

Be Honest! 286

Chapter 286 Strange House

"Hello? Is anyone here?" Angzen couldn't help asking it of courtesy, seeing that he was coming into someone's home uninvited.

Wasn't this what they call breaking an entry?

Angzen moved about, not wanting to touch or accidentally break anything since he was already in debt and didn't want to incur more on his head.

Soon enough, the gang ascended the stairs, checking the many rooms available.

First, they headed into the master bedroom fit for a couple with 2 small office rooms on different ends of the room.

Looking at the hair accessories, makeup, sewing machine, handmade baskets, and other items in the room, they assumed this small office space to be for the wife.

And in another office space, there were books, a baseball bat, sets of collectible model trains, and items that probably belonged to the husband.

Oh?

Dorian raised his brow, looking at the journey that appeared to have been hurriedly hidden away.

And from its appearance, it seems to be used quite often by its owner.

Unlike the other books here, there was no dust on it. A few scratches appeared on its cover, and some pages were also reported, probably with creasing and crumbling of the book severally.

It was almost as though the owner was trying to hide whatever he wrote from his wife and many others.

'Hmmm... What secret could you be hiding?'

Seeing Dorian pick the book, Angzen, who was already too close to him with personal boundaries, couldn't resist the urge to take a peek into the journal... Or should he say, Diary?

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[Diary of Clive Congxian]

The book had a green cover that seemed soft, made to mimic that of animal hair.

Dorian flipped the pages, feeling nothing off, until he reached a page dated 3 weeks back.

[Sunday the 3rd.

Today, I picked up my 4-month-old son again, happy that he's growing into a strong boy. As a father, that's all I want for him. But... I seem to have noticed something strange with him. Whenever he eats those things, he smiles as though in ecstasy.]

Angzen frowned.

Eating those things? What things?

[Wednesday the 6th.

Just as I was about to enter my son's room, I heard him giggling and laughing strangely. And so, I decided to spy on him. And the more I watched through the cracks of the door, the more disturbed I was... Was this a reaction a child should have? The uneasy feeling that I thought would go away came stronger than ever.]

[Friday the 8th.

My wife told me to play with my son with the toy rattle she bought. But though I was also scared, I dared not go against my wife. After all, if I annoy her, where will I sleep tonight? With firm

confidence, I rattled away, but realized that his smile was only shallow, as though nothing else but that meal would make him happy. It was at that moment that a strange thought clouded my mind... Was my son possessed?]

[Sunday the 10th.

I've observed the child in the room several times, and though it sounds ridiculous and insane, I have included that my son is not normal. Every time he eats those things, his face seems too unnatural. But he's my son. So I captured him and took him to a hospital for a 'routine check.' However, they said there was nothing wrong with him. But I knew they were wrong. Everything was wrong with my son!!]

Angzen's here tightened, wanting to know what happened next. What did the man do?

The shocking revelation in the diary already kept him on the edge of his seat!

If it were the former him, who would he turn to for help?

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[Wednesday the 13th.

I spent time researching what to do, feeling more and more that my son might truly be possessed. But there was no information online. And I knew that if I said a thing of this nature, I would get locked up for life. Even till now, my mind keeps telling me that I'm the insane one for thinking like this. But there's still that 5% feeling that tells me I'm onto something here... Or could it be that I'm overthinking things?...

Anyway, the strangeness of my son is too disturbing. And it appears that no one else apart from myself notices this. It seems that this is a battle I will have to fight alone. No one in the world would be on my side. And quite frankly, I'm also beginning to think I am mad, completely out of my senses, and have gone bunkers. As I write on this fine yet disturbing day, I feel crushed with a thousand swords. How in the world will I save my son?]

Chan-ki narrowed his eyes, taking in all the information he read.

[Friday the 15th.

Today, I once again realized that there's no information on what to do in such cases. So I had no choice but to make solutions for myself. How will I drive whatever is possessing my son away? First, I dumped him into a tub of water and washed his body with dish detergent when my wife wasn't around.]

