

Be Honest! 591

Chapter 591 The Su Clan's Plans

Ji Su bit his lips, feeling that the world was going crazy if his sworn enemies, who used to all fight over his girlfriend, were now teaming up against him.

Huh. Sure enough, they must be doing this because they wanted his Xia Xia all to themselves. His Xiao Feng, his 'sweet and cute' Xiao Feng, was definitely what they must be fighting for. Ji Su truly believed so in his heart.

But while he hallowed in his delusional thoughts, Chen Su, thought of things more rationally. Many times, they have hosted parties, inviting Old Gia and all the other old bastards to come along. But every single time, these bastards would send representatives, whether it was their sons or someone else. If it was just one person who didn't show, Old Su might say that perhaps that person was seriously ill. But when all 4 old goonies refused to show up, he knew it must be more than that. In truth, Old Gia and the others didn't want to show up because for one, they looked way younger than before. After more than a year of training within the academy's grounds, Old Gia currently looked like a 26 year old man. So excuse him, but if he showed up now, wouldn't Old Su get a heart attack in an instant and just die? It wasn't just him, as all the other old goonies were no longer 'old'. They had reverted back to their former selves and thus, cannot be carelessly seen before people who truly knew them. At least not until the war arrives. This was why they sent their sons of 29 or 31 years old out to represent them. Gia Wei, the current Gia successor, old Gias beloved son, was also a disciple within the sect. So although he appeared much younger than he did in the past, it wasn't shocking to see a 29~30 year old looking like they were 19. Aren't there people in your life who look way younger than their ages? Some celebrities, schoolmates and even cousins within families, look vibrant and youthful like they were teens. So when Wie Gia showed up, it was shocking, but quickly accepted, with people saying he definitely has a high-maintenance routine for him to look so good and young. It was amazing that Wei Gia joined the academy as a disciple, but his wife just joined the academy as an elder 4 months ago. So now, she no longer looked older than him, but also reverted to her younger appearance too. And when they appeared side to side, people say they were a match made in heaven. As for their children, for now... only 1 was able to enter the sect while the others were too young. Anyway, the sect doesn't take in anyone below the age of 7. Back in medieval times, Pages were trained at the age of 7 and soon turned into knights the older they grew. It was also odd to know that it was very risky for one to start cultivating below the age of 7. ... "Father, it's particularly odd, the way we only see the younger generations and never the older ones." "Yes. However, I heard from my sources that the 4 old goonies were actually attacked when heading out for dinner a while back." Su Dilayla softly added, while raising her teacup elegantly towards her mouth. Chen Su raised his brows, knowing just how powerful his daughter's connections were too. Su Dilayla was 3 years older than the 18 year-old Ji Su. And if she were not a girl, he would have long banned her as his successor. She was witty, cunning, shrewd, and rarely found at a disadvantageous situation. She had laid so many men under her skirt, but the one she wanted desperately was Gia Donghai, Gia Wei's cousin. Gia Donghai is a famous policeman, who is

also seen as a powerful young master within the Gia family. He is supported and loved, and extremely handsome too. She is currently 21 and he is now 28. If you ask her, they were the perfect match. But no matter what she did or how hard she tried to get close to him, he turned her down in an instance. Su Dilayla has never felt so humiliated in her life. She has said this once, and she will keep saying it over and over again. He, Gia Donghai, must one day fall underneath her skirt and lick her feet to ask for forgiveness before she lets him go!!!

"Father, for over a year now, we have stayed on the side of absolute vigilance, never making a move, only barricading ourselves more than usual.... But—"

Dilayla paused, taking a sip of tea elegantly. "How long can we truly keep this up?"

Chen Su nodded his head grimly. Indeed, they have been trying to guess the thoughts of the other 4 families, while strengthening their forces and protecting themselves day in and day out for fear of sudden assassination attempts or plots. Well, it's not that they didn't try collecting info, but they used people they 100% trusted that won't leak their thoughts or betray them. Yes... they gathered some Intel, but not enough Intel to make them understand why the old guys were staying hidden in the dark. So what did they do? They obviously strengthened their forces to keep safe. But who can tell them why after a year, nothing still happened? Sigh~

Several people looked to the ceiling and sighed heavily. After over a year of constantly looking over their shoulders and guessing themselves to death, it did indeed seem a tad bit silly to keep hiding and moving around like weasels. Chen Su lightly tapped the corners of his armrest with a heavy heart. "So then, what do you propose, my darling daughter? Another ball to bring them all out?" "No..." Dilayla shook her head softly. "Father, this is no longer the time to stand still. We must act. So how about we—"

Everyone gathered around, listening with ears perked to the skies. And the more they listened, the higher the corners of their mouths raised. "Good!" Old Su exclaimed with an appreciative and vicious light in his eyes.

