

## Be Honest! 631

### Chapter 631 A Defeated Return!

Well, the night seemed infinitely long for many. These days, President Ghant has been feeling particularly heavy. It was a strange sort of heaviness. He looked the same, yet, he could tell his body felt 'fuller,' with each day feeling fuller than the previous day. He especially felt fuller during unholy hours, such as the night. Each night he went to bed, he would roll left, right and in all directions. What irked him was that this heaviness not only annoyed him, but led to him getting kicked out of bed several times over the night. Don't underestimate this wife, the First Lady's kick. With one jab, he felt his bones on the cups of breaking. What sort of evil did he do to feel this way? Sigh~

Ghant stood up from the floor, patted his sulking butt and headed for the bathroom to take a leak.

But after turning on the bathroom light, standing before the toilet, and letting the golden rivers flow, Ghant's eyes widened in a hurry. "It's Back!" Oops... he missed target, allowing the golden showers to decorate the walls behind the toilet. However at this moment, he didn't care.

Bahahahahahahahahah~

He was laughing loudly like a madman, with his head slanted all the way back and his nose pointing to the ceiling. It's back! It's back! His despicable shadow was back! Ghant, who raised one leg up to smash his own shadow, suddenly paused when something hard smacked the back of his head. Bam!

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"Who the hell is trying to kill the presi—" "G-H-A-N-T!!!" The words made his body shrivel. Very robotically, Ghant slowly turned his head to see his raging wife in a short pink nightgown and sleeping mask on her hair. Her eyes looked dark and haggard, and he had the imagination that her many hair strands were floating snack heads wishing to strangle and bite him to death. "Honey, I can exp—." "Explain my ass!" Bam! Ghant found himself on one knee before the toilet bowl after receiving another fierce kick to the back of his knee. Well, to be honest, he was in a compromising situation. His lovely wife had walked on him standing on one leg, while the other was raised high, as if he was planning to stomp the grounds and wake the entire neighborhood up. Then, don't forget that his golden showers were still spraying on the walls.

His crazy laughter and screams also didn't help his situation at all. In the end, all that was left was for someone to put grass skirts on his waist and parade him around a fireplace like the ancient men. Ouch.

She actually threw a book at him. It was probably the first thing she could reach for once waking from the bed. 'Ghant xxxx... You're asking for Death!' Ghant spoke to himself, as though pitying

the part of him that made such a fuss. Of course, even if the situation was repeated again, he might still do the same thing over and over. It was back! His bloody shadow was back! "Dammit, Ghant! So because you can't sleep these days, you want to mess with MY beauty rest?" Well she was pissed. "Clean this mess and clean yourself up now!" "\_"

... A few moments later, A very evil wife was standing with her arms crossed against her chest and her eyes spitting fire when staring at the man on one knee cleaning his golden work of art that scattered everywhere. It was incredulous that all her precious sleep vanished in a blink of an eye when it came to dishing out punishment. "What are you peeking at?" "Nothing dear." "You despise me?" "Never dear..." "You're angry at me, now?" "Never, dear... how dare I?" "Good. You missed a spot. More to your left.... I want it to be so clean that even an emperor can eat on it." "\_ " Can Ghant say he regretted his earlier outburst? When was the last time that he, the f\*\*\*king President of Vardos country, touched a brush, sponge or detergent to clean up anything? Hey... Ghant had no tears but wanted to cry. "More scrubbing and less sighing!" "Yes, ma'am." Well, more scrubbing and less thinking. ... After cleaning up the mess he made, Ghant was pulled by the ear and forced to go back to sleep. It was amazing that after all the fire his wife gave him, she still cuddled on his buddy and turned in for the night. Ghant lay on his back, slowly opening his eyes when hearing the steady breathing of the woman hugging him tightly. Hey... love sure was a crazy thing. Ghant quickly threw all thoughts of his wife out of his head, focusing on the return of his shadow. Bahahahahaha~

It was back, just as they said. It had returned in defeat to the mirror world.

'Could it be the reason why I've been feeling <full> these days? Was it because of the imprinting return of that dark bastard?' Ghant was cursing his own shadow in his heart. Hmph! Just stay there and wallow in fury!

Ghant understood its reasons for hating him, but in the end, was it his fault he, Ghant, was born a human? Complain and sympathize all you want, but he will never want to trade places with that bastard shadow of his again! You can just forget it! 'According to the Grandmaster, I must continue to remain here for another 1 week to fully return to my earlier self.' Hooray! Hooray! His shadow has already vanished. However, he suddenly felt afraid of what the enemy would do to him and his family once his location was found. Luckily, he was told it might take months and months before that time comes. And before then, the impending war would have already arrived. So why would the enemy concern himself with just 1 human when the plane was to take over, capture and kill almost all humans? The rest would be kept in breeding farms... farms to breed humans so all creatures could nibble on. They, humans, were seen as nothing but FOOD. In the end, Ghant didn't know when he slept. However, he had never slept so well and so long for what seemed like an eternity. And by the time he woke up next, it was already 1 PM in the afternoon.

