

Be Honest! 616

Chapter 616 Found Him

Ring~

The telephone phone and several people placed their hands on their lips, with some others tracking the sound's location. It was Camilla. [Alright boys, no need to fret. The President is in safe hands and will be coming back to Office in 3 days. He was badly hit, and for his safety, as well as the safety of the Red House, we won't be returning anytime soon.]

[... Of course if you all would like to confirm his state, you can call contact safehouse 003 for updates.]

Hm? Safehouse 003? Several people immediately passed through the Safehouse's database with fast hands. All everyone in the room could hear were the sounds of keyboards clicking away. Again, Wiggins and the rest asked: Where were your expertise when the Red House was getting hacked left, right and center? Even these professionals couldn't understand how the attack on the Red House happened. Could it be that they had lost bits of their memory that they didn't even spot intruders venturing into the country's safest place? "Sir, we found footage!" Someone announced, making everyone crowd around him. There, they saw Camilla and another youthful man carefully taking the pale looking president Ghant to Safehouse 003.

As per protocol, their identity was first verified. And even the president's eyes, fingerprints and other aspects were checked. Yup. That was definitely the president. Facial scans and matching also proved that he was. It's just that his pale and morbidly twisted face made them doubt for a second that it was him. But the faces of the disciples and elders turned grim when staring at the so-called Mr President who needed to heal. That's not him! .

Wiggin's eyes flickered thoughtfully.

"Yes, he's in good hands. But can— never mind. Just get up." Eh? The experienced staff stood up in confusion, not knowing what Wiggins wanted to do. Hey, he was one of the top hackers within the Red House, and possibly within Vardos. His skills were unprecedented, and he dared to say that none of these military people would be able to do any better at his job than him. Well, that's how he thought, until Wiggins's hands began to chaotically fly over the keyboard so fast that it was leaving confusing after images behind. Blam! Someone fell off their seat and wiped their eyes exaggeratedly, not believing what their 2 eyeballs were recording. Are the military so bad-ass now that they're so good in not only physical combat but hacking too? The other disciples and elders weren't surprised by Wiggins' ability. As the Grandmaster said, it would be unfair for any exorcist to

take a regular mortal examination with a normal mortal. While within the Academy, don't think that they left behind all worldly studies. Technology and other worldly matters must still be learnt. In fact, it's mandatory for Exorcists to learn other core aspects but involving exorcism, or else how will they be able to accurately track down and gather information about potential targets and locations? From Geography to History and even Hacking, everyone was advised to stay 1 or 2 days after completing missions to head to public libraries to learn a thing or 2. Of course, Wiggins recalled word for word and page for page, several fundamental and advanced books on hacking. But it was only after 5 months that his skills had grown to his current level. It might have been shorter if he just focused on reading and preparing without doing his exorcism duties and cultivating in the academy. Again, it was paramount to know that learning any mortal subject was far easier than mastering a cultivation skill or performing an exorcism. There were too many magical and mystical elements and heavenly truths one must realize when it comes to exorcism compared to learning a mortal skill that was plain and quite easy to grasp for those who had more 'advanced photographic and widened' brains. Most importantly, while studying, they also created their own codes and aspects particular to them.

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Clack-clash-clack-clack-clack~

Everything happened so fast in just under 10 seconds. Soon, Wiggins paused on a page for another 2 seconds, before wiping everything clean

... At this point, they wanted to know what it was he had been looking at. Can they say that 2 seconds was not enough time for them to catch a glimpse at whatever it was? And where were these people going now?

The group of Red House IT techs, hackers and top notch security personnel, looked at each other, confusion, shock and helplessness still evident on their faces. But why exactly were they helpless? "What— Am I dreaming? When did this guy put an encryption on the president's signal? And how come I've never seen it before?"

Words alone couldn't describe the atmosphere in the room. In the meantime, Wiggins and his group had already left the Red House, leaping and rushing through the streets. It didn't take long for them to traverse through the vast City, reaching the outskirts in a twinkle of an eye. Coins were immediately tossed into the air. Before they touched the ground, several people whispered short spells that created a barrier around the broken down, abandoned home before them.

This was not the Safehouse shown on the video at the Red House. It seemed the President's phone signal disappeared out here. Creak~

The floorboards creaked every time he advanced into the rickety home. They could have chosen to move stealthily, but didn't bother to mask their presence while here. Searching the place from top to bottom, they found no entities lurking in the dark. However, the foul stench that had infected the walls and even the floors was hard to miss with their eyes wide open. There was no mistaking it. They were in the right place. .

