

Be Honest! 656

Chapter 656 It's Him!

The bony finger... Beelzebub's body vibrated endlessly. Among the things he went on searching for, the one thing he wasn't able to recover was this single bony finger... a key component in their battle against the heavens. That blasted Trickster, had stolen it from him, and was hiding it somewhere, beyond his reach. Beelzebub swore with every fiber in his being that one day, he would have that Trickster's head on a platter and dance around a fireplace in celebration. If not that they needed someone in the Heavenly realm on their side to steal and bring them some universal items, they would have long punched that bastard at least once. "Loki... Loki... Loki..." Lucifer spoke rhythmically. "The more I say his name, the heavier my foul blood stirs." Really and truly, Loki was just a menace. They were here busy preparing for war, and he was f**king around with them, making everything 50 times harder than it should. Just look at the 2 years of time they wasted flying about the many worlds? That time would have been used to prepare deeply and do other last minute finish-ups. Belphegor and Asmodeus also thinned their lips, knowing the importance of the Bony Finger, that bastard stole. But the one who was angriest the most, was Beelzebub who had it stolen from his grasp, right underneath his very eyes. Dammit, wasn't it stolen from one of his top subordinates? In the end, it was lost from his end, and this didn't sit well with his profile insides. Looking at trembling niece and nephews, Beelzebub slowly lowered his back and his face to their level, with his hands in his pockets and his legs still upright. "Pray... that my bony finger is intact." Because it isn't? Heh... Beelzebub didn't need to complete his threat for them to understand. But so what? No matter how it seemed, it was they who had the upper hand now. That was because they had information on something their dear uglies could die for! The flavor of blood was alive on Mammon's tongue. He licked his lips, maintaining eye contact with Beelzebub. "Uncle, if I were you, I'd take a chill pill and listen to what the younger generation has to say." In other words: Calm your f**king aura down and drop the attitude! "Is that an order, Nephew?" Belphegor's playful words were lace with danger. But before he could say anything more, Beelzebub's shoulders had already begun trembling. Heh-heh-BHA-hahahahaha~

Can you feel it? Can you feel the anger in the anger that was strangling and choking the kneeling trio to death? Beelzebub was unhinged. Tired... he was too tired for all this nonsense!

"How f**king dare you threaten me?...Lucifer, Belphegor, Asmodeus, how many people does it take to pass on a message?" "Just one." Asmodeus replied, enjoying the now terrified expression on the kneeling trio's faces. "Hold on, you can't kill any of us!" Kathian spoke hurriedly. "The Trickster visited each and everyone of us!"

Fortunately he spoke quickly, or else Beelzebub would have already turned 2 among them into dust. Do you bloody see how pissed he was right now? For the past 2 years, he has had no rest whatsoever. That blasted Trickster had sent him flying about to retrieve the items he needed. He was

able to retrieve 3, but the last one, the bony finger, had sent him on countless wild Goose chases that left him bleeding from his eyeballs. The corners and creases around Beelzebub's eyes all had veins, greenish, reddish and bluish veins that seized around them. "You can't kill any of us, uncle... The Trickster gave each of us pieces of the puzzle to find what you're looking for – Your Bony Finger." Beelzebub stopped dead in his tracks, his attack slowly diminishing, as well as his heavy aura. Soon, the atmosphere around them had returned to how it was originally. No threats, no choking feeling, just silence. Beelzebub's eyes had already returned to normal, with his hands slowly running through his luscious hair. "Nephews... Niece... forgive your uncle of his rudeness. How about we stop this current battle and talk a bit more?" "Sure, uncles." The trio agreed, dopping the blood stains and trains dripping from the corners of their lips. As they rose to their feet, they had just one thought in mind: 'The Trickster was right. There's so much we don't know about their strengths.' And there they were, thinking they had finally managed to catch up to them all the years, centuries and millenniums. How naive they were to believe they could actually take on their uncles head on. Fortunately, the Trickster gave them a way to survive..

