

Be Honest! 561

Chapter 561 The Arrogant Vardos

Brother. That was one word Lucifer hated deep down in his core. He hated that his brother looked identical to himself, except for their hair color and wings. He hated that he had a cursed mark, while Gabriel was seen as the 'amazing' one. Tah! Lucifer, Prince of Pride, would rather chew off his own neck than admit he was jealous of his brother. Thinking of the mess that Trickster had left him with, Lucifer's fury grew a hundred times more in his heart. He was so furious that the many bugs in his body began crawling and moving to save their own lives when feeling their host's anger. [Rotted worms]: Help... Who is the one who is making our host boil? Don't they know that we are the ones to suffer the aftermath? The worms wanted to cry but had no tears. Lucifer licked the blood dripping from his lips with a cold glint in his eyes. 'Brother, it seems you are hellbent on going against me once more. But so what? What that Trickster hid in our jurisdiction, I, Lucifer Morningstar, will find.' Taking a seat on a rock to slowly heal his injuries, Lucifer suddenly wished he could strangle the trickster to death. Unbeknownst to him, he wasn't the only one feeling this way. Beelzebub, who was far away in another world, was also having a hard time finding the Bony-finger he was sure that damn Trickster threw away in the many dangerous worlds.

Of course, what he didn't know was that the trickster was truly innocent in that aspect, since Dorian was the one with the finger.

... Back in the human world, things were beginning to curb once more, especially in the military world where men and women with shrewd minds and Brute force reigned supreme. Yes, the annual competitions were about to begin.

The Grand Golden Military Tournament was happening in Vardos Country this time. And unlike the other competitions, this one had a unique twist to it. The Vardos Country dared to call out a powerful message, provoking the rest of the world and telling them to come forth with their leaders and superiors. Many felt their intestines churning when recalling the message left by the Vardos Country. This was not a joking matter. They stated clearly that what they were about to announce was something so great, it would make the world jealous. What? Have they found a way to make a super bodysuit that makes men stronger in battle? Has the era of Iron man come? Honestly, several minds spun chaotically after getting the message. Bear in mind that the message was very vague, allowing them to come up with all sorts of theories as to why the Vardos Country is confident that even if each country brings 10,000 fighters, Vardos will still come out on top. Dammit! They must all go to Vardos this time, to see what all the fuss was about. Understand that in the competitions, most countries bring teams of 50~60, with 5 or 8 actually competing. The rest were typically there to back them up and handle any issues that arise. Everyone needs a backer. Every country must show that they were not to be messed with. Typically, the real superiors and those with big names like Old Gia, do not go for these competitions.

So you can imagine how shocking it is for the Vardos Country to risk their necks and ask for each country to bring at least 5000 people for the tournament. In their words, if they bring less than 5,000, they will regret their decision for the rest of their lives. Such a warning was enough to make many superiors narrow their gazes suspiciously. What was going on in Vardos? What was this situation about? For sure, they all felt things might not be as they seem. .

Many leaders and superiors felt that perhaps there was something else the Vardos Country wished to say in secret that needed the military powerhouses and superiors to appear.

Iron man suit? Who knows... All in all, some people came with 6,000 of their best soldiers, and over 500 big shot Generals, Field Marshal's and so on. In addition, people from the Navy were also invited. Don't forget police officers. For the first time ever, Police officers were invited too. Incredible. Everything seemed like a dream. Although the superiors didn't show it, their eyes flashed with a fierce light, feeling that something was very off. This was definitely going to be a big gathering. But why? Why did the Vardos Country need so many of them in one ace?

Many people strapped themselves in and headed straight for Vardos Country

In the many military aircrafts flying sky high, several soldiers sat facing each other. Those seated against the walls, and those in the middle rows faced them. Some were sleeping with their arms crossed over their chests and others were up in deep conversation. "Hey... what do you think it's all about?" "Tsk. Probably the Vardos Country being too proud again. That is, do they truly believe they can take us all down like the last time?" "Damn, I hate those Vardos bastards and their egos. Why must we all come running over to them if they call? Just who do they think they are?" "My thoughts exactly! I don't know what our leaders are thinking when gathering 7,500 of us to head to the Vardos Country. In the history of the world's Golden Military Tournament, when have you ever seen so many people sent at once? Really? Don't they know it makes us look weak to heed to Vardos' commands?"

