

Be Honest! 491

Chapter 491 Provocations

Steadily, the vehiclerode off, away from the turbulent atmosphere surrounding the region.

"Raulin, have Elders Hou, Ghu and Gia send people as planned."

Of course, he can do everything on his own, but because he is mostly focused on exorcism, Dorian knew he needed trusted hands and feet in various positions within the many companies stretched out.

And that's where the help from the Ghus, Gias, and Hous comes to play.

Don't think he is requesting 10 or 20 people?

No. He is asking for over 300 people which is nothing to these big families who have many companies scattered abroad and in the country too.

The Ghus had even more company branches in the country, and pulling out 1 or 2 top-notch people from each of their branches alone should be able to make up the 300 he requested and more.

But he didn't want to, allowing the Gias, Ghus and Hous to send a collective group of 300.

He wanted to send them in groups of 10 to each Tian branch company in the country and send 20 to the headquarters.

In addition, he will also need the Gias to specifically select top-notch Assassin grade guards they trained to protect these people in both Headquarters and branch companies and make their presence known to many.

To stand up to the masses they must have a well-protected guard team with them always so they can do their work more effectively.

Raulin's eyes flashed with a bold light, thinking it was about bloody time they straighten things out once and for all.

Understand that once this is finished, there will be no more rigorous association attempts, no more nuisance and more importantly, no more looking down on the Grandmaster!

Just who does everyone think they are to look down on the Grandmaster?

Whether they were heading to an auction home, or even visiting popular places known and used by high society, everyone treated the Grandmaster like dirt.

But after this, everyone will give the Grandmaster the respect he truly deserves.

Trust him, it won't be long before what they did here circulates to the upper class, making everyone's attitude subtly change to neutral, at least until the war against these shareholders is won.

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Hehehehehehe~

Raulin couldn't stop smiling no matter how hard he tried.

Soon, it will be their turn to show the world just how misguided they were in ever believing their Grandmaster could be put down!

In the meantime, many countries around the world began preparing the world began preparing for the grand annual military competitions, to prove with country coups produce the strongest military powers in today's world.

Don't think this was just some everyday competition as many could best.

die during this time.

The competitions were fierce, brutal and were for the best of the best.

Every nation sent only their Herculean teams, those with given strengths, reputations and accomplishments to take the stand.

There was Marksmanship, hand combat and all sorts of deadly survival tasks, including team survival and eliminations deep in targeted jungle regions, to see how they fare.

It was like a true simulation of how actual deadly Triple-S class missions went.

Assume the worst and take it Goddamn seriously if you want to make your country proud.

Knowledge was also tested, as well as hacking skills, and other methods of survival.

They could also dump them in a city, asking everyone to survive for 3~5 days without getting caught by the police or military.

Their tests also involved reaching the main testing building before the deadline expired or they were out.

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Understand that these competitions were mind-boggling, bringing out all sorts of technology many could only see in movies.

No joke, there were times when some participants used their best makeup and disguise techniques, changing from men to old women in a flash.

They did it so well, even their military supervisors couldn't recognize them when bypassing and even standing face-to-face with these people on the streets.

Some specialized in hacking, others specialized in tracking, and some used mind games to keep everyone running in a loop, sometimes thinking they were in particular places when they were in other opposite locations.

Yes.

Once in the competition, everything is tested.

How will you fair when you enter enemy cities and have to live as a spy when the enemy knows what you look like?

Think fast! You have to rescue your target and they know you are in the city.

How do you evade the many street cameras, and many officers looking for you?

The moment these participants get dropped into the city, their names enter the database as criminals, asking every police officer on duty to be on the lookout for them.

Many police officers don't even know these people are participants in a competition.

Some truly believe they are criminals, but since what they did isn't made known, the officers can't take the risk of targeting these 'criminals.'

That's why police officers are told never to engage or stop these people but to act as eyes and ears for the military.

If they see these people, contact your station and the military personnel waiting there will do the rest like Skynet, sending their For all you know, they could be hackers, who didn't do anything to physically hurt a person.

forces wherever the need emerges from.