"Elder Bewoh, Elder Chan-ki... We found something!" Oh? Bewoh and Chan-ki calmly walked down into the basement, accompanied by Wiggins and the others. The basement was filthy and covered with dust and spider webs. Everything looked like it had hardened been touched for ages, except for the massive mirror at the far. Even a mortal might feel mesmerized by the air of mystery surrounding it. The longer one stared at it, the longer they would feel there must be something magnificent about the mirror, perhaps history or heritage. Perhaps it belonged to some King or Noble in medieval times... Such thoughts will flood the minds of normal mortals who glimpse at the current mirror. For Wiggins, Julius, Berry, Harry, Dalahali, and the others, they stared at the mirror with perplexed thoughts. They had an inkling of what was to come, but have never actually dealt with such situations before. Only Bewoh and Chan-ki had calm demeanors.

"I'm sure you all have read about the mirror world and the Shadows... Some of you have also monetarily seen your Shadows, but have never actually visited the shadow world. However—" Bewoh paused. "I must warn you all that as exorcists, our shadows also grow stronger, the stronger we grow. They might know our skills, but their fighting prowess might not be underestimated!" There was suddenly tension in the air when several people recalled the silhouette they had once glimpsed on severally in the past. It was rare for them, who have practiced the art of having a calm mind, body and heart, to feel uneasy. But can you blame them? The enemies they were about to face were their very own shadows, the shadows knew where they were at every time for the day. Fortunately, the Grandmaster had said that once within the Academy's grounds, their shadows become oblivious to whatever it is they're doing there. Everyone swallowed hard, watching Bewoh and Chan-ki step forward to guide them. Bewoh's eyes scanned the group. "Only 6 will be going on with me... the rest will stay with Elder Chan-ki to keep the portal open." Chan-ki nodded. "At our current strength, we can indeed keep the mirror world open for hours. However, the creature that did the swap will notice... So, we only have 20 minutes to go in and out. No more, no less!" Why 20? Normally, such a creature might notice a breach to its mirror barrier within 5 minutes. However, it had just done the swap between President Ghant and Ghant's shadow. It needs to focus its energy on ensuring that the shadow is well Vitalized and cocooned while in the human world. Know that only after President Ghant's human world essence is dissolved within the shadow world, can the shadow walk merrily without true control in the human world. Now, Ghant's shadow can't move much, and practically lies around like a dead body. But in 3~4 days, it will have rosy cheeks and look completely human because Ghant in the Mirror world would have long lost his Mortal spark, absorbing the essence of the mirror world instead. By that time, the other shadows would be able to devour him and kill him cleanly. Wiggins, Dalahali, Berry, Julius, Harry, and another, were chosen

to follow Bewoh in. The rest would stay with Chan-ki. "Remember, they will try to drag us in till the very end..." So be careful.

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With eyes locked and in full concentration, Chan-ki unlocked the portal, causing a windstorm to blow chaotically within the space. What's going on? The already worn out nailed plants on the floors and walls began coming undone the longer the hurricane proceeded. Compared to the first time when everyone was faced with such a situation, they were far more prepared. Now, as the hurricane rose, they casted spells of their own to contain the situation – lest the entire house came falling down. After calling the situation, several people stared at the mirror, only seeing their regular reflections showing. However, a strange crack was slowly forming along the mirror's surface the longer they stared. Crack! Everyone's heart constricted when seeing how rapidly the crack was growing. Soon, they will come face to face with a formidable enemy –themselves! 'This is it...'
Several people thought, staring at the cracking lines that suddenly stopped running. And then–

The mirror's surface began to ripple like a mirage. Bewoh and Chan-ki subconsciously nodded, satisfied with the current situation. One must know that in the past when they watched the Grandmaster and also performed a mirror world opening before, they couldn't open the portal. At that time with their then-strengths, they needed the Shadow master, the monster we created the mirror portal to first be present, so they could use his abilities to open the portal. However, now they were able to do so without the knowledge of the Portal master in question. However, if they took too long, the portal master would sense something. The Grandmaster might not mind exposing his identity as an exorcist, but they minded quite much. For as long as they could, they must preserve the existence of exorcists in this world because this was humanity's ace up their sleeves when the big day comes. With the portal now rippling, the image on the other side also began changing. So ugly~

Just as they stood before the portal, their doppelgangers also stood there, licking their lips creepily.
[I see you~]

Wiggins' horrifying twin stretched its mouth unnaturally, muttering such words across the plane. It was odd to say that ordinary mortals can't truly understand these doppelgangers. However, they exorcists seemed to have a natural affinity for such bizarre languages. Wiggins felt that despite the many gruesome and grotesque creatures he faced in the past, none of them gave him the heebie-jeebies like the doppelganger before him. "Remember, because we're exorcists, our Shadows have more control than regular shadows." Typically, regular shadows can only move from their spots during the night when humans are asleep. But for the shadow of an exorcist, it can move anywhere so long as they are at rest. .

