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? [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.

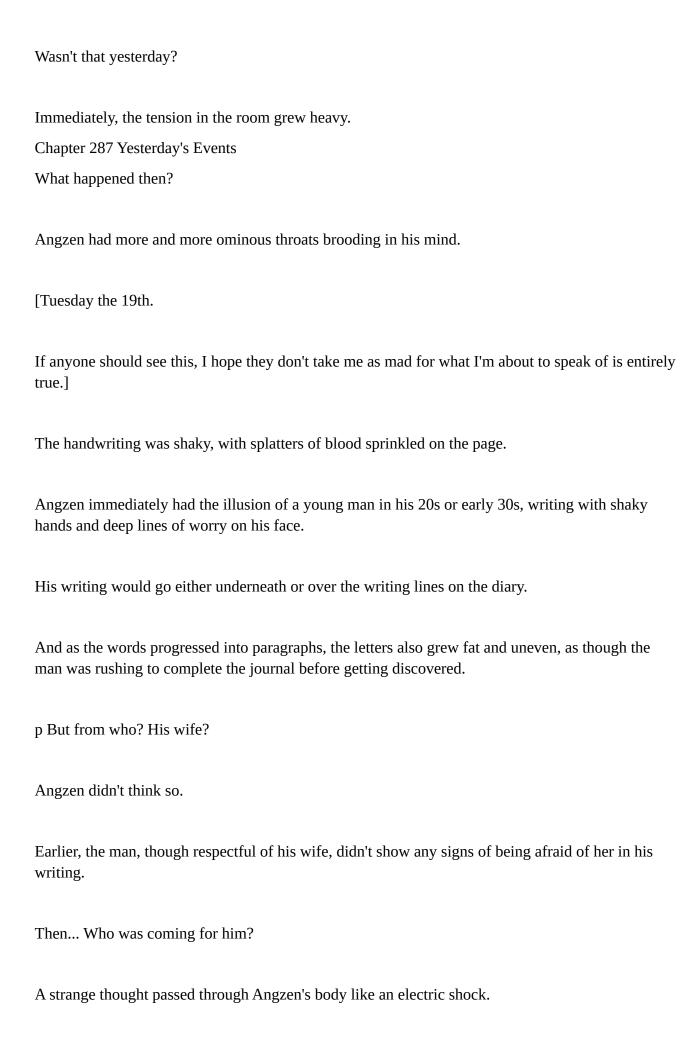
I spent time researching what to do, feeling more and more that my son might truly be possessed. But there was no information online. And I knew that if I said a thing of this nature, I would get locked up for life. Even till now, my mind keeps telling me that I'm the insane one for thinking like this. 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. Dorian flipped the page. [Tuesday the 19th!] The 19th?

Angzen was taken aback.



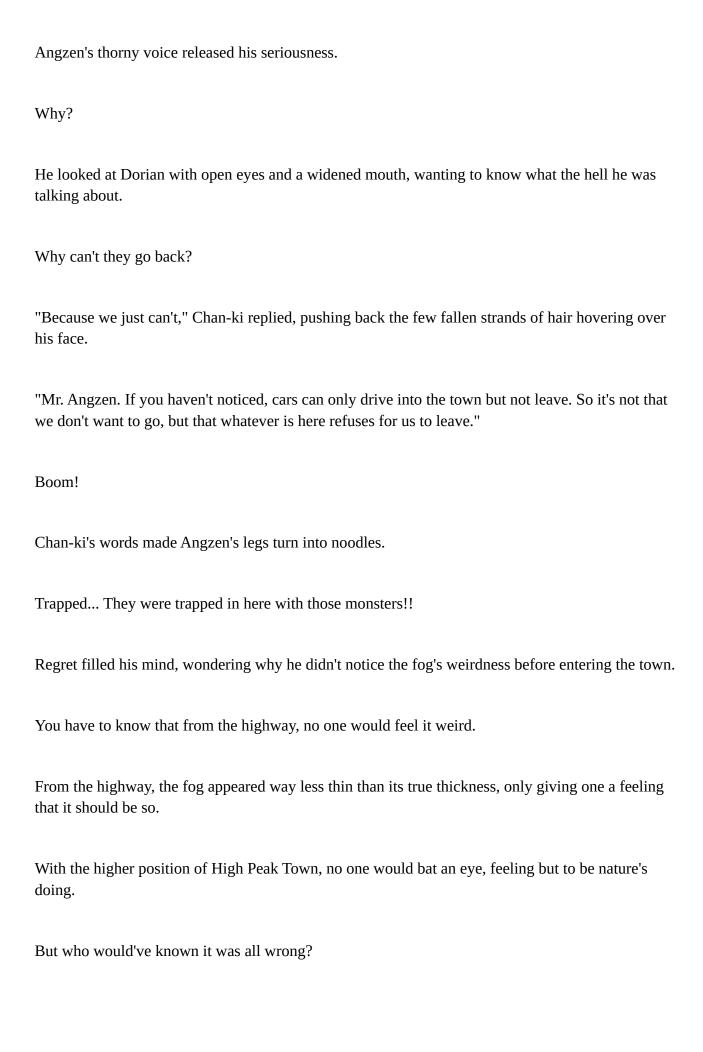
No~~~
It can't be, can it?
Angzen's body went limp with an overwhelming feeling of losing control.
'I just hope I'm wrong.' He thought, continuing to read the man's shaky words.
[My son did it all Today started like a normal day. The sun was up, my neighbors were jolly, and the town was bubbling as it 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.