The term criminals don't necessarily mean these people on the list murdered someone.

For all you know, they could be hackers, who didn't do anything to physically hurt a person.

In other words, they might be geeks who have never worked out in their lives only doing things online as they pleased.

In that case, should they be treated the same as murderers?

It was precisely because no police officer was told what these so-called criminals did, that they never dared to engage with these people when spotted.

Maybe the military was attracted to the talents of these people, and that's why they labeled them as criminals.

So why risk disrupting the military because of their stupid actions of getting involved when they were told to strictly stay away and act like birds, seeing everything and reporting back?

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All in all, all nations began preparing for the grand military competitions.

But why... Why did the people from Vardos country, their hosts, strangely provoke them by requesting they bring in more people as though saying they can't win with their puny numbers? Dammit!

So what if Vardos is one of the world's leading nations?

How dare they look down on them this much?

Boom!

Many slammed their fists with fury, gritting their teeth so hard one could hear their gnashing from a mile away.

"Alright! If it's a fight they want, a fight they shall get!"

"Evertlne, you better train hard till you DIE during these few weeks of grace before we live. None of you will disgrace our Trigumn

Country!"

"Son of a B**ch!... They dare look down on our Jailang Country? Hehehehehe~... Good..Very Good! We will show them the ferociousness of Jailang!"

"Why the hell are up sissies still sleeping? Get up and give me 200 pushups and 300 frog leaps now! Boy, why is your mouth opened in shock? Or do you think I will allow you all to embarrass our Gillian Country out there? Impossible! I'll kill you all before that day comes."

"Hmph! Vardos... Vardos... just you wait and see who will be on top!"

Chapter 492 The Hateful Britannia Museum

492 The Hateful Britannia Museum

Just like that, many forces geared up to take the top position in the upcoming competitions.

No way!

This provocation was too great to bottle up.

Just who do these Vardos people think they are to look down on the rest of the world just because they always took one of the top 3 spots in every competition?

There are hundreds and hundreds of countries in the world and every time they fall within either one spot among the top 3, which already shows how strong their nation's military is.

But so bloody what?

Is that enough reason to look down on the rest of the world while seated on their hidden throne?

Son of a b**ch!

This time, many nations swore to drag Vardos down their high horse, ensuring the bastards fall off the top 3 and even fall below the top 100 if possible.

Hmph!

Just wait and see how they prove themselves this year.

Just like that, everyone was gearing up for the competition, as if their lives were on the line.

They thought it was pure provocation, not knowing Vardos had no intention of truly being aggressive.

Have you forgotten?

The Grandmaster's entrance examination happens to fall within that same timeframe as the grand competitions.

Vardos had realized that they alone couldn't fight the war when the end of days came.

This was a global and national thing, one that must be fought worldwide to stop all gates and underworld creatures from appearing on every continent, country, city, town, and village.

No..

Even the seas might not be safe.

That's why they have to work together to put various plans in motion.

Maybe during the estimated battle time, no ships will be allowed to sail, and no planes allowed to hover across the oceans just yet.

It would be like there was some grand virus that needed the world to quarantine, with everyone staying put.

Of course, they won't tell the truth just yet, until a few hours before the attack commences.

This was to stop mass chaos and also keep the enemy out of the loop with them thinking humans were still oblivious to their grand plans.

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In the end, Vardos has thought hard over this, knowing humanity must unite as one if they are ever going to make it through the storm.

Thus, they ensured those coming for the competitions were 10 to even 20 times the numbers required.

Of course, Vardos cannot make such a decision alone.

Vardos has good allies with the other top nations, and had to place their foot down swearing their asking for more people was for a good cause.

Understand that for these competitions, each nation brings in 3~20 people to compete.

But this time, Varxos requested they should bring 20 times the number.

20 x 20

That's 400.

Why in heaven's name do they need 400 people from each nation to compete? It seemed ridiculous, but Vardos was even willing to give up some treasures and benefits just to make it happen.

They indeed paid a heavy price, but they swore it was for a food reason.

