

Be Honest! 611

Chapter 611 A Tough Decision

Ahhhhhhhh!!!! The sounds of bullets echoed heavily, cashing some to duck and flee with their tails tightly tucked between their legs. Of course many chose to stay, as they were journalists and could even stay still during hurricanes and heavy tornadoes if it meant they'll be the ones getting the scoop. What? An assassination. Attempt on the president's life and you expect them not to capture it all?

Click, click!~

Countless photos were taken in a flash. And with the sudden commotion erupting at the edge of the gathering, the Security personnel rushed towards an agitated man shouting incoherently about conspiracies and injustice.

The man in question even danced when he saw the incident happen. The man in question was also dressed very sketchily, with a long trench coat and an overly wide hat on his head. "Protect the President!" Victor's eyes turn cold when thinking of all that unfolded before him. It wasn't him, but another who pulled the trigger. And now, his long planned opportunity is gone. But what was even more aggregating was that the bastard had shot the President in the chest and on his upper arm.

Come on! Are you a fool? Don't you know that shooting in the chest is akin to wasting bullets? What President makes a speech without wearing a bulletproof vest? Again, you shot him in the arm and you're jumping happily over there? Why couldn't you aim for the head to ensure the president stays dead? One look and Victor could tell the bastard making the shot was an amateur who was probably not paid by anyone. His hands were shaky, and his eyes showed no discipline, but only pure hatred in them. "Stop him!" shouted a young female guard who was first on the scene to appear and hold down the culprit just long enough for Secret Service agents to spring into action. They tackled him to the ground, disarming him in an instant.

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Again, the crowd erupted into chaos as people scrambled for safety. Cameras flashed wildly as journalists documented every second of the unfolding drama. The distraction provided Victor with the perfect opportunity to escape, although he was leaving with a grimmer face than when he arrived. Dammit! It was all ruined. The plan to take down President Ghant will have to be postponed indefinitely... at least until his target lowers his guard. Like so, Ghant was ushered away from the scene and taken into the Red House for safety and medical care. Weew-Weew-Weew~

The sounds of more and more police sirens emerging into the scene could be heard all around the space. It was amazing that these journalists didn't want to leave despite all that happened. They stood firm, wanting to find out more answers and questions from the guards, military personnel and police officers on site. "Excuse me, sir! Have you identified who the man taken in custody is?"

"When will you disclose the news to the world?" "What grudge does the man have against President Doyle to make him so rampant?" "How do you all feel knowing that you're all so incompetent enough to leave an enemy stray into the Red House you claim is incredibly secure?" "Hello sir, can you tell me if you think your mother will be proud of you for failing to fulfill your duty of protecting the President?" "Madam guard, can you please tell us how you reacted so swiftly, despite the slow reaction from others? Could it be that you were in cahoots with the attacker, so you can make yourself look like a heroine?" "Sir! Sir!"

"Madam!"

"Miss!"

"Sir, sir!" "Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah~"

... President Ghant was now breathing heavily when lying on his back, surrounded by many medics and important personnel. Vice President Doyle and several others with high positions also stood motionless, like tall trees protruding from the deepest parts of the jungle. "Sir, we must not let such acts go unpunished!" Secretary of Defense, Mitchen Rongulf, stated with a stern face. And as he spoke, his thick mustache moved, as though dancing on its own. "Mr. President, if you ask me, this incident serves as a reminder of both our vulnerabilities and our strengths," he said solemnly yet optimistically.

"Yes," Vice-president Doyle and several others agreed. "Mr. President, we all know you love peace, but many times, war is what is needed to keep peace afloat. So now is not the time to falter in our original plans." Doyle expressionlessly stated. "Mr. President, I got off the phone with the guards, and the man in question said he was sent an invitation by someone who claims to be a member of District 47. But that's not all..." Doyle took a deep breath staring at everyone in the room grimly. "It appears there might be all sorts of killers, both skilled and amateurs, heading your way."

"So you see, Mr. President, the time for peace has long passed." Many nodded like chickens pecking at a barrel of corn, because they completely agreed with Doyle. Now, the only thing that can bring back their former peace is WAR!

So what's there to hesitate? Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

Ghant stayed silent, feeling his entire being disagreeing with them all. Intuition told him that if they did go to war, they would lose big time.