Many people were tapping away like crazy, a little annoyed by the situation at hand. That being said, a part of them still liked the idea of having so many of them go out. This way, they were definitely bound to win. They didn't care what crazy ideas those Vardos people had. They felt that they've been working hard this entire time while in their country's barracks. They felt strong, confident and so damn ready to kick ass!

Chapter 562 And So It Begins...

The rowdy international airport bustled with military personnel from around the world, donning their crisp dark toned uniforms. Tension crackled in the air as teams from various nations converged for the prestigious Global Golden Military Tournament.

At the baggage claim, the several stern-faced captains locked eyes with their counterparts from various nations. They exchanged curt nods, with years of geopolitical rivalry evident in their rigid

postures. Nearby, teams from the North, sporting their signature mullets, drew curious glances and barely concealed smirks from other competitors.

On the shuttle to the competition grounds, the World's West and South teams found themselves seated together, an uncomfortable silence falling as memories of past conflicts resurfaced. The Teams from from the East seemed to keep to themselves, eyeing the others, as well as themselves warily.

Everyone here saw each other as a threat. So what if we all came from the East/West/North/South? Even Frago, a West region nation that had borders with Vardos Country, still stared at other western nations vigilantly. One look and anyone could see that chaos was bound to break through at any given time. Sure enough, at the registration desk, a heated argument broke out between a few teams over their placement in the competition brackets. "Color me blind, why the 'F' do we have to share quarters with these Britannia bastards? Don't think I'll ever forget what you guys did in the last competitions to our fellow man!"

"Hmph! Who cares if you forget or not? What? Do you think we're scared of you or something? Bring on, Flat bread!!"

"Dammit, just thank your lucky stars that it's strictly prohibited to fight outside the competition., or else I swear, you would have been eating through your asses by now!"

One might think the military competitions here were simple, but that's where you're wrong.

The competitors had to have the perfect blend of mercenary and military poise.

What was the goal of this tournament? To prove who is the best, as well as build super soldiers, the types you send on lone missions in places even the craziest wounded dare to go to.

Those selected victorious, get sent to a 1-year special training camp that could potentially result in them losing their lives in barely a week upon arrival.

That was how crazy the whole thing was.

It was brutal, cruel and prepared them for the most dangerous missions the world could ever conjure. And those who graduate from this place return back to their empires, leaving trails of unbelievable mission victories and success.

Let's just say, the return to become 'John Wicks'. They become the Boogeyman all killer and underground associations feared.

There was one great Boogeyman who went on a lone mission to take down a group of terrorists and mercenaries, all 3000 people guarding a hidden location.

Believe it or not, that Boogeyman completed the mission beautifully, like Rambo, going in blazing with shots, and strategy.

Which country doesn't want to train such super soldiers?

Of course, the Mysterious training camp is on an island completely taken off the map and hidden from the passersby.

All nations unanimously agreed on this matter a long, long, time ago.

And the secret Organization that trains these super soldiers are also protected by the world's forces too, so long as they don't cross the line and turn evil.

So again, they ask? Who the hell won't want super soldiers hailing from their countries?

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"Stop! That's an ORDER!"

An official from the mysterious organization appeared before them, his aura so intimidating man began shivering.

How does one develop such true animal-like aura? So scary!

Many instantly became obedient dogs, feeling that such a guard was a little too frightening. Staring into his eyes was like staring into that of a Wolf!

Heh.

If the guard knew what questions were brewing in their minds, he would definitely sneer, feeling they wouldn't last a second in the mysterious organization's training grounds.

Do you know what it is to be literally thrown into a den with a wolf for a week? Both sides were starving, and if he didn't defeat the wolf, then he... would be wolf-meat.

They brought the primal cave-man instinct out of him, and after he defeated his first wolf, cooked and ate it, they later sent 2 more in.

