night there are selected police teams assigned to drive around the town, but none is answering a goddamn thing.

"I've got no response too," Trey added, slowly rushing to his feet with worry. "We should send another team to check it out."

"Yeah." Macy and several other officers agreed and were just about to rise when they saw the old, renowned senior officer approach them slowly.

He was the same senior officer who Greg and the others saw with Macy and Trey earlier together.

"Now, now everyone... where do you think you're going?"

Macy's eyes widened, looking at the old officer whose smile was now unnaturally touching the back of his ears.

The old man seemed to enjoy their fearful hazes, as he elongated his shoulders with a mischievous glint in his eyes. And the next thing Macy knew she was face down on the ground.

"Why leave when the fun has just begun?"

BANG!

Chapter 454 Mr Grim Reaper, Can You Please Let Us Go?

A person once asked Officer Macy: What was the most scary thing in her line of work?

Back then, she without a doubt, said the human heart.

But looking at the old man whose face was suddenly peeled off with his hands, from the back of his head, Macy didn't know it was possible for a human being to puke and faint at the same time.

"Trey! Brian! Li Jung!... Blugh~~~~~"

It took all of Macy's willpower not to faint.

Mind you, they were so close to the being, are my a few inches away, so they had a front-row view of how hideous and disgusting it was

Good God of Science!

What have you left this world to become?

Officer Trey, who had just fainted, was puking from his body's disgust.

It seems that even in his dormancy state, his body couldn't accept such a thing existing, talk less of trying to forget the image.

~Crrrrreeeeeeeehehehehhehehhehe~

Macy swore she wouldn't look at the creature for more than 2 seconds. But from that glimpse, she knew the creature had long twig hands, and seemed to be wearing a dark mist of smoke as a coat.

It had just one massive eye, with no minstrels, only a smiling razor-toothed mouth, that sent chills running down her spine.

And what was that godforsaken smell?

Terrible!

It smelt like someone had massacred a million people and left them there to decay for ages.

The smell was too pungent, with a mix of the dead, as well as sulfur and a few chemicals that stung her nostrils.

No! She felt the stench was even more than that. And did she also mention just how rotting its body was?

Mold, decay, maggots, and meat with fluid sacs of green pimple pus waiting to explode now covered the creature everywhere one looked.

Eww! Eww! Eww!

Macy had a hunch that should one of those disgusting pus of greenish-yellowish bad-smelling fluids touch her, she might just faint.

How can such a thing be alive?

Hold on!

Earlier today, the children who seemed very willing to talk to her and Trey, suddenly turned fearful when seeing the old man.

So could they have known?

It was strange to say that those children have never been afraid of the old man.

The only reason why they shook so hard like epileptic patients in the old man's presence should be because they knew.

But Macy didn't blame the kids for not telling her and Trey.

F***!

If anyone said such a thing was possible earlier, she would lock them up for a week for disrespecting one of the most well-known and well-deserved officers in their little town.

Too late! Macy had no time to think, as its long twig hands filled with rotting flesh, maggots and pus sacs towards her legs.

Ahhhhh!!!!!!

Macy screamed with her heart pounding and her chest almost tearing apart from the horror.

It happened so fast that she had no time to prepare herself.

Help! Help! Help!!!

Macy and many others backed and cried with their chest, grabbing onto their desks, doors and anything that could slow the dragging process down.

Wind!

The office suddenly became windy, as the desks they were desperately grabbing, slowly started rising before circling the room like crazy.

Stomachs clenched and twisted in knots, many felt the end of the world was near.

The air suddenly grew 10 times colder and the shadows within the space also began dancing crazily.

And then they heard it.

Clitter! Clitter! Clitter! Clitter!~

"What was that?"

Despite their screaming and the winds that almost made them deaf, they could still hear the terrible sounds of creatures talking within the walls, floors and ceilings.

Look! The shadows were talking!

Macy's face turned ashen, as she quickly took out her gun and began shooting at the 5 old seniors who had now turned into gruesome monsters.

Die! Die! Die! Die

~Bang. Bang. Bang Bang. Bang!

No one knows who started shooting, but everyone suddenly remembered they had guns, as they desperately tried shooting the 5 enemies standing in the center of the Chaos.