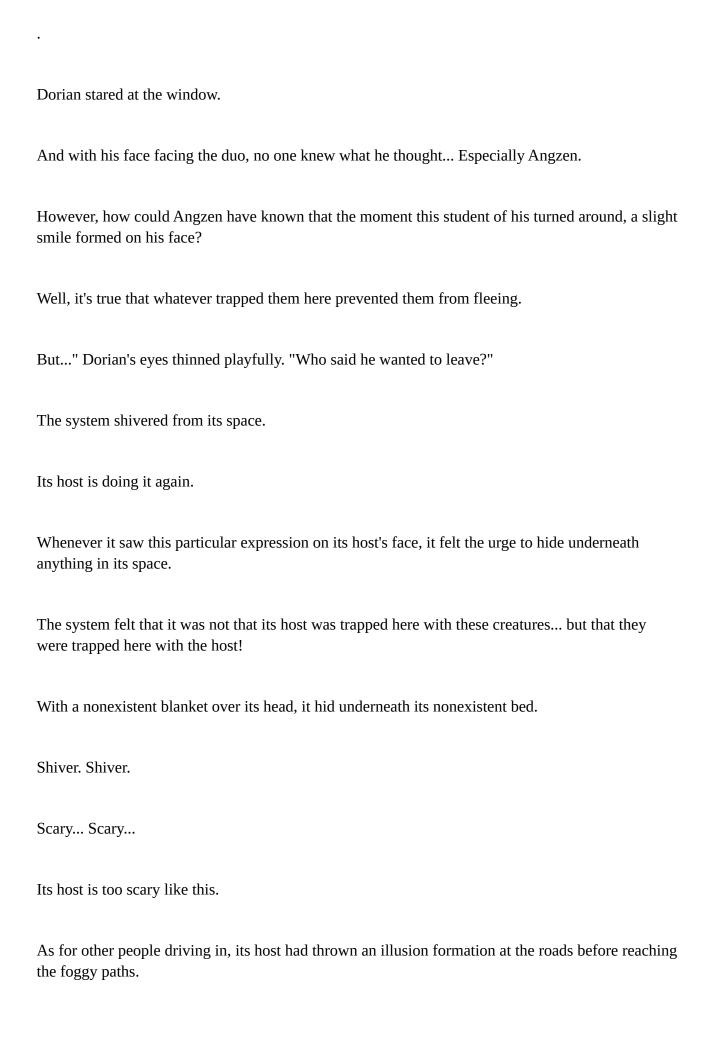
I'm such a coward! I hate myself for being so weak.

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 soespecially 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.
•
[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***!







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.