Vardos was sure that once everyone knew the true threat, they wouldn't even ask them to give up their national treasures anymore.

It was a gamble Vardos was sure they would win.

Mind you, they not only requested 400 competitors from each nation but also requested another 200 names of vital military personnel in those countries to be present for the competition too.

They narrowed down the list, targeting people of high-ranking status and positions, saying they must be there, no matter what!

But it's the way Vardos did it, that seemed as though they were provoking the masses.

It's almost as if they were staying, excluding those in the top 3 positions with them.... even if the entire world were to join up, they wouldn't be any match for their Vardos country.

Well, Vardos has thought hard and long about this matter, ensuring that at least when judgment day comes, each nation will have its very own exorcist defenders emerging from the skies to protect them as best as they can.

Thankfully, the grandmaster ensured that this wasn't the only recruitment period since another One would fall sometime next year, in January.

That is just in a couple of months.

So once word gets out, all nations will bring in more before then.

Just like that, many nations began preparing for the big competitions with the fury of a thousand blades burning in their hearts.

Noway! This time they were sure to beat those Vardos bastards to a pulp.

However, they weren't the only ones feeling this way.

At the same time, strange reports began circulating within an exclusive group, causing an uproar among many.

"Damn it! How can they move so fast? My people just getting this news now and those bastards from the Britannia Museum have already been reported to have arrived in Cygypt already?"

"I know right? Those bastards always take the good things."

"So true. The other day, my daughter asked me what's something that feels Britannish but isn't. Of course my answer still remains the <The contents of the Britannia museum. If possible, those bastards would even like to carry the leaning tower of Bigizma in their bags and take it to their museum too."

"Pfft!~... I swear if you all nations tale back what those bastards stole their museum would be so empty, like walking into a newly built house."

"Those bastards are crooks and criminals hiding behind the badge as British museum workers."

"Criminals! They are all bloody criminals! Just look at how they are rushing to steal artifacts from poor Cygypt. I swear they would love to pocket the pyramids too if they could. This time, it seems they have a hunch on where Pharaoh Hotanzi the 7th is buried."

"What? That same Hotanzi whose love for his wife was so great he even chose to plummet his empire for her alone? It's said he is buried with the remains of his beloved wife and incredible heaps of treasures and artifacts Cypgyt too."

"Yes, yes! It was recorded that he was the wealthiest Pharaoh in all of Cygypt's history. It's said his wealth was so great it could flood the river Tyke. So imagine how much those bastards will uncover once they find the tomb?"

"Hmph! Not if I find it first!" Someone commented, already leaving the group chat and flying away.

Many also did the same with determination burning their eyes.

No way!

This is Hotanzu, the most mysterious ruler known in Cygypt's history.

His wealth, his strengths and everything about this guy was too important for them to pass up.

Damn, those guys from the Britannia Museum for always being one step ahead of them.

"Go! Go! Go!"

"Everyone, we leave for Cygypt now!"

Chapter 493 Where is It?

Tick. TOCK. Tick TOCK!

The race for priceless artifacts began just like that.

The stakes were high and everyone knew just how valuable the tomb in search was.

But as many forces around the world gathered teams to leave for Cygypt, the enemy they hated had already long landed and even had several days of preparation before today's final meetup.

News would not have reached the hidden exclusive online group, had it not been for a backstabber within the team, who gave out information today for big money.

Since they arrived, their phones were confiscated to ensure no one gave information out.

But someone had snuck into the room where the phones were being kept, wasting no time to send word out for good pay in his account.

The man knew that was the only opportunity he would get to do it, so he took the shot.

Heh.

As they say, money makes the world go round.

But just as some people had spies or backstabbers in the team, the Britannia group also had theirs in the outside world.

So once news got out, their superiors and those leading the teams already knew of the leak.

The culprit was found and quickly kicked out of the group, lest he continue leaking more vital information that keeps them ahead of the game.

Finally, only after taking out the trash in their group and ensuring maximum preparations, did they begin their mission.

Weeeeeewww~

The vast Egyptian desert stretched endlessly, with its monotonous gold and yellow grains only broken occasionally by a few singular rocks and distant mirages.

