

## Be Honest! 636

Chapter 636 Exorcism? What Was That?

Heh-heh-heh-heh~

Camilla was laughing wickedly, after entering her space. "Bastard, don't let me catch you another day, or—" "Or what?" "..."

Time stood frozen in place as Camilla's entire body shook with boundless fear. What???!!!!

How did he follow her in? It took all of Camilla's brain cells for her to recall the existence of a spare key. Dammit! Why did she request for a spare? Camilla cursed her silly mouth that had to ask Beelzebub for such a request. To be fair, her master did say he would be going out for a very long time. So what happens when he can't get into her space and has to wait and wait for his arrival before she can get in? Kicking her heels hard, Camilla gritted her teeth and zoomed forward with all her might. Must unleash defenses...

'If I can just make it on time, Lord Beelzebub's projection will do the rest for me.'

"Kill him!" With one order, over 2000 creatures of varying strengths swarmed Dorian like a tsunami. Dorian slowly raised his head at the thick blanket of darkness that was now engulfing him from all directions. Hmph! "Boy, no matter how tough you are, even you can't handle so many of them at once." Camilla, who was already far ahead, taunted arrogantly. She paused, suddenly feeling there was no use waking Lord Beelzebub's projection for nothing. Camilla not only pissed, but even headed back towards the thick ball of darkness. The blackness floated at all corners of her periphery. One step forth, another step forward, left, right, left, right. Camilla slowly swayed her hips in a seductive and calm manner when advancing too close to the black ball. She no longer sweated, and looked as though everything had always been under her control. "Boy, this is the end for—"

Before Camilla could finish talking, she suddenly felt a terrifying force cashing her to choke. It was a hand. Boof!~

The youthful hand shot out of the black humongous ball, and was now strangling her to death. "Ah-uh-ah~" Camilla was choking and clawing at the hand that suppressed her. It was odd to say that the hand looked weak, no no visible veins protruding out on its surface. This alone should indicate that the grip is light and loose. Yet, she couldn't yank herself away from the hand that dominated her. In a flash, the black ball of darkness vanished into nonexistence, with countless eerie and ear-

shattering screams echoing out. Exorcism? — No. These creatures screamed and cried while finding themselves sucked into a blue crystal of boundless space within it. Was this everything? Yes it was. Dorian's hair was flying upwards, as his spell created a vortex that sucked all darkness around him. All creatures in the space were now vanishing before Camilla's eyes. And at this point, she suddenly saw her own life flashing before her eyes. No! This can't be! "I am Lord Beelzebub's creation! You dare defy Lord Beelzebub?" Camilla's face turned ghoulish, as she twitched and cracked her inner bones, trying to contort herself out of his grasp. But the bastard's grip was terrible. Raising Camilla higher, Dorian said nothing while staring at the all powerful Horseman of War, an Apocalypse rider. Camilla on the other hand, now had greenish eyes, and overly long wolverine claws. She clawed and clawed at Dorian's flesh, but didn't even leave a single strand behind. And soon, her curses turned into pleading. "Dammit, you vagabond! Do you know what you're doing? Do you know you will be interrupting Lord Beelzebub's will if you dare to destroy me?" —Silence—

"Look, look! Okay, I've never offended you, so why go after me?" —Silence—

"Hey, hey... listen to me. Whatever master you serve, I guarantee you that Lord Beelzebub will give you 10 times more benefits beyond your wildest dreams if you let me go." —Silence—

"Who is it, you serve? Believe me, if you let me go, I swear in my honor as a pirate, that I shall get my lord to reward you handsomely." —Silence—

" "

...

Camilla was starting to lose her patience again. She did all the talking, while the bastard now took out his key again. Anywhere and everywhere in this place can be a door. You just have to have the intention, as well as have a vivid and clear visual of where you want to go. Provided you've been there before, the key will open a portal door for you. Seeing the door slowly opening, Camilla's force was even more distorted than before. She more than anyone else, knew that in here, in the space, she had a higher probability of survival. At this point, she also hated herself for stopping mid-journey towards her master's projection. It was a projected clone with a wisp of her master's subconsciousness in it. Her master had told her specifically that no matter what troubles she was in, once she awakened it, all her issues would be solved.