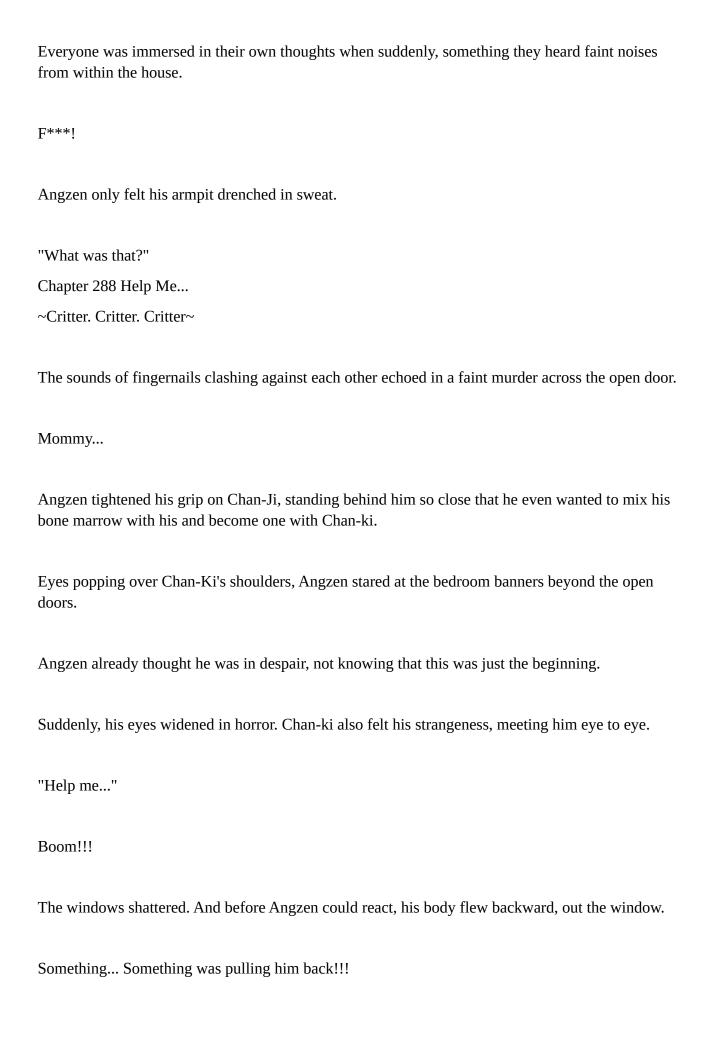
They didn't get too close to the regions where the fog began, not wanting to startle the enemy.

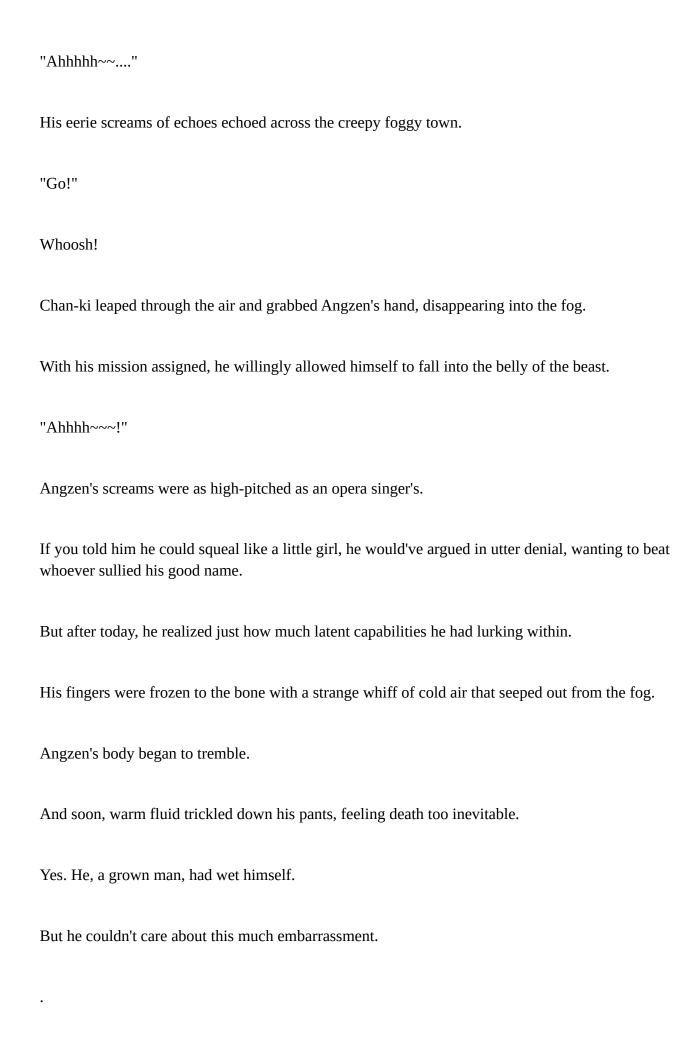
Creating and distance, the formation was set up by them.