Bewoh didn't need to say much for everyone to get the big picture. In other words, don't stand still...because the moment they are at rest– It was amazing that while they were standing still in the human world, their counterparts were beating, scratching and biting each other without rest. It's true

that they did hate humans more than anything else, but they were also shadows at heart. They loved fighting and cruelty the most. You would think they would use their freedom to do something meaningful. But no~... When humans went to sleep, they used their freedom to find other shadows who offended them and fight till their humans awake, summoning them back in place. Dammit! Is there anything more hateful than almost winning a battle and in the final moment when a blow is inches from an enemy's face, you find yourself getting warped into some far, far away place with no warning? Know that sometimes, their fights would carry them miles and miles away, so when getting called back, they were grumbling and dragging the grounds, refusing to go. Sadly, the force binding them was strong enough that even if they held onto a building here, the force could even carry them alongside the building in question. Well, to be fair, they would just break through the walls, leaving the building behind. Hate, hate, hate...

These shadows hated that their freedoms were controlled by such weak and measly creatures like humans. ...

"So hot..." Everyone muttered the same words after stepping through the portal. Circulating their qi, they maintained their calmness and regulated their bodies. "Remember... 20 minutes is all we have... Go! Swish!~

The group split apart in pairs. "Mr. president!" "Mr. president!" Several Vardos people magnified their voices, their concern very evident. Wiggins was the most desperate.

Where was he?... Who can tell him where President Ghant was now? Know that from the time they arrive to the tile Ghant appeared in this home was well over 3 hours. Who knows how far he has walked now? Who knows if he had fallen in some deep pot or even fainted from exhaustion while here? With how blazing this place was, even the strongest of people might struggle to survive. The conditions and the fact that there's no food and water was enough to imagine the agony of any human lost and trapped in the mirror world. Wiggins frowned, throwing his eyes at his Shadow that was still chasing him vigorously. "Ignore it. Keep moving..." Bewoh advised. They only had danger if they stopped for a second. Right! Wiggins nodded. Boom! A hot mushroom of fire erupted out of the road several feet away from them. What a crazy place. The ground erupted for no reason, with what looked like magma. Then the magma suddenly resided, leaving behind a humongous hole on the side of a lake. The interior and exterior corners of the hole now glistened with bright orange-red sparks. What was unimaginable, was that the houses that should have been swallowed up by explosion and magma, still remained intact and now stood on toothpicks of ground supporting them above the giant holes. Well, it seems that so long as a home is still standing within the human world, its replica will always exist. The vehicles and other strange objects also stayed afloat... except for some that fell into the pit, never to be seen again. Perhaps in the human world, these objects have been burnt to a crisp or completely destroyed. Even if shattered, its shattered pieces will still exist. Looking at the world around him, Wiggins noticed that some vehicles lived on their own with shadows scratching and trying to escape them all. It seemed that in the human world, the human was driving a vehicle somewhere. However, in the shadow world, the strange force in this world

was holding the Shadow hostage, forcing it to stay out in the vehicle. Sigh... The more Wiggins and many saw, the more they understood why their shadows hated them greatly. Still, should they sacrifice their lives just to please these shadows? Is it their fault they were born as humans? It's not like they had a say or not about keeping these shadows bound to them. What's more, they swear that they didn't know of the existence of these shadows before the Grandmaster came into their lives. "Mr. president!~" "Mr. president, where are you?"

Damn you, b**ch!

Ghant cursed Camilla in his heart.

Ghant who was now found himself in what looked like a shopping center, sweat he could faintly hear the sounds of familiar voices calling him. But how can it be true? "Impossible!" He told himself, scouring for food and grub with no success." Water... food... After seeing so many disgusting creatures along the way, he truly felt that he would never eat again for all eternity. However, his body was growing weaker by the minute and he knew he needed something or else there'll be no strength to fight off any attackers. What made Ghant the most afraid of, were the murderous whispers that now bellowed in his ears. [Come on, human... You have no way out... so why struggle~]

[Yes... yes... give up... give in to your darkness... Thirsty? Cut off your hand and drink your own blood!]