After killing one, he tamed the other and without knowing it, became a true predator. His first month was spent in that hole with animals of all kinds. He was either killing or taming them. And when he was finally let out, he became like a 'Tarzan,' who had learnt the behaviors of several animals. His instincts became sharper, his thinking more precise and his aura more vicious.

Narrowing his gaze, he sent chills up everyone's spine. "Do not, let this repeat."

The words to the wise were enough.

With that, the official left. It's just that he also found it a hassle seeing so many people arrive for the competitions. Why so many? They didn't want it to be so. However, the Vardos country basically went on their knees to beg for this exception, saying if it wasn't worthwhile, they will heavily compensate the organization with anything the organization truly desires.

For the Vardos country to go this far, meant it was truly a worthwhile matter they swore couldn't be said but shown.

What was it?

What could it be?

Think as they might, no one could accurately guess the thoughts of these Vardos people. So with such a sweet offer and the temptation of mystery brooding in the atmosphere, how could the organization not make this one-time exception to supervise more people on the tournament grounds?

(shrug)

It's not like they have to change their quota for the number of people that get accepted into the hidden island.

No... they just had to accept to supervise a far larger group of people than before.

...

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time passed by in a flash; and before anyone knew it, day one was officially over.

4 days was the period unanimously given for all countries to get their people over to Vardos country.

During this time, several superiors and leaders tried their hardest to get intel on why Vardos would go so far just to have them all here.

Read police officers, Marines and soldiers were gathering, discussing their thoughts with no leads on the matter.

Dammit, Day 1 was over and they still couldn't get a clue.

Then came day 2... 3... and finally 4.

Once it was night time, all countries had now been accounted for, and everyone soon got an early rest, knowing tomorrow, all secrets would be revealed!

Chapter 563 Who Are They?

DAY 5!

Several people stepped out of their sleeping quarters with heavy faces.

The superiors also felt disturbed by the burdening mysteriousness about the whole thing.

One of the top tier men, who was actually Old Gia's colleague from the Eat, took a large whiff from his cigarette with a stoic face.

"I smell a dead rat, and I don't like it one bit. Old Gia, that bastard! Where is he? Didn't he say he had arrived on Day 1?"

Kletus Nakamoto.

That was the man's name. He and Old Gia go way back. It's just that just like Old Gia, he too gets buried with work.

He and Old Gia were in the special forces together when they were in their prime.

Kletus always had a large military jacket hanging on his shoulders, with his cigaret always on his lips.

It was amazing to see this guy alive and strong despite how many cigarettes he smoked a day.

Doctors also found it fascinating that he was actually very healthy too and quite young looking for his age.

If people in this world knew the anime called 'One-piece,' they would know that Kenshi had a striking resemblance to the character called 'Smoker.' He was fit and looked like he could punch a bull to death.

Kletus looked left and right, wondering where that old bastard was. "Dad, you're an Army Chief of Staff/Army General, with legions and brigades you oversee. So why are you so hot headed this early?" A woman who looked no older than 24, with an equally well-decorated attire, rolled her eyes when staring at Kletus.

"You don't understand, Khalea," Kletus spoke, looking around for a bit more, "It's unlike your uncle Gia to not be seen even till now."

Don't ask him why, but he felt the matter with the Vardos country's request also had something to do with that old buddy of his. Besides... During these past few months, although he didn't have time to see his old buddy, he still asked after him and was a little perplexed by the old fox's movements.

And like he said, he smelled a dead rat, one he didn't like.

If this had anything to do with his old friends, that means his Old friend might have stumbled upon an enemy, one he felt their country couldn't take alone.

But what could it be?

Terrorists, Drug Lords, Traffickers?

Which deadly organization has risen up in the shadows that requires the help of them all?

Kletus was still perplexed by his chaotic thoughts when suddenly, he heard and spotted several choppers he instantly recognized.

Soon, a large grin slowly stretched out on Kletus' face.

Speak of the devil...

He's here.

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Whoop! Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!~

The Choppers came through the air with an explosive force that completely silenced the masses.