However, it was clear that he was outnumbered in voting. So what else could he do but stall the situation at hand until he thinks of something clever on his own? There were quite a few military personnel that he trusted with his life. Since there will be more assassination attempts headed his way, it's time he called in the heat of the best to step in not only protect, but think of suggestions to diffuse the current situation at hand. "Alright, alright... I'll think about it." Ghant gave them a promise, cashing several people's faces to fall. Think? This was not the time for thinking, but the time for action instead. So what the hell was this guy thinking about here?

Tsk. They suddenly despised this shift hearted and weak president. Damn, if only it was Doyle and not this wimp who became president. As it stands, only if the President dies, will Doyle take over his spot. So what if—

Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh. Many already had dangerous thoughts brooding in their hearts. But the moment they left the scene, Ghant quickly took out his phone without hesitation. It was time for a certain someone to repay the favor to him as promised. "Wiggins you old bastard! Where the hell are you? You better see this Voicemail fast. I need you pronto... you owe me one!"

Chapter 612 Doyle's Plans

The news spread during this period was incredible.

What an assassination attempts on the Vardos President?

How come? Who did it? Were they working alone? Any help from the outside?

Is the president still alive, dead or barely hanging by the thread now?

Wipe! The world turned dangerous in a twinkle of an eye before many could prepare. Some were frightened, others were sad, and some were happy from the noise they got.

Those sad were of course several scarred around Vardos, most especially those within the no-man's-land they called District 47.

Crash!!!~

An ear shattering sound echoed from within a luxury apartment, cashing many around to squirm like fishes out of water.

"Hah!" The young 29 year old had just slammed the burner phone in his hand into bits after touching the ground.

"Fools! Idiots! Morons!"

"I paid those 4 highly skilled sons of b**chest to get the job done, and now, they have the guys to tell me they were a second or minute late because some amateur chose to take the shit instead."

Aiii-

The King wished he could shoot them all himself.

Know that thanks to them, a simple job has now turned into a f***king nightmare!

Do you think it will be easy to eradicate Ghant as it was today? Huh, do you?

"Assholes!" The King cursed, before taking out his personal phone and calling several others scattered around District 47.

Why? Because now that they've moved the first piece on the board, it was now time for their enemy to retaliate and make his move.

But while this goes on how dare they lie in wait without fortifying and strengthening their defenses?

The King kicked his lips viciously when staring at the map of his territory.

It's true what they say.

Once you've tasted power you never want to give it up or anything that belongs to you. So at this moment, they must give it their all to fight the upcoming war against President Doyle and his Red House Forces.

"Bullseye, Froyo, Red Arrow, Bampo... you 12 get in here as fast as you can. I f**king, don't care where you are right now. But I want to see you here in no more than 2 hours... you got that?"

[Loud and clear, Boss!]

[Be there in an hour, Boss!]

[Copy that, Boss!]

...

Several people were scattered around the vast lands, some torturing others in well-known sites, while others were busy with the everyday running of the place, like collecting 'taxes' and protection fees from the residents.

Some stopped their ecstasy half-way through, rolling off the women below them without haste. Teh-

It seems heads will roll soon enough.

Several people sucked in the cigarette sticks in their hands, throwing the last bits before stepping into their vehicles and heading off the place they call the Capital.

There, their King now awaited them all.

Slapping the exterior of his vehicle with his hand, one of them yelled to his entourage, "All right boys, Roll out!"

With that, he rolled up his bullet proof windows and unwound a paper of white substance. Well, the journey to the Capital was long, at least an hour and 20 minutes from where he was. So why not have a little fun along the way?

(Sniff, sniff-)

The snow powder he sniffed in was their latest product, one highly sought after in the underground world for its purity and ability to take its users far above cloud 9.

In the meantime, Camilla who just had a passionate kiss with her 'man, was now riding high in a red jeep, with dark sunglasses and red lipstick on her plump lips.

Hahahahahahaha~

The game is set, the plasters are ready, and now, she'll have the privilege of watching it all crumble to the ground.

However, there was something that needed to be taken care of first.

Picking up her phone, she heard the instructions of Lord Doyle on the other end.

[He's still hesitant. You more than anyone else knows that we need him to spearhead the war, if more chaos is to erupt... But tell me Horseman, since he might never be willing to do so, where else can we find a perfect clone to take his place?]

Camilla's eyes narrowed viciously.

The Mirror World!