Hot.

Very hot. Many thought, as the relentless sun scorched the sand making every step a tremendous endeavor.

A team of determined archeologists and scholars all stood confounded, and behind them were the locals and guards, also looking at them perplexed.

Eh?

What's with the hold-up? Why did they stop here?

The archeologists and scholars twisted their faces joking they had reached the mapped coordinates.

So why was there no sign of the tomb's entrance?

Dr. Eldora Hagtove adjusted her hat and wiped the sweat from her brow in annoyance. "This doesn't make any sense. The manuscripts were clear. The tomb should be here. So what is going on? Or could it be that those bastards gave us fake manuscripts?"

"Fake manuscripts?" Another exclaimed. "They dare tick off our great Britannia Museum? We are the most powerful forces when it comes to this profession in today's world. So who will dare piss us off in their right senses?"

Dr. Miguel Sanwodal furrowed his brows while spreading out the ancient scrolls and secret parchments to cross-check things.

They had set up foldable tables on the sands for the time being.

Looking at the many ancient documents, Dr. Miguel's frown deepened even more. "I don't think they're fake. Remember that we already carbon-dated these documents and know they aren't fake."

Switching to another document, Miguel continued. "It's true that the ancients might've created various fake copies to decker the masses into never finding where the tomb was located. But look here..."

Instantly, many people crowded around the table.

"Look This symbol and this particular word puzzle are identical to the ones we found in Mygo Country, adding perfectly with the cut-out section of that one."

"Ahhh!" Someone exclaimed. "Yes! Yes! When all 5 documents are grouped, they create a map. So, Dr. Miguel, it's this map that led us here, right?"

"Correct. There are other pieces of evidence to prove it isn't a decoy map but now is not the time we dive into that. Remember, we have enemies on our tail who want the same thing as we do --- To find the tomb first!"

Understand that their world of archeology was brutal and cruel.

Typically, anything found in a country belonged to that country.

However, the strong have always been an exemption to this rule.

Hehhehehehe~

Should they be the ones to find the tomb, you best believe they will carry almost everything out leaving the scraps for the poor people of Cygypt.

What?

Who asked them to be weak?

Who asked them not to have a determined and strong enough team to explore and gather information about these places across the world?

Do you think it was easy to find this location?

Do you know how many resources they burned out just to screen the dupes from the real ones and successfully find the artifacts and treasures?

Tsk.

You must be joking to think they would give it all up after finding them.

Understand that even the mummified bodies will be taken to their museums should they want.

Well, maybe they'll leave a few slave-mummified corpses to the people of Cygypt as pity for robbing them of what belongs to their nations.

Bottom line, Miguel and a few others felt the documents they had were true and not dupes.

"That's why I said we are missing something, Eldora. The ancients were smart, so there must be a clue we are just not seeing."

At the same time, Dr. Ashaku, another renowned archeologist and scholar, was in his own corner, still examining a curious rock formation nearby.

To the untrained eye, it looked casual, and nothing to write home about.

Heck.

Even many very well-trained researchers and scholars might not find it odd, as the desert continuously blew with sand, burying the rocks underneath.

But to him, who was always alert and had a remarkable ability, very keen to details, he felt there was something not quite right with the rock formation, though he couldn't put his hands on what it was just yet.

Sure enough, after searching for clues on his own, he finally found something noteworthy.

"Everyone, come overnight, come take a look at this!" Ashaku called out, pointing out the faint remnants of the carvings on them.

The language was in ancient Cygyptian, one they have studied very profoundly too.

Everyone gathered around, following Ashaku's hands running across the peculiar symbols (words).

[Yara giveth and Yara taketh. Without Yara, darkness emerges. Yet, even in Yara, the darkness never fades.]

Everyone looked at each other, knowing this was a riddle.

Instantly, they knew this must be the key to revealing it all!

Chapter 494 First Clue!

Yara?

Who is this Yara? His mother?

Understand that this world has no understanding and belief system in Gods, so many were quick to associate Yara with some relative or reigning monarch at the time.