"No! No! Get out of my head!!" All around him were various creatures that giggled and grunted wickedly while trapped in the positions they were in. They said nothing, yet their whispers continued to bombard his senses. [Give up, human. Do your people know you're here?... You'll never make it out alive. So just-]

"F***k you!" Ghant swung an iron rod in his hand with murderous eyes. "Get out of my head you ugly beasts!!" Ghant was truly pissed. They were like bugs that wont keep singing in his ears, irritating him to death. However, he made a mistake just now. "Gotcha..." One of the shadows smirked victoriously when stretching its shadow hands to twice its length. Ghant felt a bizarre coldness spread from the rod towards his hands. But no matter how he tried to let go, his hands rejected his order. Now, bile rose within his throat as he watched the shadow's figure change into an even more grotesque appearance.

Ghant watched in horrified stupor, with just one question ringing in his head. — Was this the end?

Boom! An explosion happened within the store, and Ghant was now shocked to find himself swaddled within the arms of a figure he was all too familiar with. "... Wiggins?"

Chapter 618 Him, Marked?

A blank stare was Ghant's only reaction to his current state.

A series of questions flooded his mind and vanished in a twinkle of an eye when watching the blockbuster scene before him. While holding him like a baby with one hand, Wiggins' other hand moved with a flash of a lightning blade. Too fast. Ghant didn't even see how the attack commenced. One moment the hideous creature was standing, and in another moment, it was on the ground, screaming and rolling with inky blood spewing from its belly. The large horizontal strip wound took $\frac{4}{5}$ of its belly's width. Bam! What was that? Ghant, who was cuddled in Wiggins's arms, was anxious when hearing the explosive sounds echoing too close to their proximity. It was a shadow – One that despite its ugliness, had an uncanny resemblance to Wiggins. Withdrawing its giant hands from the ground it smashed into, the being's hands slowly returned to human size. "Well, well, well, my master... I wasn't expecting that one to hit." It spoke with a hoarse voice that sounded far more eerie than the many other shadows Ghant heard while in here. Wiggins' narrowed his gaze while moving from side to side. Why? Because I'm his momentary pause, his dear shadow had stormed at him with vicious intent. So long as he's always moving, his shadows can't act on their own.

Look ... right now, his shadow was also moving alongside him. Although the connection was somewhat lessened, the natural force in this world still made his shadow dance to Wiggins' tone. However, how long can it last? The longer a human stays in the mirror world, the weaker their connection with their shadows. And soon, it won't be bound to any natural force. But once he returns to the human world, the connection will be strengthened once more. Sadly, the stronger an exorcist is, the stronger their shadows. This also means that their human counterparts are in the mirror world, the shadows will be able to break free from the human's control far faster than normal. "Don't worry, human master... in just a while more, we'll have all the time to fight till the very end."

Heh

Wiggins sneered, but kept a vigilance stance between himself and his shadow. "Wiggins, you speak their language now?" Ghant fluttered his eyelashes with a dropped mouth that spoke volumes. He opened and closed his mouth, even wondering if this Wiggins holding him was the one he has always known. ... Could it be an illusion? Some evil plot to lower his guard before devouring him? "Tell me now, what happened in the year xxx at the Roswell gardens?" Wiggins' lips twitched when staring at the vigilant Ghant in his arm. "Mr. President, are you talking about the incident when you had too much to drink and farted so loudly it almost cashed a tip on our national flag?" Ghant's face turned even redder than it already was in a flash. Luckily, he let out a rip amidst his friends and those he trusted. Or else wouldn't his reputation have been long ruined by now? He would have

gone down as the 'ripping' president of Vardos. Well, Ghant laughed awkwardly. This was indeed his Wiggins. But what was going on here? Since when did Wiggins know the language of these monsters? And when the hell did this guy start using magic too?