A way to prolong their existence and buy themselves enough time for themselves. With a flick of his wrist, Beelzebub made bugs float out from underneath the rotting surface, creating chairs for everyone to sit on. It was disgusting and terrifying to think of, but what can anyone say? The group of 7 Princes sat down cordially for the first time in millions of years. Who would foresee such a thing ever happening, especially with the current war still going on several miles and congenial distance away from them? Make no mistake, the Abyss's land space was like a collection of several planets joined and spread together. Beelzebub crushed one of the bugs swimming in his mouth, a way to calm his angered nerves. "Alright Nephews, niece, let's talk." His Bony Finger? Where is it? ... 64 minutes later, Mammon, Maddah and Kathian, the 3 princes, left enemy territory. Their front bodies looked elegant, but their backs were still drenched in sweat. "Thankfully, we followed Loki's advice." "Yes... I didn't even know there was such a thing called the Abyss's path of Destruction." "Indeed, there's still much we don't know, even after millenniums have gone by." Thanks to the oath they had the 4 ancient princes take in exchange for information, it guaranteed their survival for the next 900,000 years. The trio left the scene, feeling utterly defeated. However, who is to say who will get the last laugh in the end?

Chapter 657 The Agreement

Why did it become like this?

The trio's eyes danced maniacally when assessing the situation.

How can they all be so strong? The aura Lucifer, Asmodeus, Belphegor, and Beelzebub exuded, showed that each of them can destroy all 3 princes on a whim. Yet, they kept them alive all this while, like toys to entertain them. Son of a b**ch! Was their existence just one big sick home to them? Luckily, they now had a way out, or they wouldn't be able to sleep well at night even if their 'uncles' let them go. According to their agreement, no one, including the three of them, must attack each other's side.

The 4 ancient princes can't attack or wage war on them or their people, and they in turn can't attack the 4 princes and their camps too. The trio knew that after 900,000 years, another full blown war might possibly erupt. Only this time, these 4 ancient princes won't go easy on them anymore. They clenched their fists, knowing that they only had 900,000 years to improve their current strengths and go face to face with their uncles. "They're obviously planning something big in one of the human worlds..." "Yeah... And from what I sense, if everything goes well, they might grow 50 times stronger than they already are. So what do we do?" Mammon was silent when listening to the duo. What else can they do? Dammit! "Tell all forces to fall back! We must prepare for the Crusade in 900,000 years." But more importantly, they must ensure these 4 ancients, FAIL in whatever and they have going on. He did tell them some prices of the puzzle, but who said anything about telling them the whole story? Beelzebub had an ability that could decipher if Underworld beings were lying. Not many knew of Beelzebub's ability, but Mammon did. So of course, he didn't lie... big just chose to not tell everything. That can't be considered as a lie, right?

... Looking at the fleeting backs of Mammon and his group, the 4 ancient princes smirked meaningfully. They were still seated, waiting for the intruders to completely leave their territories. "How cute." Asmodeus began. "They think they can buy themselves enough time to catch up to our level." "It's fine." Lucifer added. "They'll continue to be our gardeners, watching over the land until we decide to take it." So what's there to think too deeply about? What these little babies forget is that while they're struggling to catch up... they, the 4 princes will also keep growing stronger than ever. So was there truly a thing like 'catching up?' After 900,000 years, the results will remain the same. They, the ancient princes, will still stand tall against these little babies. The only reason why the other 3 ancient rulers, Hades and the others died, was because they lowered their guard down against their many offsprings. Tsk. Beelzebub, Lucifer, Asmodeus, and Belphegor, also had offspring of their own. But do you see them lowering their guards for their children? Don't even think about it! They will never allow such emotions to override and cloud their sense of reasoning and caution. History has repeatedly shown that doing so will lead to getting stabbed in the back. So why bother? In fact, they've killed several of their offspring with their own hands whenever these children dared to secretly stage uprisings against them. The group of ancients slowly rose to their feet when sensing the complete disappearance of the 3 baby princes. Good... they were out of their territories. "So... the Bony Finger is with the Trickster?" Beelzebub nodded, "From the riddles, it must be with him. However... I'm sensing there's no point in going to look for him yet." "Indeed. Knowing that bastard, he'll probably show up mid-battle with it." So what's the point rushing out to chase after the wind again? Haven't they already been doing that for the past 2 years? Beelzebub's fingernails extended wickedly, as he drummed them chaotically on the hardened table of insects. Blood from the insects oozed wherever his nails touched, his anger couldn't be contained. "I'll kill him..." He, Beelzebub, will personally kill that bloody son of bitch before the day he perishes. "Well, let's not focus on that lunatic." Lucifer advised. The good thing is that he managed to return 3 days before the battle began, no? It might be a little late compared to their earlier plans of returning 2 weeks prior to the battle day. "They're aligning beautifully, aren't they?" "Indeed... the planets will soon align in perfection. By that time, 'She' will weaken, and we'll have just a few minutes to unleash our dear comrades." All 4 chuckled, while staring in a single direction. Soon, the Abyss in all her Majesty, will weaken, and that will be their chance. They must not miss it. The journey down

there when the Abyss is in her normal state, is quite long and deadly, near impossible for anyone other than themselves to venture into.