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"Good Morning, Butler Sheng, the paper for you, as you always request." "Morning to you too, Timochi." Butler Sheng flashed a friendly smile at the Mailman who often dropped parcels and mails at specific times. Before entering this gated community, the mail vans and trucks are searched and heavily checked. This was especially true after the bizarre incident when they found spies and dangerous men hidden in a temporary underground bunker site they built within the gated community's park. Oh my God of Science! Children play and run there!

The matter caused so much panic that now, security was tightened and even military dogs were purchased and stationed to sniff out gunpowder, poison and other dangerous smells. Butler Sheng calmly took all letters and unnecessary advertisements and items that came with the mail. Across the street in the villa opposite, a 61 year old woman was busy watching Butler Sheng with her bird watching Binoculars. From here, she couldn't see much of the property she was spying on. Everything she could see was through the golden barred gates. At this height and distance, she could see through the gates, along the road leading straight up to the Main Mansion. "Emiko, are you spying on the neighbors again?" "Aish... what do you mean by spying? I'm just protecting the neighborhood, that's all... I tell yah, there's something really strange going on in that place." Her husband rolled his eyes heavenwards, playing Go with himself as he typically did. As they say, Go was a game of strategy that the rich loved to master. Many times, business bonds were made through Go. If you asked them, it was the best strategic game to understand a person's strengths and character. So why not play with one's self in their spare time? "Call it whatever you want, but it still won't change the fact that you're spying on the neighbors." The woman didn't concern with her husband anymore, knowing he wouldn't understand. Then, just then, she saw one of those scenes she could hardly explain. Whoom! One of the piles of paper the butler was carrying, suddenly—went into flames. "Ahhh!" She yelled animatedly. "You see, you see! He made fire just like that! Ichi, come here and take a look!" She saw it! She saw it! He blew at the paper and it went into flames!

Ichi, who was pulled up by his wife, had to also see what this crazy old woman was so worried about. He too looked through the binoculars, but all he saw was a man holding a lighter underneath the burning paper.

Could it be time for his wife to get her daily dose of medication, or was it that she thought herself to be a stone age woman who didn't know that lighters could create fire? "Darling, I think you need to go out more often." "WHAT THE hell are you talking about?" "See for yourself." "This..." the woman's jaw dropped in disbelief. "I... No! It didn't happen like this... I—"

"Come now, honest, it's time for your morning walk."

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Sensing that the duo had left, Butler Sheng chuckled, finding it always amusing to play with the body woman opposite their villa.

Stepping into the Villa, he finally became serious. Everyone was here. Time to leave.

Chapter 632 The Grandmaster's Caution

They were ready. Have you ever seen so many grown men crowded in a single bedroom like medieval elders watching a Queen give birth.

[I say... Is that the head of a boy?]

[Not a chance... Tis' a female.]

Well, that must be how their inputs must have sounded when crowded in the same space watching a woman give birth. Of course it was necessary for them, in case someone was thinking of switching a phoenix for a chicken.

Well, all 30 men and women crowded about, some standing, some levitating and some seated in wait for departure.

For this Horseman of Death, they took their sweet time preparing, before the big day. After all, no matter how powerful they were now, the least slip-up from their end could result in failure. Killing the Horseman was one thing, but ensuring the other creatures didn't know they did it, was another thing. Soon, the grandmaster stepped into the room, waved his hand, and opened the portal's door. This was the Portal in his bedroom. Only he could use this portal. No matter how many times they see it, the portal in the Grandmaster's bedroom was the most potent and exquisite. Dorian turned to face them. Although he didn't like talking much, he still spoke to them whenever he could. "Tonight, we have just one chance..." Dorian paused, taking the key out. "Once it's used, they'll know."

That's why they must act fast and take the Horseman out. With that, Dorian led the way in. Typically, the Grandmaster would never show any concern, having absolute confidence. However, it seemed that their dear Beeezlebub liked this particular horseman, giving her the 2nd half of the Key. Both Keys open a small world for her. She held one key, and the spare was with the creature Dorian retrieved it from.

Remember that these Horsemen aren't per say underworld creatures. They already have borrowed powers and fates of Apocalyptic promises. So they can't create small worlds of their own. They need an underworld creature to give them those births.

Understand that Beelzebub breathed life into her when signing a demonic contract with her human soul. Her soul, though tarnished, still had human traces, and will forever have parts of humanity stretched on it.

That's why she can never go to the underworld, even if she wanted to follow Beelzebub in. No matter how she convinced herself she was different, the human traces lining her existence were still very evident.