No one saw them as their seniors anymore, as the rain of bullets stormed the air.

However, it wasn't the cries of these monsters they heard, but the cries of a few of their comrades.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh~"

"Obelix!"

"Wait! Hold your fire! Hold your goddamn fire!"

Macy exclaimed, seeing the pained Obelix.

Yes! With how fierce this supernatural wind was, any bullet shot could find its way back to them.

Another thing they noticed was that the creatures did even flinch when some of the bullets penetrated their bodies.

This means bullets don't work on them. So what works?

Macy and the others had no time to dwell on the matter, as they soon found themselves thrown on their respective desks, and sent off just like the other town folks. I think you should take a look at

Macy gritted her teeth, staring at her Walkie Talkie with determination.

Shzzzzzz~

"Dammit!" She cursed while holding onto the galloping table. "It's all static!"

"Mine too! I can't reach other frequencies! These bastards have toyed with our signal!"

Many officers still awake, were now getting a grip of themselves seeing as the monsters didn't follow them out.

However, their sights of relief were only momentarily, knowing they were still in a real pickle!

"What now? What do we do now? And who knows where they are taking us to?"

Macy took a deep breath "The old Maze field at the Lancaster residence."

How did she know? Heh.

Earlier, some little birdies gave her clues.

Sadly, she didn't think anything of it.

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Meanwhile, back in the police station, things were still getting more and more out of hand.

F***!

"What are you?"

"You stay back, whatever you are! All I have to do is serve my time! I promise never to eat human flesh anymore. In fact, I'll even go full vegan to show you that I've changed."

"No! No! I don't want to leave prison! I'm good here! Let me be! If you let me go I promise to offer you my inmate for your meal." I after all every day he complains about leaving the prison. He isn't remorseful at all."

"F*** you, Slasher! Who are you to offer me up? Did I say I wasn't remorseful? Good God of science! Don't listen to his bullshit. I'm a changed man. I'm telling the truth! Whenever I think of doing crime, my body contorts and rejects the idea. Believe me! If you let me go, I will never commit any other crime in my life!"

"Wait! Wait! I thought we had a deal! I thought---... AHHHHHH~"

In the prison cells several grown-ass buff men who often claimed to be tough and hart-hearted, were now shedding tears and begging for their lives.

Holy sh**!

So the grim reaper is real?

Many felt the reaper was here to clench them, the evil of this world, meaning the world a safer place.

What did people not promise?

Some promised to donate their eyes, kidneys and even livers if it would let them stay alive.

Others promised to knock out the most vicious people in the cell and offer, while some even offered their innocence, accepting to pick up dropped bars of soap for the grim reaper if that was what he liked on the side.

[Actual Grim Reaper]:...

Who is spoiling his name?

Of course, since this world didn't believe in the concepts of heaven and hell, what they took as a Grim Reaper was a powerful being like Superman who fights for justice by taking the lives of villains.

It's just that, unlike other superheroes, the grim reaper was naturally born ugly.

Hey...

It's not fair to hate a person just because they are ugly, right?

After all, some are ugly on the outside but pure and kind on the inside.

No one knows who first suggested these monsters were Grim Reaper superheroes.

But since it was said, everyone was going haywire, puking, fainting, with those still awake choosing to offer the rest as sacrifices if it will keep them here.

Sadly, all their pleas were for naught.

Boom!

The powerful cell doors the prisoners always wanted to open were now yanked out with each, causing those still awake to wet themselves.

No! No!

Holding on to the cell's many bars as hard as they could, cursing at their human strength and slippery hands that sa bars within the cells.

Ahhhh!

Some people slipped and scratched the floor while being dragged out by the shadows grabbing their feet.

Some even grabbed the pants of others still holding onto the metal rod-shaped bars.

Unfortunately, it wasn't enough to keep them from leaving.

Wooooo~

Panic fueled their intestines, as tears continued trickling down their chests.

Never in their lives would they have known they would miss their prone class so much.

They swore that if one gave them the opportunity, they might rush back to their cells and never come out again. Please... anyone... Please save them.

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Just like that, the whole family of little townsfolk found themselves just outside the massive endless looking maize field.