But once she is weakened, the journey up will take more than an hour for them. This was also why they didn't have time to keep chasing the Truckers up and about. There were more important things to do, now that they returned very late. Soon, the group vanished, spreading out in various directions. Their top commanders, generals, battalion leaders and high ranked creatures, were all waiting for them with sly confident smiles on their lips. "Master, as per your command, we kept the battle going strong." "The portals were all kept shut. And while in your absence, the 3 Princes didn't discover the existence of our future Planet." Hmmm... Beelzebub hummed in approval. Despite how easily he made it look to trample on those 3 Princes, they were equally strong in their own rights. Home sweet home...

Can he say he missed it? Beelzebub licked his lips, a fiery flood of feelings now overwhelming him. Hey... it felt good to be back. But now, time for business!

Chapter 658 So This Is It?

With the absence of the 4 ancient Princes, of any of those 3 Princes discovered that planet and chose to cause havoc and disrupt their plans there, none of their commanders will single handedly be able to stop them. Collectively, yes... But if they cause too much chaos in that world when the heavenly bond isn't weakened, it would have alerted the heavens. In the end, the war was actually there to keep these 3 princes busy and always on their toes and out of whatever plans they had for that human world. Of course, these Princes didn't dare to venture into their territory all this time that they were away, because they thought they were still in the abyss. Beelzebub slowly made his way to his throne, missing the comfort it brought him. Looking at the underlings on one bent knee before him, Beelzebub slowly eased into his throne seat. "Today is practically over. We only have 2 days to fully prepare. Tonight, I'll have business to attend to. However, in 2 days, await me before the portals." "Yes, your Highness." The shoulders of those kneeling trembled from excitement. It's happening... it's happening... the long awaited war that took them millions of years to prepare for, is finally upon them!

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Like so, time flew by in a flash, as Beelzebub and the other 3 Ancient princes, met in the dead of night for the long and dangerous honey down below the Abyss's lower, bottom-pit plains. Only they had the strengths and the potential to overcome the dangers lurking below. In a flash, all 4 vanished into one of the main core Abyss Hearts, knowing that despite their lateness in returning, everything was still on track. The baby Princes of Hell hadn't messed up any of their plans yet, the Horsemen in the human world were still probably raining havoc there, and despite the Bony Finger still missing, they knew they'd be able to get it mid-battle in 2 days. So really and truly, it was all still good. Speaking of the Horsemen, those specially picked individuals must have secretly made the

world into an apocalyptic one by now. Heh. Humans should be on each other's necks, bone, teeth, and nails tearing each other apart. Well, they were looking forward to seeing how these humans will react when the portals are finally opened. As for the Almighty... heh. No matter where that bastard Father of theirs was hiding, he must one day come out to face them. It's all his fault! It's all his fault that they ended up in this dump, with so many power restrictions, hunted by all heavenly beings across all worlds, universes, galaxies and everywhere one could think of. They hated him, hated humans, and hated the fact that they lost that day. Actually, there was also another person who made them lose on that day. Loki, Loki, Loki... Because he was curious about what would happen to them after the war, he purposefully made them lose. Sigh... The more they think of that Trickster, the more they feel their blood pressure rise. How could the Almighty in all his wisdom, make such an annoying Heavenly being? Wouldn't it be great if Loki just suddenly stopped existing? ... Tick-tock, Tick-tock. Time in both realms ticked endlessly. The underworld beings prepared for battle in a relaxed manner, while those in the Mortal realm became overly distracted with every passing minute. Today, Old Gia sat within their inbuilt theater, watching a funny new animated Movie with his children, little grandchildren, and in-laws. From time to time, he and many others would burst out in laughter. Everyone smiled, but they knew that deep down, their hearts were no longer here. The Grandmaster estimated that tomorrow at around 11 AM, the planets will fully align with exact precision! That might be the moment the portals will probably come undone. Like Old Gia, several others chose to spend tonight with their families, in case they don't make it. Some children were still clueless, still very young to understand what was about to happen. But for others, they secretly cried when knowing that their family members were heading off to fight bad guys just like in their favorite hero anime. They cuddled around these Academy members, savoring their voice and their appearance. Old Gia sighed, looking to the moon, feeling he had loved a good... no... a great life. Even if he does tomorrow, he will definitely go out in a bang! "Grandpa!!" "Father!"