Look at his Su daughter? If she were a man, he would definitely leave his legacy for her alone.

Brilliant!

"Let's do it then."

They will never see it coming.

Chapter 592 Men In Black

Tick-Tock

Tick-Tock

Time was slowly closing in on both sides, and many people didn't like it one bit. Back in Cygypt, 2 men in black suits and dark glasses, now stood before the sandy tomb, their faces so solemn it could crack at any given time.

It was odd to say that the desert sun was scorching hot, enough to cause anyone to sweat buckets. Yet here they were, standing without a drop of sweat or precipitation on their faces.

They were the MEN IN BLACK. They had suits and dark shades, signature to their looks.

The MEN in Black were the names many around the world gave them, since they were always spotted with suits no matter where they went. They were, of course, the guards under the Vardos Vice-President's pay.

The world has never seen them in anything else. Even paparazzi couldn't get pictures of them in regular clothing or even nightwear.

Hell... if people didn't know better, they would have felt that these people also slept with their suits on too.

The lead man in black One slowly puffed out a whiff of smoke from his cigarette, standing lazily while watching the smoke disperse.

BAM!

A single high-leg stomp caused the surrounding sands to fly high, revealing the tomb's entrance below. And with a simple whisper and touches, the door opened.

1, 2, 3....

They waltzed in as though they were out on a tour. But make no mistake, their faces spoke of the seriousness of the matter at hand.

45 minutes later, they regrouped. Only, their faces were no longer expressionless but filled with veins all over their foreheads... And if one looks a little closer, they will also be able to see a fleeting hint of fear in their eyes.

Dammit! What do they do now?

Now, standing outside the tomb underneath the scorching sun, several people wished to destroy the world right now.

The leader slowly took out his phone and made a call he now dreaded dearly. And the speaker on the other end, his leader and master, now made his Gollum body shiver underneath his human skin mask.

"Master, if given more time, I'm confident we will be able to find him for you..."

[Time?...]

The voice on the other end spoke unhurriedly, however, they could already feel his wrath threatening to spew out.

[We only have less than a year before the storm, and you dare to ask for more time?... HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH~]

Incredible!

They were brought to their knees just from the aura emitting through the phone. Their master was quite a cruel one, and they of all people knew just how brutal his punishments were once he confirmed their mission was a failure.

Thinking of the last time they were met with his wrath sent quivers down their spines on such a hot, scorching day. "Master-"

[Silence... No more excuses. No matter how long and how hard a rat tries to hide, it will inevitably be backed into a corner once its world is completely searched.]

In other words, the runaway Horseman can hide for now, but when the final days come after their victory over the humans, where else will there be for it to hide anymore?

There will be a time when even nook and cranny in this world will be under their command. By that time, that darn horseman will surely pay!

But for now, they only have less than 1 year before the war, and cannot keep stalling the other matters in search of the missing horseman. The men in black listened in silence, to their master's long fingernails tapping along his table. The silence was all they could hear, apart from the constant, rhythmic tapping noises. And then, their master finally spoke– [Return to Vardos... in 3 weeks, the 2nd Horseman will emerge.]

That's right, the horseman will emerge in Vardos, right under their noses. So this time, they should be no more fuck ups! Several people gave each other tactful stares, before adjusting their black ties on their necks and vanishing into the vast desert in a twinkle of an eye. Vardos... They must return to Vardos and prepare for the second coming. But what horseman would it be this time? Of course, it was the Horseman of WAR!

Like so, with the war fast approaching, things around the world also changed inevitably. ...

–Tian Company Headquarters–

.