[Sunday the 17th.

Okay. So this first option didn't work. But will I give up? Not a chance. Today, I planned to speak to whatever was in him, telling him to leave my son alone or I won't give him those things to eat.

Well... The plan seemed good. And quite frankly, I'm proud of my smart thinking. However, I miscalculated my wife's early arrival. She walked into me talking about driving the evil in my son. And without giving me any warning, she swooped in, picked him up from the massive bowl of oil I placed him in and yelled at me from the top of her lungs.

'What the hell is wrong with you?' 'Are you insane?' 'What the hell are you trying to do with our son?'... Blah, blah, blah... I don't remember the rest.

Quite frankly, there were so many things she said that I probably missed out. But one thing was for sure. Tonight, I'll be sleeping on the couch.]

Angzen's lips twitched, feeling that he too would've kicked the idiot out if he were his wife.

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Dorian flipped the page.

[Tuesday the 19th!]

The 19th?

Angzen was taken aback.

Wasn't that yesterday?

Immediately, the tension in the room grew heavy.

Chapter 287 Yesterday's Events

What happened then?

Angzen had more and more ominous thoughts brooding in his mind.

[Tuesday the 19th.

If anyone should see this, I hope they don't take me as mad for what I'm about to speak of is entirely true.]

The handwriting was shaky, with splatters of blood sprinkled on the page.

Angzen immediately had the illusion of a young man in his 20s or early 30s, writing with shaky hands and deep lines of worry on his face.

His writing would go either underneath or over the writing lines on the diary.

And as the words progressed into paragraphs, the letters also grew fat and uneven, as though the man was rushing to complete the journal before getting discovered.

p But from who? His wife?

Angzen didn't think so.

Earlier, the man, though respectful of his wife, didn't show any signs of being afraid of her in his writing.

Then... Who was coming for him?

A strange thought passed through Angzen's body like an electric shock.

No~~~

It can't be, can it?

Angzen's body went limp with an overwhelming feeling of losing control.

'I just hope I'm wrong.' He thought, continuing to read the man's shaky words.

[My son did it all... Today started like a normal day. The sun was up, my neighbors were jolly, and the town was bubbling as it usually did.

But by late morning, I returned from work to spend my break at home. But upon arrival, I saw something I'm afraid I will never forget...]

The words here were dampened as though from the man's tears.

Angzen had never connected so much with a book as he did this diary. He could feel the pain emitting from the man. And the writing was even shakier than before.

[Martha... Martha... My son killed Martha! I walked into our bedroom, only to see my wife's body lying on the bloodied carpet. Her eyes were dim and wide open. A single look, and I knew she died in shock. Her own son of 4 months old had killed her.

I regret it. It's all my fault.

I should've killed the boy the moment I realized his difference. If I had done this, Martha would still be alive!

I wanted to scream and mourn, wishing to take her body away. But my feet refused to obey my thoughts.

I'm such a coward! I hate myself for being so weak.

I covered my hands with my mouth, too scared to scream upon seeing my son arched down, eating the insides of my wife's body.

The monster tore a hole in her chest, eating her intestines and heart to its content.

In the end, the strange noises I heard from behind me caused me to make a run here.]

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Angzen seemed to have seen the scene of a man covered in the front and the back.

The man probably wanted to slowly walk away and flee. But he said he heard strange noises from his back.

Something must have been moving to attack him from the walkway out of the room.

And with the creature at his front, eating his wife's body, his only option would've been to rush to his office on the left to hide.

In the end, the man seemed to have been trapped here. But if this was true, where was the man now?

Additionally, they didn't see any blood on the carpet when they entered the room. So was all this just the man's imagination?

Wrong!

Angzen didn't feel so...especially after seeing the bloody page. But... But why did the blood drip like a boose bleed?

And what exactly happened in this house?

A thousand questions prowled through his mind the more he read.

[I don't have much time! They're scratching on the doors. And I feel my body going weaker and weaker by the second.