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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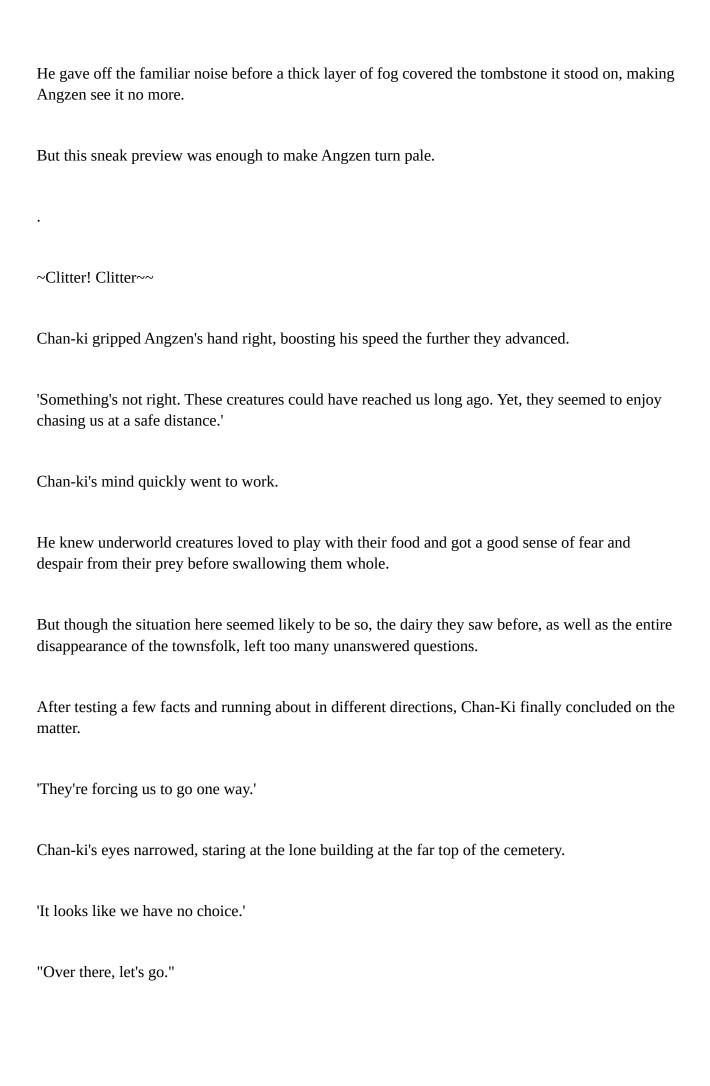