Know that the projection could also leave this space and head into the human world to solve any matters of her choosing, for up to 6 months before going docile again. Her master had told her she was very special, since this was the only projection of himself he left in this entire world. To be fair,

Beelzebub and the other demons have never had any true setbacks in this world. From the dawn of time, to the start when humans became cavemen and so on, their plans have always gone smoothly.

So why keep a projection of themselves in this world? Although that projection is just a single strand of hair on their heads, taking that single strand off decreased their overall strength. Sure, the decrease in strength might be 0.0000000000000009% or even way, way, less. But so what? No one likes giving away bits of their strength for no reason. If this world was a world filled with exorcists and many heavenly characters, sure, it would make sense to leave a projection behind. However, it was not. And so everything becomes overkill when leaving behind a projection. In the end, don't they have countless subordinates to assist in the grand scheme of things? Truthfully, the only reasons why their plans lagged behind in the past, was either because of the mistakes and stupidity of their subordinates, or... well, or it was the work of that darn bloody Trickster. That was it. There were no reasons why they should leave parts of themselves in a world that is 100% controlled by them. The only reason Beelzebub left the projection behind was because he feared that Loki would get interested in Camilla and halt his plans. Camilla was just the sort of 'fun' Loki was attracted to. Didn't you hear what her title was? Horseman of War! She loved chaos, war, destruction, manipulation, and even trickery, just like that bastard. She might be his Harley Quinn, and he, her Joker. But of course, to Loki, she will probably always be a pawn to be used and dumped. Thankfully, Camilla already sold her soul to him, Beelzebub. So no matter whether she wanted Loki to be her second master or not Wong matters. What's more, a Heavenly being can't be a master of an underworld being. Both were incompatible no matter how one saw it. Yet... Beelzebub had a hunch that if Loki wanted, Camilla would be his subordinate... and not Beelzebub's. Why? Because there wasn't a single rule that Loki believed could not be bent. That he hasn't tried to bend some, meant they weren't so interesting in his eyes. Beelzebub seemed to fear that Camilla would instantly want to switch sides after meeting with Loki. Which was actually the true reason why he left his projection behind. You say he did it for her protection? Pffft~

Don't make him laugh. Never forget that Beelzebub himself was an underworld being. Lies and deception was his forte. He only left that projection as insurance to ensure she never took to the Trickster. Camilla didn't know it yet, but if Loki's presence is sensed anywhere close to her, Beelzebub's projection would awaken on its own. ... "No! No! No!" Camilla protested while flaring her dangling legs in all directions. She picked, she clawed, she twisted, and even broke her own bones for freedom. Yet, it resulted in failure. The portal opened, and just as Dorian was about to step out, he suddenly paused, reached to her, and took hold of her own key too. "You give it back!!!!" Bam!~

Camilla's butt almost shattered after getting thrown so fiercely to the ground. It hurt so bad, yet Camilla didn't have the time to think of her pain. "You—"

She couldn't believe her eyes when staring at her minions. They had all been bundled up and placed at the center. What's going on? Why were these people so powerful? Wasn't her master, Beelzebub, the most powerful in existence? So why did it seem like he only gave her peanut abilities compared

to these people? Camilla wanted to question, but suddenly felt perplexed by the horrified looks on the faces of her minions after they heard the youthful bastard speak to his other comrades. "Let's begin the exorcism." "... " Camilla frowned. Exorcism? What was that?

#### Chapter 637 Camilla's End

Until the very end, Camilla didn't understand how things ended up this way. First, she found herself torched by countless golden chains that effortlessly touched her rotting flesh. It burns... it burns... The pain was indescribable. Camilla had never felt anything so scorching in her life before. Greenish salty water now gathered around Camilla's thinning eyelids. "Master..." Camilla felt like a million needles were jabbing through her skin right to the center of her bones and her heart. She twitched and spasmed, watching countless holes appear on her body. Poof! The burns traveled across her skin, bubbling like molten lava on a hard surface.

Can you feel it? Blood vessels popped, as her very scream threatened to burst out of her chest. "Ahhhhh!!!" Camilla was now breathing heavily, true despair covering her entire face. What sort of evil was this?... No, no... not evil. Despite the terrifying torture she was undergoing, she sensed an air of pure Majesty from the chains binding her. She wants stupid. If there was an underworld, then there must be a place above too. So was this it? Wheeeee~

The winds blew warmly, engulfing the screaming creatures that pleaded for mercy time and time again. Too bad none of their opponents had mercy for them. Camilla gasped in screaming horror, as her body now disappeared bit by bit in fragments.

