

## Be Honest! 651

### Chapter 651 Found Him

What to do? What to do, now that things are going left? Many people all over the world became flustered when they found out the truth. Of course, some had been taken in, but still didn't believe there were any such threats coming soon. A government conspiracy? A ploy to keep them trapped forever? One cannot blame them for thinking this way, as some people who came in didn't have the luxury of witnessing any battles, since no one in their group were creatures in disguise. Like so, the evacuations quickened the closer 'judgment day' approached

Some were evacuated months ago, and had gone through the <drill>, before getting released. Then, they flooded the streets in their usual manner, trying their best to stay cool and collected. Several undercover police officers also acted as pedestrians, joining in their 'busy' ordinary lives, to make the streets full, the businesses booming and everything seemingly the same. It's all coming down strangely. "Your total change is 200 Vyns... how would you like to pay? Cash or card?" In shopping centers, people absentmindedly swooped their cards when carrying groceries away. Now that they knew that monsters could take any form, they were very suspicious of everyone around them. They seemed to trust only those who returned from that hidden place with them. Then again, one never knows if dying this time, those who returned with them were still the same. For all they knew, monsters had killed and replaced them during this time. Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Several people stared at their watches and alarms they set on their devices, subconsciously taking note of the countdown. 1 week, 3 days, 8 hours, 12 minutes, and 15 seconds left. Suddenly, many people began confessing their feelings, with couples hugging each other, and saying what they were greatly for in this lifetime. Parents looked at their children, wiping their teary eyes. No students could truly concentrate in lectures, and no teacher forced them to. Even if they didn't wish to be here right now, they knew they had to keep up appearances. Some people with more free time in their hands, used this period to travel to destinations they've always wished to see. If the world was truly coming to an end, why die with regrets? Retired parents, grandparents and friends traveled far and wide to be with their loved ones. Suddenly, humans found that money, fame, and all those things were important... but not as important as their loved ones and bonds they had with each other over the years. As for the Sus, it would be another day or 2 before they get released back out there... which was very fast compared to everyone else. Of course, they would head out under the supervision of several 'police officers' in black suits, acting as guards. In every group, there are potential backstabbers that might cause humanity to fail. They typically don't let potential backstabbers out, but if the Sus don't appear in public, it might be suspicious. That's why they let them out under their supervision. Make no mistake. People like Dilayla would willingly sell humanity away if it meant saving her own neck. So what if she became a lackey of those disgusting creatures? So long as she doesn't become the bottom of the slave chain, it would be alright. There were always superior slaves within slave groups, the sort of slaves that don't toil the soul or do hard labor on the farms. These were the slaves that were head butler's and so on. Dilayla and many of the Sus had the potential to be such people that backstab their own kind. In fact, with the end coming, who knows if once released, these people will actively look for the creatures to make deals with, just to save their own

necks? Tch. They would be fools to let this Su clan go just like that. ... Like so, the world secretly prepared for the impending doomsday. The academy disciples were working hard, and Dorian was still in the milky pond, focusing on boosting his strength to his limits.

Time flew by in a flash, with many creatures on the planet now biting their nails anxiously. What's going on? Why did their investigations often lead to dead ends? Why? Where the hell is that horseman hiding? Several creatures were desperately pulling their fake human hair. The anxiety was killing them. Luckily, this time, they got clues to the horseman's next actions. Vice-president Doyle cracked his knuckles, seemingly looking forward to bashing that Horseman to the ground. My, my, my... he has been looking forward to this for over a year now. It wasn't just him, but several D'jaggarians and many other creatures who also wished they could slice that bastard to pieces. However, despite wishing to kill him, they knew they shouldn't. "Remember, we must let him be after capturing him. That way, the Lord will have someone to vent his anger on." "We know," many of them replied, licking their lips menacingly. Soon, the group headed off to where they estimated the Horseman's next attacks would be. 4 days later, they arrived in the country of Bohanjia, Notan City. There were goats restless, horses moving stupidly, and all sorts of cattle and farm creatures acting anxious. They say animals have a sharp sense of fear hidden within them – especially when they think something terrible is going to happen. Little boys, girls, teens, and adults tried to control their sheep, cows, and goats, but found that none of these creatures were obedient as before. What's going on? Why so restless? Those who haven't been taken in yet for evacuation or drilled about the upcoming war, were left scratching their heads. Doyle and several people sneered. The end is coming and you're here bothering with cattle? 'Soon, it will be you who becomes cattle.' Many of them inwardly concluded, as they maneuvered across the chaotic streets. They spotted other creatures in disguise, who respectfully bow, with a reassuring nod that everything in this place was still under the control of they, underworld beings. ... Good.