Camilla chuckled, already understanding what she must do. It seems Doyle, as Vice President, was now stepping up on some matters since the President under treatment. He must head out to a few places to show his 'face' and cannot be around the Red House

right now.

Of course, he could let his subordinates handle the matter on their own, but after the disappearance of the first horseman, he preferred to keep this cheeky Horseman of war within the eyes of himself or his men.

Right now, too many agents of darkness were scattered about Vardos, aiding in raising Havoc here and there, thanks to Camilla.

Horseman of war, horseman of Famine, Horsman of this, horseman of that.

You see... What powers does each horseman possess? And what of the Horseman of war in particular?

Camilla's powers were unique.

Know that whichever place she stays in for love, will quickly get corrupted.

It was like a drug in the atmosphere, making people canine and hot-blooded. They wished to fight, rip each other's throats and would also heed to her whispery thoughts in

their ears.

She was like a virus, one that contaminated everything she touched. Of course, while she waltzed around doing her business, Doyle has always had his people watch over her from time to time, lest she disappears too.

It's just that now, at this crucial junction, they needed all hands on deck to completely plummet this country into an apocalyptic state. This was why he preferred she go along with those tasked in doing the switch.

Right now, he was waiting for one of his subordinates from far away, a type of demonic breed called a Munyen.

In fact, if Gia Donghai heard him, he would say: F****! Isn't that the sort of creature that can do a switch between man and shadow, allowing them to switch places while then goes into the shadow world to absorb the fear and essence of its victim?

Dorian's first time in the mirror world since coming to this world, was during the case involving Gia Donghai. It was quite a memorable one.

[Horseman, you and another will do the job in 3 days. Attain the worthless humans and
await the arrival of the Munyen in xxxx.]

"Got it, Boss."

Camilla smiled, taking off speedily on the lone highway.

"Little President, I hope you're ready for what is to come."

Tick-tock, Tick-tock.

Time seems to flash by in a twinkle of an eye right underneath everyone's nostrils. And

at this point, it was official.

Something was wrong, and several people around the world felt a big storm was approaching, yet they couldn't make heads or tails of when or where the danger was

coming from.

Suddenly, the world seemed to be in too much turmoil, especially with the bizarre aggressive state of Vardos.

Their craziness was quickly spreading like a virus, affecting even the neighboring

countries so much that a ban was put in place at the airports and borders, preventing Vardos citizens from leaving the hellhole they created for themselves.

The borders, now ravaged with subtle wars, were slowly turning to a medieval battlefield

with generals defending their turfs.

Dammit!

"Are these Vardos bastards crazy or something? Who starts a war with no bloody good cause at all?"

"Exactly! Can you believe that the bastard in Cell 49 said he rallied up his boys to storm our border town because he thinks it's unfair that we make the best cheeseburger which is too far from his home on the other side of the border?"

F***!

What a nightmare!

The many police officers and military personnel were scratching their heads with unbelieving expressions plastered on their faces.

Nothing was making sense at all. It was just nonsense!

Now they all felt that these people might have one or 2 screws loose in their heads.

Within the sect, Wiggins' figure immediately vanished from the eyes of the onlookers,

and was now replaced with the image of countless streaks of light slashing in all

directions.

Up, down, left, right...

The sharp blue-hues flashed at various positions. And with every slags, there seemed to be a thick spiralling smoke of mist that forced itslef through the bear's openings, widening it's injuries more and more.

Bam!

The giant Kruver Bear that was well over 3 storeys tall, now fell into countless pieces of meat all around them.

Wow!

Who doesn't know that the Kruver Bear's skin is so tough that even some top disciples struggle to cut down?

Amazing!

The disciples had starry eyes that twinkled in awe after seeing the unique Skill called Cloudy Breath take down the tough Giant bear.

Wiggins was just about to give guidance to his newly accepted disciples, when suddenly, he spotted his Son Julius, fast approaching him.

It appeared, there was an urgent message for him in the outside world.

"Father, it's urgent... It's a message from President Ghant."