My office window won't budge no matter how hard I try to open it. I tried to wave and call for help from those passing by. But no one seemed to see me as though I were invisible.

As I stared out the window, I seemed to have seen a thick fog hovering above my home.

And as the fog grew heavier and heavier, the strange sounds also grew louder.

The fog... it's spreading out to the entire town! I can hear screams and wails from outside. The fog has killed us all.]

The more the man wrote, the fainter the pressure applied in writing.

Angzen could feel the man's weakness emitting from his written words.

And sure enough, he was right.

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[They're coming for me... I don't have much time. If anyone sees this, call for help... The secret lies in the--...]

Cut off!

The words cut off there.

The man probably rushed to hide the journal in the nick of time before whatever was there took him away.

... F***!

A chill went up Angzen's spine.

And with a shaky and unsteady voice, he couldn't help asking the unanswered.

"Is he dead?"

--Silence--

Everyone looked at the dairy in utter silence.

Dear heavens!!!

Angzen held his head in despair when thinking of it all.

Who knew that a trip to his home village would be so deadly?

Sure. This student of his could handle 1 or 2 ghosts.

But what about such a dangerous creature? And didn't you hear the man? He said there were many others too!

For the town to be this desolate meant they were large in number. So how can he pin his hopes on this one student to clean them all up?

Angzen's brain went into emergency mode the tighter his grip on Chan-ki's clothes.

"Go back... We have to go back!"

Dorian closed the book very gently, as though not disturbed by whatever was happening around them. "Go back? We can't."

"Why????!!!"

Angzen's thorny voice released his seriousness.

Why?

He looked at Dorian with open eyes and a widened mouth, wanting to know what the hell he was talking about.

Why can't they go back?

"Because we just can't," Chan-ki replied, pushing back the few fallen strands of hair hovering over his face.

"Mr. Angzen. If you haven't noticed, cars can only drive into the town but not leave. So it's not that we don't want to go, but that whatever is here refuses for us to leave."

Boom!

Chan-ki's words made Angzen's legs turn into noodles.

Trapped... They were trapped in here with those monsters!!

Regret filled his mind, wondering why he didn't notice the fog's weirdness before entering the town.

You have to know that from the highway, no one would feel it weird.

From the highway, the fog appeared way less thin than its true thickness, only giving one a feeling that it should be so.

With the higher position of High Peak Town, no one would bat an eye, feeling but to be nature's doing.

But who would've known it was all wrong?

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Dorian stared at the window.

And with his face facing the duo, no one knew what he thought... Especially Angzen.

However, how could Angzen have known that the moment this student of his turned around, a slight smile formed on his face?

Well, it's true that whatever trapped them here prevented them from fleeing.

But..." Dorian's eyes thinned playfully. "Who said he wanted to leave?"

The system shivered from its space.

Its host is doing it again.

Whenever it saw this particular expression on its host's face, it felt the urge to hide underneath anything in its space.

The system felt that it was not that its host was trapped here with these creatures... but that they were trapped here with the host!

With a nonexistent blanket over its head, it hid underneath its nonexistent bed.

Shiver. Shiver.

Scary... Scary...

Its host is too scary like this.

As for other people driving in, its host had thrown an illusion formation at the roads before reaching the foggy paths.

For this, he threw a single gold coin out the window onto the road.

And in no time, a blue circular ball shot out, costing the entire road and even some of the regions besides the road.

Anyone who tries driving up will see several signs of road work and fake illusionary beings telling them to go back.

It was all an illusion. But, like Cinderella's glass slippers, it also had a deadline.

By 6 A.M, the coin its host had thrown would melt away, and the illusion broken.

That's why its host must round things up before them.

As for the fear that the creatures would flee when its host takes action, one also need not worry because just like the case with the illusionary coin, its host had sent paper men out the vehicle way before they entered the foggy paths.

That's right.

Those paper men had scattered about, circling the entire town from a broader perimeter.

They didn't get too close to the regions where the fog began, not wanting to startle the enemy.

Creating and distance, the formation was set up by them.