Ghant would relish as Wiggins pulled an entire sword out of a single coin. Mr. President, stay on and hold on time. Ghant didn't even know how his body could balance on the transparent sword, but it did. Despite his tired, fatigued and dehydrated body, he stayed upright, sitting stiffly when the sword slowly rose higher and higher from its original position. Wiggins looked at his watch and frowned. They had barely 4 minutes to escape and close the portal. Failure to close it on time would allow the portal master knowledgeable of an intruder using its portal. Well, they can't let that happen now, can they? Vmmm! Bewoh let out a burst of enemy that shit to the blazing skies. It was blue, very wide, and could be seen and felt through a vast distance. They found him! Several people instantly stopped their search, and swiftly dashed towards the portal with an expressionless face. Of course, seeing their shadows still chasing behind them made their insides green. How relentless. They've all been attacked once or twice by these beings. Indeed Bewoh was right. The strength of these shadows was quite unbecoming. It was like fighting their very own clones, except their clones knew no real exorcist spells or skills. Just their raw strength, wits and brains were enough to make them a formidable foe. Reaching the portal's location, Wiggins allowed his sword to dash through the space carrying Ghant back into the human world. As for the Bewoh, Wiggins and the others, they immediately ran around the portal in circles about 3 times, before finally coming together and rushing towards the circles all at once. "Now!" Chan-ki on the other end reacted fast, inches before one of the shadows could touch the mirror's rippling exterior. Bam! The mirror was no longer 'ripply,' causing them to slam hard into its hardened exterior. Dammit! They dug their hands into the ground, disappointed, hate and rage very evident in their eyes. Why? Why did these humans have to leave now? Just a little longer, and they would have been able to break free of the mysterious control making them dance to the tune of their 'masters.' Crack~

The many cracked lines on the mirror now reversed their actions, 'uncracking' and erasing on lines earlier made. Ghant was breathing heavily when watching the unbelievable scene before him. Who would ever believe it? That there was a whole other world hidden behind the seemingly simple mirror? .

What a scary world.

Ghant swallowed hard, looking left and right in dread. His face was still palish white. "Mr. President, drink this." Ahh... Ghant unscrewed the bottle of water thrown his way. Although his mouth felt any food or water would be disgusting now, common sense told him to take it all down for his own good. Ew~

Ghant gagged on the water, as though he was drinking shit. Sorry, but after all he saw, all food and beverages tasted yucky in his mouth. Bang! Bang! Bang!~

The creatures on the other side banged and banged the portal in protest. Soon, their grotesque figures had been replaced with the everyday ordinary images one sees when looking at a mirror. Normal... Finally, the portal was sealed. The disciples and elders nodded tactfully, before heading to the Grandmasters, a private airway wonder by the wealthy Tian family from the East. Understand that after knowing about the existence of creatures, they willingly pulled strings with their connections to get a private airway for the Grandmaster. Of course, no one would suspect a thing because the Tians were among one of the richest families in the East. The airway was surprisingly not within the Capital. Rather, it was several towns and cities away. Before coming to rescue Wiggins', 2 disciples had long gone to grab his family and take them to one of the Grandmaster's private jets. Know that they cannot take Wiggins and his family through the portal they used to warp from the Academy to here. So they could only fly him out. Of course, for his family, they must apologize in advance because they casted sleeping spells on Ghanth's parents, children and his wife, taking all vital items and even packing away some things for them. Most things were in their storage space. As for the humans, they carried them out and ran at lightning speed towards the private jet's location. Well, with the sleeping spell they casted, Ghanth's family will only be waking up midway through their flight. It will be up to Ghanth to deescalate the situation by then.

. Ghanth stared at the group of disciples and elders, and didn't know what to say. Okay... so you've thought of everything. Then what more can he say? "... Be honest with me, what exactly were those things?" "Shadows, Mr. President. And the one that took your ace, is actually your shadow... take a look at the ground." "What do you—" Ghanth froze, finding that his shadow was missing. Where? Where did it go? Recalling the hideous hands had dragged and switched places with him earlier, Ghanth felt a tornado of butterflies churn in his belly. Wiggins sighed, slowly explaining the many mysteries surrounding their current world. "Mr. President, we were wrong..." Wiggins paused. "The biggest problems humans face isn't each other, but the many monsters lurking among us." Ghanth felt his breathing growing heavier. And then he asked a question he now dreaded. "Vice-president Doyle... Is he—"

"Yes, he's one of them. But not a shadow, but a being far scarier than that, born from the pits of the underworld!"

Ghanth really felt like his shorts were choking on his neck. The news gave him a great blow. So he has been working alongside such a monster all this while? And from Wiggins' words, it seems the underworld might be some formidable and deadly place far scarier than the mirror world he just fled from. Ghanth was just recovering from the information spewed at him, only for Wiggins' to bombard him with another heavy matter.

"What? You say that bastard, Doyle, was taking me as his prey? Speak now, what do you mean by saying I've been marked?"

Chapter 619 A Dazed Ghanth

"So you mean to say there's a great way coming out?"

