

Host, Please Be Honest! What Exactly Are You?

Chapter 2 Exorcist!

Exorcist?

Dorian raised one eyebrow in silence.

Oh? How interesting.

'So, you're a system that's been assigned to cleanse this world?'

[That is correct host.

Unlike your previous world, where people at least had some sort of knowledge on exorcism, this world is utterly clueless.]

'And I'm supposed to fix things?'

[Yes, host.]

'But why?'

[Because the heavens are giving the host a chance to be a hero. Everyone wants to be a hero. So the host will be pleased to be able to bring justice into the world.] Said the robotic voice.

Dorian chuckled playfully: 'It looks like you might've accidentally picked up the wrong host. Who said I wanted to be a hero?'

[...

Rechecking... Re-calculating... Error! Error! Error! Error!

The Wrong host has been picked up.

Rechecking values... Error! Error! Error!

An unpredictable host picked up.

An impossible host picked up.]

Dorian laughed at the words the system used to describe him while looking out the window.

Indeed. He wasn't a normal person.

Even the heavens seemed to know this.

If his guess was accurate, this system had accidentally killed him and brought him into this world thinking he was another person.

And if he was right on the money, the system won't be able to kill him off again and get another person.

His guess was that it should have something to do with the things he was asked to exorcise.

So in other words, this system is stuck with him here for the time being.

Sure, it could make him live worse than hell here in this world if he refused to comply.

But you see, he wasn't a normal person, and he could see that beating this system at its game would be a piece of cake for him.

So he probably wouldn't suffer all that much.

Well, he could also understand why the system accidentally picked him up because right from his childhood, he had been told by several Taoists that he had the soul force that could make many Taoists burn in envy.

Maybe that's why he was typically drawn to the supernatural.

Even if the system threatened to make him ill, he knew deep down that with the few spells he learned, he would survive.

Heh. No wonder the heavens thought of him as unpredictable and impossible.

In other words, he had the upper hand here when it concerned the system.

But as for what he was up against, Dorian wasn't too sure.

According to his guess, it would undoubtedly be way above his head.

Although he had a charming smile on his face, inwardly, his entire expression was grim.

This world was rotten.

It was 50 times more rotten than his previous world.

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"System 0001, why don't you tell me the full story about the matter?

If I'm impressed, then I'll consider being an exorcist. So let's hear it then?'

[Not a problem. For you, the heavens have allowed this.]

Dorian smiled. They knew him too well.

[Starting from the beginning, the host needs to know that the Heavenly Plane, The Underworld and The Mortal Planes all exist.

But there are laws placed by the creator to keep the balance of things in check.

As usual, the creatures in the underworld are always trying to get out and crawl out of the underworld, finding themselves in various mortal planets.

And as usual, there are always mortals that can stop them, like the Taoists and other exorcists.

Of course, the methods of exorcism used in these places were handed down by angels centuries and millenniums ago.

So these worlds had always fought back, pushing all evil forces away with man being the victor.]

'But unfortunately, your heavenly order overlooked some regions, right?'

[Yes, host. Some regions had been neglected, allowing those in the underworld to crawl out and stay up in this world, doing too much harm in these worlds.

Angels can't get too close to the underworld, and those from the underworld can't get too close to the heavenly planes because of our opposing inborn powers.

So we don't know exactly what they're planning, but we know it's something big that needs to be stopped.

That's why several systems set out to these worlds to eradicate and once again bring peace and harmony into these worlds.]

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Listening to the system, Dorian picked up some key things.

Firstly, angels couldn't come down and fight.

They always gave information to the humans and fled off.

There seemed to be some rule keeping them from doing things in these worlds.

But for some reason, those in the underworld could do things in the human world.

To him, it just felt like the Angels were at a disadvantage.

How they managed to always come out on top of those in the underworld was beyond him.

Maybe because they had the backing of the creator?

Speaking of the Creator, he should be a person who is always too busy and on hiatus.

After all, there should be billions, trillions, gazillions and infinity more planets out there in the mortal plane.

And from what he saw, the creator might be creating more.

Such a person was undoubtedly busy as hell, leaving everything to the angels and others to look after.

In his previous life, the most paid and luxurious profession was an exorcist.

Countless schools with high nobility offered exorcism as their main courses.

Of course, not everyone could become an exorcist. They had to reach a certain power level to be accepted into these schools.

As for whether he, Dorian, enrolled in one of these schools or not in his previous life... Heh... That was a mystery that no one could confirm or deny.

His past would always be a mystery to many.

Bottom line, his previous planet, Zenock, was fully aware of the existence of the supernatural... Which should be.

But the people on his new planet were clueless and genuinely thought that things like ghosts were myths.

They even made horror movies about it all but didn't take it seriously.

Their firm belief that everything could be analyzed through science made him a little strange.

It was as if something was purposefully denouncing any beliefs or truths about the paranormal.

Yet, this planet called Blue Star, harboured the most deadlines aura he had ever felt.

Strange...

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As the system talked, Dorian stripped himself of his clothes and calmly got into the hot tub in his bathroom.

[Host, do you accept?]

Dorian, who had stayed silent with his head against the tub, lazily opened his eyes and grinned broadly: 'it sounds fun, why not?'

[Good Host. Because the host is unpredictable, the heavens have decided to form a cosmic bond with the host.]

~Ding.

[Cosmic Bond formed.

The host is now a heavenly exorcist!]