Today, Chan-ki and Haru were busy signing and rewriting multiple documents with ease. After Dorian successfully took back his company, he quickly ironed things out, clearing all obstacles in his path. The world was shocked by his comeback. How could someone they proclaimed worthless and desolate now appear before them again, with even more zeal than before? Sure enough, a tiger doesn't birth a rat. They should have known that even though his uncle succeeded in kicking him out, this young man was also not one to be trifled with. Can't you see how fast he was able to make a comeback, while getting the support of the Gias, Ghos, Bhos, House and other families? Never in their lives have they seen so many families unanimously stand behind someone so much. So what was the secret? They've tried to send out spies to find out what secrets the boy has to be able to blackmail so many people to his side, but nothing comes up. In fact, at this point, was it even blackmail? Could there be another reason why everyone was standing behind this boy? Could it be because of his parents, who were still in a coma? Try as they might, many businessmen and women

couldn't come up with any tangible reason. All they were told by their good friends was to never cross the Tian Boy. It just made no sense! How could 1 person control so many people all at once? What was even more incredulous was that the Tian Boy actually gave his bodyguards full control of his company. The Tian Boy only came to his company once or twice every 2 months, while his subordinates ran things smoothly. At first, many tried bribing his subordinates and even tried getting them to betray their master and get the many Tian companies for themselves. But it was like throwing water on a duck's back. These subordinates showed no signs of greed and even looked at them as though they were mentally retarded. Hello?... Who can tell them what was going on here? No joke, they would be willing to pay millions to know why so many people were incredibly loyal to the Tian Boy.

Chapter 593 Precious Land

"Haru, I think if we can close this merger, it will be a win-win situation for the Grandmaster. Lockplace Real Estate must be taken over by the Grandmaster if we are to set up the Haven Project." Chan-ki spoke, while looking through the documents on his table. Despite the Grandmaster now having a fierce reputation in the business world, the land in question was one that almost everyone was greedy for. So of course, they had to fairly bid for it with everything they had. According to the Feng Shui of that place, it was already a blessed land in their mundane world. It had a much heavier aura compared to other parts of the country. Just when opening their 3-eye, they could see how blessed it was. But while they too wanted this place for their own plans, it seems that even the enemy wanted this land as their own too. For what purpose, no one could tell. But of course, Chan-ki and the others didn't know this yet. For now, they honestly went about preparing for the bid, and so did the Rose Lady, who was several towns and cities away from them.

On the outskirts of Roverwhale city, an ancient castle-like Manor called House Castolica, stood tall and intimidating. "Charlington." Swish! An expressionless blind-haired maid with a rocking body and a long but body-hugging maid attire appeared from the shadows. "You called, my Lady..." It would be incredibly hard for one to see the hate in the maid Charlington's eyes. Indeed, all underworld creatures, although loyal to their master's, all hate their master's too. It was a weird relationship. .

It should be noted that all masters must sleep with one eye open, including the Princes of the underworld. Why? Because if you're not careful, you will be the stepping stone of your subordinates. That they don't attack, doesn't mean they don't wish to. In the underworld, only strength can guarantee your survival. Like Charlington, she knew that if she so much as attempted to go against her master with her current abilities, death would be the only outcome now. He'll, even if she teamed up with everyone in here, they won't be able to overpower their master. So why try and risk starting back at square one again?

One must know that if another underworld creature kills another creature, the dead one will get reborn in the abyss without memories of their past. And then, they have to start the grueling task of surviving and crawling out again. Do you know how many tens, hundreds and thousands of years it will take them to get back to where they are now? At that time, they can kiss their dream of

surpassing their master, goodbye. Heck! Will they even remember that they had a master in the first place? Charlington stared at her master, feeling envy, jealousy and all other unwilling emotions corrode her heart once more. Of course, another reason why she detested her master, was because her Master was not a true breed like herself. ...

Laying on a massive bed beside Charlington, was a stunning girl with pale winter skin and rosy cheeks. She had a body that made men instinctively wish to protect her. Her eyes were large and mesmerizing, and her features very doll-like, despite her height not being short.