What now? Many found they could finally get off their beds and tables.

But when they tried to run away, they seemed to have stumbled upon an invisible wall.

Bang!

"What's going on?"

Falling on their butts, their faces suppressed a shiver that left their legs wobbly and their bodies drained.

Trapped... they were all Trapped!

Chapter 455 Food! Food! Food!

AHHHHHHHH!

All around the town, screams of surprise and terror could be heard from the many captured townsfolk.

The townspeople were also shocked that even the prisoners in the cells were not spared at all

Don't think just because this is a small town it's relatively safe.

No.

Criminals like to flee big cities and hide in towns like these, hoping never to get caught. That's why all towns folks walk together, trying to understand who the new people in town are.

It's said the place was a town, but it could be more or less taken as a village due to its very small population size.

Here, almost everyone knew everyone. And word traveled faster than a fire burning across a forest.

In another part of the town, a young boy, his teenage sister and his parents were huddled together in a luxurious bed. They were the Betterman's one of the richest people in the town.

Even their guards were thrown on tables and sent out with them too.

No one could've foreseen such a situation happening at all.

"Dad! Dad! What should we do? I'm too young to die now! I haven't even had my first kiss yet!"

That's your problem? Your first kiss?

Mr. Betterman suddenly felt like throwing his daughter off the running bed.

What is a first kiss? Who recalls a first kiss? When you get very old, things like that don't matter at all!

"Dad! Dad! What should we do?"

"Hoey, you aren't saying anything!"

"Dad, Dad! What was that thing?"

"Everyone shut up and let me think!"

The family zipped their lips, not minding their dad/husband raising his voice at them.

That's it! He has got it!

Mr. Betterman's eyes suddenly lit up as he lifted his pillow and opened a secret compartment on the bed frame.

Hiss~

Everyone was shocked to see him pull out a beautifully crafted dagger.

Hey... when you are rich, you must have some weapons close by if you really want to sleep well at night.

This was his trusty dagger that had accompanied him in his better days.

Gritting his teeth, Mr. Betterman suddenly grabbed the dagger with 2 hands, raising it high with a fierce look in his eye.

"Dad, what do you want to--"

"Shhh!" His wife quickly shushed at their blabbering daughter, seemingly understanding what her husband wanted to do.

The air was stifling with silence, as everyone suddenly felt the air pressure go low.

The look in their father's eyes truly scared the children but they knew whatever their father did, he did it for them.

.

1, 2, 3...

Grrrrrrcccccc!

Everyone jumped with their hands on their mouths, not wanting to make any noises despite their obvious quivering.

Good God of Science!

What is this thing? Was this still a bed? Everyone Mr. Betterman had just stabbed the monstrous bed at its upper center, causing it to wail in pain.

It suddenly acted like a horse, raising its forelegs and twisting its body severally.

At times it will also raise its hind legs, kicking maniacally too, but Mr. Betterman had no intentions of stopping at all.

All through the journey they have been trying to get off this bed to no avail. It seems unless the bed wants them to leave, they will be stuck here until it reaches its destination.

So why not make it agitated?

Mr. Betterman thought well but failed to understand that Mortal weapons won't be able to stop any possessed objects.

However though it cannot hurt them, it is still uncomfortable to them like an inch in one's throat.

And the more Mr. Betterman stabbed, the more annoyed the object was.

Human, don't push your luck!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Rge sheets came alone, strapping and wrapping Mr. Betterman up like a mummy.

What was happening?

"Dad!"

"Husband!"

"Dad!"

Good God! The scene was too crazy to watch, as everyone truly felt Mr. Betterman's life was over.

No. No. No!

Mr. Betterman struggled to break free, but slowly found himself losing vision, as the sheets ripped on their own and wrapped around his eyes like magic.

He was scared and regretful. The feeling he had was probably what the ancients felt when buried alive in mummification.

Grmmm~

He tried talking but his mouth was already sealed.

Even moving his hands felt like he was trying to carry a car.

What should he do? What should he do now?

Body transfixed with horror, Mr. Betterman found himself in catatonic alarm, twisting and moving as hard as he could to no avail.