Tens and thousands of people had now gathered before the vast opening space, in wait for the Vardos people to arrive.

They didn't know if it was their imagination, but the auras emitted from the incoming choppers made their throats swallow their words.

-Silence-

Except for the blades of the many choppers churning, no one dared to speak. "Well, I'll be dipped in dogshit." Looking at the incoming choppers, Kletus chuckled, knowing his guess had been accurate all along. "Khaleah, isn't he a clever lil' dickens? He really thought this one through, didn't he?"

Kajlaeah didn't understand what her father was rambling on about until she spotted the unique imprint on one of the Chopper's tails.

"Uncle Gia?" Her eyes widened, looking at her father for confirmation. "Right, the old fox must be the one behind all of this."

"But why?" She couldn't possibly see why her uncle Gia would do this, but still felt he must have a pretty darn reason for it.

"Well now, wouldn't we know soon?" Kletus took another large whiff from his cigarette with a sly look. Kletus stood, alongside many superiors and people from all over the world.

Heck, even those from the mysterious organization also stared at the incoming choppers without blinking.

When the Vardos people emerged from the choppers, they felt *iiit* expected. However, when these Vardos people came out and then rushed to the many other choppers and aircrafts with humble expressions, like loyal dogs, many people in the crowd almost had mini-heart attacks from watching.

Even those from Vardos country selected to join in, were a little ashamed and angered by the actions of their superiors.

"Wipe! What am I seeing? Isn't that the great Field Marshal Wiggins over there? Why the hell is he bowing so humbly at a 90-degree angle? Isn't this type of bowing something only people in the East do?"

"Ashamed! I'm so ashamed I wish the ground would open up and swallow me now. How can they disgrace us like this?"

"Pfft~... Hey, check it out. The vardos country are such worthless wimps. Just see how obedient and dog-like they look?"

"Shut it, Britannia! Our leaders must have a good reason for doing so! Hmph! Who gave you the courage, the impetus... the gallbladder,. The liver... the audacity to talk ill of our Varedos?"

"Hey, look! Army Generals' Harry and Berry are also here too."

"Wait, is that the famous General Dalahali? I've heard his temper is not small. So to see him act so humble, those in the other choppers and aircrafts must be quite special."

Some people concluded, though they didn't believe it at heart.

Hmph!

Their superiors must be insane to act like this. They were also speaking like this to hide the shame corroding their hearts. Little did they know that soon, they would be eating the same words of shame they just speed in their hearts.

"Interesting~"

The hidden leader of the Mysterious Organization who was disguised as an ordinary guard, now caressed his chin with a coy smile on his lips.

'Hopefully, everything you're doing will be all worth it, or else... not only will you lose your reputation, but... your wealth as well.'

Heh... should he not feel impressed, what he will recommend as payment would bleed the hearts of the Vardos people.

But as an experienced predator, he knew it was far too early to make any conclusions yet.

Soon, the other chopper doors and large aircraft vessels opened, and everyone couldn't help leaning closer to see those who had made the superiors from Vardos so obedient.

And the first thing that caught their eyes were... Teenagers?

Chapter 564 Chosen Candidates

"What a show off~" Kletus mumbled with a broad smile on his lips, a little proud that so many Vardos superiors were out here doing a full 90 degree been to Old Gia's group. Bahahahahaha~

It felt good to hold one's head high. You best believe he was going to use this as an excuse to tease these Vardos people and anyone else across the world. Kletus who was in a good mood, laughing till his belly hurt, suddenly choked and coughed maniacally when his eyes fell on one of the gallant figures that emerged from the aircrafts. "Impossible!!!" Kletus felt he had seen a ghost. "Dad, what's wrong with you?" Khalea on the other hand, became worried for her father while searching the gallant group in hopes of spotting her uncle Gia. Eh? Where was he? She did see someone who resembled him, but because the person looked so young, she completely brushed it off... not to talk of good-looking, with the perfect physique. That person could definitely be a model! It's true that her uncle Gia was a dashing handsome man for his age, but he was far older and less good-looking than the figure she spotted. 'Where is Uncle Gia?'