This wasn't how it was supposed to be. She was meant to be one of the Top queens in the new world! She even fantasized of being one of her Master's mistresses. So what if her master was way stronger than she? She felt he treated her special. Look! Of all Horsemen he picked, many have told her that she was the exception, the one he gave the most perks to. Although she didn't want to be narcissistic, she found it quite hard for her to not crush over her Master. Know that ages ago when he first appeared during her dying moments, the crush took hold of her then. She has never been one to fall head over heels with anyone. However, the moment Lord Beelzebub appeared seated within the flames that engulfed her ship, Camilla knew she had found love. Well, she wasn't sure if it was love or obsession, but she had a thing for overly powerful men... even if the man in question wasn't per se, a human. Lord Beelzebub was her ideal man. .

"Son of a—"

Camilla shook desperately when watching her dreams get dashed away by these pesky intruders. She was promised a place in the new world. So why?... Why was this happening to her barely 3 months into her emergence from the grave? Was she the most worthless Horseman in existence to perish barely a few months after poking her head out of the ground?

Everything happened too fast. And before Camilla could blink, the other body parts still left untouched were her eyeballs. Blink, blink~

Gone. The damsel many fantasized about, was now gone for good. But none of her fans missed her at this moment. F\*\*\*! Someone cursed, shaking his hands in victory when seeing their survival assured. Hooray!!! Boundless cheers echoed across the scene as some people hugged and cried their eyes nonstop. Woooo~

This world was too scary. Can they say they wish to go back to the days when they were oblivious and when peace was everywhere?

Everyone was thrilled with their sudden victory. Victory meant they would live to see another day. However, before they could react, Dorian vanished from the scene, leaving Butler Sheng and the others to handle things from here on out. Butler Sheng and the others nodded respectfully in Dorian's direction. But when they turned to face the masses, the amiable smiles on their lips were completely wiped clean. Don't think that just because they saved them, they would let them go unpunished for all the crimes they've committed. "All of you are going to Jail!"

The academy members from across were the ones most livid. Gulp~

Several rowdy people now shivered guiltily when looking at the blanket of academy members closing in on them from all directions. "Jail!" Jail, jail, jail!~

No need for any court to sentence them.

Guilty! – they were all guilty as charged.

"You... what do you all want to—"

"Shut up!"

Before everyone could react, Dalahali had already lashed out, waving his hands like the others above the masses. 1, 2, 3...

Zzzzzzzz~

Everyone was sleeping soundly, snoring like no man's business. And when they woke up hours later, they suddenly found themselves within an underground facility. Eh? ... Several people wiped their eyes and blinked excessively dumbfounded by the sudden change of scenario. Were they in jail?

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! "You let us out now!" "Let us out, you hear me? This is illegal!!" Several police officers and military personnel sneered while watching the rowdy bunch. Now, you know the word 'illegal?' When you were raiding and chaos on the streets? Why didn't you know what that word meant? When you burnt buildings, murdered and even raped, how come that the meaning of that word escaped you then?

Beeeeeeeeeeep~

A loud mechanical buzzing noise bellowed, followed by the opening of all cell doors. What's going on? What are they going to do with them now? Fear clouded everyone's mind, when thinking of their current predicament. For a moment, it seemed that the barred doors were the only things protecting them from who-knows-what. It was amazing to say that the doors opened, yet no one stepped out of their cells. Rather, they moved several inches back, grabbing their beds and other fixtures they could grab. It took an additional 3 minutes for someone to finally break the silence and make the first move. In a pack of even the most brave, cowardly, or crazy people, there are always those who step up to become leaders. These people stepped out, and were dumbfounded by the incredulous hive-style labyrinth before them. It almost looked as though they were hundreds and hundreds of floors below the surface. But this wasn't all. Looking down, they also saw a massive hole at the center and also went down hundreds and hundreds of floors. Illusion? Can it really be so deep? No! It must be an illusion!

Chapter 638 It's Definitely Him!