Chapter 613 Finally Here

Today started off like any other day. Ghant rose from his bed, still feeling deep pains from the failed assassination attempts on his life a few days ago. Truthfully, this was the first time he had experienced such a dangerous assassination attempt. No one has ever shot at him in public, as though he was a common criminal or tyrant that the world hated to see. Ghant swore that he tried his best as President of Vardos. Yes, he had some aspects he failed to uphold. But for the most part, people called him one of Vardos' greatest Presidents. So how come in under the twinkle of an eye, he turned into a man most hated by the public? For the first time, he, President Ghant, stood outdoors before the large congregation of raging people, and witnessed all the hard work the police and military had to do to keep so many rebilters away. Don't think that the Press conference was peaceful until the bullets were shot. Nope. There was no peace from beginning to end. From the start, the reason it seemed peaceful was all due to the militia keeping various troublemakers in line at the far, far, far back. Hiss!~

His shoulder hurt like hell whenever he attempted moving. Yes, they moved the bullet embedded in his arm, but the pain was still there, making his heart race unnaturally whenever he tried lifting the arm. Sigh~

Ghant sighed when staring out his massive balcony doors of glass that allowed him to stare at the vast skies above.

The sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows across the Oval Room. Ghant slowly rose to his feet and soon made his way to the desk at the corner. The room, usually filled with the hum of activity, was now eerily quiet. Ghant seemed to feel the weight of Vardos now resting on his shoulders. Bam! He accidentally slammed his left foot on his bench. 'This is the 3rd time today that I'm hitting my left foot.' He felt he was particularly distracted, even though he seemed calm. Of course, if this world believed in superstitions, he would know that hitting one's left leg severely was a sign of bad luck coming one's way sooner or later. Ghant didn't know why, but for some reason, he has been feeling very over the edge since he woke up. Compared to the other days he awoke in pain, he felt that today might be a day he would surely remember for the rest of his life.

But why? ... Why did he feel this way? Pup~

Ghant listened to the secret message left for him from Wiggins, and soon found the stone in his heart now gone. Hahahahahaha~

A smile slowly crept on his haggard face. [Mr. President, the Capital is no longer safe. I'll come and get you this afternoon. So get ready.]

Good, good... good... He, Ghant, didn't feel so safe in the Red House anymore. He didn't know how to explain it, but he felt that he was living among enemies and snakes. He could already feel the negative energy brooding in the atmosphere from many of his Party Members, secretaries and ministers of State who pushed for war, despite his stance for Peace. Well, this afternoon, his old buddy will come and get him out. As for telling Doyle and the others of his plans, he didn't want to now. It's not that he was running away, but he would like to be among people he 100% trusted. It was odd to say that he used to feel that Doyle was among those he trusted with his life. However, his intuition these past few days told him that he should keep his movements hidden from Doyle for now. Like so, Ghant prepared for his secret escape, not knowing that life had other plans for him that would leave him scarred for a very long time. ...

Vmmm~

Wiggins, Berry, Dalahali, Harry, Julius, and several Vardos leaders all appeared outside the Portal, alongside Chan-ki, Bewoh and several other non-Vardos elders within the sect. Bewoh and Raulin used to be one of the Grandmaster's bodyguards before they became the first group of elders within the academy. Their strength was unfathomable, far above the other elders who came in later on. Bewoh used to be head Bodyguard. One could say that if Butler Sheng went around, then he would always be second in command taking over. That has always been the chain of command among them. Bewoh has grown his skills greatly, and is now famous for using 3 major weapons during his battles. Bewoh was the sort of person to keep order among a group. He was organized and always had a level-headed plan within his thoughts. Whenever Bewoh is around, it was hard not to automatically assign him to be leader. He was just a naturally born leader that many agreed to follow. Chan-ki on the other end, was a little playful, albeit not as playful as Haru. Chan-ki used to be a very disbelieving person in the past too. He was the type of people whose motto was: See before belief. He had to see it with his 2 eyes to believe anything, even something as possible as a car accident happening to someone around him. But oh well... after realizing that there were all sorts of monsters in this world, Chan-ki found that he could believe just about anything right now. For Chan-ki, the stronger he grew, the more spiritual weapons he acquired too. He now not only pished a whip, but also pished spiritual nunchucks and a few other flexible weapons too. What he and many elders and disciples found was that you can't possibly learn how to use all weapons except you're the Grandmaster. Again, those who chose the way of the sword or have great affinity with the sword will find it easy to master any weapon similar to a sword in affinity. But if they attempted to learn any other weapon, they typically failed greatly. Again, there are over 20 types of swords, some curved, some straight, some bendy and some too thin or too fat. Each sword type had its own way of practice. So even if you have sword affinity, you might only be able to learn 3~4 true sword types while growing your sword. Those who choose Katana, might struggle a bit when using a Sabre.