[COUGH! COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!]

Kletus coughed so hard his lungs were about to fly out through his heart. What sort of advanced plastic surgery was this? No, no! Even plastic surgery couldn't get someone looking this young with plump skin. It wasn't just Kletus coughing, but several people who recognized Old Gia. Understand that they had worked and trained with Old Gia, knowing how he looked in his youth. So seeing him look as he did when he was 35 was enough to make their legs limp. F**k that! He even looked way better than he did, but his back was so straight and talk and his face and even hair darker than what it was in the past. Has he succeeded in doing gene mutation without them knowing?

More importantly, why are his children all looking like teenagers? Why did they suddenly look like they were in their late teens? Incredible! Incredible! People felt the version of the world they were used to, had suddenly gotten an upgrade overnight without them knowing. Several others, who sort-of-recognized Old Gia, quickly wiped away such insane thoughts. How could it be him? How could someone in his late 50s suddenly turn to a 35-year-old person? No way, it must be his illegitimate child. .

Again, some also recognized the other figures beside Old Gia... and Kletus was one of them two. Hold on, hold on, isn't that Old Ghu and his devilish wife, Old Madam Ghu? You have to know that growing up, Old Madam Ghu was also a terrifying existence who could beat them all up in a

second. She was a real gangster lady and he, Kletus, had been beaten blue, black and orange by this terrible lady. But hold on, why was she suddenly so young and tempting?

Old Ghu, Old Hou... all of them were looking extremely young.

While Kletus and many others were dumbfounded by the group that appeared, several people still wore disappointed looks when seeing the very young and good-looking stepping out. What is this? A beauty contest? Men who take care of their skin this much that it looks softer than a baby's buttocks, must be weaklings!

So was this it? Were these the people these Vardos superiors greatly respected? Several people were answering in disdain, not knowing that in a few more minutes, they would be the ones on their knees, begging to kiss these people's feet. For now, they thought the show was finally over.

However, everyone once again raised their eyebrows when seeing Old Gia's group suddenly bow so respectfully to the Final figure leaving the massive aircraft. "Grandmaster!!!" Such words echoed from their lips, which caused these Vardos superiors to even quiver and bend so low they swore these people almost kissed their own knees. "_"

... The atmosphere was subtle. Dorian swept his eyes across the masses, with his hands lazily in his pockets and a lollipop in his mouth. Sweet. Strawberry lollipops were his favorite.

Dorian had a look that said nothing here concerned him, however, he was indeed the star of the show, at least in everyone's mind. His presence was one that no one could overlook. But after taking several steps forward, everyone watched him suddenly pause. The Vardos superiors were still standing behind the Grandmaster, with Wiggins, Berry, Harry, Dalahali, and Julius standing at the forefront. Din, din, din, din, din~

What's going on? They then watched several Vardos Soldiers step forward from within the crowd, pair up with the academy disciples before turning to face them all. A soldier then ran up to Wiggins, gracefully and respectfully giving the microphone to him. Wiggins' eyes were also helpless, wondering how he was truly going to start this revelation. 'Hopefully, no one stoness me to death.'

If he says there are monsters amidst them, several people will definitely shoot bazookas at him for [wasting] their time. However, despite the helplessness deep in his heart, Wiggins' face remained stoic and devoid of emotion. .

"Quiet!!!" So his thunderous voice echoed across the space. "Now, before we begin, here are the ground rules... Firstly, for the Grandmaster here, our esteemed guest, you will all behave and listen

attentively to what we are about to say." "Number 2!" Wiggins raised 2 fingers up, and continued. "No one can leave this premise, whatsoever, at least not until we are done." Old Gia gave Wiggins a side eye, because in truth, from the money he and the disciples landed, they had already activated the formation around the premises. What do you think they've been doing during these past 5 days? Admiring the green pastures? Old Gia opened his 3rd eye, staring at the grand formation they worked so hard to do.