Thus, some things can never be done by herself alone. And it seems that unlike the first Horseman, Beelzebub was confident she would never think of betraying him or running away. So he gave her way more perks than the first Lovesruck Horseman. Thus, some things can never be done by herself alone. And it seems that unlike the first Horseman, Beelzebub was confident she would never think of betraying him or running away. So he gave her way more perks than the first Lovesruck Horseman. Look... She even had a small world of her own that she could control, entering and exiting, trapping and consuming as many humans there as possible. Only she had the keys to going in and out. Well, there was indeed a spare key for her, but what creature would ever dare going against Beelzebub?

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After Dorian's words, everyone more or less understood why the Grandmaster wanted today's operations to be precise. With the spare Key the Grandmaster got, they will be able to head into the hidden world and chase after the Horseman if she flees into space once she is cornered. However, they must kill her before she activates a protective barrier within the space. From the grandmaster's guess, it seems Beelzebub gave her a truly safe place there.

Only she might be able to activate the space's defenses. And once activated, Beelzebub, no matter how far away he was, would get a hunt of something amis.. The last thing they wanted was for Beelzebub to come earlier than planned and attack them all, or even rush the upcoming war forward. NO!

They couldn't afford that now. Even the Grandmaster had made them know that Beelzebub still overpowered him now. So this was definitely not the time for screw ups! Normally, the Grandmaster didn't care about exposure. But when it concerned this situation, the Grandmaster who hated to lose, was not willing to let all his planning result in failure. "I trust, you all understand."

Everyone nodded like dummies. And as they walked through the swirling vortex, they felt their palms grew sweatier, chills now running down their spines endlessly. Oh My God!

This isn't their first rodeo now. So why were they suddenly sweating buckets?

Looking, left, looking right, looking up, looking down, they found no human or enemy in sight... Just forestry staring them back in the face.

Looking at each other tactfully, everyone leaped through the woods, jumping from tree branch to tree branch, skipping over 5~12 tree branches when jumping. It's just that their jumps were so fast, like supersonic speed. Soon, they saw signs of human habitation, rushing through the roads with focused minds. Despite all the chaos and destruction around them, they pried their eyes away, not daring to stop for a second. Those from Vardos, were especially biting their lips, cursing that wretched Horsewoman of Death with all their hearts. Boom!

Grenades went off in an area not too far from them, and several firecrackers also exploded in the distance too. Dammit! They wished they could grab all these people and shake them to death. 'You FOOLS! Don't you see how much rumble is around you?'

'Do you know how much money it will take to repair the country as a whole now?'

'When the real war begins, where will you all hide if you destroy everything you've got now?'

Oh My God, just pluck their eyes now!

The more they watched, the more they secretly threw small stones on some troublemakers, putting them to bed in an instant.

'Camilla Jones, you must Die tonight!'

...

~Bang! Bang! Bang! Boom!

The streets were rowdy.

The air was so thick with anticipation, that even the world around them already looked to be in apocalyptic flames in the eyes of these Academy people. How pitiful. "HEE-HAHH!"

"Die, ya Maggots!"

"DIE for me!"

BRMMMMMM~

Motorcycles roared past, with their riders adorned in leather and chains, while gangs of all sorts gathered. Soon, they saw a face they were all familiar with. "Elder Hou, is this the place?"

Old Hou nodded, "Positive. She's here. And, she'll be making quite a grand appearance tonight... One to die for, as she claims."

Oh?

Several people raised their eyes thoughtfully, turning to look at the lone inconspicuous building that unlike the rest, still stood tall without any signs of destruction on its exterior. [Hotel CrossCamilla]

The Hotel stood at the center of the chaos, yet had remained as beautiful as a blooming flower. The irony was incredulous. It was an imposing structure with an inviting but imposing elegance that loomed over the street like a watchful sentinel. Interesting... Its facade was adorned with intricate carvings of creatures and gargoyles that seemed almost alive under the flickering streetlights. It was almost, as if these stone statues were watching them.

Almost?

Sorry... scratch that. They were definitely watching everything happening all around them.

"Come on in, Amigos! It's almost time for the lady to make her breathtaking appearance!"

"Ayyy... What I wouldn't give just to have a day to do nothing but stare... I'll need another 10 days of preparation and good booze to do the next thing, if you know what i mean."

"Pfft~... You're a real man, bro. I need a year to prepare before spending the night with such a stunning woman."

"But hey, did you hear? Tonight, she will be picking one man to spend the night with... I also heard, it might be a woman instead."

"Dammit! How can a mere woman compete with me for my damsel? Listen here boys, she's mine tonight!"

Well, several men had already begun fighting for the mysterious woman's attention, as the grand doors now opened. Wow!

Talk about a gathering. Outside, there were over 10,000 people crowding to enter. However, as promised, only the first 200 people can enter for the grand performance. As expected, Dorian and his group stepped in among the 200.