They've never heard of any prison having such an incredulous structure before. Don't forget that before they started their chaotic life on the streets, many of them had regular jobs. Some were engineers, others worked in serious companies. So despite how chaotic they've become, they still had working brains to access some matters. Several people frowned, feeling that such a structure must be an illusion. Sure, there might be several floors above and below them, but surely not hundreds. Everyone was stumped, but knowing that the place they were in was more or less the same size as a single bedroom room within Dorian's estate in Vardos country. However, with Space array spells and formations, it became unimaginably too terrifying for anyone to escape. Several military, navy and police officers who didn't get accepted into the academy on that day of testing, were the ones assigned to watch, feed and keep them all in order. The space was exquisite, and looked to have no end and no way of escaping. Just how do they get out of here? "Ladies and Gentlemen, time for supper!" A voice echoed across the space, and even those on the floors below and above them began moving too. It seems that unlike them who were still puzzled, these ones have been here for a long time, already knowing the drill. Follow? Well, everyone decided to follow, moving through the door at the far East end that now opened up. Grrrrr~

Their bellies grumbled, and their feet made the decision for many who initially wanted to stay back.

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Wow! Their eyes were blown away when seeing the incredulous dining that appeared before them. How to say it? They looked like ants while standing in here. Who am I? What am I? Where am I?

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Everything was fit for a giant, except for the chairs and other fixtures. Well, this must be what Lego pieces must feel like if they were alive, looking at humans from below. Everyone was now taken aback when seeing thousands of people swarming around merrily.

What's going on? Shouldn't they be angry that they've been trapped in this place? Hey... several people grumbled at the cowardice of those trapped here. But when they finally heard of the end of the world approaching, with this place being one of the only few safe havens, they suddenly felt it was best to stay here until the war was over. Although they were all criminals, who doesn't want to live longer? There was good food, a library, and they even had Saturday TV time too. The only downside might be from the place these prisoners call the Punishment halls within this place. That's right, don't forget they were still in jail. Each week, they all get surprise punishments in one form or another that make them wet their pants. Many swore that when they eventually leave this place, they would definitely become good citizens in society. They never wanted to return, no matter how much money someone laid them to stay. Those punishment halls were no joke!

Despite the good food, TV time, library availability and indoor facilities, they dared not stay in this place for even another day. Of course, with the way fast approaching, they would want to leave after the heat the good news of Humanity's survival. ... Like so, these people stayed out, dreading the punishment Halls while biding their time. As for the true reason they were locked up here, it was all because the Academy members feared that with how greedy their hearts were, they would make deals with otherworldly beings. What's more, they might accidentally leak the existence of exorcists, wouldn't that be like liking humanity's Trump card? Thinking like so, they locked up any potential troublemakers who had seen them in action. For humanity's sake, they must all remain hidden away till the war begins.

It has been 2 weeks since the Horseman of War vanished from the face of the planet.  
[Congratulations host, for taking down the second Horseman.]

This was what the system expressed weeks ago.

Dorian raised a brow, feeling that the system was getting more and more generous. Or could it be that because the end was near, it was getting even more anxious than the humans fighting? Dorian

was amused, shaking his head wryly. However, he had to admit that the rewards were quite rich. First up, the 7th~12th floors of all buildings have opened up. Now, there was a crazy cultivation and skill grabbing period within the academy. Several people were still camped within the Pavilions, refusing to move an inch. More rare beasts and their eggs were dropped into the hidden world. What's more, the world itself expanded again, tripling in size. No joke, it was as big as 2 continents put together now. Just how big did the system want the hidden world to be in the end? What will happen next after the other horsemen emerge? There were also many new halls and buildings doing up like daisies. The Nataraja hall was the most noticeable one. A single dance could hypnotize a mass of creatures to kill and fight each other to death. Dorian also noticed that a variety of rare crystals, spirit grass and other items multiplied like peanuts. Following this, the Milky Pond, awarded a year and a half ago, now turned into a lake 5 grades higher than before. No... at this point, it was a Divine Pond. The air in the space once again grew purer, causing several people to break through the second the atmosphere changed. Wow!

What's going on? Several people opened their eyes momentarily, but quickly closed them back, focusing on cultivating to a higher realm. Several people broke through 5 stages, all at once, and felt ecstatic.