"Uncle!"

Several little ones hugged Old Gia, Wei Gia, and the other Gia members who were designed to fight. At 4 AM tomorrow, the last final call for evacuations will begin. It is then that they will send their family members away for good, until humanity wins. ... And if they lose... well, they also took precautions to ensure humanity has a chance to one day rise back up. Old Gia couldn't recall the last time a year rolled down his cheek. He wasn't sad about dying, but sad of the possibility of never seeing his loved ones again, in this manner. Suddenly, the hot weather seemed cold. The atmosphere was foul, and a heavy cloud weighed above everyone's head. In the Hou House, Old Hou also did the same, enjoying family time with all his children, in-laws, friends, and grandchildren. "I know I never said it before, but this old man is abundantly proud of what each of you have become."

Should he go, he hopes they won't miss him too much. Raw agony tore into every fiber of his family's being, when listening to Old Hou speak. Despite going to battle with Jung Hou and other Hou members, Old Hou knew he had taken secret extra precautions to ensure they survive, at the cost of his lifespan. He met with Dorian in secret, and a promise was made. They didn't know it, but should one of them take a truly deadly blow with no way out, it will be him to pass on in their

place. It wasn't some devilish technique, but an actual cultivation aspect he discovered after reaching his current strength. His children haven't reached that level yet, so they won't know. In the end, how can a father bury a Child? Impossible! Over his dead body. He will be going first, and that's THAT. Old madam Ghu and Old Ghu, smiled warmly at the enormous family they had gathered around them. Suddenly, Old Madam Ghu took off her slipper and threw it ruthlessly at Ghu Sota. "Ouch! What the hell was that for?"

"Nothing, I just like doing it." "_"

Ghu Sota would have typically snapped back, but this time, he couldn't. "Old hag, I forgive you this time."

Ouch! Another pair smacked the back of his head again, causing everyone to laugh. But if you look close enough, you'll see the tears flowing from the corners of their eyes. "So this is it... huh." This is the END.

Chapter 659 A Silent Countdown

The night was quiet... too quiet, to say the least. 12 AM... 1... 2... 3...

Dorian caressed the foreheads of his coma-stricken parents, already having visited them in their slumber seconds ago. It was already 3:56 AM. No one could sleep, except for toddlers and those too young to understand what was going on. Wee-Wonh! Weew-Weew~

Ambulance and police sirens bellowed out, awakening those who accidentally fell asleep. Of course, since the majority were already up, it only woke them from their stupor or TV time. Some had also taken naps earlier, wanting to be wide awake when the enemy came. Last night was odd. The bars, clubhouses, Hostess clubs, and late night sites that were usually busy with drunkards everywhere, were dry and empty and a construction site. F**k it. On the eve of their demise, who the hell cared about keeping up with appearances anymore. So what if some creatures already sensed something off? It won't be until the next day that the portals open. Besides, many creatures felt that even if humans had some clue of their coming, it won't stop them, the beings of the underworld, from emerging victorious in the end. So why bother? Several women who typically wore heavy makeup and fished out rich men from the sides of the streets, willingly took off their makeup and turned in early for evacuations. One should recall that today's evacuation was a last call evacuation. For the past 4 days, there have been final evacuations, where once taken in, you won't be coming out again. Everyone has free will to choose when to go in. So those evacuating today were the last batch of those to be kept away. It's just that if you don't get evacuated on time and the war happens before the anticipated time, you'll have no one to blame but yourself. After all, they did explain to everyone that on day 4, which was today, they could only speculate on what time the enemies would arrive. Whether they arrive 2 or even 3 hours earlier or later, is unknown. A majority

of people chose to evacuate days ahead of today. But some before today. Today, Little Yado woke up from his slumber way earlier than usual. Well, his father was bad. "Dad, you are being rude and mean. How can you expect me to leave my bedroom without brushing my teeth or washing my face?" Yado clutched his Ultraman toy, tightly against his chest, peering out the window of his bedroom, while being rushed away. His window was at an elevated point with grand views that stretched far out to the city. Why was there so much activity at night these days? Little Yado didn't understand it much. The city below was a swirling chaos of flashing lights and blaring sirens. His parents, grandparents, uncles, and aunts, have also been rushing around the house more frequently than usual. "Yado, sweetheart, be obedient for a bit," his mother called, with a voice that was a blend of urgency and forced calm. Yada turned away from the window and struggled in his father's grasp. "We have to leave now, okay? We're going on a little trip."