"BOOOOOOOOO!!!" The jeering was loud.

Then, fighting started again. Several were so angry about their lost chances that they wished to massacre the entire now for their bad fate. But as the battle continued outdoors, those stepping in only raised their chests higher after the thick double-sided gate-like doors closed.

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"I feel like I've won a million bucks! Speaking of money, I should really go rob a bank to fill my pockets. I wonder if the bank on Main street is still intact?"

"This is good... This place looks really expensive. Tsk. It suits my appetite nicely."

How stunning.

Inside, the hotel was a labyrinth of opulence and decadence. There were crystal chandeliers hanging from vaulted ceilings, casting shimmering light across marble floors. Tonight was special—a night they all swore to remember.



The staff moved with an unnatural grace, their eyes glinting with a predatory gleam. "Please sirs, ladies... take your seats. Tonight, the meals, beverages, and entertainment are all free."

#### Chapter 633 The Damsel's Grand Finale

Good food, beautiful architecture, merry music, and a heightened atmosphere, did all wonders to the senses. Woo-hoo~

There were whistles and encouragement from the crowd of 200, who were already drinking and eating their lives away. "Delicious!" The tables were filled with sumptuous dishes—roasted meats glistening under chandelier lights, fruits bursting with color and ripeness. But unbeknownst to many, there was something more sinister lurking underneath the veneer of celebration. Legs of turkeys and chicken aggressively came apart with every pull, and wine stains dampened the fine tablecloths. It was a jungle here, a many and burly place everyone felt the world needed. Smoke from cigars flooded the scene, and for a Monnet, you would think it was the 1920s or something. What made man digress to their earlier sorry state, leaving the manly periods of the 1800s and 1900s behind? Suddenly, they felt this was how society should really live. Chaos everywhere made no one guilty of crime. There were always shootouts happening, robberies in effect, rapes, drug trafficking, you name it. Taking a whiff of their cigars, some were already dressed like boss Mobs, found that the world had finally turned back to its true fate. Good... Really good...

"Hey now, Mac, send out the damsel already! We don't have all day, you know?" A staff with a tray, slightly bowed, his face showing no signs of fear. "My apologies, sir. I assure you, it won't be long." "Heh. You all better hope the show begins soon, because at the rate we're going, you won't be having more Free food to give." "Bahahahahaha~... You guys sure are rich. But then again, aren't we the same people paying big money to see our damsel?"

"So true! Despite today being free, who in this territory doesn't know that your big Hotel only gives 1 day free, every 2 weeks?" "Tsk... I've been waiting for this opportunity for weeks now. Bring out our damsel fast!" "Damsel!"

"Damsel!"

"Damsel!"

...

The crowd was already roaring out like hungry cavemen who haven't seen a woman before in their lives. Even the women in the crowd also wanted to spend the night with the damsel. It was so strange... The Damsel was attractive in the eyes of both men and women. Many women swore that before laying eyes on the damsel, they've never been attracted to other women. However, just one

seductive wink from their damsel, and they wanted her all to themselves. She had a strange air of appeal that made them yearn for her attention. Thus, both men and women sometimes camped outside for hours in advance. When it comes to the hotel, they were presently seated within the Buffet dining. They called this place a Hotel, but it was more or less like a Medieval Tavern with how it operated. Since its new owners took over, one could say a lot has changed with its old operations. For one, no one can book a room in advance here. That's right, it was the first hotel in existence to reject people booking months, days, or even minutes ahead of time. So if they don't allow anyone to book in advance, when do people actually use their hotel rooms? Of course it's after they've drunk, eaten and want to take a woman or man up for the tonight

On days the hotel gives out free, only 200 people are allowed in. However, on nights when they're paying money, hundreds and even thousands could go in no problem. Do you know how grand and enormous this Dining was? A king could hold a ball here, with several maidens in his kingdom, coming in to dance with a prince. That was how enormous this space was. The architect spared no amount when making such a grand hall. To be fair, before this hotel was bought over, it used to rent out its halls. Convention centers, Seminars, weddings... this hall was always in use 5 times a week. Some people even booked the space 1 year in advance to have it locked down. Well, that was all in the past. Now, the hotel was bought by an owner who was their kind-of-guy. Just look at how he turned this place into a cool zone for their shenanigans? Of course, it should be noted that this HOTEL changed ownership almost 2 years ago. The guy who bought it was someone called Beelze.

