

Be Honest! 496

Chapter 496 Into The Tomb We Go

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble~

The ground shook for what seemed like an eternity, as everyone took cover, feeling the tremors beneath the sand.

Locals moistened their dry lips, military tightened their jaws and many scholars kept their lips opened in a silent O as the reveal was truly magnificent.

Damn!

They were doubting if this was truly the place earlier.

But seeing the mysterious trap door portal open up, everyone only felt reality was fast to slap them in the face.

Hhahahahahaha~

Eldora laughed merrily, knowing her daddy's money did not go down the drain in hiring these old geezers and their disciples.

Well, as they say, Money makes the world go round.

Eldora admitted she wasn't as brilliant as these people, and truly had not much interest in studying hard for something money can buy.

People call her Dr. Eldora.

But did you know the reason she excelled far above her classmates was because her dear daddy got her the cheat sheets for all exams?

With the cake dropped before her on a golden platter, how can she not excel with excellence?

Hehhehehe~

This was her first expedition, and she didn't want it to be ordinary.

Why be ordinary? Her name was meant to touch the stars.

Thus, she requested her dear daddy place her in the team, so her name can be recorded among them when they discover the greatest Find of the century.

For thousands and thousands of years, people have looked for this tomb with blood in their eyes to no avail.

So imagine how popular and famous she will become once the expedition is over.

Hehehehehe~

Her daddy will pay the journalists interviewing to talk about her brilliance and how she played a key role in revealing the tomb's entrance.

That's right.

She already planned to steal Ashaku and Miguel's credit all to herself.

Hmph!

If they feel salty, she would snack them with millions to pay them off.

After all, is there anything in this world money can't buy?

Drrrrrr~

The Pentagon's space opened at the center, swallowing the sand above it. And soon, the noise stopped, and everyone waited for a full 2 minutes before they dared to move.

Ashaku and Muriel looked at each other tactfully, feeling the stone in their heart drop.

Phew~

For a moment after turning the stones, nothing happened which made them think they were wrong.

But just in the nick of time, the grinding sound echoed, revealing a shifting pentagonal slab covering a dark foreboding staircase descending into the ground.

Harping with relief and anticipation everyone in the team exchanged triumphant glances.

Muriel and Ashaku weren't the only ones who were to be commended.

Everyone on the scholarly team had to be commended for their dedication and intellect that led them to one of the list sought-after archeological finds in history.

What? Do you think finding this exact location far out in the Desert was easy? No.

They put their sweat and backs into this, ensuring success would come. So seeing their hard work pay off, many wanted to cry but had no tears to give in this scorching desert.

(Sniff. Sniff.)

They chose to save their tears for later.

Hey... who knows, maybe it can use it for drinkable water later, though that wouldn't be such a good idea.

As the desert winds howled around them, everyone soon gathered themselves, knowing the moment of truth had come.

"Hold on, everyone, remember... Those going on must wear cameras and mics so we can understand what dilemmas you'll be facing down there. So please line up for preparations." One of the tech geniuses in the team ordered.

They were also working with the military tech teams to ensure everyone was safe there too.

For this mission, 5 military soldiers, alongside 3 site operators and Ashaku will be leading 30 locals into the tomb.

The locals who signed up are here to do things like digging if need be and other mental tasks that they might have to overcome while inside.

Of course, this first team is only going on the scout and ensuring the structure can support their travels depending on the space.

The site inspectors/operators will check the structures and ensure each step ahead is safe for walking, lest someone falls into an even deeper ravine they can't escape from.

In the end, these structures have been here for so long without maintenance that it's hard to guarantee it's all safe.

Sire, most are made of stone and can last several lifetimes without issue.

But don't forget that some paths are booby-trapped waiting for a sucker to fall into.

So what's safe about that?

Miguel playfully slapped Ashaku's back when the tech team was placing cameras and mics on him.

"Damn it, old dog. I envy you for going in first. How is it that you get to see the tomb's interior before me?"

Tsk.

Miguel's eyes were laced with envy, so much so that Asjaku had the illusion blood was dripping from his eyes the longer the bastard stared at him.

"You... isn't it all the same?"