That being said, don't think a sword was similar to a dagger or a Sai. If anyone in this world saw the movie Elektra, they would know what a Sai was. A Sai was like a short sword that was elbow-to-wrist length long. Those with affinities for Sais and daggers, found it difficult fighting with longer weapons like swords or staffs. It just wasn't their thing. ...

Stepping out the alleyway the group now stood in disbelief at the chaos all around them. Shopping carts were turned over, tires were being burned at the center of the streets, people punched and kicked each other ruthlessly, with someone even rushing up to a single mother, attempting to rape her, while another attempted to strangle her baby instead. Slash! A burning pain on the man's back made him jump off the woman he was about to devour. "You bastards! Who the hell do you think you are to stop my wrath on these parts? Do you know how long I've gone without a woman?" As far as the man was concerned, it was all the President and the country's fault for not providing him one. Chan-ki and everyone else were dumbfounded by the man's ability to change black to white.

Can you listen to yourself speak? Why don't you look at yourself carefully and assess the true reasons why you can't even score a date on your own? What does it have to do with the president or the country? Please, don't keep blaming every little thing on them, okay? Several people rolled their eyes, appearing before the many troublemakers and pressing their account points so hard that these people fainted in a blink of an eye. "Thank you... thank you..." Several people thanked them with teary eyes and snotty noses.

Hey... it seems that if not for the need for food, they would have not risked their lives leaving their homes. Believe it or not, these were desperate times with people now bolting their doors and even adding extra security locking systems at their homes too. Seeing how chaotic their home had now become, Dalahali, Wiggins and several other Vardos people, all felt heavy in their hearts with sorrow. They have been protecting this country for decades, only to have it turn into an apocalyptic scene right under their own nostrils and you expect them not to feel down? "So this is the power of a horseman?" Terrible! They heard that the chaos has already spread to various nearby countries. And if left unchanged, the world will be plunged into darkness way before the enemy arrives. Think about it. Humanity would have expanded all their resources before then, using it to fight each other. And by the time the true war begins, what will they have left to lose the enemy with? Of course, even if there weren't any wars, they still wouldn't win if they used mortal weapons. In short, the enemy wanted them to fall into true despair, waging war among themselves, and depleting all their resources but by bit. And when the Big Day arrives, they will find that all they can do is cower and tremble before the enemy that appeared out of nowhere. Thankfully, they eliminated the Horseman of Famine a while back. Or else imagine this state of war and famine out together. Imagine there being a true scarcity of food acoyoled with this war Please! Humanity will start eating themselves before everyone knows it. ...

With tactful stares, the group traversed across the busy and chaotic streets, eliminating troubles the closer they got to the Red House. But when they finally arrived on the scene, the one they came to take was nowhere to be found.

'Mr. President! Mr. President! Where are you?'

Chapter 614 Camilla To The Rescue

-Two hours earlier-

Ghant was in a better mood, resting in the confines of his office.

Everything was going as planned. In a few hours, he will be privately taken away by those he now trusted the most. Yes~

Everything was going as predicted... everything except one minor bump on the road. [Mr. President, Miss Camilla Jones is here to see you on special orders from Vice-president Doyle]

Ghant frowned. Camilla Jones here to see him?

Truth be told, he didn't like that lady one bit. She was too unprofessional, and left him with a bad taste in his mouth.

There was just something quite unsettling about the lady, something he couldn't place his fingers on. And being the man that he was, he for one stayed away from unsettling people, lest they dragged him into something he wasn't a part of.

He honestly wanted to tell his secretary to send her on her way with the excuse of his busy-ness. However, with the added message from his secretary saying she was here on special instructions to Vice-president Doyle, made Ghant smile bitterly. "Let me in, Doris."

[As you wish, Mr. President.]

Ghant took several deep breaths and pretended to seriously glance through the documents on his desk while listening to the sounds of high-heels slowly approaching.

Ghant didn't know why, but whenever this woman approached, it made his heart race uncontrollably. Not from excitement like most men, but worry and danger. Without raising his head, Ghant parted his lips, "Miss Camilla, I'm a very busy man, so make it quick."

Camilla chuckled, "I'm sure you are, big boy~... But just like you, I don't like wasting time either."