Brains cracked, computers tapped, ancestry pulled out... many struggled to understand what in the name of Science was this dead pharaoh on about.

Yara, Yara, Yara.

Who the f*** is Yara? Your slave? Your gatekeeper?

Your maid?

Yara was also such a common name at the time back then in ancient Cygypt.

So are you asking them to start locating all the Yaras you possibly knew in your lifetime?

Augh~

What a drag.

"It's always riddles."

"Yeah. For once, can't we unearth a tomb that isn't complicated?"

"Sure, we are taking (stealing) your buried artifacts and even your mummified body. But isn't it all for history and science's sake?"

"That's right! Why are these ancients always so fearful that someone will steal these treasures after they are dead?"

"Exactly! When you die you die, so why give us, the living, a hard time?"

"According to many ancient texts, these ancients buried themselves with their treasures as a way of showing off wealth, sort of like if one buys a golden basket today."

"Tsk. Some also got buried with their treasures just to spite their relatives, with some like Pharaoh Timoi the 7th, leaving his only sister with nothing in the royal treasury, having everything of his buried with him."

"Yara, Yara, Yara... Does anyone know who this Yara person is?"

The more many brainstormed, the more they felt their bodies losing energy not just from the scorching heat but brain power too.

And after what seemed like an eternity, many fell butt first on the sand, wiping their thick sweat and unbuttoning their shorts and blouses for air.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock.

Words couldn't describe how fragile the atmosphere turned, as many felt the invisible clocks ticking in their ears, telling them they had no time to waste.

[REPORT! People from Jailang Country spotted entering Cygypt.]

[REPORT! People from Vardos Country spotted entering Cygypt.]

[REPORT!...]

[REPORT!...]

[REPORT!]

Oh no! It's happened!

One by one, the walkie-talkies and cellphones belonging to the head military and guard personnel protecting them kept sending in reports now and then, as if there was some big race occurring within Cygypt.

Just this alone made everyone feel there were ants in their pants.

It was a hot joining day, yet they now had goosebumps over their arms, fearing some other bastards would arrive in time to solve the puzzle and beat them to the punch.

No way!

Dr. Eldora's eyes burned with a cruel light, wasting no time lashing out at the group, wanting them all to use their brains fast.

[Everyone]:... So you're not part of the brainstorming team?

"Come on! Can't you all solve such a simple riddle? My daddy said you all are great but I don't think so at all! Hmph! If you let us lose this big fish, don't think I won't be reporting to my daddy after we're done!"

Eldora wasted no time threatening the group, not caring that many of them were renowned archaeologists and scholars who were masters of their Domain, known worldwide and very famous too.

Who asked her father to hold an even bigger position that overwhelmed the group?

Not only was he higher in position than then, but he was also stinking rich!

He was so wealthy that he funded two-thirds of today's operations.

Don't think this was something that could be easily done.

The cost for such mission operations was so hefty they could scare many millionaires into heart attacks.

Don't think the tomb matter can be completely done in one day.

After finding the tomb's entrance, it could take days, weeks and even months to safely clear all traps laid out by the ancients.

And all this time people can die and even the entire tomb can collapse.

The ancients were indeed a tricky bunch, knowing they didn't want their tombs found. So they had them laced with all of sorts boobytraps that stayed in place for thousands and thousands of years.

This was done to keep grave robbers at bay from stealing their many treasures.

Finding the tomb's location might be the easiest thing they could encounter since they might face more imminent death threats going further.

"Shut up!" Dr. Ashaku couldn't help yelling out, not caring anymore for her father's position.

"You-you-you dare talk back to me? My father will hear of --"

"S.H.U.T... U.P!"

Ashaku's roar bellowed like a vicious lion waiting to trample on its prey.

His short grayish black hair was blowing in the wind and his eyes behind his glasses were so menacing, it made Eldora take 2 steps back in the loose sand, almost falling to her butt in fear.

She wanted to speak back, but Ashaku's eyes made her dare not try.

Unlike the others who would please her at every turn, Ashaku was a wild card thrown into the mix.