"The same, my ASS! If it's all the same, then why not exchange with me?"

"No way!"

Not for all the money in the world. Ashaku thought, almost kicking Miguel away with his legs.

Want to rub his chance?

Hmph! You're a thousand years too young for that!

Wearing his peculiar headband, Ashaku clicked on a button to make sure the headlight worked. He looked to use this light source as a backup.

What he preferred to use were glow sticks that illuminate the entire space at once, rather than a torch that focuses its light source in one direction.

Well, his trusty raider belt had several satchels and sheath compartments with little glow sticks placed in them like daggers hanging at his sides.

Although he was ready, the team still had a few things to check before their departure.

First, they sent in a device attached to a long wide that read the air inside, confirming there was no ammonia gas or other deadly built-up gasses that could affect them yet.

Emphasis on the <YET> because some places far deep inside might have insanely high concentrations, so they must be cautious when they go.

With various checks confirmed passable, the team gave the go-ahead and now it was time for Ashaku and the others to head on in.

'I guess this is it...'

Staring at the space, Ashaku took deep breaths trying to contain his excitement.

"Everyone, let's go!"

Chapter 497 Hotanzi The Tyrant

Alright.

Lieutenant Harvey had his hands in a crossed position, his left hand distanced forward and away from his chest holding a glow stick, while his right hand hung above his left with his gun in hand.

Harvey was in charge of leading the team safely.

"Dr Ashaku, everyone... follow closely."

Tapping his earpiece, he quickly communicated with the outside team. "This is T-00 calling in. Can you all hear and see what we are seeing?"

[Yes! It's all clear and good! Keep going, you're doing great.] The voice on the other end affirmed.

Everyone outside was now crowding the monitors, watching the feed with relish.

Placing his feet exactly where Harvey and his men stepped, Ashaku dared not do otherwise, seeing as the heaps of sand above the site, was now flooding the space, almost covering the stairway.

If he or anyone else should miss a step, who knows how they will come rolling and tumbling down?

"Caution. Move with caution, exactly as we do." Ashaku hastily warned the locals in their language."

Looking down Ashaku didn't know how far they would have to travel before they reached the bottom of the stairway.

Honestly, it looked like an abyss from where they stood.

'It can't be the same as a lost city buried underneath, right?'

Curiouser and curiouser...

Ashaku's mind was spending the deeper they traveled.

But it wasn't just his mind churning, as even his body began feeling the drooling temperatures replaced with damp and moist scents.

"Everyone, wait!" Ashaku bellowed, causing Harvey to look back in confusion.

"Doc, what's the problem?"

"Quickly, look at the walls!"

Murrells!

More and more murrells!

"This... this is remarkable." Ashaku blurted, with his fingers already brushing over the many symbols diligently carved by the ancients.

The light revealed the walls loomed not just with murrells but hieroglyphs and detailed depictions involving the tomb's owner -- Hotanzi.

The vibrant colors seemed untouched by time as they shone beautifully after a few dustings from Ashaku.

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Murrells?

Harvey, who had witnessed the importance of such symbols and signs earlier, did not get angry at for Ashaku stopping them.

Rather, he feared that if they went forward without examining these, they might miss a very important clue that might help them out later.

Before he could ask what it all meant, Ashaku and the others outside were already in a heated discussion, all of which he could hear from his mic.

They were all on the same frequency band for easy communication.

"Look! It starts here, revealing the life of Hotanzi! But all that is shown here is his birth."

[Ashaku, you are right. It seems the deeper you go, the more we will get about his life.]

[I think so too. Everything depicted here is the same as what we know in the history books.]

"Yes. " Ashaku nodded though something above puzzled him.

"Maybe I'm getting old, but there is a symbol I just can't make out. What about you? Have any of you seen this symbol before?"

Outside, everyone shook their heads, very confused as well.

Why the hell is that?

In all their lives, they have never seen such a bizarre symbol before.

What did it mean? Could it be from some hidden ancient symbol of writing lost through time?

How do they decipher this, and does this play any relevant role in later findings?

How odd... how very odd...

"Doc, this unknown symbol won't come back to bite us in the butt right?"