And with energy Dorian injected into them, they too should be usable until 6 A.M.

As for how its host would use them, the system didn't know.

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Everyone was immersed in their own thoughts when suddenly, something they heard faint noises from within the house.

F***!

Angzen only felt his armpit drenched in sweat.

"What was that?"

Chapter 288 Help Me...

~Critter. Critter. Critter~

The sounds of fingernails clashing against each other echoed in a faint murder across the open door.

Mommy...

Angzen tightened his grip on Chan-Ji, standing behind him so close that he even wanted to mix his bone marrow with his and become one with Chan-ki.

Eyes popping over Chan-Ki's shoulders, Angzen stared at the bedroom banners beyond the open doors.

Angzen already thought he was in despair, not knowing that this was just the beginning.

Suddenly, his eyes widened in horror. Chan-ki also felt his strangeness, meeting him eye to eye.

"Help me..."

Boom!!!

The windows shattered. And before Angzen could react, his body flew backward, out the window.

Something... Something was pulling him back!!!

"Ahhhhh~~...."

His eerie screams of echoes echoed across the creepy foggy town.

"Go!"

Whoosh!

Chan-ki leaped through the air and grabbed Angzen's hand, disappearing into the fog.

With his mission assigned, he willingly allowed himself to fall into the belly of the beast.

"Ahhhh~~~!"

Angzen's screams were as high-pitched as an opera singer's.

If you told him he could squeal like a little girl, he would've argued in utter denial, wanting to beat whoever sullied his good name.

But after today, he realized just how much latent capabilities he had lurking within.

His fingers were frozen to the bone with a strange whiff of cold air that seeped out from the fog.

Angzen's body began to tremble.

And soon, warm fluid trickled down his pants, feeling death too inevitable.

Yes. He, a grown man, had wet himself.

But he couldn't care about this much embarrassment.

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"We're going to die! We're going to die!" All along the nightly journey across the fog, Angzen had spoken of all his regrets in his life.

Was it his regret of dying too young and not completing his dream of being a famous teacher?

Or was it about his regret of not having enough 'adult gymnastics' with his wife?

,m What about his children? He hadn't even seen them grow up, get married, and live to give him grandchildren.

The fact that he hadn't even traveled the world or seen other places was also a big regret in his heart.

Too young! Too bloody young!

Snot and tears shattered across his face as he flew backward.

"I... I don't want to die! I'm too young to die!!"

Chan-ki silently listened to Angzen, looking at the foggy atmosphere around them.

In a blink of an eye, they had been sent across the town, all the way to the other side.

Bam!

Angzen rolled onto an open field after being thrown mercilessly.

His feet were no doubt sprained. But he didn't care about the pain.

Rising to his feet, he soon realized where they were dropped off.

Cemetery?

"Augghh~~."

Angzen only felt his legs shake like a newborn calf's.

This...

This was their burial grounds, wasn't it.

(:TΔT:)

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~Clitter. Clitter. Clitter.~~

The strange noises appeared once more. But only this time, Angzen saw hundreds of yellow eyes from the foggy shadows.

His belly fluttered even more with panic.

What should they do?

Without wasting time, Chan-ki grabbed Angzen. "Let's go!!"

"Yes! Yes!" They had to run for their dear lives!

Like so, Angzen, who had a sprained ankle, somehow possessed the ability to beat even the world's number sprinting champion.

F***!

You try having these chase you and see if you won't develop super speed.

Angzen didn't need to look back to know they were being chased.

Gulp.

Angzen swallowed hard.

A sense of terror coursed through his veins.

No matter how fast he ran, he could hear the rustling sounds growing heavier behind him.

And when he finally threw his head behind his shoulders, he caught a glimpse of something crawling onto a gravestone.

What the hell is that??!!!

Angzen's eyes bulged exaggeratedly.

The thing was black and as small as a doll. Yet, it had a tail and a vicious mouth with sharp saw-like teeth.

And though the fog had masked most of its appearance, Angzen could still tell it was... Ugly!!