She was slender and extremely breathtaking, with long silver hair and eyes that kept switching from brown to red. The girl chuckled when seeing the fleeting hate in Charlington's eyes. "A worm will always be a worm... remember that Charlington." "Yes, Mistress. This lowly worm will always engrave your teachings in her heart." Charlington said so verbally, but in her heart, she spoke another thing. 'B**ch! How dare you call me a worm? I am of pure Vampire blood, and you are nothing but a half breed with Siren blood running through your veins!' 'You think you're better than me? Dammit! The Abyss is unfair! Why will the abyss give such a half-breed so much talent that allows her to surpass me?' UNFAIR! UNFAIR! The Abyss is too unfair against her. Typically, half-breeds of any kind are typically less powerful than full breeds. The Abyss will sometimes mix and match different breeds when birthing underworld creatures. For example, you can one day see a half-Minotaur half-Hydra. Typically, such a half-breed should have a less cultivation speed than a normal Minotaur or Hydra. However, the Abyss sometimes like playing games on them, giving these half-breeds overpowered capabilities. Within is the situation with the lady before Charlington. Charlington's master was a half-Vampire half-Grudge Siren. For 8000 years, her master has fed off the grudges of several women who went crazy from jealousy when seeing their husbands and sons fight to protect her. Some husband's even divorced their wives, hoping to be with her lady. But you see, the lady doesn't enjoy the essence of these men. No... The grudges these women bear against the lady is part of what feeds her soul and power. Fear, pain, fury, rage.. she absorbed so much from these ladies, making them grow insane to the point where they get locked up in asylums for all sorts of causes. Their emotions become too unstable due to jealousy, and they then act erratically, pushing them deeper and deeper into despair. And when they are at their peak, she appears in the night, like the half-Vampire she is, and sucks their blood so much she almost drains them dry. But now, now,... She can't kill them. Keeping them alive and ill to watch her victory, also makes their fury grow brighter. It was like nursing plants or livestock. She would appear again and again, hunting them in their dreams while she sucked away their blood that was filled with the good essence of hate she now desired. Of course, she sometimes feasted on men, but truth be told, no man could hate like a woman. A single woman's scorn was enough to burn a forest.

Men were just too bland for her tasting. No wonder all those old vampires liked sucking the blood of females. Hey, even she found herself hooked and drunk from their emotions. ...

"Charlington, I just received word from my Master..." Indeed, everyone has a boss they must answer to. And for the Wilting Rose Lady, hers was Vice President Doyle of Vardos. Alicia tilted

her head playfully when recalling her master's words. "Charlington, the land at Lockplace... we must acquire it!" Alicia didn't know why her master needed it, but it must have been one of the orders from the Princes before they left the world. Her Master, although the strongest now in the world, was actually an underdog way behind many others. That's right. Doyle was an underdog to another Demon, who was equally an underdog to another greater demon, who was again, one of Beelzebub's left hand demons. The chain of command was long. Nonetheless, the orders must have come from the very top. So of course it must be done to perfection! "No matter the cost, that land must be ours!!!"

Chapter 594 Little Nang's Determination

Today, the 8 year old Xiang Nang, who entered the sect 7 months ago. It was odd to say that his father Xiang Shore, although busy, has always been able to make time to head back home almost everyday. But suddenly, he noticed a change in his father's pattern. His father would vanish for 4 days and only return for 2 days before vanishing again. This pattern continued for months until one day, his father told him he would be going to a different kind of school if he passed the entrance examination. But what school? And how come this was the first time he was hearing anything of it?

Because he lost his mother young and could still remember it, little Nang had grown overnight. Of course, although he was 8, his older brother was 17. He also had grandparents too.

It was strange to say that one day, his father pulled him and his brother to attend some entrance examination, but he didn't question it, knowing his father must have his reasons. It was just that he could never imagine the reason behind it would be so magical. And now after 7 months of staying within the academy, little Nang felt this was the place he truly belonged. Which hot-blooded 8 year old would get excited when asked in such an adventurous place? Today, Xiang Nang was rushing towards his Master's courtyard again. And from a distance, he could already hear his Master's loud yellings cover the entire hill. "You bastards! Are you trying to give me a heart attack? How much Glanzen Crystallite will you use to create such puny weapons? Again! Melt and redo again!" Sigh... Old Bho was at it again. One would think that with his hit tempered nature, he would have less and less disciples. However, many were actually crowding around his way, hoping and praying daily to get accepted by him. In fact, if you look at it carefully, all sect elders were crazy in their own way. Some were crazy about alchemy, like Old Hou, while others were crazy about swordsmanship, Beast Taming... you name it. Old Bho was a typical example of a strong mouth but soft heart. "Little Nang, what the hell are you standing around for? Come here and help me do the fittings!" Before Little Nang could say anything, Old Bho had dropped something in his mouth. "You this kid. Why are you so puny? At 8 years old, I was already slaying tigers in the wild." "_"

If Xiang Shore heard this, he would definitely curse Old Bho for being shameless. What slaying tigers? How can a man who has never won a battle against the iron lady dare to say he was slaying tigers at the age of 8? The iron lady in question is Old Lady Ghu. It was amazing how she was able to beat Old Gia, Old Ghu, Xiang Shong, Old Su, Old Hou and several other people without batting an eyelash. You dare to brag to his son when you couldn't even beat up a 7 year old girl when you were 8? Bah!--

Shameless! ...