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Seated at a more private sector within the private jet, Ghanth jolted up and maniacally looked at everyone in disbelief. Please, can someone tell him if this was a joke or not? How come there has been a long time war against humans and he, a fully grown President, was only hearing about this now? Ghanth's body trembled vigorously. "You all... be honest... have you known about this all these years?" What happened to brotherhood? Could it be that the military has always known of the existence of these monsters when he –their President who was supposed to be their commander and leader– was not privileged enough to get such info all this time? Several Vardos people slowly shook their heads wryly. "Mr. President, it's not what you think. Although it's barely been under a year that we knew of the true dangers of this world." Well, they wished they could tell him, but you've got to know that he was living in close proximity with a creature that had marked him, and always had watchful eyes over everything Ghanth did. Of course, it wasn't long too that they discovered that Doyle was a creature from the underworld. The true reason they didn't tell Ghanth at the start, was because they wanted to keep things hushed, while growing their strength in secret. At that moment, they felt that the less those in politics knew, the better. For now, life must go on as normal. Sometimes, in order to protect someone, it's best to leave them clueless until they're heavy to tell. For hours, the Ghanth listened in eerie silence. Since 2 and a half hours ago, he said nothing, only nodding, shaking his head, or leaning tiredly into his seat. Sometimes, his eyes would widen, and other times, he looked like someone was physically punching his face. Amazing! They've never known their President was such an animated person. .

Well, everything he heard sounded like fantasy to Ghanth, but he had no choice but to believe it.

"Wait! Wait! You say my shadow will automatically fade away from the mortal worlds and reappear back in the shadow realm. But—" Ghanth paused, making the atmosphere grow tender than it already was. "Once my shadow vanishes and returns, what's stopping this shadow master to head into the shadow world and get information on what happened during my escape?" Yes. If the enemy knows of the existence of exorcists, wouldn't that spell trouble already?

"Not quite, Mr. president." Dalahali shook his head sideways. "The rules of the mirror world are strange and bizzare. All shadows, whether they like it or not, are bound to a Law that prevents them from leaking out any information about what their humans did in the past, or will do in the future." .

Just like the Mortal and Underworld, the Mirror world had its own unique rules too.

Even The Grandmaster's shadow can't tell a single soul, shadow or creature of what the Grandmaster thinks, will do or has done in the past. Even if these shadows wished to demonstrate with their hands or write it down, the laws of that world will never allow it. A shadow is bound by

secrecy to keep what their humans do private. It was odd to say that while the Underworld had the Abyss, the Mirror world had what they called 'Law'. It was equally strong just like the Abyss, and couldn't be defeated by even the most powerful princes put together. Heck! Even if all creatures teamed up, Law would flick its fingers and they would all die the moment they step into the Mirror world. So how do you beat Law's command of secrecy on all shadows? How do you pray out that information from it? Some say Abyss and Law are lovers, separated by duty. However, it's said that there's a secret channel between the mirror world and the Abyss that no shadow or creature could ever go to. Whether those myths are true or not, no one has ever been able to prove anything true for centuries, generations, billions, trillions and gazillions of years. "So you see, Mr. President... even if the enemy goes to the shadow world, he won't be able to get any information out of anyone." What's more, even if the enemy wanted to guess what happened by looking at the shadows closest to the portal, looking to find the culprit, it wouldn't be that easy. For one, their shadows will be nowhere near the portal, but would be someone far, far, away, in a place that looks identical to where they currently were. Do you know where they are now? In the sky miles and miles away. Back in the shadow world, their shadows were also fitfully pulled by Law and made to fly through the scorching skies in rusted, hot and falling-apart aircrafts too. Hey... Whatever they do in the human world, their shadows must also do in the shadow world.

It was quite unbelievable when one thinks about it. .

Again, while exorcists could stay for longer periods in the Mirror world –perhaps due to the fact that the shadows were part of them– creatures on the other hand, can't stay in the mirror world for long, or else Law would notice them and not only kick them out but eradicate them completely. After Law takes care of them, their souls don't get exorcized, but return to the Abyss to be birthed from scratch with all memories wiped. They won't even know who they set end in the past or how long they lived before their demise. After Ghant's shadow returns, it will immediately realize that Ghant had returned into the human world, but won't know anything of what happened in the mirror world or these past 3 days before it returned. How to say it? After returning to the mirror world, he will be warped so far away that it will take the Portal master a f**king long time, probably months, before he finds Ghant's shadow again. The easiest way to find a shadow is through the human in the mortal world. Grab the human and do the switch. But in this case where Ghant was nowhere to be found, do you know how f**king long will it take long to find his shadow again? Remember that underworld creatures can't stay in the mirror world for long, so the creature has limited time, even more limited than Exorcists, to head in and do a search before Law kicks him out. After leaving the portal, it has to wait for some time before going in again and continuing its search. In the end, do you know how long it will now take to finally find his Goddamn shadow who, by the way, was flying over continental waters on its way to the East? Too long... It will never happen... at least not anytime soon.