He had never seen anything so hideous looking before.

Its entire being made his hairs stand at attention.

The creature's body was twitching in spasms as it smiled and crooked its neck at Angzen with its yellow eyes.

~Clitter!!!~~

He gave off the familiar noise before a thick layer of fog covered the tombstone it stood on, making Angzen see it no more.

But this sneak preview was enough to make Angzen turn pale.

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~Clitter! Clitter~~

Chan-ki gripped Angzen's hand right, boosting his speed the further they advanced.

'Something's not right. These creatures could have reached us long ago. Yet, they seemed to enjoy chasing us at a safe distance.'

Chan-ki's mind quickly went to work.

He knew underworld creatures loved to play with their food and got a good sense of fear and despair from their prey before swallowing them whole.

But though the situation here seemed likely to be so, the dairy they saw before, as well as the entire disappearance of the townsfolk, left too many unanswered questions.

After testing a few facts and running about in different directions, Chan-Ki finally concluded on the matter.

'They're forcing us to go one way.'

Chan-ki's eyes narrowed, staring at the lone building at the far top of the cemetery.

'It looks like we have no choice.'

"Over there, let's go."

"Ahhh~..." Angzen wasn't thinking, only nodding while watching the many strange hands burst from the ground when they passed through various tombstones.

F***! There were Zombies too?

(:0π0:)

~Grrr~

All sorts of zombies with bluish, purplish, and green skins slowly crawled out of their harvest like a scene in a doomsday movie.

The more Angzen saw, the more he wanted to cry.

He swore that even if he managed to survive in this hell hole miraculously, he would NEVER come to High Peak Town again!

You can just forget about attracting him as a tourist.

Who knew when next something like this would happen?

Zombies! Zombies!...

There were freakin' zombies on their tail!

Chapter 289 An Interesting Human

Like so, the duo made their way towards the strand building on top of the hill amidst the many yellow eyes staring at them from within the fog.

But back in the house, things were far different than they initially seemed.

--A few minutes earlier.--

Bam!

Chan-ki and Angzen had just flown out the window, leaving a young and 'helpless' Dorian to himself.

'...'

Dorian calmly placed the diary in his inner jacket pocket, secretly making its size as small as a pocketbook.

Very calmly, he walked out of the office, walking past the massive bedroom chamber.

The scene looked exactly as it did when he entered.

However, appearances could be deceiving!

Behind Dorian, the walls began to bleed and peel off.

Less than a second along any path he passed, the same phenomenon would occur.

Drip. Drip.~

Blood dripped along the now peeled walls into the moldy floors, turning into white fog when it touched the moldy grounds.

The walls become narrower, and a faint yet evident phantom scent invaded the scene.

Dorian chuckled, not bothering to turn around.

Unlike what Chan-ki and Angzen saw, the house has always looked like that.

And all the time they had been moving about, the house had been changing its form to suit the eyes of those who entered.

But after they left a place, it would revert to its horrors.

And that fog...

Dorian narrowed his gaze, deep in thought.

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~Clitter. Glitter. Clitter.~

The strange noises echoed out again but seemed not to have an effect on the human many stared at.

It was as though Dorian was deaf.

Reaching ground floor, he lazily placed his hands on his pocket, starting across the space.

"Aren't you going to come out?"

The strange noises suddenly died down. And soon, the space was as silent as a graveyard.

~Giggle. Giggle. Giggle~

A burst of playful, childlike laughter rang out from a moose's head hanging high on the walls.

"Interesting... Very interesting..." The moose said, shaking his antlers like an unnatural stretched-out smile on its face.

Its eyes enlarged twice its size, with one side being deep red and another being deep yellow.

The moose smiled at Dorian before abruptly stretching its neck several feet long towards Dorian's face.

It was so close that just a few inches more, and it would've touched Dorian on the lip.

F***!

If it were another person, they would've long fainted from fear, cried, begged, screamed, or died from a heart attack

-Silence-

Both stared at each other in utter silence.