Early stage of xx... Mid stage of xx... Late stage of xxx... early stage of xxx... Mid stage of xxx... Bahahahahaha~

They laughed maniacally, feeling they were on top of the world. Then, Dorian announced the opening of the milky Pool, for everyone's use, no matter their cultivation grade. It's just that for their own safety they can't stay in these waters for more than x times, depending on their ranks. The higher one's cultivation, the longer they can sit in. Again, the milky pond was divided into various sectors depending on its potency. Everyone found aces according to their strength and capabilities. As for Dorian, he stepped into the most potent section, feeling his muscles construct and tighten from the pure qi flowing in. Good... So good... In the next few weeks, countless people enjoyed these benefits. Woo-hoo~

They were improving and breaking through as easy as taking a dump in the toilet. Hey... who knew cultivating was so easy? [Exorcists in other worlds]

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Ah yes, everyone had broad grins when cultivating and showing their might against the many creatures swarming the planet. But while they were busy in action, far, far away... another person's face was getting grimmer by the day. Doyle sat in his room, not caring about the paintings and metal objects around him that began melting. He was furious! Kidnapped? Doyle cursed in his heart from his oversight. Their Horseman of War has been kidnapped, and all signs point to that



Godforsaken Lovestruck idiot who fled their grasp. Who was it? Of course it was the Horseman of Famine, the fool from the Cygyptian Tombs.

This, he was 1000% sure of!

Chapter 639 A Pesky Bug

Doyle drummed his fingers on his desk maniacally, with each session, getting fiercer and fiercer by the second. Blast it! Boom! He entered a deep raging session, destroying everything in sight. As for his subordinates, their bodies still couldn't stop shaking. Why them? Why was it them who had to feel the wrath of their master, when it was that blasted Horseman of Famine who did the deed? After searching hard and long, they found traces of that lovestruck idiot all over Camilla's territory. "And the spare is missing too?" The bodyguards nodded stiffly. At some point, they felt that perhaps she might be in her Space. So what did they do? They searched and searched for that blasted Hob-dream Hogglin, but couldn't find it anywhere.

Dammit! When it rains it pours. All evidence proves that the traitor, Horseman of Famine, had also taken hold of the key. And without the Key, none of them were even remotely powerful enough to pry a Space created by Lord Beelzebub himself. Are you insane? Not even 200 Doyle's could pull such a stunt. So what to do now? Heh-heh-HAH-HAA... Hahahahaha~

Doyle laughed and laughed cynically, his grins almost threatening to burst out from his human skin. "I'll kill him... I'll kill him myself!" Doyle squeezed a piece of broken food, imagining it to be the Horseman's neck. Sure enough, if you want something done, you have to do it. However, he had neither the time nor the day to do it. Thus, he still has to rely on these worthless subordinates of his. Doyle looked at them in disgust, swearing that if there wasn't so much work to do on ground, he would have burned them all, allowing them to reincarnate with no memories in the Abyss. .

"This is your last chance... understand?" "Yes, Master." The minions in human skin nodded desperately. Despite the second chance bestowed on them, the air within the space was choking. Several minions found themselves gagging and oozing greenish and bluish blood from their ears, eyes and nostrils.

'Trash!'

Doyle stared at them without mercy. The corners of his lips raised high in morbid fascination. Which underworld being doesn't love watching torture and pain? Doyle only stopped his suppression once his minions collapsed. Then, he left the broken and chaotic room. Well, it was time to play his 'Human' part again. As Vice-president of Vardos, his job never ends. Walking through the hallways of his estate, Doyle already began making plans. 'Since the first 2 Horsemen

plans resulted in disasters, the 3rd one must not fail!' Of course, it wouldn't be wise to bring out the 3rd Horseman just yet. 'In another 3 months, we'll pick up from where we left off.' Doyle concluded, thinking of the mess he now had to clean up before the next Horseman emerged. At the same time, another matter plagued his mind. Where? Where was his beloved Prey? Doyle locked his lips viciously when wondering where his dear president Ghant was hiding. Yet again, all signs pointed at the First Horseman who was proving very capable. Doyle has heard that Humans who are in love, seem to suddenly grow smarter when determined. The Horseman wasn't technically human, but he still acted human in many ways. Who would have thought that a little bug would be able to thwart their plans for so long? 'How irritating.'