Very slowly, she approached the corner of his desk, sitting seductively with the skirt of her short red suit, displaying her immaculate thighs. Ghant controlled his body, focusing on the documents before him as though his life depended on it. Tsk... "How boring, you are no fun."

Fun? You dare to play with a happily married man's life like this?

"Just get to the point. What do you want?" Ghant carefully raised his head, looking her in the eye as if wanting to gauge the truth from whatever it was she had to say.

"Now now, Mr. President, no need to give a cute lady like myself such a defensive stare... If I didn't know any better, I would think you are hopelessly in love with me."

'Or like hopelessly irritated by you,' Ghant inwardly commented. "Woman, GET TO THE POINT."

"Fine, fine, fine," Camilla raised both hands in defeat, getting up from his desk and finally taking a proper seat on a chair. Soon, the atmosphere in the room changed. Camilla was now serious, with a grim look on her face.

"There's trouble in the Red House, Mr. President. There's an impending assassination attempt on your life that we think will take place in the next 5 minutes."

What?!

Ghant's eyes widened animatedly. 5 minutes! That means the enemy is already within the Red House. And for all they knew, they are now heading for his office right now as they speak. How? How did the enemy infiltrate the Red House so deeply so fast without alerting any major guards?

Could there be a mole in the Red house who leaked the information? How true is the information given to him? And more importantly, can he trust Camilla?

Too late—

BANG! BANG!

Shots were fired at his door, alerting him of the danger he now faced.

Just then, Camilla turned the table over, and took out a gun from underneath her short red suit skirt. Dammit!

He should have pressed the security button that turns this whole place into a barricade. But it was already too late. The enemy shot at his door, kicked it open and was now firing shots their way. Poor Doris... no doubt she should be dead by now. The guards standing outside must also be dead.

"For Freedom~"

The shooters kept yelling these words... the same words the rioters from earlier yelled out too. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!~

Everything happened so fast in a twinkle of an eye. And before he could react, Camilla had killed the intruders, shooting anyone who dared to block their path.

Seeing her skills with his own eyes, Ghant suddenly understood why Doyle kept Camilla around. She was like a covert assassin, the sort you see in blockbuster movies. For a moment, she almost looked indestructible. Ghant in turn momentarily dropped his guard down when following behind her. Shoot here, shoot there... She was like an unstoppable wave of destruction. Soon, they reached the Helipad, and Ghant was once again shocked that she could also pilot a chopper. Sure enough, regardless of how provocative, seductive, and flimsy her attitude was, he should have trusted Doyle enough to know that he won't just bring any useless person to the Red House without good cause or proper qualifications.

Whoop, whoop, whoop~

The chopper took off and vanished in a twinkle of an eye, regardless of how many bullets the enemy on the helipad now shot. He could still hear their curses and cries for his 'unfortunate' escape. It seems that they truly wished to eliminate him, wiping him off the face of this planet. Recalling the many dead staff he encountered during their escape, President Ghant suddenly felt heavy when thinking of their families. Sigh... Ghant sighed heavily while watching various streaks of smoke go up from different points around the city. There was fighting everywhere. Chaos and destruction could be seen for as far as the eyes could see. What happened to his glorious Vardos? What happened to the once proud Capital city he used to boast greatly about?

If Ghant knew that the cause for everything was seated right beside him flying the presidential chopper, he might have actually lost his senses and chosen to crash the helicopter with both of them in it.

At the same time, he didn't forget to keep his phone close to him. Why? So that Wiggins will be able to track him down.

Whoop, whoop, whoop~

The chopper flew for a while, until finally landing in a small desolate looking shelter space. Well, he didn't need to be a rocket scientist to know that it was probably one of the many safehouses within the city. They flew past the safe house and first landed in an open space before making the hike and trek to the safe house. Safe at last, were his first thoughts.

However, it didn't take long for him to know what true despair looked like.

...

Reaching the safe house, Camilla knocked the door casually. "Who is it? You won't be one of those pesky rioters who burned down my door last time will yah?" A husky voice questioned from the other side of the door. Camilla chuckled, lowering her head to face the doorknob. "Hey, you old Geezer, open up, Cousin May sent us over."

"Cousin May? Which May?"

"Corner Brook May, the one with the dandelions and saggy tits."

"Well, I'll be damned. I know what May you're talking about."

Clu-chuck~

A mechanical sound echoed from the door, followed by the husky voice again. "Come in... It's open."