Since then, it's been closed for renovations. So one ever saw whatever 'renovations' they did. However, they must admit that when it opened its doors recently, news scattered like wildfire, attracting all to it. There were talks like the owner, Mr. Beelze was like a shadow, with no one truly knowing who he was or what he looked like. It's said he is stationed in some faraway country in the East, and hardly has time to visit. All in all, several people didn't care much about the owner. So long as their damsel was here, they'll definitely keep patronizing this place till death! )

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"Hey, bud, are y'all new here?" One of the drunk men began questioning Butler Sheng and the others who just sat but didn't eat or even move a muscle. Honestly, they looked like statues with how stiff they were. Dammit, are you guys looking down on him? You think you're better than him or something? It wasn't just this guy thinking so, big several others who had initially robbed to see what their deal is, only to get ignored in the end. "You're asking for a fight!, ate you? Well, then eat my—" Phah-lelalah-lelah-lalah~

A trumpet noise echoed, bringing all arguments to a halt. "Hmph! You're all a bunch of lucky bastards!" Several people patted their coats, shirts, and suspenders arrogantly, no longer focusing on the stone-faced foreigners. That's right. They could tell from a glance that these people were from the East. Look... even people from the East, fly all over continental waters just to have a peek at their damsel. What? Doesn't your backward East have any stunning beauties to mesmerize you?

They wanted to jeer at them, but swallowed their thoughts when seeing the breathtaking female disciples among the group. Hold on... On a second look, the men were also very exquisite and good looking. What was this? The Clique of Good-looking men and women? Were they here to recruit their damsel.

The music picked up and magically soothed the rowdy audience. The academy elders were all drawn to the staff who lingered at the edges of the room, watching their fleeting figures with unsettling intensity. They must but mess things up. Then, it began—

The lights suddenly dimmed, drawing absolute silence over the crowd. Wow! Several people's jaws dropped in salivation, sitting up and leaning forward like hungry dogs. Awooooooooo~

They placed 2 fingers in their mouths, whistling, slapping the table and making one hell of a ruckus. It was as though they were injected with some addictive drug, cashing them to act like monkeys in a cage. "Damsel!" "Damsel!"

"My Queen! I can rip out my heart for you!" The spotlight ahead illuminated the stage. Then appeared—a vision of a jaw dropping beauty, clad in flowing silks that shimmered like liquid moonlight. My God of Science! Many men and women in the crowd were already too hungry. What the hell was this? How can one woman be so hypnotizing? The music changed into something sensual and slow, allowing the beauty to dance and mesmerize them all. The excitement and tension in the air grow heavier with the rhythm of the music. Camilla Jones! Several academy disciples and Elders, all clenched their fists, knowing they only have one chance to take her down. Don't think they sat together. No. They chose tables positioned in a circular matter around the space. And then, underneath the tables, they went to work. Soon, they lowered their heads, blowing strange winds underneath the creations in their palms. Fhooooo~

They made very tiny papermen that moved like lightning, but were the size of an ant. ... Ant man... paper man... no... Pant men? Well, these figures moved lightning fast, fulfilling the obligations assigned to them.

For now, none of the staff seemed to notice these little men running about their territory. Good... so far, so good. Like hypnotized zombies, many watched with drooling mouths and relish. Camilla inwardly chuckled, choosing to dance off the stage and onto the tables of these hungry wolves. Hey, they saw her as a poor pitiful sheep, but who is to say who the wolf or the sheep is this early on in their story? Scanning the zone, she was taken aback when coming face to face with a beautiful group. 'Foreigners?... How interesting.' Camilla never knew foreigners from the East were so good looking. She had heard of 'glass skin's from the East, but thought it was an exaggeration. She dared

to say that their beauty completely rivaled her, whose appearance was restored and granted by Lord Beelzebub. 'I wonder how they taste?'

Well, she would know soon enough, because now, it was time for the grand finale. It was time to pick her first victim for the night.

Scanning the beautiful people in the crowd, her eyes finally settle on an aloof young man with a lazy demeanor – Dorian.

#### Chapter 634 Regret

The band at the front was playing the guitars beautifully, and many people's grind conjured true happiness. They suddenly felt it was a blessing to be alive. Here it comes... here it comes... It's time for their damsel to pick a lucky man or woman to spend the night with. Hmph! Many people's eyes had heated veins when raising their hands and acting like excited kindergarten children.

"Damsel, pick me!"

"It should be me, damsel, no one loves you more than I do!" What a bunch of desperate people. Butler Sheng and several others felt ashamed by their race. Humanity sure did have a lot of weaknesses. No wonder these underworld creatures could toy with them time and time again. Is this your first time seeing a beautiful woman? Of course, those who spent their time in the Academy, with all sorts of immortal looking characters, were not so swayed by Camilla's appearance. Really and truly, they didn't think there was anything worth getting excited about, concerning her appearance. If anything, she was a little bland... they've seen better. Heck! Even some monsters they've fought, looked way better... before the human skin got ripped off. So what's the excitement about? Sure enough, the standards of these academy folks have been raised too high without them knowing it. ... "Pick me!"

"Choose me!"

