

# **Host, Please Be Honest! What Exactly Are You? #Chapter 1 Dorian D. Tian - Read Host, Please Be Honest! What Exactly Are You? Chapter 1 Dorian D. Tian**

The bright sunlight pierces through several massive glass windows, illuminating a grand room.

Outside, the faint sounds of the birds singing, accompanied by the sounds of distant vehicles and people, echoed into the grand room.

The grand elegance of the room alone, could've made many boil with envy.

But sadly, this wasn't the case.

Rather than envying the person sleeping on the messy bed, it was more appropriate to say that they had no other feelings than pity, disdain or gloating for this person.

The pungent stench of alcohol could knock back anyone entering the room.

And surrounding the bed were more than 50 opened bottles of alcohol lying around haphazardly.

There were even more bottles on the massive bed too.

Suddenly, the young man sleeping on the bed lazily opened his eyes before distorting his face in disgust.

Ughh.

'Where am I?'

He sat up and looked at the scene before him with no hint of emotion on his handsome face.

Without a doubt, this wasn't his apartment.

So, where was he?

It was unlikely that he got kidnapped since the bottles on the bed, coupled with the alcohol intake he felt in his body, made him very sure that he had been drinking.

But that was impossible since he clearly remembered that he got home and quickly slipped into his sheets last night.

Could it be that some kidnappers had the habit of forcing alcohol on their victims and keeping them in luxurious rooms?

He pulled open the sheets and scooted to the edge of the bed calmly while thinking of the grandness of the bed.

He felt like it was a combination of 4 King sided beds joined together.

2 stacked alongside each other, and the other 2 placed at the bottom of the beds to extend the foot room.

He calmly placed his feet on the floor and sat at the edge of the bed with his fingers in his hair.

Hell, just getting off the bed felt like a hassle.

And just as he expected, memories that didn't belong to him flooded into his brain.

He closed his eyes and took on the thunderous pain until it was all over.

As expected, he had transmigrated into a parallel universe.

But Why?

The young man slicked his hair back with his hands, crossed his legs and arms, deep in thought.

Many who transmigrate would definitely get either excited, terrified or overly ecstatic about Transmigration, but he on the other hand, had no extra emotions wriggling in his heart.

Why exactly did he transmigrate?

He didn't believe that things just happened for no reason.

There was no such thing as a free lunch.

So his presence must be needed here for something.

Was it to avenge his body's original owner, or was it for something else?

Speaking of himself, in his previous life, his name was Yan Long, and he was 21 when he went to bed.

As for what he did for a living, there were quite a lot of them.

But that was a story for another day.

As for the owner of the body he took over, his name was Dorian D. Tian.

Just 3 months ago, the 17-year-old boy, who had just graduated from high school, met with disaster on the same day when he got his results.

His parents, who got the news earlier from the national board about his excellence, left work earlier to see him.

But on their way, they had a car crash that left them in a vegetative state.

It was then that the young man knew that his seemingly kind relatives were not so kind after all.

His uncle, who had been working in the company alongside his parents, quickly took control over the company all in the name of him being too 'Young.'

His uncle had also bribed the company and family lawyers to change many things. This chapter is updated by nov(1)bin.c/o/m

So with his parents in a deep Vegetative state, with no signs of waking up anytime soon, his Uncle's family was more arrogant about annexing the company.

The original owner's father was an Orphan, while his mother came from a very patriarchal family that believed that she should always give what she had to her brother.

The original owner's maternal grandmother didn't like him.

She only liked the children from his uncle's family instead.

So he was always looked down on by his maternal side.

Again, his parents were hard workers who successfully managed to create a great company that could rival those from wealthy clans.

The name Tian was well known across the entire country.

So of course, many treated him with respect.

But after this incident, his former friends refused to see him, and his girlfriend broke up with him.

The original owner, who was supposed to have a bright and easy-going future, was suddenly engulfed in a never-ending nightmare that left him confused and sad for his parents.

The only good thing out of all this was that his uncle had promised to continue his parent's treatment.

And their massive estate was left alone. The papers of proof had always been with him and stored safely in the bank since his parents gave them to him on his 15th birthday.

As for those traitors who used to work in his house, they ran away with several valuables, leaving the place desolate.

The only people who stayed behind were 5 guards belonging to his parents, who were now in the hospital, diligently watching over them, ensuring that no one tried any funny business.

These people all had backstories and were very loyal to his father in particular.

And within the house, another person who stayed was the 30-something-year-old family butler who also had a backstory as well.

These 6 people were the only ones who decided to stay with the original owner.

The rest all chose to betray his parents by joining his uncle's side.

Yan Long... No... Dorian D. Tian, stood up, placed his hands in his pockets and looked outside his window calmly.

Since he was here, he would definitely get revenge for the original owner.

After all, the pain in the original owner's heart was affecting him too.

But something still bothered him.

Dorian squinted his eyes in thought.

'With my skills, I can get revenge in a couple of months or at most a year.

So is this truly the reason why I was brought here?'

~Ding.

[Congratulations host.

You're an Exorcist!]