#### Chapter 652 Finally, They Meet

The foreign town was more like a village, with chicken coops, cattle and several other creatures moving about. The entire streets were laid with medieval stones that were out in place by humans ages ago. The buildings were also old, but historical buildings. Despite his obvious poor economy compared to other places across the world, tourists still loved coming here, with their massive straw hats and their long gowns fluttering in the summer breeze. They spent the day there; and when the night came, they took off. The group of creatures left the chaotic town and headed for the dense shadowy forest with massive boulders scattered about. "According to the reports, the horseman is planning to mess up Lord Asmodeus's Portal." "Tch. How naive. Even we can't destroy this powerful portal Lord Asmodeus crafted." "Sure enough, that bastard Horseman is way over his head." However, they had to stop him from doing anything to the portal, or else Lord Asmodeus would notice. And that–

Well, the rest could be guessed. Imagine Lord Asmodeus appearing now and taking care of this little matter himself? Several people had shivers crawling up their spines just thinking about it. The air was thick with tension, wondering if the Horsman had begun disrupting the portal or not. Their feet quickened, and their minds were no longer at ease. To hell with it! Doyle ripped his human skin,

allowing his grotesque form to be illuminated by slivers of moonlight filtering through the canopy. It was not just him, as many others couldn't be bothered to keep up appearances at a time like this. Grahhh~

Their skin, some sickly green, others brown, and some red, covered in scales, warts, pimples, boils, rotting flesh, and deadly sharpened body parts that glinted menacingly. Their sharp claws and jagged teeth added to their fearsome appearance, as they darted onwards.

It was dead of night, and not even a single owl dared to stay around these parts, all because of the strange wicked energy they perceived. Too quiet... It was too silent. No crickets, no frogs croaking, nothing. Several creatures practically looked like they were flying through the trees.

Wait! Several people paused, when spotting a cloaked hooded being rushing into a cave from a distance. He had the same build as that Horseman, and wore an iron mask too. "There!"

Someone exclaimed, and everyone's heart raced wildly. The way their bodies reacted was insane.

The hate... the fury.... Everything was just too much! And without knowing it, their feet also moved faster than normal. Oh No! The cave was the hiding spot for the portal. They must get there fast before that bastard begins his tempering!

Everyone was sweating buckets of anxiety. But maybe because of this, they didn't take time to properly study the so-called horseman who was leading them on. And by the time they realized someone was amiss, it was already too late. What's going on? Several creatures stopped dead in their tracks. Then, several silhouettes appeared in a circular formation around them.

Doyle squinted his eyes at a certain silhouette, before laughing maniacally with his hands on his belly.

Well, he recognized one of them.

"My Dear President Ghant, It's quite funny, running into you here... But don't you think you're a bit underpowered to go against me, talk less of everyone else here?"

"Looks like you fell into our hands quite easily, my dear Vice-president." Ghant taunted.

If eyes could kill, Doyle would be dead by now. Do you know what he, Ghant, had gone through because of his dear old friend standing opposite him?

Do you know how bad his beloved Vardos was hit due to Ghant's constant poking?

If it were before, Ghant would still be shaken and afraid to face Doyle. But now... Heh.

"Doyle, I, President Ghant, am proud to tell you that you are under arrest!... And I will be the one sending you away for the ultimate judgment! Make no mistake about that, old friend."

"Oh? Under arrest, you say?" Doyle licked his lips wickedly. "I'd like to see you try. What are you going to do? Blow my friends and I, all up with grenades?"

Please, they realized they've just walked into a trap. Perhaps the Horseman had worked with Ghant to set this trap up for them.

But so what?

If they get blown up, it will only be a matter of time before they regenerate. Their only fear would be not handling the Horseman now, and letting this golden opportunity fly them by.

No!

Even if they won't die from getting blown up, they must avoid it and first deal with the horseman to ensure their safety!

With those thoughts in mind, the expressions of Doyle and his entourage, turned subtle. "Lord Ghant, why waste time talking with these soon-to-be slaves?" Earl D'jagarria's patience was wearing thin. And his fangs were also growing several times abnormally too. Already, his grotesque form was nothing any ordinary mortal could swallow. Who knew there was still so much transformation left on him?