... Ghant digested the information poured on him, from the existence of the mirror world to the underworld, the heavens... you name it. "So Camilla is one of them?" "Not quite," Wiggins denied. "She's an old soul risen from the graves. She's hundreds of years old... but Mr. President, don't you think her name sounds very familiar?" Ghant frowned. "Camilla Jones... Camilla Jones..."

Hold on! In Vardos' history, there was once a sky, quick-witted and seductive female Pirate with the same name as her. She bested her peers and was known to have broken the chain of there being strong Male pirates in those times. Well, you could say she pioneered feminism in their days. Who said that only men could be fierce pirates? Her actions and stories have been filmed, documented and even made into live action movies too.

So what if history wrote her down as a true evil woman with a love for chaos and mischief? Isn't it always men who end up in those positions, from Kings, leaders, prorated and whatnot? The female population didn't care! She was a role Model, similar to Gleopatra of Cygypt... except she didn't rely on her feminine wiles, but used her brute force, sword techniques, and brains to win her crewmates over. Yes, she had beauty, but she hardly used it for any of her conquests. Rather, she treated her sleeping partners as dogs... dogs not worthy enough to lick her feet. And when she was done with them, they eventually ended up walking the plank or being destroyed in one way or another. ...

Camilla Jones... She was a legend who 'sadly' fell from the hands of her brother who set her up before sinking her and her crew down the high seas. It should be said that after her legends spread throughout all corners of the world, several current now had the name Camilla Jones. So no one in their right mind would equate Camilla Jones brought in by Vice-president Doyle, to be the same Camilla Jones legends spoke of. *Silence*

"You mean she is that--"

"Yes, Mr. President. The one and only... and she is now here in the flesh, as the 2nd Horseman!"

B**CH!

Ghant clenched his fists hard. "So Vardos became what it is because of her?"

Yes! From the first day that woman arrived, reports of all kinds emerged one after the other.

... Now it was all starting to make sense. Ghant clenched his fist hatefully. In that case, there was only one thing left for them to do. KILL!

Chapter 620 Not Mine

Everyone knew that sooner or later, the Horseman would become a thing of the past. But for now, they must wait on the Grandmaster, before they act. At the moment, the Grandmaster was out on a

very long mission. Only after he's done will they focus on the Horseman... the real root of Vardos' current issues. How could 1 woman cause so much trouble? Tsk. Several people now closed their eyes, mediating and cultivating in silence. Ghant had nothing to say when seeing their synchronized actions. They all say cross legged with their hands calmly resting before them and eyes closed. Even if Ghant spoke, sang, jumped and cried, they still won't flinch. Ghant suddenly felt left out. It would be great if he could be a part of their 'world.' Power was something that no one in politics would refuse having. What you do with the power is what makes a difference. Ghant felt that if he could, he would love the power to defend himself and his family against the 'new world.' This world was just too scary to be powerless in. Do you know that he just vomited all the food and water he drank after leaving the .irrior world? The images of those grotesque figures plagued him so much that he never wanted to be in another room alone. Who would have known that a grown man would suddenly be afraid of the dark and the daylight? Now when staring at his own reflection, he subconsciously flinches back in fear. "Ahhhhhh!" A yell came from the other side of the plane, and Ghant knew it was his family. 5 minutes later, Ghant was kneeling obediently before his wife. The shock and scare his family must have gotten was a lot. What the hell happened to them? They recall distinctively being at home doing their own thing. And now, they wake up on a jet and you don't expect them to scream? "Dad is bad..." Daughter and son pouted their lips, feeling that their father truly deserved what was coming to him. Although young, they have been told and advised on the drill if something bad is about to happen to them, their father or anyone in their family. So if their dad had told them earlier, they would have gotten aboard and wouldn't need to be knocked out, dead asleep. Don't think you can trick them into believing they slept naturally. Ghant moved his mouth bitterly. "Wife, parents, children...Believe me, this was the best choice and outcome on the matter." Everyone frowned. What's going on? "Someone, what's me gone, and has everyone in the Red House wrapped around their fingers..." Gone obviously meant dead. Everyone understood this clearly. But who? Who is it that now has full control over the Red House?

"Doyle.... It's Vice-president Doyle." *****

In a little place called Hulbert Town, the people went out their busy days with smiles, frowns and expressionless faces. The little town was known for its bright and rare flowers that grew across the highways passing through the town, and across several parks and regions too. These flowers lit up the roads at night, illuminating the palace with their faint glows at their centers. It was a touristic town with people from all over the world coming in the heart of spring and fall to watch these bizarre flowers bloom or close their petals for the seasons.