The rowdiness never stopped. And Camilla, who had a massive snake on her shoulder, danced and danced, stopping on some tables, as though about to pick one of the men or women there.

These people felt they received a bullet when she suddenly left their tables. She also reached several tables with Academy members, but she did not even stay a second there, feeling inwardly furious by their reactions. F\*\*\*! She felt like a log of wood when seeing no desires in their clear glass eyes. What the heck? Were they blind or victims of cataract? Can't they see such a stunning beauty before them? [Academy people]

Hmph! Camilla's eyes flashed with fury, losing all patience. She now decided to head for her target's location. 'Such a young man who has never had the touch of a woman, will definitely not be able to

hold back.' Camilla inwardly concluded, the spark in her eyes now rekindled. Like so, she danced her way to the youngster's table. What she didn't know was that she would be met with an even more infuriating reaction from the boy.

Why come here if you don't wish to see her? .

"Bastard! What the hell is your arrogance for?" "Dammit! I want to kill the bastard now. What is that face more? He dared to avoid the damsel's touch? Is he trying to say our damsel is dirty?"

Yes – that was exactly Dorian's concern. Have you ever seen anyone touch him so casually? Even Butler Sheng and the others don't touch Dorian. At some point, Camilla and Dorian began a game of cat and mouse, their hands moving 'humanly' fast. The Academy disciples were happy that Dorian kept his strength at an understandable human-level. "Enough!" Now, it was Camilla's time to be furious. When has she, the all-powerful Horseman of War, faced any insult since leaving her gravesite? Snap~

The music stopped playing with the snap of her fingers. Everyone looked at Dorian hatefully, as if he massacred their entire family generations. Dammit, who the hell brought in that party pooper?

If eyes could kill, Dorian would long be dead. 'How annoying,' Camilla stopped smiling, looking like a completely different person. Very slowly, she stopped coaching on the table, getting up with a cold look on her face. "I had wanted to play a little longer, giving you all one last chance for enjoyment before my feast." Several people didn't know why, but they subconsciously shivered when meeting their Damsel's sweeping gaze. What was going on? How can this cold woman be their shy and inviting damsel? Scary...

Everyone was still confused by her sudden change. But what they didn't know was that her attitude wasn't the only thing that would soon be changing. Suddenly, strange winds engulfed the scene, making goosebumps appear on everyone's shoulders. What's going on? "Who opened the door?" "Was there a window in here?"

And what was that damn awful stench?

Everything hit everyone at once. The stench was so bad that they pinned their nostrils with 2 fingers, wondering what sort of human being could let out such a terrible fart in a place like this. Although there was chaos in the streets these weeks, it isn't an excuse to just let go of all personal hygiene and societal rules. What the hell did that person eat to produce such a stench? Weren't they all eating the same food? So why was his own fart so diabolical? Such a person must hanged to death for allowing this bombastic smell to escape between their butt-cheeks "Don't look at me, it's not me!" "Yeah, it's not me either..." No matter how sinister they were, they couldn't produce such

a foul thing from their bellies. The stench was so strong that it made their bellies gurgle with disgust. Looking at the buffet tables on the far walls, several people felt nothing but nausea. There was still food, yet they had no desire to eat tonight or even 5 days later. Look! Even the alcohol they were drinking had lost taste in their mouths. Who was it? Who was it? Swishing their heads left, right, back and center, they desperately wished to find the culprit. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!~

A shriveled cry bellowed from a corner, causing many to flinch back defensively. "What was that?"

They defensively looked onwards, only to meet with a man who was crawling backwards on the floor from his table, while a staff slowly walked towards him. They only saw the staff's back, so they didn't know what the hell was so scary about the server. However, the undisguised horror on the face of the man crawling backwards, was too great. They've never seen so much fear in just one man's face. There was despair ablaze in his eyes, as dread tore right through him. The man was sweating buckets, salty water dripping with every vigorous backward crawl he made. Horror came off his skin like waves, echoing across every corner of the room. But why? Why was he so frightened? Several people sneered in disgust. "What a weak chicken."

You call yourself a gangster, yet, you're shaking in your boots because of a mere waiter? Pathetic.

They truly felt so in their hearts. However, when the staff slowly and robotically turned its face towards them,... they also found themselves dropping on their butts, grabbing any forks, spoon, knives, and any weapon they could think of. At this point, they were even worse than the first guy who could even utter a single cry out. Staring at the gruesome face that could only be described as nightmarish, they kept dropping and closing their mouths, too afraid to say a single thing. Some placed their hands on their mouths, muffling the silent screams now plaguing them. .

Drip, drip, drip~

Hot fluid glided down their pants, but no one felt embarrassed at this moment. "Monster... monster... monster..." How can this be? Too unscientific!