He didn't care about her father's position, nor did he care about her ridiculous thoughts.

No. What he was here for was to watch history unfold before his very eyes, while marveling at the ingenuity of the ancients.

He was here not for greed but for knowledge.

A man like himself who has been an archeologist, professor and tomb raided for over 31 years now, wasn't someone who cared a lot about treasures.

No.

He valued the process of treasure hunting and digs.

Since he was 17, he has lived for knowledge, the thrill of discovery, sort of the feeling one gets when finishing a puzzle.

So for the love of science, this brat better shut up, or he will drown her in a pit of sand and be done with it.

"For Pete's sake! Do you know how annoying that chirping voice of yours is? Our brains are already under stress in unfavorable conditions trying to think. So do you think we need your remix playlist in our ears now?"

Hmph!

"You little girl had better stay quiet from now on. The sun is hot, and is high--"

Ashaku was ruthless, pointing at the sun in fury, but soon paused with widened eyes that glittered like stars.

"Wait! I think I've gotten it! Everyone back off! Back away and give me room!"

Yes, yes...

"That's it!" Ashaku exclaimed again, slapping his thighs and running around merrily.

"Yara giveth and Yara taketh. Without Yara, darkness emerges. Yet, even in Yara, the darkness never fades... those are the words on the stone.... So don't you get it? They are talking about shadows!"

"What? Shadows?"

"Yes! The tomb's location can only be revealed when the sun is directly above it. At the sun's zenith above it, no shadows will be seen stretching out! That is our first clue!"

Really? Instantly, everyone turned skyward, gauging the sun's position with squinting eyes.

Just in time!

They had but a few minutes more before the first big clue was revealed!

Rising from the ground, Eldora dusted her sandy butt and hands with eyes spewing hate.

"Heh. Who knows if what you're saying is true? How come I didn't hear your explanation of who this Yara person is?"

Eldora scoffed arrogantly with a wicked glint in her eyes.

"For your sake, I hope you're right, Dr. Ashaku or I will have my father make you pay the price for delaying us for these few priceless minutes!"

Chapter 495 Awakened!

Looking between their watches and the scorching sun, everyone waited in silence.

Even the annoying Eldora thinned her lips with a hint of anxiousness flashing through her eyes.

'For daddy's sake, they better be right!'

Wheeeee~

The winds blew the sands across the land severally, only heightening the tense atmosphere even more.

What to expect? What to see? Everyone hoped Ashaku was right.

'Almost there.'

Pushing his glasses back in, Dr. Miguel looked at his watch, confirming they were within the final minutes before the sun stood directly above the center stone within the formation.

Right now, they could still see a tiny bit of the rock's shadow protruding to the left.

What they wanted was for its shadow to be entirely focused directly underneath the rock.

Feeling his muscles tense and his heart rate accelerated, Miguel hastily opened his water bottle, wetting his parched throat.

"Now!"

Ashaku yelled, emphasizing the estimated few minutes they had were over.

Now? Was it now? Everyone looked at each other, standing back from the formation as far as they could.

Then, it happened.

Zgr~

A slight grinding sound was heard, and Ashaku rushed forward to the stone, touching it hastily. Miguel was one step behind him. And soon, both looked at each other, laughing excitedly.

"Old boy, it's a dial!"

"Bahahhahah~... It's an ancient dial! Damn! You were right! The sun and the shadows are the key! But I'm guessing we don't have much time anymore, right?"

"Yes! We must find the correct dial pattern before the sun creates protruding shadows from the rock!"

Everyone immediately understood that if they missed their chance today, they would only have to come back tomorrow around the same time to do it all over.

But who says they will have the luxury of being the only teams here?

Haven't you heard that many organizations and Museum representatives and teams have already arrived in Cygypt?

If they don't get ahead of them now, you best believe those bastards will be here to pry their corner and make things 10 times harder for them.

Fighting off 1 or 2 teams at once isn't an issue

The problem comes from fighting over 20 and more at once.

Even though their Britannia Museum organization was the top power in their archeology, tomb-raiding world, it wasn't advisable to go against everyone at once.