In summer, they are so vibrant and mesmerizing that those driving by the town feel the need to stop and take countless photos. The sun had long set, allowing a thick blanket of night to fall over the land. In the dead of night, one would see the faint pink, purple, green, yellow, orange, blue and violet glows of these flowers. The fireflies also looked at these flowers, making for a truly magical scene that caused many to propose to their partners here. Yes, the little town of Hulbert was very used to having visitors come and go. A man returned late from work to see his wife seated on the stairway with dark bags under her eyes and a hairdo that looked like she was homeless. Perhaps he knew what awaited him, leading him to constantly return late from work

His sweet home was no longer what it was earlier. He and his wife were a fairly young couple who got married 1 year and 7 months ago. They were nearing their 2-year anniversary, and he felt their marriage was already on the rocks. Despite all his avoidance and late-coming, he still loved his wife with all his heart. When did it get so bad? .

Clem Shi dropped his briefcase on the table and calmly walked up to his wife, saying nothing. His words said nothing, but his hands slowly rubbed against his back. This allowed the worn-down woman to lean on him. No one said a thing.

When did their marriage feel so fragile? A year ago, they used to be inseparable. Everyone, including their friends, called them twins. Their love was so strong that it inspired others to look for the love of their lives and marry. Be it their neighbors, friends or even family, everyone felt they truly belonged to each other. And then when 'he' came, their world started to change. The changes weren't noticeable at first. But each month, their relationship grew more and more strained. Well, to be honest, Clem Shi felt that it was indeed his wife's problem. She has suddenly lost her mind a few months after 'he' came. She became extremely paranoid, and her mentality seemed to have collapsed altogether. To him, she no longer made sense. And what he feared the most, was having her institutionalized. "Where is our son, Liana?" "Son? ... Son?" Instantly, she tightened her grip on him, looking desperately into his eyes. "Brother Shi, please believe me. That baby is not our son!... You believe me, right?"

There was a faint silence between the two. Clem Shi looked at his wife, knowing he didn't have the strength and the balls to deny his son like that. What was his wife always going on about?

At first, he thought she was co dressing to get cheating on him with another. However, it seems that she said the boy wasn't 'their' son. How can it not be their son? .

Liana's lips became slack when knowing that her husband didn't believe her. It sounded ridiculous, but she really wanted him to believe her. Do you think she didn't know what she was saying was crazy? How did she know it wasn't her son? A mother knows best when her child is different. After leaving the hospital, everyone was normal. Liana was convinced that the child she brought back was definitely her son. However, a month later, she started to realize changes in the son they watched at home. It's eyes especially, felt like it could understand her. It was creepy and even grim. At first she thought she was overthinking things. But one night when she was about to give him a bath, he suddenly threw a rubber duck with super strength that it knocked off a faucet, allowing water to shoot out. That's not all. There was a time it smiled and even laughed wickedly, releasing a deep voice that didn't belong to a child. There was the biting incident too. When breastfeeding once, it put her so hard she lost a nipple. The list could go on, about the things she has through when that little thing is alone with her. Yes. When it sees its 'father' or anyone else, it acts like a normal baby, making the world think she was insane. It was hellbent on driving her crazy, undoing every house

chore she did. No one saw her as a capable mother or wife anymore. She looked haggard and sleep-deprived all the time. Worse, no one believed her when she complained. They only looked at her strange, wondering how a mother could hate her baby so much. No one believed her. This feeling made her feel she was truly alone in this world.

But what about her missing baby? Where did her true son go to?

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The muscles in Liana's jaws seized, allowing the little fat on her cheek to jiggle when watching her husband rise up and ascend the stairs, heading towards the nursery. Watching his strong back disappear, Liana clenched her fist, knowing that she couldn't carry on like this. 'I must kill that thing, protect my husband and find my son, all by myself...' Liana didn't care anymore. That thing wasn't her son. She was 1000% sure of what she was saying! Liana slowly rose to her feet and began preparing dinner for her husband with a calm look. Now that she was determined to kill that thing, her mind became clear. She had to kill it tomorrow when her husband leaves for work. Her window of opportunity was slim because her mother typically comes over to watch 'the baby' and help her out. With the food ready, she headed up to tell her husband. She opened the nursery door to see the father and son in a warm atmosphere. Sadly, she couldn't feel the warmth when seeing those things smile at her mischievously. This time, she chuckled, smiling back viciously too. 'Just you wait... Tomorrow will be your last!'