The cleaners... the serving staff... the guards stationed in here... they, they had all turned into MONSTERS! What? Even the band playing earlier were all monsters? And what was this? Skulls! Bones!... Human flesh! The drums, the guitars, the flutes, instruments... they were all human parts!

"Damsel, damsel, run!... You need to--"

Blugh~

Countless people puked till they almost saw their own intestines.

What damsel? This was clearly a Queen Monster... the ugliest in the bunch. Her skin turned into rotting flesh that seemed to still be in the state of undergoing decay. It didn't look like an ordinary, decaying corpse. They didn't know how to describe it, but it looked like the corpse of something far otherworldly. Then there was the matter with her mouth filled with over 200 rows of teeth ranging from tiny to large. Now, her entire mouth had taken 3/4ths of her face. Maggots... bugs.. you name it. Uncountable number of never-seen-before bugs kept swimming in and out of her body without care. Suddenly everyone swallowed hard, when hearing crackling noises echo from her body. Crack, crack, crack, crack~

Her neck twitched, her shoulders bent, and her entire body grew unnaturally crooked in just under 3 seconds. It was odd to say that despite her crooked physique, she had grown several times taller than before. Mommy... let them out! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! In a flash, several people gathered their courage, rushing to the doors to force their ways out! Dear God of Science! Their faces were now filled with sweat, tears and snot, as they desperately banged on the heavy double-sided doors. "Help! Help! Somebody, call the police!!" "Help, help! There are monsters here! Call the police!!"

"Help, hel—"

They froze listening to the eerie laughter coming from behind them. Heh-heh-heh-heh~

It was Camilla.

"Police? Don't you all recall how many stations you burnt to the ground?... What was it you said? Are yes... you said you don't need them being nosy in your business." They regret it. Can't they? Many cried bitterly.

At this moment, they seemed to realize that chaos and troubles were fun, but who is going to fight for their sakes if things go left? They regret it. They want to return to how things were in the past. Not the 1800 or 1900 past, but the past that was just a year old from today. In an instant, they recalled their former lives, living without battles all the time. Now, they realized that Freedom wasn't necessarily free. With another snap, the entire room changed. The walls became old, the floors looking creamy, and the swarming sounds now invaded their ears, yet, they couldn't see any bugs on the floor or walls. Camilla smirked, leading her army of creatures behind her. "Ladies and Gentlemen, you had your fun earlier. And now, it's time we have ours."

Chapter 635 Camilla's Fear

They say that in one's hour of need, life flashes before their very eyes. Whoosh! It all happened too fast, yet very slowly.

Everyone watched the scenes unfold in slow motion, as all being behind the hideous Camilla, now rushed forward with greenish saliva. Hiss!~

They sucked in their breaths, wanting to become one with the doors and everything else, if it meant not getting eaten. "Hell! Help! HELP!!!"

"Are you all bloody deaf out there? Help! HELP US ALREADY!"

Their cries continued to bellow out, as they pinched themselves in an attempt to wake up from this gruesome nightmare. Please, anyone... if you save them, they'd be willing to even give their savior their kidneys. Science was all a lie! Science had been receiving them all this time. Several people wanted refunds for the many years they lived in the dark, oblivious to the true dangers around them. Like so, despite their loss in faith, they began praying to the God of Science, making all prayers they swore to keep. 'God of Science... I know you're out there. But I want you to show me a sign, showing me that you are truly real.' 'God of Science, I swear that if you appear, I will shave my own head and abstain from women and meat for the next 20 years... no... make that 10... 5...2....1... Erm, can we make it month— weeks?'

'God of Science, I swear, I'll turn a new leaf if you do this for me... Of course God of Science, I'm talking about talking about turning new broccoli leaves in a pot and eating the whole thing just for you... after all, you know how much I hate it. [The actual God of Science and Innovations in the heavens]

Thank you? Should he be grateful and happy with such offers and prayers? ... Just like that many said silent prayers in their hearts. However, this didn't seem to have any effects on their current predicaments. Camilla chuckled amusingly when seeing their desperate actions. 1... 2... 3... Too late! These unserious beings had appeared inches before their faces. Their unholy stench was greater up close, their sharpened claws already aiming for their throats, yet everyone was paralyzed with just one thought in mind – It's Over. Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Everyone was mere milliseconds away from death. Yet Dorian who had long been seated and forgotten, slowly raised his low lashes. He got the signal. "Go." BOOM! Sonic waves erupted, pushing and squishing everyone into sardines. Ba-ahhh! They flew into the air, bumping into each other and falling from the impact of 2 mighty forces clashing. No .. scratch that. Note 2, but many. Lifting their fluttering eyelashes, all they raised their heads and were taken aback by those who now stood before them and the monsters. Savivors!



...