Placing her hands on her hips, Eldora was even more panicked and annoyed by their slowness.

Yes. She was still afraid of Ashaku, but her fear of the opportunity slipping by was more than her fear of Ashaku.

"Then what the hell are you old geezers waiting for? You still have the time to laugh when you know we have only a few minutes before our window of chance closes?"

Eldora had long forgotten she was doubtful of Ashaku's shadow theory not too long ago.

She didn't think she should apologize for threatening him with her father's existence since she was only raising a valuable point.

Hmph!

Who knows if he will also get it right next time?

Eldora jeered at the group, hurrying them to think harder.

Of course, her yelling didn't stop just with Miguel and Ashaku, since she dragged the other scholars and archeologists into this matter too.

"What are you all looking at? Don't just stand there and watch the 2 of them solve everything! Get in there and prove your money's worth!"

Everyone was inwardly annoyed, feeling very insulted since although they were standing a few steps behind the duo, they were still very much involved in the mystery-solving, as they spoke with the duo from where they stood.

Don't you see their team's population?

If everyone were to crowd around a single stone, do you think anything would get done?

Please!

Haven't you heard the saying that there can't be too many cooks handling one pot on a fire?

They can give their input while giving space to the duo around the stone.

As for Ashaku and Miguel, they completely treated Eldora like air.

I can't see you, so I can't hear you.

"Old boy, Yara. The clue is still in the name!"

"The name? Well, in the time of Hotanzi the 7th, the name Yara was the 5th most recorded name, used by both males and females."

"Yes. But don't forget that it was also used by sailors as--"

"Ah!" Miguel's eyes broadened at an alarming rate.

How can his mind skip over this?

In many parts of the world, pirate sayings vary greatly.

For example, their ancient Britannia pirates used phrases like <Cleave Him to the Brisket> meaning to kill a man by cutting across his chest from the shoulders to the stomach.

Pirates had phrases for everything, including directions.

Recalling it now, if a pirate in Hotanzi's era yelled out the phrase, <Yara the Galleys>, it meant they should first direct the shift North, then South, then North again.

"Guys, the shadows are starting to show noticeable deviation." One of the scholars kindly reminded.

Panic momentarily surged the hearts of many, as they now found their bodies covered in goosebumps despite the scorching weather.

And then, it happened again.

Zr~

A slight grinding sound echoed out once more, causing their hearts to dangle on a lone string with worry.

Has it closed? Has their moment of opportunity closed? No way.

They still have a minute more according to estimations.

So what was that? Ashaku carefully wiggled the dial stone, seeing that it was still movable, but very hard to move compared to earlier.

"The mechanism is slowly closing from within."

Hiss~

Everyone sucked in their breath, looking at the duo anxiously.

Come on, guys.... come on!

"Yara the Galleys." Miguel murmured with a struck expression.

Excluding Eldora, the military soldiers, and a few of the locals, everyone else instantly understood what Miguel and Ashaku were driving at.

"Yara the Galleys.... YARA THE GALLEYS"

Gritting their teeth, the duo turned the hard-to-move dial as fast as they could --- North, South, North.

Bam!

They collapsed on the sandy floor, gasping with relief and anticipation, after hearing several more grinding noises echo from the other surrounding stones in the formation.

Hahahahhahahahah~

Both looked at each other tactfully and called others to help hold the surrounding stones.

There were 5 surrounding stones. These don't rely on the sun and shadows, but should also have a time frame for when they should be turned.

Well, the sooner the better.

"Remember, we do it together... same direction, same time."

North, South, North.

~Zrrrrgh!

Everyone standing within the formation, felt the rounds shake more and more with every passing second.

"The sand is vibrating. Everyone get out!"

Driving for cover, Miguel looked back, only to see a Pentagon hole form on the surface.

That's it!

The tomb's entrance.

Everyone showed a triumphant expression, breathing heavily at the side, while waiting for the entrance to open fully.

Yes.

Everything seemed fine and great, but what they didn't know was that their intrusion had awoken a powerful being in a tomb far far below.

Roar!~