Wiggins continued– "Everyone, we will now walk around and do preselection for those qualified to enter the first round of the competition." What? They were doing blind selection so soon? Several people were already ready to argue their lungs out at the unfairness of the whole thing. But before they could say a single word, Wiggins' warning followed. "Be advised that anyone who dares to argue will get disqualified!!.. As soldiers and people in the armed forces, your task is to be as obedient as a Dog!!!"

Wiggins paused, sweeping an even colder look across the crowd. Silence was the response he got back from them.

"...Good."

Chapter 565 Final Revelations!

One by one, several people were brought forward. Clenching their fists, they felt their hearts drum with excitement.

Are they to start the competitions? Will they be the first contestants in line for their countries?

Several people in the crowd were annoyed and still felt the selection process was unfair. However, they dared not utter a single word of retort.

Wiggins stood at the center with his heart pounding beneath his calm exterior. The air was thick with tension and unspoken questions, and Wiggins knew the moment of truth had finally come.

"Now, we divide you all into 2 groups. Red Team and Blue Team..." With a nod, Harry, Berry, Julius and several others once again walked among the selected group, feeling a slight burn in their palms when walking beside some within the group.

They believed that the talisman coins in their hands wouldn't lie.

Beneath the human skin staring them in the face, must be a grotesque appearance they inwardly feared. ... Swallowing hard, trying hard to maintain their stoic expressions, so as not to rattle the snake before it detected their plans. "Good physique," Berry complimented, giving a slight nod of acknowledgement to one of the creatures in human clothing. "You... You're good. Red Team!"
Phew~

So far so good. No one man or monster suspected a thing. Till now, everyone only thought of the competitions ahead. One by one, several people were divided between the Red and Blue Teams. Wiggins soon released a sigh of relief when seeing the monsters in Red Team all stand in the chosen spot Old Gia had told him about. Watching the chosen people separate into various teams, Wiggins and his team felt they had never been so anxious in their lives. F***!

Their palms were sweaty, but their bodies were chill and cold. Even when seeing the birth of their children, they were not as anxious as now. After seeing Old Gia nod their way, everyone, including Dalahali, now visibly relaxed before the crowd.

Time to Start.

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Wiggins began, his voice carrying across the space. "What I'm about to reveal will change everything you thought you knew about our world."

He paused, scanning the faces before him. Some looked skeptical, others raised their brows with interest. Wiggins took a deep breath and continued.

"The world is not as we know it. For years, we've lived alongside monsters... Creatures that hide in plain sight, feeding on our fear, our despair, and sometimes... on us."

—Silence—

"I know this sounds impossible, but I assure you, it's true."

Pfft~

A superior from another country let out a high-pitched muffled laugh, causing several others to join in laughter. And soon, the entire congregation was laughing.

"Did you listen to him? Monsters?... Hah-hah-hah... It seems these people from Vardos country have drunk too much before coming here. Or else how can they spew such nonsense from their mouths?"

"Exactly! I think we should lock them up in a psych ward for wasting our time here! Goddammit, we came for a competition and not to listen to their made up fantasies!"

Several people in the crowd, including the superiors from the mysterious organization and the other countries, were already angered and disappointed by the turn of events.

"What a waste of time," The undercover leader of the hidden organization muttered, already gesturing for his men to swarm over, shove these Vados people aside and start the bloody competitions already. Similarly, this meant the Vardos country would have to pay an arm and a leg for compensating him for wasting his precious time for this.

From his pocket, Wiggins produced a stack of paper talismans, each inscribed with intricate symbols in red ink. The crowd watched, a mixture of curiosity and apprehension on their faces.

"These are special gifts," Wiggins explained, holding one up. "Everyone here is to keep these gifts at all times, until told otherwise."

A word to the wise is enough.

Wiggins turned to his assistant, Catherine, who stood nearby with a large bag.

The young woman nodded, her face serious as she began distributing the talismans to the crowd. People took them hesitantly, examining the strange symbols with a mix of wonder and skepticism.

Even the monsters in human clothing were confused by the group's operation too. The fact that Wiggins spoke of monsters, did not cause them to panic one bit. Take a look around you.

Who believes such a thing to be true? If anything, everyone was looking at Wiggins's group as if looking at mentally deranged patients.