"Why, Mom, Dad?" Yado asked, his voice small and uncertain. "Where are we going?"

Why didn't he, the one involved, know was going for a trip? He liked packing his own little suitcases with his toys, games and comics.

His mother's smile wavered for a moment before she smoothed it back into place. "We're going somewhere safe, darling. It's like an adventure."

Yado nodded slowly, though she didn't feel like this was an adventure at all. Adventures were supposed to be fun, like when they went to the amusement park or the beach house. This felt different—scary.

His father, who disappeared briefly with some servants, now appeared in the doorway again, looking more serious than Yado had ever seen him. "The car is ready," he said, his voice low but firm.

Yado's mother took his hand and led him down the grand staircase of their home. The staff was bustling about, carrying bags and boxes out to the many waiting Police vehicles lined up. Wow! All the remaining servants and guards were also going on the trip with them. Well, Yado has always felt that these days, the number of people in their massive Hou estate, was dwindling by the hour. Why, just yesterday, he only spotted 12 people in total working in the grand estate that typically has hundreds and hundreds of workers and staff in rotation. So where did they all go? After stepping out, Yado noticed some of the servants closing the massive entrance doors of the main building with an enormous medieval key. Then, they stepped to the sides and activated several other defenses that began sealing all doors and windows. As for the other buildings around, it seemed those had long been sealed and locked up before now. Very obediently, Yado climbed into the car, squeezing in between his parents on one of the plush seats. They said he was going for a fun adventure, but the atmosphere said otherwise. Whoop-whoop-whoop~

Wee-wonh, Wee-wonh~

Weew~ Weew~

The noise hit Yado like a wave, as they left their grand Hou territory.

Helicopters buzzed overhead, and police cars lined the streets with their lights flashing urgently. The streets were packed with cars honking impatiently as everyone tried to leave at once. Yado watched through the tinted windows as they passed people on foot carrying whatever they could hold—bags slung over shoulders, children clinging to their parents' hands.

People were utterly silent, walking faster than they usually did.

No one ran. Soon, they reached the police station, the place where everyone on the streets was seemingly heading to. Yaya didn't understand how there could be no room for so many people—but then again, this was a situation she'd never experienced before or seen.

Standing at the doors, Yado thinned his lips when staring at his grandpa, uncles, and a few of his aunt's who said they wouldn't be going in with the rest of them. Old Hou chuckled, pinching his little grandson's cheeks. "Yado, be good... Grandpa will see you soon." Jung Hou ruffled his nephew's hair warmly after Old Hou. "Little brat, don't give your mother and father a hard time. We'll be back before you know it." Yes... Yado belonged to the Hou Family. And his experience today was that of many people's while heading for evacuation! Tick-tock, Tick-tock. It was already 6:46 A.M in the morning. 4 hours, 14 minutes before the Planets fully Align.

Chapter 660 Heavenly Unrest

In the dazzling expanse of the heavenly realm, white heavenly light cascaded like waterfalls of rainbows at various corners. The air hummed with celestial melodies, and the atmosphere was one that exuded peace and higher purpose. Archangel Michael sat thoughtfully, looking at the scenery. The realm before him was a breathtaking tapestry of colors beyond earthly comprehension. There were golden pathways winding through lush gardens, and crystalline rivers reflecting the glory of the divine throne. Birds tweeted and creatures sang. Towering trees with leaves of silver and gold, gently swayed in a breeze that carried the scent of eternal blossoms. Have you seen any more beautiful spectacle? The sky above was a radiant canvas, painted with hues that shift and dance in perfect harmony.

Everything looked great. Yet amidst the grand splendor, Michael feels a disquiet in his spirit. 'Something's right, I can feel it!' Well, he, Michael, still had some far, far, distant connection to his twin brother, Lucifer. 'Why do I feel like this?'