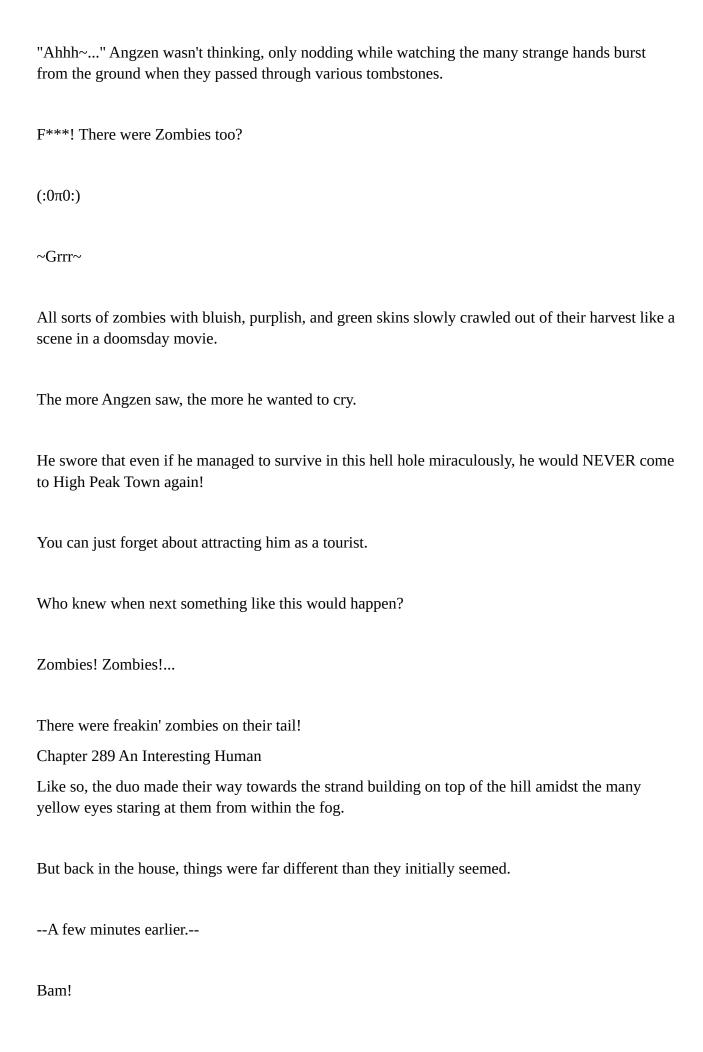


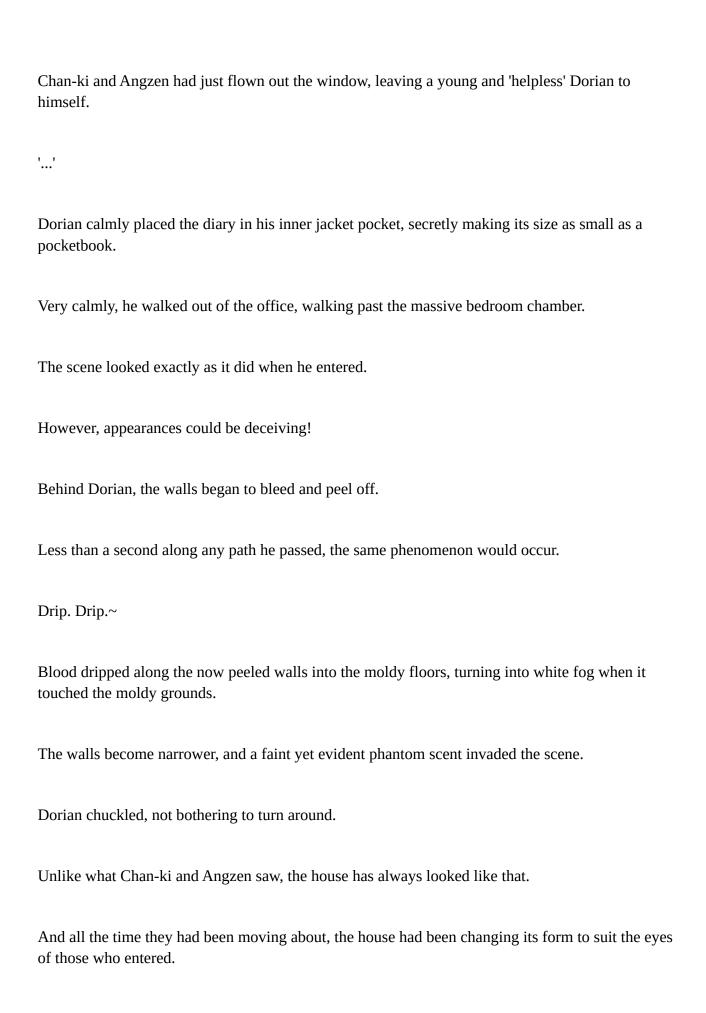
"We're going to die! We're going to die!" All along the nightly journey across the fog, Angzen had spoken of all his regrets in his life. Was it his regret of dying too young and not completing his dream of being a famous teacher? Or was it about his regret of not having enough 'adult gymnastics' with 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?