Camilla then stood aside, gesturing for Ghant to go in first. "After you, Mr. President."

Ghant stepped in but found no one in the rundown place. Well, the voice must be coming from some high tech Vardos intercom system, Ghant thought.

The house's condition was quite bad. There were layers of paint full of bubbles, now peeling on the walls. There were cracks and countless rotten wooden floor panels wherever he looked. Crooked beams, Weather-worn furniture... Ghant felt the word 'run-down' was a far better cry than what he saw. Well, since this was a Safe House, it must have been artificially made to look like this to keep intruders out. That was what Ghant thought.

But maybe it was his imagination, but why did he smell the putrid scent of rotting food the deeper he went into the building?

Awww~ So terrible~

Soon, he was led down into the basement, where he met another young man who didn't even bother to give him a nod.

Hey... what's up with this guy? Doesn't he know that he is now standing in the presence of the President of Vardos?

Suddenly, a chill swept through the room at the same time the young man spoke. "Is this the human?"

"But of course..." Camilla unhurriedly answered, while walking towards a covered up object. Whoosh!

The covers were pulled, revealing a massive head to toe oval mirror. What's going on?

Ghant didn't know when, but his body had already subconsciously moved towards the stairway he came from.

Bam!

The basement door above the stairway suddenly slammed shut, and Ghant found himself trapped with these two, with only a single candle dimly illuminating the space. How he wished the candle would have gone off completely, because what he saw next left him screaming at the top of his lungs. "Mr President..."

Crack~

The boy's neck cracked unnaturally. At the same time, his physique grew 3 times his size and his human flesh also began ripping apart like clothing. Ghant shook with uncontrollable tremors, as his mind kept reeling back and forth in catatonic stupor. Crack~

The figure was enjoying the human's predicament. "The party is just getting started, so why don't you stay a little bit longer?"

Chapter 615 Where Is He?

[Take a deep breath, Mr. president... Because it will be your last.]

Those were the last things President Ghant heard while feeling a strange hand jump out of the mirrors to grab him from the back. The next thing he knew, he was standing in a truly hideous and worm-down world, staring at the giant creature from earlier, Camilla, and an ugly version of himself looking at him with a grim but victorious smile. Who is he? Ghant unfortunately received no answers because before he could react, the mirror that was watery earlier, was now solidifying, trapping him in this apocalyptic world while the other 3 on the other side were now slowly leaving the basement without even giving him a single stare. Well, only Camilla turned back and blew him a teasing kiss that made his insides explode with fear and furry. However, another thing shocked him greatly. After her teasing actions, her face changed into a ghastly one that made him scream for his dear life. WHAT? Ghant felt the world was now too strange and frightening than before. Blugh~

He wasted no time puking and spitting out all his intestines from everything he just witnessed. However, this was just the beginning. "No! No! You can't trap me here!" Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Ghant didn't know how many times he banged at the sealed mirror before him. Soon, his throat became raw from yelling, but he still persisted and banged with all his might. No!

The mirror itself was now disappearing! What should he do now? Ghant's pale cheeks trembled vigorously, as he kept staring at the now empty space with bloodshot eyes. Who will believe it?

... Who will believe that the true President of Vardos was now trapped away in some mysterious space? If anyone ever said any such thing, they would definitely be locked up in a Looney bin till the day they died. Yet, it was the truth. Monsters... they really did exist?

Sweat poured from Ghant's forehead, with him now feeling the need to smoke. He was almost out... Should he have stayed back in the Red House despite the troubles, he might have had a chance to wait it out while awaiting Wiggins's rescue. Bam! His fist slammed the ground in protest. How can this happen to him? Was Doyle in on it too? He wondered, recalling how Camilla had started that Doyle had sent her over. Even when he secretly messaged Doyle during their conversation, the guy also agreed for him to go with Camilla. Ghant felt he was having a splitting headache just trying to wrap everything around his little head. A part of him was still in denial, wishing and hoping that this was all a bad dream... a bad dream he now desperately wanted to wake up from. But he had no time to continue dwelling on the past, because in barely 4 seconds after the mirror vanished, a stream of eerie laughter now bellowed from behind him. Heh-heh-heh~