Heh-heh-heh-heh~

How Naive.

The creatures looked at each other tactfully, smiling lazily underneath their human masks.

However, they were also curious to know how Old Wiggins and his group would prove their theories right. After all, there were no exorcists in this world,... no one to truly force them out of their shells.

Speaking of Exorcists, they had never seen one in their entire existence, only hearing various versions of what an exorcist should be like.

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One side laughed at the thought of monsters existing amidst them, and another side chuckled, wondering how the humans would prove their existences.

Wiggins' took a deep breath, knowing that not only would he expose the existence of creatures, but he also had to show their true strengths, making everyone understand that no mortal weapons could kill them.

And for this, the Grandmaster had given him permission.

That's right, under the targeted place, Team Red, he stationed these monsters under, there was a formation that would make these creature's unable to contain their true forms. And then, he, Wiggins, will see who is laughing then. It was amazing that the Red Team not only consisted of soldiers who originally chose to enter the competitions, but also consisted of some leaders who were picked and selected out too. Of course, to make it more buyable, they also picked out some human leaders/superiors and sent them to the Blue Team too. In the end, they truly managed to keep all monsters in one spot without too much suspicion. But now, from his earlier words, the monsters should have already known his intentions. However, they weren't panicked because they didn't know Dorian's title of being an EXORCIST.

Hahahahahahahahahah~

"Incredible. To think someone as powerful as Old Wiggins dares to crack suck jokes with us."

"That's right. Monsters? Pfft~... I would rather believe the world is coming to an end than believe such pure utter rubbish!"

Bahahahahahahahha~

Several people laughed so hard their bellies began hurting. However, their laughing spree didn't last long, because after Old Gia and the others moved their fingers like ninjas, they saw a scene that left goosebumps all over their bodies.

The leader of the secret organization was chuckling in amusement, while staring at his second in command, Wolfblood, who had been placed in the red team ahead. But then suddenly, he saw a thin, crooked red line, slowly appear and spread on his Wolfblood's face. Eh?

Was it his imagination or was there another line, and another and another that were now growing larger and larger by the second?

Several people, including Kletus and Khalea, also noticed the bizarre scene. Already, some people began moving closer to each other while glued to the scene with widened eyes.

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Shrip~

That was the sound of human flesh now peeling off from the faces of those in Team Red. Gulp~

Several onlookers swallowed hard when questioning if human flesh could peel off like bananas. But more importantly, who left the AC on? Several people standing outdoors, truly felt a freezing chill erode their bodies. This was just too unscientific. How can the temperature lower by several degrees in under a few seconds? Kletus felt he suddenly didn't understand the world around him anymore.

Too Windy! It's too windy!

Several people felt their feet threatening to lift off from the grounds. Luckily, they were all clogged and bundled together, making it harder for them to fly off. And amid their struggles to remain on ground, they still kept their sights ahead, watching the strange skin-peeling phenomenon take place.

A thought came to mind, but their rationing brains still rejected the idea, feeling it was all too preposterous.

But whether they accepted the idea or not, fate had a guaranteed way of forcing it down their throats.

SHRAK!

All human flesh ripped out explosively, as the many creatures of various colors now started growing and growing 3~10 times their regular size.

Blugh!~

The puke festival began. "You-You-You-You"

Several people's faces turned palish white while pointing their quivering fingers at the sight before them.

Their eyes widened even more, their hearts trembled with fear, their bodies weakened like noodles and their minds churned in disbelief, wondering whether they were all dreaming or not.

Drip~

Several people peed themselves, as the sight before them was far above human comprehension.

"M-M-M...MONSTERS!"

Oh? Now, you believe him?

Old Wiggins' wished he could curse them loudly, but found that he too went limp in terror while staring at over 300 monsters of all shapes and sizes, now smiling at them cruelly.

FOOD!

The monsters now had green gooey saliva dripping from the corners of their mouths while staring at them. Sure enough, they were nothing but prey to these creatures.

Again, why do they have to be so Goddamn ugly?

BLUGH!~~~~