He was like a giant hairless bat, with rotting flesh and crooked body parts. One should know that the stronger an underworld creature was, the ugly its true form looked. None of the other D'jaggarians looked as hideous as the Earl. Why... he was the Grand Poohbah of them all, the big

fish, the Godfather who led them all. "Enough small talk, human. Since the facade is up, we'll be the ones asking you the questions."

Several creatures moved closer to the humans encircling them. "Listen here, humans... we are only going to ask you once." The Earl spoke. "Where is the Horseman?"

The Horseman? Everyone chuckled. It seems it was time to finally let the cat out of the bag. Ghant raised his brow, looking at Doyle, the Earl, and the other creatures slyly. "Dead."

"\_" [Creatures]

Dead? Do you think they are fools? Who then has been taking care of the remaining horsemen? Who was it that has been disrupting their plans over and over again?

Don't think you can tell them any cock-and-bull reason and expect them to believe it!

Chapter 653 You All Along?

"Dammit! This is pointless. They'll never talk."

"That's right, they'd rather save their precious ally, since he is the best person with more knowledge about us than anyone else."

"I say we kill them all, except two... two FORTUNATE pigs that will have the opportunity to survive, if they can tell us what we need."

Heh-heh-heh-heh.

Several creatures gave off a menacing front. And typically at this point, some humans would cry, beg, drop to their knees and begin confessing.

There's always a black leg among any crowd of humans. That's what they've learnt throughout human history. There's always a betrayer, a backstabber who is willing to save his own skin and damn the consequences, even if it means that everyone else will die. They waited and waited for the betrayer to reveal themselves, only to see these humans still standing there with lazy and bored expressions. Some even looked at them as though watching clowns. Dammit, what's going on here?

And why is it that they can't even sniff a single ounce of fear from these humans? What happened to the natural puking, pant-wetting, squealing, fainting, and begging reactions most humans typically show?

No... something wasn't right. There was an air of confidence about these humans, an air of superiority they couldn't place their hands on.

Doyle narrowed his gaze deeply. "What did the Horseman promise or do to you all?" Doi they sign some power boosting contracts with the horseman, that's making them have the guts to look into their faces fearlessly?

How naive!

Doyle was done playing with them. "Kill all, except him and anyone else."

President Ghant was his prey, and no one was allowed to kill him. Hahahahaha~

The creatures laughed maniacally. This was just the order they were waiting for.

How dare mere humans think of challenging them?

In a quick flash, these creatures vanished from their spots. No doubt, they were far faster than any creatures any academy elder had faced in this world.

Yes... They were now the top powerful forces of creatures in this world, since the portals were not opened yet.

Hahahahahaha~....

This was a good test. A test to see just how well they were prepared for the impending war.

Understand that these creatures were not even halfway up the ladders of the truly powerful within the underworld. On a scale of 1~10, they probably fell around tier 2 or 3. Yes... It was incredible to believe, but true.

The real powerful ones are fighting a war in the underworld while the lackeys stay behind.

Didn't you know?

Doyle's Lord was another Lord, who had another, and another, and another Lord they looked up to. And that top tier top then spoke to Beelzebub. Doyle was but an insignificant ant in the face of the truly powerful. That's why when dealing with this group, although everyone surrounded these creatures, only one person reacted. It was Ghant. With a single soft clap, a fierce sonic wave echoed out in a blur.

What?

The ripple had yet to touch these creatures, and their bodies began to boil.

Pouf~

The pain sizzled along their nerves, as their eyes widened in disbelief by what the f\*\*\* was happening right now. "You... you... you..."

Impossible!

The Earl winced in agony, as his head and fangs blew up into a thousand pieces like glass shattering from a sonic boom.

Ghant smirked menacingly, when slowly turning his gaze towards Doyle who he had saved up and protected for last.

How did it become like this?

"Well, didn't I tell you?" Ghant spoke, slowly advancing towards Doyle. "Your precious horseman is dead. Yes, the Horseman of Famine."

"I hate to break it to you," Ghant continued, "But right from the start, the Horseman of Famine was the first to die."

Zoom!

Many eyeball pieces from the scattered creatures, as well as Doyle's, all turned their attention to Ghant, with eyes of true shock. If... if... if what he was saying was true, then who have they been chasing this entire time? Even Doyle's lips curved wickedly towards the corners of his ears. "Us." All this time, you have been chasing, they, humans, the wants you overlooked. Wasn't it f\*\*king ironic?