Ashaku shook his head sideways. "Probably not. This

Part of his life only talks about his birth. Everything here, we know. So there shouldn't be any more puzzles or riddles that will stump us. Rather, we should be careful of traps Hotanzi had his people make when building the tomb."

With that, Ashaku pointed at the last words on the murrell carved just after the hieroglyphs.

"--Death awaits those who enter. Be warned. Go back now and never disturb our slumber. --- That's what it says."

Death?

For this threat, everyone felt Hotanzi was talking about them dying from the many traps he set out.

What slumber? Once dead, always dead.

This was the first time they had seen a tomb owner calling his death a slumbering sleep.

Why? Do you think you'll one day rise again and walk the sands of the desert when you feel like it?

"When he says, we, he is talking about his beloved concubine, right? The rumored woman he could give the world to for her love?"

"Yes." Ashaku nodded, retelling the texts in the many old historical texts he and many others found.

"History says, Hotanzi was a bright young man, a ruthless man, whose cruelty was unmatched by any other. First, he killed his mother at the age of 7, throwing her into a pit of snakes when she refused him the throne."

"People say his fury was put up because since birth, his mother only had his father, the ruling Pharaoh in her eyes. He never received love from his parents and no one, not even them servants would talk to him normally since they were all beneath his rank and title."

"Hotanzi was alone, and in desperate need of a friend. And at the age of 6, it seems he finally found such a person, a strange slave boy called Beezle."

Everyone frowned. "Why call the slave boy strange?"

"Because believe it or not, even the history books can't find out where he came from. It was a although he popped out from the ground like a daisy. There is no information about this mysterious friend called Beezle."

"It's said that even the ruling pharaoh at the time with all his powers, couldn't find the boy's past or where he came from. So if such a person isn't strange and suspicious, then I don't know what else to say."

Twisting his lips, Harvey nodded heavily in agreement.

If such a person popped out of nowhere and wanted to befriend him, Harvey would always feel uneasy, using all his connections to find out just who the mysterious person was.

But to Hotanzi who was in desperate need of attention and love, his new friend was a heavenly answer to his wants.

"Now, don't get me wrong, Hotanzi has always been cruel, since at the age of 4, he threw 200 slave girls in a pool of crocodiles for his amusement. In his own words, he wanted something that didn't put him to sleep."

"No music, no dancing, get the screams of weak girls fighting for their lives. He feared if he added a boy inside the boy would be strong enough to survive, that's why he chose women. In the end, they all died."

Tsk.

Many felt his cruelty just by listening to Ashaku's tales, wondering how such a madman deserved to find true love.

Sure enough, the world isn't fair.

The good ones are still single and the bad ones get to pick all the women for themselves.

"Hotanzi has always been vicious, but his cruelty seemed to be magnified after coming in contact with his newfound friend, Beezle. In the end, he not only killed his siblings, but also killed his mother, his father's other concubines, and finally finished the job by kicking his Father into a pool of gathered snakes, crocodiles and all sorts of wild creatures."

"Hotanzi watched in joy, watching his father get torn apart limb from limb. Thus, by the age of 12, he successfully killed all his family members, be they half-blood or direct. Even his cousins were not spared, and he did this all with the help of Beezle."

What a friend... many thought, smelling a conspiracy underneath it all.

Yes. Why would somebody appear just like that to help you when you don't even know them?

Sure, there are good people in the world. But why do they feel that this Beezle fellow is very cunning?

Slave boy, my ass!

These were not the sorts of powers slave boys could have or handle.

Or could it be that Beezle was the child of the dethroned pharaoh lineage kicked out before Hotanzi's great-great-great grandfather took over?

Well, you never know.

In the end, doesn't it often boil down to the ultimate fight for the throne?

"Anyway, he ruled Cygypt with a tyrant's fist until he met the daughter of a rebel army --- Celcilita. Although he knew she was the enemy, he fell in love at first sight. But she didn't feel the same for him. Long story short, he fought his way to win her heart." Ashaku paused.

"The story should've had a happy ending, but out of nowhere, she starts getting so ill it is estimated she won't live past a few years. Hotanzi is heartbroken, and desperate to find a cure. In comes his friend again who gives him a healing potion."