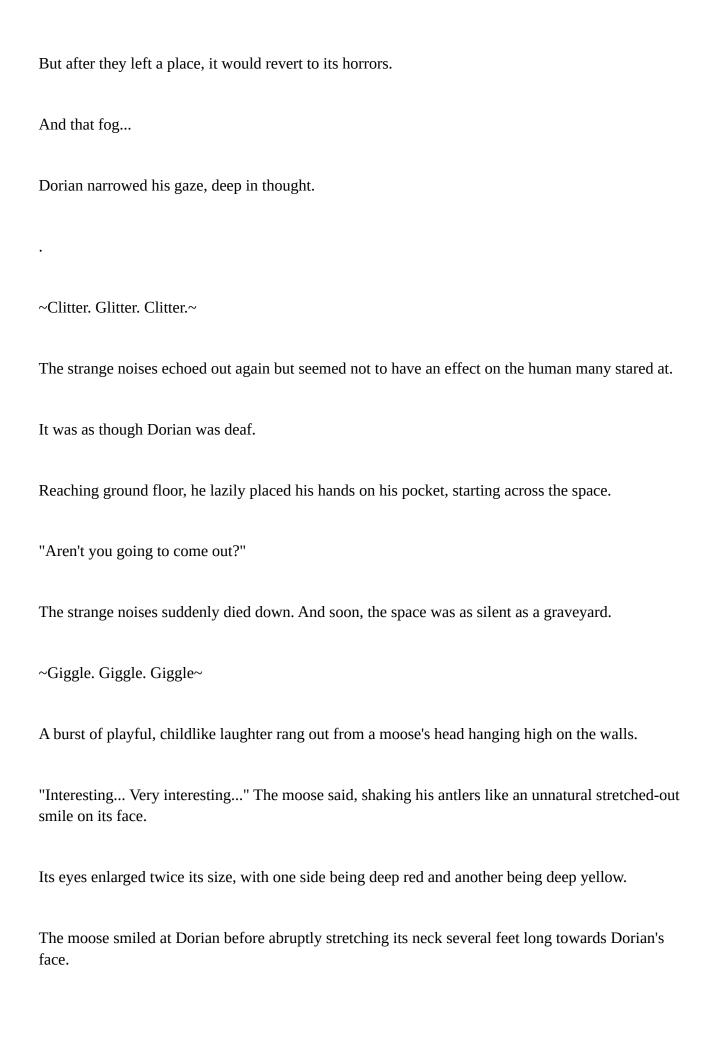


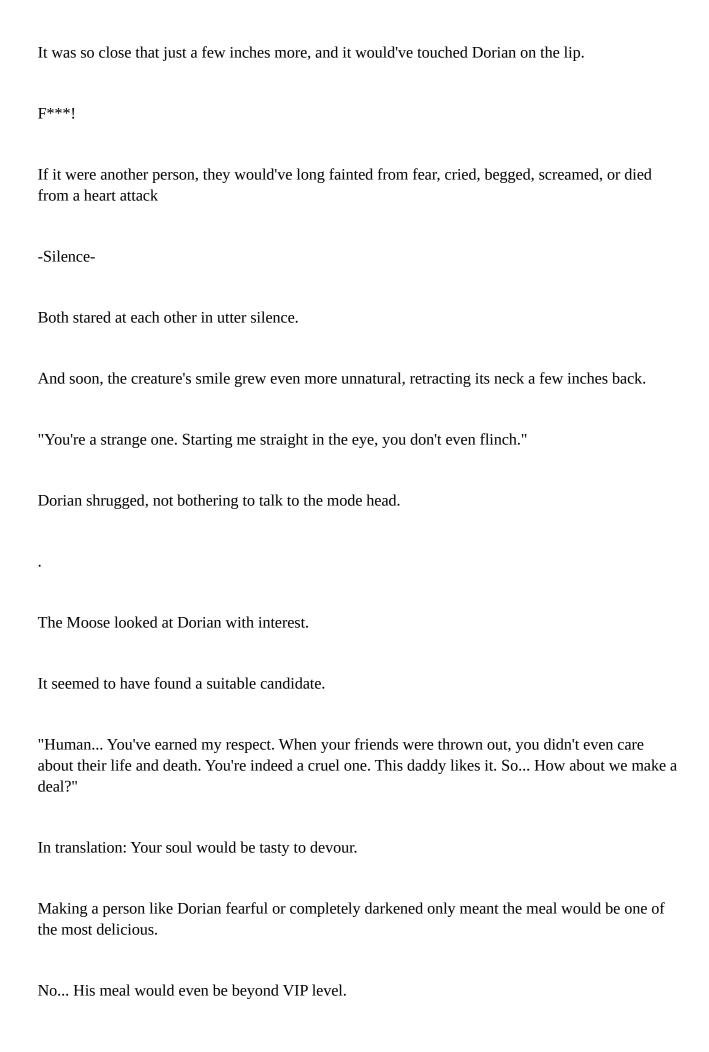












But what was intriguing was that the human's aura, being, and spiritual sense all showed the boy to be extremely good, with almost no darkness in his heart.

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.