The speed at which they worshiped these people from the East was astonishing. Wasn't it you who jeered at them in the beginning? Like the cowards they were, several people were on their knees, hunching their necks while hiding behind these towering people from the East. Camilla narrowed her face at the peculiar men and women who pushed back her army of minions. Who were they? Such super strength... Did they sign a contract with a powerful demon? Camilla was completely oblivious to the word — Exorcism.

It seems it was never examined to her, since first off, there have been no records of any exorcists in this world. Beelzebub, Lord of the flies, Prince of Decay, Prince of Gluttony, and his minions, didn't see the need in telling her about this. After all, she had one job and that one job alone to do. There is so much they knew, especially about the humans in other worlds, universes, galaxies and faraway regions. So is it everything they know that they must tell? Such information would be worthless to her, so why bother? Beelzebub and several top underworld beings thought this way. Unbeknownst to them, it is their negligence that would lead to a debt in their plans. Why? Because Camilla was once a human. She knew best the true meaning of: better safe than sorry. Why have Butler Sheng and several other exorcisms kept winning time and time again? That's because the pride and egos in all Underworld beings were too inflated. They always felt they could handle humans, even if they were met with 1 or 2 humans blessed with supernatural strength from the heavens. They had absolute trust that there was definitely no Exorcist in this world. So no matter what human they faced, they felt they would regenerate in no time and return for revenge. Sadly, they only realized this mistake when it was late. But for Camilla, a former human, things would have been different had she known of the existence of Exorcists in other worlds. If they had at least schooled her on what exorcists do and what they were, Camilla would have moved in this world with some level of caution. Why? Because for humans, even if they are told that there are no exorcists in this world, they will always believe one was able to slip through the cracks. So what if the chances are 0.000000000009%

So long as there's even a tiny chance for any to crush a planet, they would still keep a look out for that ant. Sadly, no one taught Camilla about exorcists. So she instantly confused that they must've gotten their powers from some other higher underworld being. She refused to believe there wasn't rotting flesh underneath their smooth bodies. Tsk. No wonder they too were stunning. It must be the blessing from the creature they signed contracts with. Camilla sneered, knowing that Lord Beelzebub was the strongest underworld being, currently in existence. What does this mean? It means her Backer was Boss, and whatever backer the enemy had, was just rubbish.

Hmph! This was a typical 'my daddy is bigger than yours,' situation. .

Dammit! "How dare you interfere with my meal? Do you know—" Bam! Dorian didn't even let her finish her catch a breath. In a flash he was before her, pulling out sword from a coin and slashing at

her there without mercy. Boom! Camilla smacked into the far wall like a fly, feeling the taste of her own blood in her mouth. So painful! Her pupils widened 5 times their size, not believing the pain she was currently undergoing. Unlike the other times when Dorian plays around with his 'victims' before killing them, Dorian was serious about getting rid of her fast. So there was no playing time here. He appeared before her with full intentions of exorcizing her where they liked it or not. Camilla suddenly lost complete control of the space, making it turn far worse than its already rundown appearance. Ahhhh! The floors, the walls and everything else was filled and centered with bones and rotting corpses and stretched out of the walls to beg for freedom from their suffering. "No, no, you get away from me!" The onlookers were petrified, crawling away from the doors, almost pushing the exorcists who were now protecting them. Why them? Why were they the ones who had to be selected for tonight's celebrations? Several people looked at the many battle scenes unfolding before their very eyes, praying that they, humans, will win no matter the cost. Heck! Even if it means the exorcists dying with these creatures, then so be it. They were all very greedy for life, and wanted to live no matter who had to be sacrificed to make that happen. Bam!

Camilla now found herself below Dorian, in a position she was very familiar with.

Before her demise, her brother had stood on top of her in this manner, with one leg on the ground and one leg on her chest. He had the same expressionless face, except her brother's was also filled with disgust and fleeting fury in his glassy eyes.

. 'What's going on?' Camilla questioned, after getting setbacks time and time again. No! Something's not right. Camilla was truly happy she used to be a former human in her last life. There was a saying that one must live to fight another day rather than completely lose in death. Her human side came to play because unlike underworld creatures who would still keep their ego on top and their regenerative abilities and chance for revenge as their Trump cards... She, Camilla, knew when to trust and listen to her instincts. And now, it was telling her one thing – RUN!

Camilla did exactly what her mind was instructing, vanishing from the scene milliseconds before Dorian's cool could pin her down. Dorian's eyes turned cold, taking out the spare key and inserting it into the space Camilla vanished from. Sure enough, the doorway would disappear if he didn't have another key.

This was a space made by Beelzebub himself. Marching in, Dorian narrowed his gaze at the jaw-dropped Camilla who seemed dumbfounded by his sudden emergence into her private space "You —" He has the spare key. At this moment she knew Dorian had come to completely eradicate her from the surface of the planet. So how could she not panic? 'No! I must get to the defensive room Lord Beelzebub made. ' Only in there, will she be truly safe.