With the war closing in, this bug's matter was getting annoying and annoying by the day. 'He must be eliminated before the return of Lord Beelzebub and the other princes.' If Lord Beelzebub should actually handle this matter, it would bring too much shame to Doyle. Won't the other underworld beings with the same rank as him, laugh to death at his worthlessness? No! He could never allow anyone to make a mockery of him. After the 3rd horseman arrives, he will personally take time out to search and completely eradicate that bastard Horseman of Famine! As for his delicious Prey, Doyle locked his lips wickedly. 'In due time, I will find you, my dear president Ghant.' ~Achoo!!:  
[President Ghant far away]

Who is thinking about him?

...

Like so, time dwindled down in a flash. Before anyone knew it, another 8 months had gone by. Yes. 8 whole months flew by in a flash. Doyle's human hair follicles were breaking off by the day. F\*\*\*! How come the 3rd Horseman came and left just like that? Are you F\*\*\*ING kidding him right now? It took all of Doyle's self control to not explode into a gigantic creature terrorizing the Red House. And what was this? Still no signs of his Prey yet? Ghahhhh!!!~

His screams reached the skies, and his aura was that of a mad man. Chaos no longer flooded the streets, as Vardos' army suddenly got into action after the death of the 2nd Horseman. On whose orders were they acting on? Well, it was on the President's Orders! They had the seal and everything, including video proof that the 'missing' president was alive and well. And at the end of the video, president Ghant paused, calling Doyle out. He had a mysterious look on his eyes that many might have mistaken for happiness. However only Doyle, who has been with Ghant for long, knew exactly what Ghant wished to portray. [Vice-president Doyle, well done... well done on keeping the streets safe... You really, really, 'really' well!]

For everyone else, Ghant was smiling. Only Doyle knew that Ghant was gnashing his teeth to death here. [Many of you might be wondering why I vanished. I can't explain it, nor can I still understand it... But a masked man with terrible body odor, one day rescued me from a strange world and abandoned me in some mountain.]

What! Who would have the guts to rescue and leave the President of Vardos on a mountain top? Courting death? Several veins popped out on Doyle's forehead. The masked man with terrible body odor is definitely that bastard Horseman he was searching for. From Ghant's natation and expression, Doyle knew Ghant didn't know anything about the mysterious person who rescued him. Doyle has been with Ghant for too long to know when he lies and what he tells the truth. 'He doesn't know...' He concluded in his heart. It seems the Horseman knocked him out while rescuing, but Ghant still saw a figment of the man's silhouette. He dumped him on a mountain in Vardos and vanished. Ghant said that no matter how hard he called or searched, he couldn't find anyone. That being said, Ghant said it took him months to get back to civilization.

He luckily stumbled upon a military campsite, and that's how he got rescued after getting treated for multiple injuries and bruises. Even from the video, Ghant looked like he was all skin and bones. Doyle can tell if someone used makeup to look pitiful. In Ghant's case, that was his true appearance. He looked like a dying man with late-stage cancer. Everyone felt that he was quite pitiful to have gone through all this while they sat in their air conditioned homes and offices, eating and enjoying life. Of course, with how chaotic the months of his disappearance were, it was quite easy to accept the fact that someone had kidnapped their president. Fortunately, the Vice president stopped all talks about replacing the President's seat... Or else won't they be ashamed to face Mr. President now? .

Doyle squinted his eyes at the video. It seems that his dear President Ghant was in some military facility within Vardos. 'Hiding from me, are we?' Doyle chuckled softly. Well, a little cat and mouse game never hurt anyone. He knew that by now, Doyle definitely knew he, Camilla, and several others weren't human. But so what? Over the span of history in this world, one or 2 humans typically discover their existence. But so what? Who is going to believe them? If Ghant dared say a thing, he'd be locked up faster than a squirrel chewing on nuts. And then, a new President will be elected, since he will be deemed mentally unfit. Heh. Doyle smirked. If his thoughts are accurate, Ghant must be trying to get some sort of dirt on him, so he can use it as an excuse to openly eliminate him. That was definitely the best these humans could do... them and their guns. Unfortunately for them, underworld beings will continue to regenerate unless killed other underworld beings... or worse, exorcists! "Bahahahaha~"