Gulp~

Swallowing the pill seed in his mouth, Xiang Nang quickly picked up a hammer while absorbing the nutrients from the pill. "Everyone, stop and gather around! This is how I want it done!!!" Grmm!~

In a flash, everyone felt that little Nang's arms had grown muscular and bigger than it was a second ago. Veins now filled his arms that looked very Macho now. Ting, ting~

The sound of his hammer clashing against the metal ore was all they could hear. But don't think it was just simple hammering he was doing. "Incredible!... He's fusing his spirit power with the elemental properties at just the right time to change their nature." "Ahh! I see. I see. I see... one wrong turn, and it's all ruined. No wonder my sword breaks at the apex upon impact." "1 breath... 2 breaths... 3 breaths... after the first 3 breath intervals, he's increasing his strength! But how? I thought we were to maintain the 4-Klum step first before increasing the speed." "Amazing! Amazing! Truly a genius! No wonder he is Elder Bho's favorite disciple."

Many nodded their heads, burning the image of all they saw in their hearts. Even if you're envious, you must admit that little Nang had the ability and talent to make Old Bho treasure him so much.... Especially after seeing the Tier-4 Spirit weapon the 8 year old boy had just made. And now, all the wonder of the weapon will have to do, infuse his spirit power into the weapon and it will be his. Of course, after all spirit weapons are made, Old Bho who was also a formation master, places the sect's formation signature on the weapon, meaning that only after purchase can one acquire it. The demand for weapons was getting greater and greater by the month. The stronger one advances, the more useless their current weapons would be for them. So they must keep looking forward to stronger weapons. Of course, a weapon created by them can also hide within a coin and be drawn too, it isn't a spirit weapon . Ordinary weapons must be carried around at all times. Again, during battles with stronger opponents, weapons can also break. So more and more weapons must always be available for the hundreds and thousands of members within the academy.

.

Little Nang was a little embarrassed after receiving praises from everyone. "Alright, that's enough! You all line up for me and do a good job! We've got orders to fill before the end of the month!... Little Nang, you follow me." "Yes, Master." Little Nang gave a respectful bow. And soon, they both ran through the vast sect domain. It should be noted that they were still within the living spaces of

the academy. They weren't in the forest or any parts out of the walls. It can be said that the walls surrounding the main academy area, enclosed quite a lot of space. One could say that the space enclosed was about the size of several islands put together. Right now, they were heading towards the Floating island high high in the sky with the large plaque called <Blacksmith Pavilion> on it. Hoop-hoop~

Little Nang allowed his hands to flare behind him while jumping on the various floating rocks. 7 months ago, he would have found it all strange and would even be a little scared. But now, he was jumping on plate-width rocks without any safety gear while advancing higher and higher into the clouds. Soon, his feet touched the soft blades of grass. Before him looked like the gateway to the heavens. It was such an imposing structure. And only those who reach a certain level can pass through the gateway. Old Bho led him into what looked like a vast fortified training courtroom, one that he had never been into before. WHAT?

Little Nang's eyes almost bulged out of their sockets when seeing the incredulous number of weapons on the walls. "Was that... was that a Sacred Weapon he saw over there?" Swish! Old Bho threw a tier-4 weapon at him. Little Bing then came back to his senses, already feeling the supreme difference between this tier-4 weapon and his. "Do you feel it?... This weapon was created by the Grandmaster 12 months ago."

"Little Nang, your aptitude is commendable, but you still have a long way to go." Swish! Old Bho tore the air with another tier-4 weapon. "Little Nang, the only way to truly break your bottleneck, is to understand how the weapon in your hand differs in battle, compared to the one you just made today." "Note that I won't be going easy on you just because you're my disciples.... So... are you up for the challenge?" Little Nang clenched the weapon hard, excitement brimming in his heart. "Yes!" He, Xiang Nang, will one day create a weapon rivaling the Grandmaster's creation! Most importantly—

The 8 year old Xiang Nang felt his heartbeat quickening when thinking of the upcoming war. 'I'm running out of time...'

Chapter 595 The Mysterious Bony Finger

Indeed, time was no longer a luxury to many. And just like Xiang Nang, many all across the academy grounds were desperately raising their levels, skills and taking on missions at a hat's notice. But for Dorian, their beloved Grandmaster, he was now in a secluded space, staring at the Bonus finger that had long attached to him, becoming a part of him. [Host, be careful!!]