Ghant chuckled, lightly tapping Doyle's head and grotesque face. "Old friend, it was good while it lasted. But now, we, humans, must prepare for the war ahead, no?"

"You—" Doyle opened and dropped his horned mouth, in disbelief that they knew about the exact day when the war was about to start. But how? How did they know?

No! No! He must warn the Lords... He must—

Color drained from Doyle's face when seeing the golden chains drop from the skies. Exorcists?

"Goodbye Doyle..."

"NO!!!!!!!!!!!"

Doyle felt an icy terror bubbling beneath his body, as golden holes quickly appeared. The lights and fires were burning him from within. This was not what he wanted. This was not what he wanted!

"Since when? Since when did you become a f\*\*king exorcist? Were you always one? So it's true? There was no damn Horseman? You saved yourself from the mirror world all along?"

Doyle felt betrayal right in his core. It was funny for an underworld creature to feel betrayal. Well, betrayal wasn't the word.

"Damn you, despicable human. Ghant, I swear I will remember this! I will f\*\*king have your head on a platter!"



The thought that a mere human, who he considered as prey, was able to dupe him for so many years all along. Perhaps while he, Doyle, was thinking he was clever, this human must have been laughing at him all along. How dare a small maggot laugh at an elephant?

No! No!

He would take this lying down! He needed to stand up and take it... As a matter of fact, he needed to fly to the moon and back to accept such a stone cold fact. But what pained him the most, was the fact that he was being exorcized, and would probably never get reborn into the abyss any more. Again, this was not what he f\*\*\*king wanted. Who knows how many billions, trillions, and even light years he might end up living as an inanimate being? That's not all. He heard the cleansing process for beings like himself was insane. And by the time it's done, he will never remember his life in the underworld. Why him?

Suddenly, Doyle felt regret.

It was better to get killed by Lord Beelzebub and get reborn into the abyss with no memory, than this. AHHHHH~

Doyle screamed and wailed in agony, his eyes still glued on Ghant.

"I swear, even if I have to defy the heavens, I, Doyle, will remember this!"

Chapter 654 Three Days...

Today, the system decided to secretly monitor the humans within the Academy space. Well, its host was still cultivating within the milky pool, and it was getting bored and anxious with all the waiting around. Looking to the skies, it could see far more than what any human astronomers might be able to see. The planets were aligning, far beyond this galaxy and universe. This was bad. The time for end was definitely right around the corner. After all, there were barely 3 days left before the alignment was completed. Yes... in 3 days, the portals shall open!

[Should I see my master and remind him of the date?]

The system was like an anxious bug, flying left to right, right to left, and in a circling manner, from all the anticipation. Knowing its master, who liked to slumber and laze about, maybe he doesn't even recall the important matter that will befall this world in 3 days.

[Can these humans truly pull it off?] The system wondered, very frightened when thinking of the combined strengths of all 3 top princes.

Will everything truly be alright? The system didn't believe it would go so smoothly. In fact, he had a hunch that humanity might lose. But then again—

[I haven't assessed the strengths of the human exorcists yet.] It was wrong to conclude without knowing humanity's current strengths.

Thinking like this, the system decided to sneak away from Dorian, and monitor the humans within the Academy space. 3 hours later, the system felt its understanding of humans shattered.

It had to admit that even with all the benefits it provided, the humans of this world had gone too far and beyond. He sensed the auras within a few of them, and almost screamed to the heavens in disbelief. How can any human grow so fast?

Monster... He thought only his Host was a monster. But it seemed that there was still a lot he didn't understand about human potential. Another matter that made him smile, were the Pegasus and other creatures who reached peak mid to peak battle levels. Before, he felt that the humans had only a 20% chance of winning, even with Dorian around. But now, those odds were bumped up to 50. That's right. It was a tie. At this point, it's hard to say who will actually come out on top, demon or human. After looking around, the system released a collective sigh, before shooting to the heavens to see its master.

No matter how many times it appears in its Master's domain, it still felt a shiver of awe crawl up its nonexistent spine every single time. Its Master was just too great, and too magnificent, for a system like itself to comprehend. [Master...]

"Hm..." The majestic silhouette bathed in blinding golden lights, hummed softly, but most mostly unbothered. Very quickly, the system did its reporting. And the more it spoke, the more its eyes shimmered animatedly. [That's all, Master... But do you think the humans will win?]