Doyle burst out in laughter, confusing the rest. "Sorry, gentlemen, ladies... I'm just so thrilled to see the president alive." Everyone nodded in understanding. After all, Doyle and Ghant were pretty close. Just look at how loyal Doyle is when he even bat an eyelash when rejecting to step in as President when Ghant disappeared. Soon, the video concluded, and Doyle had several conclusions in mind. Ghant wasn't told of the big war approaching. The Horseman only rescued Ghant to spite him, and put a dent in Lord Beelzebub's plans. The Horsman still lives and must be eradicated if they don't want more of their plans to get disrupted. Well, all this happened several months ago. And now, eight f\*\*king months have gone by in a flash. Doyle felt he was slowly losing his sanity. ~Tick-tock... Tick-tock. The clock was ticking and time was no longer on anyone's side, be it humanity's or the enemy's. 4 months, 1 week, 5 days before the planets align...

In other words, they only have barely 4 and a half months left before the War begins!

## Chapter 640 Rat Attack

It was a little warmer out today. Yet, a freezing cold enveloped many, seeping deep into their bones. It was odd... No one could shake the feeling that something big was about to happen. Chaos came today in the world and vanished several months after. The soft platter of rain began falling, creating a soothing rhythm, quite contrary to turbulent atmosphere. "Hey..." Detective Jimai helplessly leaned against her old car, watching the source of her pain scurry from the sewer grates in armies. — Rats! Giant, fat, ugly rats in thousands, have been constantly fleeing out from the sewers and infesting the streets, the residence and even the hospitals. This wasn't a joke! It was as though the rats had taken a unanimous vote to plague the city. Who knew that one of the most luxurious and cleanest cities in the country had so many rats roaming deep underground? It was an unusual sight, that made reporters and many others curse the government and even the police forces for their laziness.

Jimai felt it was a little silly. They were police officers and not exterminators. So why were so many people angry at them? Some even suggested throwing grenades into the sewers, if it meant killing them all. Everyone has been on edge these days, except for the exterminators who made a shit load of money. "Ahhh!... There's a rat in my soul!" "Honey, there's a rat inside the toilet bowl! It bit my ass!"

"Wooooo~... After watching that horror movie, I almost thought Jason, the psychopath, was coming to get me. Who knew it was these darn rats moving in the shadows? How come they also move when the scene on TV is heated?" "Kill! Kill! Kill them all!" ...

~Wee-woh, Wee-woh. Sirens bellowed more frequently than usual, as the rate of infection and diseases grew rapidly in under a few weeks. And now, the entire city smelled like the sewers. Once anyone crossed the bridge over, they'd be instantly slapped in the face by these foul scents that made even a dead body smell good. Unbelievable! The pungent and u yielding odor clawed at their senses, making even newly born children wish they went back into their mothers' wombs. Perfume and body fragrance companies sold out in days. Household sprays also sol out, as though there was a pandemic in the city. Everyone was running through their fragrant supplies like crazy. Carrying hand sanitizers became a must, and companies already pushed out nose 'pegs' and other ingenious creations to combat the scent. Hey... there was even a nose spray and nose drops too. Jimai herself used one of those nose drops. One drop and rub inside her nose, made everything smell like strawberries for the next 3~4 hours. She didn't know the science behind it, but boy... did it help. You have to know that when the first wave hit the city, breathing became extremely hard for her with a sensitive stomach. Every time she breathed, her stomach would roil and coil, with coppery vomit-like saliva flooding her mouth. Yes, things have changed since the city was under attack by the foul stench. And when under attack, humans tend to be more aggressive than before. Everyone

was completely fed up with the matter. At this point, they wanted the army to step in and eradicate all Rats in the city. It was incredible that at the start, some people protested against the idea of complete rat annihilation. In their words: "If we start doing this now, won't rats become completely extinct in the long run? We must ensure that protection!"