The system was frightened for its hosts' sake when seeing the bony finger spasm and twitch so exaggeratedly. What is going on? The moment its host broke through again, the finger began acting up. Dorian narrowed his gaze, feeling something wasn't quite right. However, he didn't panic. In fact, even if he was staring at the face of death, panic has never been an emotion he could

understand. With a lazy gaze, he gently caressed his left ring finger which was slowly switching from bone to flesh back and forth. "What do you want to do?"

Vrmmm~

It shook and shook more and more, RELEASING a burning aura within the space. So powerful? The system's mouth dropped to the mouth when feeling cornered by its presence. What exactly was this bony finger that latched onto its host? Dorian didn't stop soothing it until it abruptly came to a halt. And then—

Swish!! The space was now empty... Dorian and the system were now gone. .

—Hongmora Plains—

.

The desolate and grotesque landscape stretched endlessly, resembling a barren wasteland swallowed by darkness. ~How dull. The sky was a sickly shade of gray, casting a dull light over the twisted, decaying terrain littered with remnants of forgotten lives. Everywhere one looks, they can see jagged rocks jut out from the ground like the bones of the dead.

Dorian blinked softly, looking all around him with an unhurried expression. Where was he? He had an idea after seeing his flesh glow and spark with flashes of flames constantly being extinguished. Oh? "Good boy." Dorian caressed the finger that was working overtime to keep his true body from turning into ashes.

Who would have thought that this little bony finger was powerful enough to teleport him to the underworld while keeping his body alive. Yes... that's right. He was in the underworld. This desolate, yet chilling place was just one of the plains within the underworld. How to say it? The place felt chilly with no signs of fire or flames anywhere. Yet, the moment he appeared, his body immediately caught on fire. Why? Because no mortal body can survive in the underworld for even a millisecond without turning to ashes. The air was thick with a palpable sense of despair. And from one to time, one could hear the hunting screams of both underworld creatures and human souls. Yes, the human souls are sent down here to go through their punishments for how they lived during their mortal lives. But again, the abyss doesn't allow creatures here to harm human souls that are down here for Punishment. After punishment, the human souls get sent back to Purgatory where they will be cleansed and sent off to live other lives. Some souls have been here in the underworld for over 10,000 years now. Whatever they did during their time in the world of the living, will surely have

consequences. But apart from the ear-shattering screams of human souls, he could hear the sounds of weapons and enemies clashing in the far, far distance. -War-

The battle in the underworld was still underway, as these creatures have been fighting day and night for months and months. In fact, it's been over a year now, and both camps are showing no signs of backing out yet. .

After running through the vast plains and bypassing multiple creatures, Dorian found he was seemingly visible to them all. 'Interesting...!' This Bony Finger was more powerful than he originally thought.

No wonder Beelzebub was so desperate to find it. It seems it was one of the keys to guarantee their success after these underworld creatures win the war. How to say it? These underworld creatures didn't take the battle against the humans so seriously. In fact, for them, they were only gathering their strength for the war against the heavens. Why? Because the planets will all align on that day, and with the various special items they've gathered, they would be able to pierce through the realms and go straight to the heavens. Too bad some of the special items they originally collected, were now 'stolen' and dispersed by that darn Trickster! If Beelzebub knew that the item he was searching for far out in another world was actually on Dorian who was now in the underworld,... Beelzebub might just outright lose his mind in fury. So what was the point of him going on a wild goose chase all this time?

Why did that darn Trickster act like it was him who took the finger when it was just another mere mortal who did it? Of course, Dorian didn't know all this. Looking at the war that involved millions and billions of creatures, Dorian raised one brow in deep thought. But soon, he felt his body quake and quake, knowing this was the finger's way of communicating with him. Pouf!~

He vanished from the screen, appearing back in the space he originally was. Only this time, Dorian coughed and choked, with heavy steam emitting his body. .

[Host... host! You were there for 20 whole minutes!!!]

How can this be? How can a human stay so long under there without perishing? The realm of the underworld, controlled by the Abyss, wasn't a slack one that would allow any mortal flesh survive so long. So why? Why did the abyss allow the bony finger to teleport its host in? The more the system thought of things, the more shaken it became. And the eye it used to look at its host now changed to an even more unfathomable one than before. [Host... please be honest. Just what exactly, are you?]

Cough, cough, cough, cough~

Dorian was on all fours, coughing heavily from the impact. This was the first time the system had actually seen its host so vulnerable. Sadly, it didn't last, because 1 minute later, Dorian had calmed down and was now seated cross-legged, massaging the bony finger that growled like a dog. "Why are you so familiar to me?"

Dorian looked at the bony finger with scrutiny. "I feel like I've known you before..."