Will its mission fail in the end?

The system was anxious, and did not want to disappoint its master with failure, after receiving such an important mission. It was entrusted to bring Dorian to that world and save the planet. According to the ways of high powering beings like its master, they can't and won't directly intervene with the

lives of mortals. So sending Dorian in was the best way to go. Its master trusted it so much to do the job. So what if it fails?

The system, which has never had to worry about failure since its creation, was now biting its non-existent nails when accessing that the odds of winning were 50-50.

These were bad odds! Why not 90 for humans and 10 for the underworld?

The being bathed in golden hues chuckled, somewhat entertained by the system's actions. "Little noisy thing... go back and meet your host."

[ ]

This might be the host its master has ever said in a single sentence. Now, it was worried even more. Has its master given up on it?

Master, what do you mean?

The system had non-existent tears in its eyes when vanishing down to the mortal plain. However, if it could see past the blinding hue around its master, it would have seen a very shocking scene. There in its master's hand, was a crystal ball. And in it, was the image of a person the system was more than familiar with – Its host, Dorian T. Tian.

'It looks like the fun is about to begin.'

The being flicked its wrist, and the crystal ball vanished. 3 days... That was all the time left.

But while the world was in secret, far, far, deep and down below, creatures of all sorts, slowly revealed their sharpened teeth when listening to the good news. Have you heard? Their Lords are back!!! The war was still going strong, but several creatures were ecstatic, when hearing the news. Bhahahahahjajaja~ Good .. good... great! Deep within a far distant corner, in a rotting purple land that bordered several allied Zones, there was a zap. It was a zap of strange lighting between the circular rims of a grand bone-carved portal. Zick~

The growl of strange lightning caused static in the air, enough to make several figures tremble on their knees and bellies. Their coming... Their coming... Only a few people could create such phenomena when passing through the portals. Even the atmosphere seemed to hold its breath. ~Zick

The zapping noises continuously grew, until a figure slowly emerged from within one of the portals. Who? Who is it?

Beelzebub had one hand lazily in his pocket, and another one running its fingers through his luscious hair. His V-neck T-shirt and his suit pants were on fire. Yes. They were literally on fire, as mortal clothes tend to do when in the Underworld. still intact. They burned away, but Beelzebub wasn't nude. He didn't even snap his fingers or make any big moves. Yet, the places where there should have been skin showing, now showed strange clothing, only worn by those in the underworld. It looked exactly like human clothing, but... it was made of fibers from the many peculiar plants and creatures in this world. Everyone trembled in awe, when seeing Prince Beelzebub, The Lord of the Flies, and the Prince of Gluttony... the current strongest existence in the upper plains of their underworld. Zick-zick-zick~

There it was, another zapping and lightning from the next portal. This time, it was Prince Lucifer Morningstar, Lord and Prince of Pride.

Just a few seconds more, the last figure appeared – Lord Asmodeus, Prince of Lust. And finally, in another Portal, Belphegor, the Prince of sloth, also emerged. They were back... The 4 most powerful Princes of hell were back!

#### Chapter 655 Intruders

Once upon a time, there were 7 Princes... 3 were murdered and replaced by their sons and prodigies.

The new princes who succeeded their fathers/mentors were Kethian (Prince of Envy), Mammon (Prince of greed), and Mammon's twin sister, Maddah (Prince of Envy).

Despite being female, Maddah detested being called Princess of envy. She and Mammon were twins who crawled out of the abyss. But while Mammon had a crowd waiting to welcome him, she, on the other hand, had to fight her way to the top. It's only about 108,000 years after her birth that she was discovered and taken to her father's royal palace. Heh.

These 3 princes of the underworld, have long hated their so-called uncles... the one other 4 ancient princes of the Underworld. Thus, a war was planned, a 2 year-long war that went on everyday, and

every night. Beelzebub's lashes slowly fluttered, when seeing the 3 figures appear outside their Portal domain. With one hand in his pocket, another hand slowly rubbed the back of his neck. A hint of annoyance flashed in his pupils. "Nephews... Niece... Have you suddenly lost your way?" Belphegor, prince of sloth, spoke. Belphegor was like an overly shaggy dog, with hair that completely covered his eyes. Only the lower part of his face was exposed. He always had a mischievous smile on his lips, and 2 curly horns that spiraled like a ram's.

Despite his friendly-looking face, his slender, lanky and towering 12 feet tall physique, his aura was still one that made many shiver uncontrollably.