It was a sight to behold. They started attacking exterminators here and there, and even warning the police and fire departments to never get involved. However, several weeks later, the story changed. Now, they've all joined the battle, fighting against the rodents infesting their city. It seems they were angry that these rats attacked their homes and daily lives too. Heh. Did they think they were special or something? They kept talking about their bullshit theories on rats needing love. They came up with all sorts of theories about making the rats feel at home and at peace with everyone. However, only when things got real, did they throw down their protest signs and pick up new signs to wage war on rats. Screw extinction! So what if these rats disappear from the face of the planet? At this point, they would be willing to teleport all rats to Mars if it meant they won't keep bothering them in their homes any more. Whether one was rich or poor, these rats flooded their homes, kitchens, toilets, bedrooms and even pools. And then, there were the Theorists. There were those heavily convinced that this was the work of the Government to control the people. What conspiracy theories hasn't she heard these past few weeks? Some claimed that the rats were actually robots sent out to monitor them. Together claimed that the government had trained these rats in some sort of crazy lab-circle underground facility. They said these rats were spies that could even pick up pens to write. They even said the blood shown on bodies after killing these days, was nothing more than a special addictive red substance made to mind control the masses. Jimai shook her head wryly. Government spy robots or not, she just wanted them all out and gone. .

Qwee-qwee-qwee~

The rats sing in harmony while flooding the streets. Jimai had goosebumps just by looking. Can you feel it? Can you feel the ominous aura now looking above the city? "I've said it once, and I'll say it again... something just isn't right." Sigh...

Her partner, Detective Dhomark, approached with a coffee in hand.

"Rats acting weird again? What's so new about that?" he asked, handing her the cup.

It probably smells great, but with the nose-shattering smell plaguing the city, one will never know. "Yeah," Jimai replied, taking a sip. "They've been pouring out like this for days. Something's got them spooked."

Dhomark –popularly called Dom by everyone– also frowned, glancing at the nearby grate. {\*\*A grate is like a sealed up block or drain allowing water and other substances to be collected. Some

grates also block water and other items from entering... They can be round like heavy discs on the roads, or even rectangular drains to collect water along the roads, parks and so on.}

Qweee-qwee-qwee-qwe~

The rats poured out from the sealed solid grate with sheer force. The grate that used to be extremely tight and impossible to yank out so easily, was now levitating in the air courtesy of the overly stream of rats pouring out. The round sewer disc wasn't a small one either. Once opened, there's typically a stairway that could lead workers far, far down below. Know that the intricate waterways in this city is one of the largest in the world. The Labyrinth was so massive and confusing that even old city workers got lost down there from time to time. .

Sipping her tea, Jimai was deep in thought when watching the overflow of rats escape the Labyrinth. "They're running from something." "Tell me something I don't know." Dom teased, with a face that soon turned grim. "Now, now, Mai, you know the Captain's orders. No one, not even a dog, must go in there until further notice." "Relax, I know." Jimai nodded, yet her expression remained stubborn. "However, don't you think it's worth checking out?"

"No!!!" "\_"

Dom refused, making an X-cross mark against his chest. His head was moving left and right vigorously. Yet a part of him knew he would be roped into doing something he felt was a very, very, very bad idea. — several hours later, they returned to the scene. Only this time, they didn't have police attire on, nor did they drive close with their cop vehicles. "Why do I let you keep talking me into sh\*\*?" "Because I'm your partner... you ride or die on the job, your buddy who's got your back." "Yeah, yeah, yeah..." Dom rolled his eyes heavenwards, swearing that this will be the last time he ever gets roped into anything. They were nowhere near their targeted point of entry into the sewers. Closing the boot of Jimai's vehicle, the duo carried various small equipment and ropes, suiting up like criminals preparing for a heist. They had torches, a map of the underground Labyrinth and even snacks and water to keep them hydrated. They also had Poison masks, in case there's some CO2 or other toxic gasses in the atmosphere. Of course, they also had gadgets to detect toxic gasses too. Let's not forget their weapons.

How dare they go under there without weapons? It's either the rats were running away from some toxic gas stream, or... a predator much scarier than them. So... could it be that some wild creature and its pack is lurking deep underneath the surface?

They knew it was a ridiculous assumption, but right now, they were running out of options in understanding what argued about their great city. "Alright, let's go!" Dom shook his head wryly at

the overly excited Jimai. Soon, they were both off. And as cops, they knew all angles to avoid for camera detection across the streets.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5... They made it! "There it is..." The Sewer Grate.