No! Michael swiftly rose to his feet with clenched fists. That twin brother of his must definitely be up to something. Today, the very faint and near-dead bond between them, kept thrummed with an unsettling resonance. Dammit! Michael's heart was heavy with a sense of impending doom, a feeling he found he couldn't shake. And believe him, no serene beauty surrounding him, could make him feel good. Back and forth, Michael walked like a family member waiting in a waiting room for the birth of their newest member. "Michael, there you are!" The voice belonged to Raphael.

"Brother," Michael acknowledged in a heavy voice that echoed through the ethereal space like a gentle breeze rustling through leaves. Well, Michael called Raphael and all the other Archangels 'Brother.' "Do you still sense something amiss?" "Yeah... My heart is troubled." Michael answered, with his eyes reflecting concern. "I know it sounds absurd, but the balance and bond between him and I, feels disturbed." The more Michael explained, the more his thoughts swirled. Despite Lucifer's fall from grace, a faint part of their connection persists—an unbreakable thread that now vibrates with foreboding.

Michael stared towards the distant horizon, feeling more and more that whatever that blasted twin of his was up to, was something big. These sorts of thoughts flooded his brain with urgency. No matter what, he must understand what Lucifer, his twin, was plotting! . "I'm serious. Think about it. Soon, the Planets will all align perfectly, and the heavenly bond will weaken... I think he's planning something for them." Raphael chuckled. "Even so, have you forgotten that on all worlds, all angel forces have been quadrupled and even doubled 20 times over to ensure nothing happens?" Yes.. The planets will align for exactly 7 hours. Each planet right now, has an abundant number of heavenly beings, both angels and Gods, monitoring these worlds second by second, so no one tries anything funny. Ages... Millions... No! Trillions of years ago, the dead Satan and a few Princes of hell, had sent a few minions to raise havoc in one of their low-ranked planets, as if wanting to test their efficiency. It's safe to say that in under 25 minutes after the attack began, the threat was eradicated. It was funny to say that the many exorcists were the ones who did most of the work. The heavenly beings watched from a distance, only helping when need be. Indeed, it would be suicide for his brother to do anything with so many heavenly eyes staring at every single planet in existence. "So am I overthinking it?" Sigh... Raphael slowly placed a hand on Michael's shoulder. "Brother, I'm not saying Lucifer is not up to any good. In fact, I believe he should be up to no good, be it in the morning, afternoon, evening, and at all times." Raphael unconsciously released a bit of pressure on Michael's shoulder when thinking of Lucifer. Over the years, he has met and fought against Lucifer. However, the sneaky demon often snuck away at the last second whenever he senses backup arriving. It was incredible to think that Lucifer, Beelzebub, and a lot of them used to be good friends here in the heavenly realm. They used to train, and play with one another. But after their betrayal and banishment, these ex-brothers of theirs hated them to death. "Michael, think about it. When has Lucifer ever been quiet? He's always up to something. I would be surprised if he suddenly became humble." "What I'm saying in essence, is that he's definitely up to no good, but I

do not think it has anything to do with the The 'Weakening Time,' when the planets all align." Please... they've covered all galaxies, universes and solar systems in existence. So what can Lucifer over and the others do to threaten them today? "Of course, these are just my thoughts, Michael." Raphael added. "To make you feel any better, why don't we ask our good old friend one last time?"
–Loki!

Despite Loki being a Heavenly being, they knew he still kept in touch with Lucifer and the others. Thus, if there's anyone who would know about Lucifer's actions, it would be Loki. So what if he has been 'locked' up in the Heavenly prison for hundreds and thousands of years? They all knew that Loki had his way of getting Intel, a way none of them have ever been able to understand how exactly he does it. How can someone locked up have more Intel than them who go out frequently? .

Veins popped on Michael's face when thinking of his last encounter with Loki. Truthfully, he didn't want to see that bastard's face. Michael, who was a very peaceful person by nature, often felt violent when in Loki's presence. Can you blame him, Loki just had a very punchable face. "Alright," Michael raised his hands in surrender.

With that, the duo spread their wings, and flew away in a blink of an eye. But when they finally reached Loki's cell, the duo froze, staring at the 'Loki' before them with grim faces. Almost everyone could be deceived, but they who were too familiar with him knew it wasn't him. "_"

He is.. he... he... he... he... Michael's entire body trembled chaotically.

"LO-KI!!!!"