Ghant slowly and robotically turned his face behind him, and completely fell on his butt with his breathing becoming ragged and heavy. His hands now covered his mouth and his eyes had completely widened unnaturally. The beings he stared at, had 1 or 2 normal human parts, but the rest of them were completely grotesque. "My, my, my... it's not every day we find a human in these parts." "Human, do you know you come from the species we hate the most? Do you know that our archenemies are your kind?" "Good... good... Since you're down here in our world, it will only be a matter of time before the essence of you fades, allowing us to devour you whole!" It was funny that these shadows were talking about themselves, but all Ghant could hear was roars and absolute gibberish. He couldn't understand anything they said. Ghahhhh!!!~

The figures growled furious when staring at Ghant. But what Ghant was quick to notice, was that no matter how hard they wished to advance, their feet seemed planted on the ground. No... some of them indeed moved, but moved in the opposite direction they wished to. It... it was almost as if they were being controlled by an invisible force. .

Phew~

Ghant secretly let out a sign of relief, knowing that if he doesn't come close to them, they too won't get close to him. As of sensing his thoughts after seeing his relief, his creatures only grew 50 times angrier instead. "Are you kicking us for your kind having control over us?" "Dammit, human, you can laugh now, but when the darkness comes into your world and our enemies are asleep, we will be free to move!" Again with the gibberish. Ghant couldn't understand a single thing they said. However, seeing the vicious smiles plastered on their faces, he knew that they were definitely planning something evil. So should he stick around and wait for them to free themselves and attack him? Definitely not.

Ghant took several deep breaths, trying to force his body to wake up and move. Looking all around him, the entire place had the same layout as the world he was used to. Only that every building was either burning continuously or so broken down that every step one takes inside would form a hole on the floors. So unsafe. Again, there were vehicles and every human thing you can imagine in here, in the exact spot it now stood in the human world. Only, these vehicles were badly worn out, rusted, flipped upside down and even burnt to a crisp. From afar, he could shoot a gas station with a massive crack that from this distance, it looked like it was deep enough to reach the center of the world. It burns...

The air was filled with specs of ashes and burning-paper-like fragments. His nostrils had long begun to itch, thanks to the overwhelming smell of gas, burnt flesh, and sulfur. The stench alone kept making Ghant gag and gag till he felt the need to never look at good again in his lifetime. After today, he felt that no human could be described as ugly, and no human place could be described as smelly either. What was even more jarring was the strange sun in this place that burnt even the hairs on his arms and bodies. This sun seemed several times closer to the ground than the sun he was used to. It burned and made every ace hot and flammable. And the more Ghant analyzed, the more his body resisted to attempt to move forward. 'Come on, Ghant, you have to find a safe place to hide or build your fort in.'

In a strange world with so many bizarre monsters, safety, shelter, food and protective weapons were the first things he must acquire! Like so, Ghant forced himself to move amid the cracked and overly heated roads, while listening to eerie and cruel laughter from close-by and afar. Of course, there were also the sounds of monsters fighting, and explosions happening every now and then thanks to the strange sun above. 'Wiggins, you old fool... will you ever be able to find me anymore?' Ghant wished he could be hopeful, but a part of him knew the truth. No one will ever believe what just happened to him. So no one will ever know the truth. Marking on after picking up a rusted metal hammer, Ghant now missed his family dearly. Vardos... my Vardos...

A part of Ghant knew he would never see Vardos Country again. However, as a president and one who had military training in the past, he knew the importance of keeping moral up. A battle is already lost when one thinks it is. So despite the unprecedented situation he found himself in, Ghant clenched his fists, determined to survive as long as he possibly could in this world. ...

"Mr. President, where are you?" Wiggins' face turned grim when staring at the chaotic Red House. What? There was a shootout within the Red House? How come? How did their security become so weak that mere protesters could march in and shoot at the president at will? It wasn't just Wiggins who felt a heavy slap on the face, but all the other Vardos disciples and elders people too. They felt they were dreaming when staring at the colossal mess before them. What was this? World War 1? No! This was the 21st century! They had all sorts of cool spy technologies implanted in all corners of the Red House. No one can even go in without having their faces scanned and information brought up in a blink of an eye. This Red House was like a fortress from top to bottom. With a single hit of a bottom, it could become a barricade and doomsday shelter, blocking anyone from

going out, and anything from coming in. So how did this happen? The more they listened, the more they felt there was something wrong about the matter. And only when they heard the words of a few, did they understand what was going on here. "Sir, according to the footage, President Ghant was rescued by Miss Camilla and taken away using one of the presidential choppers." "_"