"Little runts..." Belphegor's smile looked more dangerous than before. "We've come a long way, and aren't the mood for your shenanigans."

"Indeed," Asmodeus added. "I have to say, that you're all getting quite bold for my liking."

Narrowing his gaze, Asmodeus could see the battle miles and miles away. Yet, these 3 dared to venture into enemy territory to confront them. These portals were in their territory. These portals were controlled by them and their people. Then again, who informed these people of their arrival or exiting from the underworld? How did these people know to come here at this exact moment?

Mammon's lips raised high, "Surprised, aren't you?"

"Awe... Look, brother, they have nothing to say." Maddah smirked, her hands crossed against her perky bosoms, with her red devil tail swinging underneath her skirt. Kethian nodded tauntingly. "Uncles, we have our ways and our friends, so you don't need to think deeply. We—"

WHAT?

The trio felt immersed pressure that made them drop to their knees. Lucifer, Asmodeus and Belphegor, chuckled, knowing their dear friend was already pissed. Unbelievable!

The color drained from Mammon, Maddah, and Kethian's faces when sensing the raw purplish aura emitting from Beelzebub.

No! No! Impossible!

How strong was this uncle of this, really?

Dammit, it hurts! They could taste their own blood in their mouths. The rotting larvae in their bodies squirmed, almost as though telling them to get the hell out of here. They thought that all these years, centuries, decades, and millenniums, they had managed to somewhat catch up to him. But now—

Dammit!

"So you've been pretending all along?" Mammon, questioned, the pressure already causing his true demonic appearance to emerge. Beelzebub's expression did not change while slowly walking towards them. It was this same arrogance that made the group of 3 hateful. "Uncle, don't think you can win against us so easily. Your overconfidence blinds you!"

"And your childish arrogance blinds you to the reality of your demise. But not to worry, I won't be killing you anytime soon."

Beelzebub's hands slowly caressed Mammon's jaw, and the bugs in his face squirmed, as if yearning for Beelzebub's touch – Beelzebub, the Lord of the flies. "The fact that we've kept you 3 all this while, is not because of fear, but because you're all too entertaining to kill."

What's more, it will become a little annoying to rule over so much added territory when they eventually kill the 3. At least, not yet. They took these 3 to be temporary property managers that were protecting and keeping order in these territories for them. Because of the big war, they've pushed killing these little imps for centuries. Don't think their preparations for this war was something that could have been done in a rush. The level of commitment and time it took to let that world be Exorcist-free, and completely away from the eyes of the heavens, was too heavy and serious for them to be distracted. That's why these 3 have been alive all these while. Their existence amounted to nothing more than caretakers for the territories they claimed to rule. Among the current 4 ancient princes, they all swore a pact and a devilish oath to never kill each other. What's more, despite being extremely greedy and selfish by nature, they who had fought wars against the heavens before getting discarded and turned into demons, knew the value of having allies. As tempting as it was to be the one and only ruler of the Abyss's Upper plains, it was more advantageous for them to all stay alive, ruling their various territories in harmony. Only in this way, can they continue fighting against the heavens, each side doing menial tasks to get the job done. Each of them had unique abilities... abilities that were beneficial for the cause. As for who told these 3 little piglets of their coming, it wasn't too difficult to guess.

Beelzebub's lips parted, his voice dripping with condescension. "It's that trickster, isn't it?"

Whether it was Lucifer, Belphegor, or Asmodeus, countless veins now appeared on their foreheads. Do you know what they went through these past 2 years to get what vital pieces needed that were stolen by that damn bastard and scattered across several dangerous and heavily guarded planets? Instantly, their auras also broke through, causing the grounds to tremble, and the atmosphere to make the nearby creatures miles and miles away to faint. Adding to Beelzebub's already leaked aura, do you know the damage they just caused?

Heh. How Naive.

Beelzebub's eyes changed color, turning ghostly red. "For you to come here today, shows that the bastard must have given you all a tip to secure your survival..."

So what is it then? What is it that the trickster thinks he can use to secure their measly little lives?

Maddah's hideous horned face was rippling in agony, yet there was an arrogant smile on her lips. "Uncle, didn't we tell you? Your overconfidence blinds you!... He did tell us one vital piece of information... It was about—"

Maddah paused, her smile growing creepy by the second. "Well, uncles... if you must know, it's all about a certain BONY FINGER."