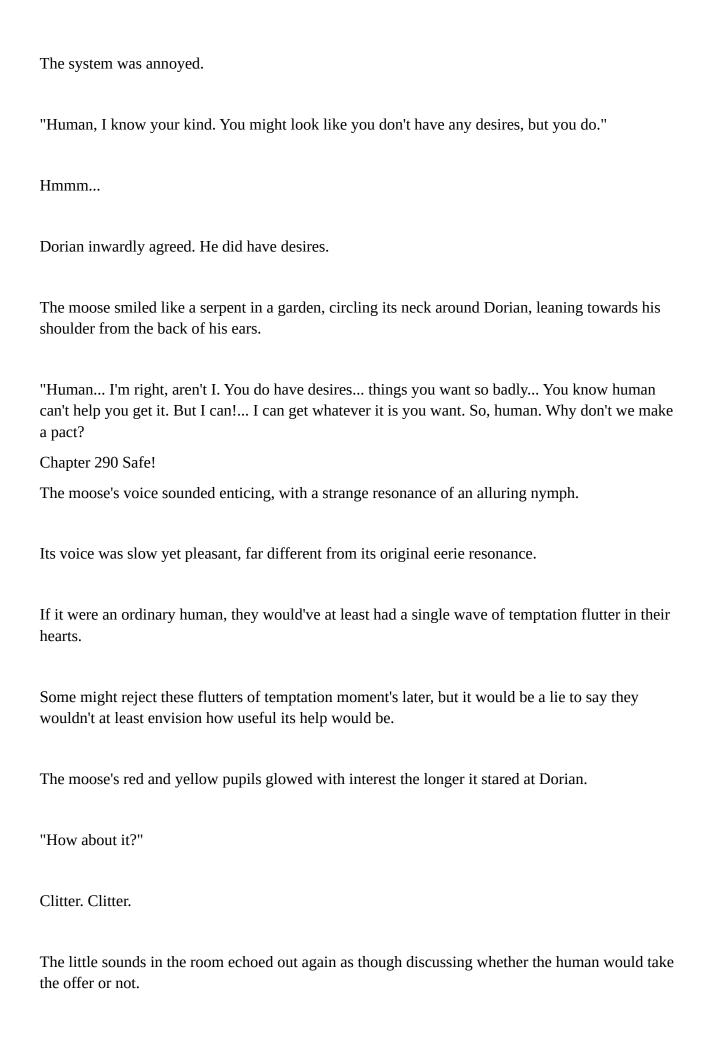
Though rare, it did happen occasionally... So it had been told.

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

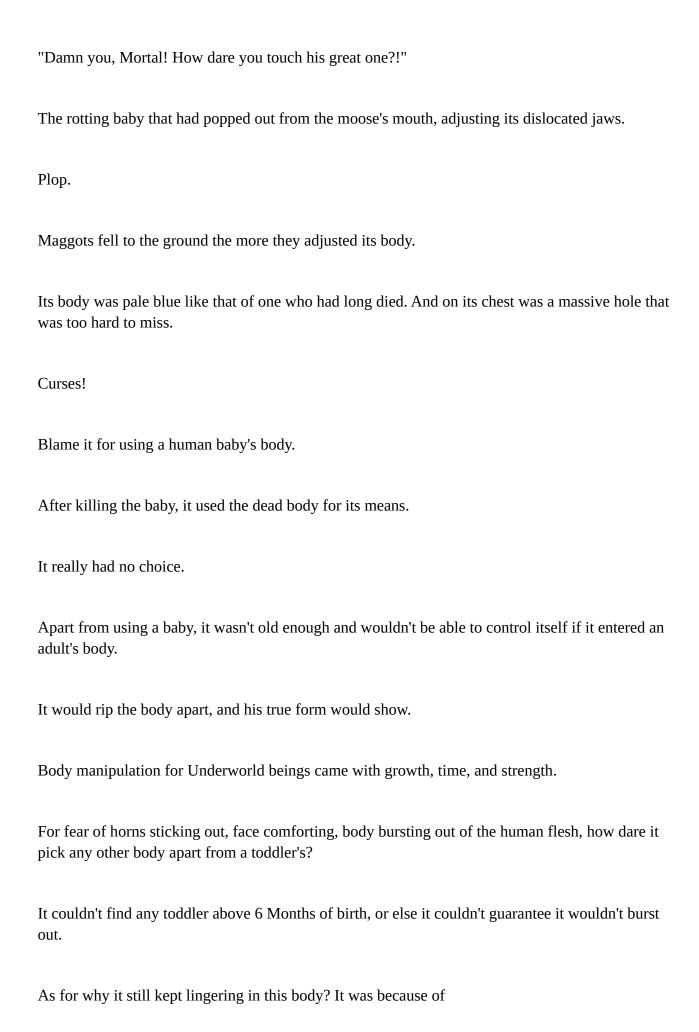
Unbeknownst to the creature, its guess was partially true.