And soon, the creature's smile grew even more unnatural, retracting its neck a few inches back.

"You're a strange one. Staring me straight in the eye, you don't even flinch."

Dorian shrugged, not bothering to talk to the mode head.

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The Moose looked at Dorian with interest.

It seemed to have found a suitable candidate.

"Human... You've earned my respect. When your friends were thrown out, you didn't even care about their life and death. You're indeed a cruel one. This daddy likes it. So... How about we make a deal?"

In translation: Your soul would be tasty to devour.

Making a person like Dorian fearful or completely darkened only meant the meal would be one of the most delicious.

No... His meal would even be beyond VIP level.

But what was intriguing was that the human's aura, being, and spiritual sense all showed the boy to be extremely good, with almost no darkness in his heart.

Yet, it had just witnessed the boy's cruelty, allowing his friends to fly out the window with no screams of worry or even murders of anxiousness.

It can be seen that his actions were too cruel. So what was up with the heavens' way of deciding that he was a good person?

Hello?

If this guy was a good person, then it, an underworld, was the Almighty!

Even without seeing into the boy, the feeling alone couldn't be wrong.

Say no more.

There's definitely a mix-up somewhere... Not that it was complaining.

Changing that massive quantity of 'good' in the boy to bad was also part of what would make it delicious.

Well, it wouldn't be the first time the heavens had made a few mix-ups in history.

Though rare, it did happen occasionally... So it had been told.

Or... could it be that the boy accumulated so much good in his past life that he was just overflowing with it?

Unbeknownst to the creature, its guess was partially true.

As a genius exorcist in Dorian's past life, do you know how much good he accumulated?

Of course, the reason why he still has his good luck was that he still maintained the same principles as back then.

He had never looked for trouble, not acting in a condemning way against any mortals. Even when handling animals, there was never a display of cruelty.

Above all else, he was a bloody good exorcist.

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The more the mode looked at Dorian, the more pleasing in the eye he seemed.

Such people were also the most determined.

If they finally chose to step on a certain path, then they would do an excellent job on the road to fulfilling whatever desire they chose.

'No!... I must have the human sign a contract with me!'

The system on the other hand was annoyed.

[You smelly moose! How dare you try to steal my host? I already have a contract with him. So don't even think about it!]

(*^*)

Why are others fighting it over its host?

If not that it couldn't reveal itself, it wouldn't personally smack the hell out of the smelly moose.

Hmph!

The system was annoyed.

"Human, I know your kind. You might look like you don't have any desires, but you do."

Hmmm...

Dorian inwardly agreed. He did have desires.

The moose smiled like a serpent in a garden, circling its neck around Dorian, leaning towards his shoulder from the back of his ears.

"Human... I'm right, aren't I. You do have desires... things you want so badly... You know human can't help you get it. But I can!... I can get whatever it is you want. So, human. Why don't we make a pact?

Chapter 290 Safe!

The moose's voice sounded enticing, with a strange resonance of an alluring nymph.

Its voice was slow yet pleasant, far different from its original eerie resonance.

If it were an ordinary human, they would've at least had a single wave of temptation flutter in their hearts.

Some might reject these flutters of temptation moment's later, but it would be a lie to say they wouldn't at least envision how useful its help would be.

The moose's red and yellow pupils glowed with interest the longer it stared at Dorian.

"How about it?"

Clitter. Clitter.

The little sounds in the room echoed out again as though discussing whether the human would take the offer or not.

With his hands in his pockets, Dorian lazily looked at the moose from the corners of his eyes.

"You say you can give me everything I want?"

"Yes." The Moose went back to smiling unnaturally again.

"Hmmm... Then, if I want to kill you all, can you do it?"

"You? Kill me?... Hahahahaah~... Mortal, is this a joke?"

-Silence-

The Moose suddenly froze, finally understanding that Dorian had been playing with it.

How dare he?! Courting death!

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Boom!!!

Its head smashed to the floor, directly destroying the illusion around the home.

And at this moment, the walls, floors, and ceiling all turned moldy in a blink of an eye.