Was this how he was going to die? Was this his last time seeing his family and living the big life he often enjoyed?

He laid on his back atop the soft bed, trembling in the darkness he now found himself in. I think you should take a look at

Without sight, wasn't everything dark?

This... this was the end, wasn't it?

It was true what they said. When one is about to die, their whole life flashes before their eyes, mixed with satisfaction and mostly regret.

Yes. He had a million and 1 regrets he wished he could make up.

Tears trickled down his cheeks, as he faintly heard his family calling him.

Mr. Betterman could no longer hear them, nor could they hear his muffled sounds.

'Goodbye, family... I love you all.'

Indeed, this was the end for him.

~Boom!

Mr Betterman who had his eyes closed, was inwardly taken aback by the chaotic sounds he suddenly heard.

He was even more frightened thinking this monstrous bed was finishing off his family one by one.

"No! No! You leave them alone! Leave them alone! Take me! Take me instead you bastard!"

Mr. Betterman was so swallowed up in grief that he didn't even notice he could now speak properly and his hands were no longer bound.

In fact, he was waving them in the air like a UFC fighter about to land a solid blow on an opponent.

"Dad, wake up! Dad, it's alright."

Eh? Why did he hear his son's happy voice? Could it be it was all a dream and he was still in his massive home, living the good life?

Blink. Blink.

Opening his eyes, his family rushed in to hug him desperately. They were really touched by his words just now.

This was their dad/husband, a man who was willing to sacrifice his life for theirs.

"Dad/husband, we love you. too."

Seeing their locations although he was sad it wasn't a dream, he was at least grateful his family survived it all.

But more importantly, who were these people in uniform who saved them?

"We don't have time to waste. We must save the other townspeople now."

Hold on, so this issue is within the entire town and not just them?

Mr. Betterman suddenly felt better knowing he wasn't alone in this or else he would feel it was some deadly enemy out to get him and his family.

Before he could ask any more questions, he, a grown man, was thrown over one of their shoulders and taken away in a blink of an eye.

F***!

Was he hallucinating or were these people moving faster than a vehicle?

Wipe! What sort of supernatural humans did he meet? Even his son, daughter and wife were in disbelief too.

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Like so, the last batch of people to be sent to the maize fields were all saved by a few academy disciples and elders.

Though a majority followed Dorian, heading straight for the fields instead.

In the meantime, Gregory, the police officers, and the rest stood outside the cornfield, coming to terms with the fact that they were trapped in the space by an invisible wall.

Tonight just keeps getting better and better, doesn't it?

The group who felt their time running out, were all shaking to their boots when seeing over 200 elders appear outside the space, floating in the air.

What the f****? Someone cursed loudly, even though it was wrong to do so with children around.

Like God, these elders floated with their hands apart, as they passed through the walls, as though it was nothing.

Why?

Why can they not go out, yet these strange elders could come in?

And why the hell was their town suddenly covered in a cold, bone-chilling mist?

Ooouu! Ouuu!

Owls crowd, night birds sang, dogs barked and every creature in the night seemed uneasy, as though trying to warn them of what was about to come.

And what happened next was something they would never forget in their lives.

~Crack. Crack. Crack.

The elders' bodies turned even more hunched and began growing several times more massive, changing into an even deadlier and uglier form than what a few people had glimpsed earlier.

Their teeth, their smiles...

Everyone lost it when they saw the human skin drop several feet to the floor.

This... this... this.

Many pinged their quivering fingers up while trying to force their fear-stricken legs to make a run for it. "M-M-Monsters!"

Run! Run! Un for your lives!"

At this point, all hell broke loose, as people ran into the maize idiotically.

"No!" Gregory screamed. "Don't run into the fields! That's what they want!"

He yelled but no one seemed to be paying attention to him except for his family and a few others.

Why was the maize unsafe? Why was Gregory so sure?

Those who stayed back were left in a daze of fear and confusion but soon thanked their stars after seeing the creatures suddenly grin crazily, with their eyes flashing red lights and their bodies full of energy, feeling the thrill of the hunt.

And soon, they heard the ear-splitting cries of many from the maize.

Ahhhhhhh!!!!

Gregory's father covered his ears with a pained look.

How can they fight against this?