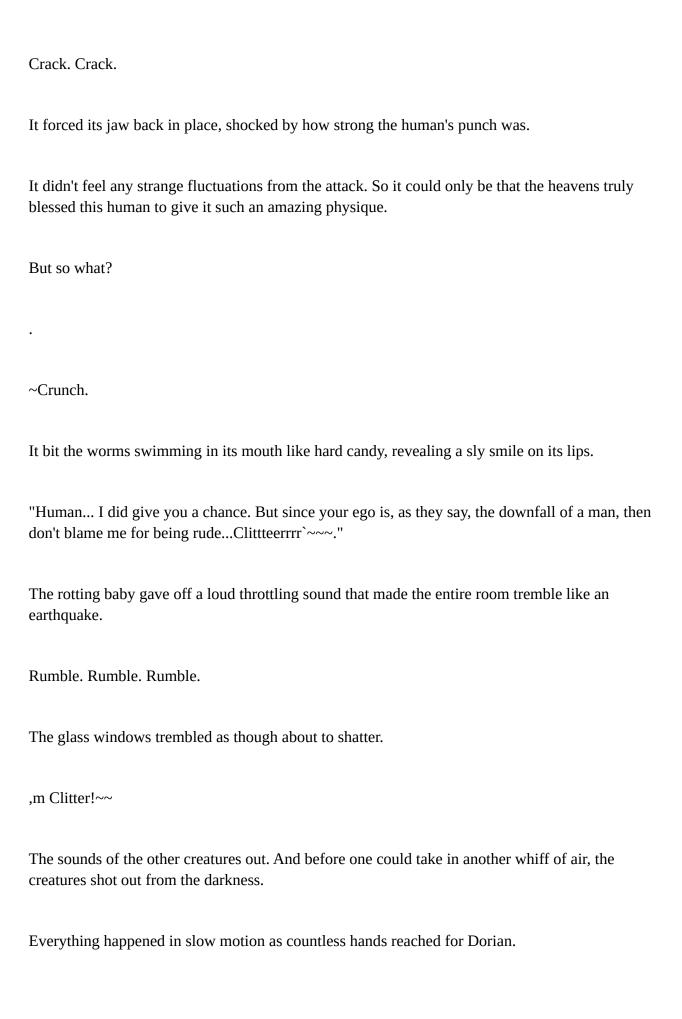
As a genius exorcist in Dorian's past life, do you know how much good he accumulated?

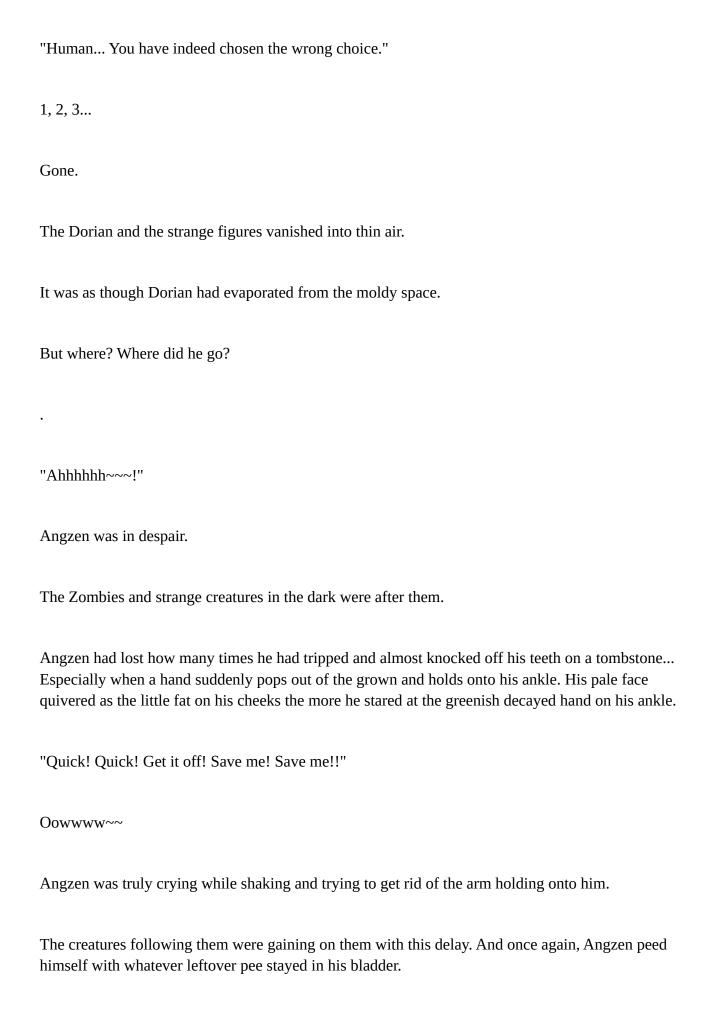
Of course, the reason why he still has his good luck was that he still maintained the same principles as back then.
He had never looked for trouble, not acting in a condemning way against any mortals. Even when handling animals, there was never a display of cruelty.
Above all else, he was a bloody good 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 contact 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!]
$(* \wedge *)$
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!











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.
"Quickly! Quickly!"
Angzen narrowly escaped their claws as he heard the sounds of scratching at the door he and Chanki had just barely shut.
Bam!