"You!!!!~"

Dorian didn't give the moose any time to think, tearing both sides of its mouth apart.

Rip!

The real culprit was revealed.

"Damn you, Mortal! How dare you touch his great one?!"

The rotting baby that had popped out from the moose's mouth, adjusting its dislocated jaws.

Plop.

Maggots fell to the ground the more they adjusted its body.

Its body was pale blue like that of one who had long died. And on its chest was a massive hole that was too hard to miss.

Curses!

Blame it for using a human baby's body.

After killing the baby, it used the dead body for its means.

It really had no choice.

Apart from using a baby, it wasn't old enough and wouldn't be able to control itself if it entered an adult's body.

It would rip the body apart, and his true form would show.

Body manipulation for Underworld beings came with growth, time, and strength.

For fear of horns sticking out, face comforting, body bursting out of the human flesh, how dare it pick any other body apart from a toddler's?

It couldn't find any toddler above 6 Months of birth, or else it couldn't guarantee it wouldn't burst out.

As for why it still kept lingering in this body? It was because of

Crack. Crack.

It forced its jaw back in place, shocked by how strong the human's punch was.

It didn't feel any strange fluctuations from the attack. So it could only be that the heavens truly blessed this human to give it such an amazing physique.

But so what?

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~Crunch.

It bit the worms swimming in its mouth like hard candy, revealing a sly smile on its lips.

"Human... I did give you a chance. But since your ego is, as they say, the downfall of a man, then don't blame me for being rude...Clittteerrr`~~~."

The rotting baby gave off a loud throttling sound that made the entire room tremble like an earthquake.

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble.

The glass windows trembled as though about to shatter.

,m Clitter!~~

The sounds of the other creatures out. And before one could take in another whiff of air, the creatures shot out from the darkness.

Everything happened in slow motion as countless hands reached for Dorian.

"Human... You have indeed chosen the wrong choice."

1, 2, 3...

Gone.

The Dorian and the strange figures vanished into thin air.

It was as though Dorian had evaporated from the moldy space.

But where? Where did he go?

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"Ahhhhhh~!!!"

Angzen was in despair.

The Zombies and strange creatures in the dark were after them.

Angzen had lost how many times he had tripped and almost knocked off his teeth on a tombstone... Especially when a hand suddenly pops out of the grown and holds onto his ankle. His pale face quivered as the little fat on his cheeks the more he stared at the greenish decayed hand on his ankle.

"Quick! Quick! Get it off! Save me! Save me!!"

Oowwww~~

Angzen was truly crying while shaking and trying to get rid of the arm holding onto him.

The creatures following them were gaining on them with this delay. And once again, Angzen peed himself with whatever leftover pee stayed in his bladder.

Panch!~

Chan-ki stumped on the money hand, completely cracking its grip.

'The grandmaster said he wasn't to reveal any strange waves of heavenly aura yet. It looks like I can only rely on raw strength.'

Chan-ki gritted his teeth and pulled Angzen up. "Quickly. They're gaining on us. Just a bit more, and we'll be safe!"

Though he said these words to soothe Angzen, he didn't believe them.

What safe? These things were leading them towards this strange house on the hill.

"Ah!-... Yes. Yes... We have to leave." The speed at which Angzen picked followed beside Chan-ki was unbelievable.

What's funnier was that he did so while taking big jumps, as though afraid something would shoot out again and grab onto him.

And soon, the duo were inches away from the massive wooden door.

It was just that the creatures had gained on them, so much that they were within arms reach from touching them.

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"Quickly! Quickly!"

Angzen narrowly escaped their claws as he heard the sounds of scratching at the door he and Chan-ki had just barely shut.

Bam!

Angzen leaned against the door, breathing a sigh of relief.

Phew~

The door had a dial-like lock mechanism on its handle, allowing them to keep it shut from the inside.

But would this truly be enough to fortify the place before rescuers get to them?

"Chairs! Tables! We need to block the doors and windows... That's how it's done in the movies!"

"..."