"She takes it, she gets well, but somehow Hotanzi turns crazy, ordering people to start hastily building this tomb for both of them."

"And when the tomb is finally complete, she dies, and he chooses to lock himself here with her for all eternity. That's it."

There was a collective silence across the space, as everyone felt there were too many pieces of the puzzle missing in the ending parts of the story.

"Does anyone else think it's too odd that the moment she gets well he starts preparing for her death?" "And what happened to the Beezle guy? Did he end up taking the throne or something?"

"No," Ashaku replied. "He disappeared, never to be found again."

"So I guess he was truly a friend?" Someone asked, causing Harvey to raise his brows in a low chuckle.

"Friend indeed... such a friend should be shot at first glance."

He would rather be lonely than have a snake like Beezle crawling around him.

"Alright... It seems now that we have been warned of imminent death awaiting, we should expect the worst from here on out!"

Taking a weighty stone from one of his subordinates, Harvey calmly rolled it down the stairways.

"Well, here goes nothing."

Thup! Thup! Thup!

A massive fleet of arrows pierced the air in a flash.

Chapter 498 The Brilliant Ancients

Seeing the spray of ancient arrows ruthlessly shooting at the spaces now everyone couldn't help swallowing hard.

Death to those who disturb their slumber.

The words echoed within their hearts like warning bells.

"This..." Lieutenant Harvey paused, throwing his head behind his shoulders. "Doc, do you think that's it?"

Taking out his handkerchief, Ashaku wiped the pale droplets of sweat on his forehead. "I'd say 3 times is the charm, wouldn't you, 'Leftenant'?"

"Fair enough... Better safe than sorry."

(*Ashaku and several others pronounced Lieutenant as Leftenant.)

Taking out several more perfectly weighted and rounded rocks from one of their backpacks, several people handed them to Harvey one by one.

3 times is the charm, but why not test a higher number?

The rocks they used were made of cement for good weight.

Although heavy, if it can save their lives, why not pack enough?

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!~

The 2nd ball rolled down without fail, triggering several other traps the first one missed.

Though this time, only a handful of arrows darted out.

"Oh well, 3rd time's the charm... Bombs away."

Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam!

Nothing.

They waited another 3 whole minutes and nothing happened.

Phew~

"Everyone, the stairway floors should be good. So as of now, no one touches the walls or pushes against them!"

As Harvey spoke, Ashaku translated to Cygyptian for the locals.

Time for the ultimate test.

Cautiously taking the first few steps down, Harvey paused with a hunchback, looking left, right, up, down and center.

"Nothing.... It's all good doc." Just as he thought.

Earlier, he noticed the weighted balls would sink slightly when touching some stairway stony blocks.

Those must be the triggers to the many hidden traps earlier.

No one knows how many times Harvey's heart skipped a beat when using himself as a Guinea pig to test if it was safe or not.

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1, 2, 3...

"All Good!"

Everyone felt the stones in their hearts drop again, as they followed Harvey down the layering of stairs.

Always to their left was an open space that gave them a glimpse of the dark abyss below.

There were railings knee-high, keeping them from going over the edge and falling through the open dark space.

"Raising his yellow glow stick, Harvey cautioned again. "Remember, DO NOT touch anything.... even the railings."

Who knows if pressing them down would set off some unprecedented accident?

After what he just saw, he wasn't about to take any chances.

With careful monsters everyone including the locals, moved very cautiously.

The scene was so quiet that it affected those watching outside.

Hell!

Even Eldora now had her loud mouth zipped up.

Soon, everyone could see glimpses of the bottom drawing and closer.

Well, it seems they have traveled roughly 7~9 floors down give or take.

That was how lengthy the whole process was.

Harvey reached the very last step and dared mute touch the sandy grounds just yet.

"Doc? Any ideas?"

Ashaku thinned his lips. "Old boy, what do you think?"

Miguel outside adjusted his glasses with squinted eyes.

[Harvey, shine the light on the walls and the surroundings again.]

"No prob."

The place was small like a broom closet with no murrells or clues around.

All that lay in wait was a lone, narrow double-sided door about the size of a small closet...Though its height shot out over 9 feet tall.

Beside the doors were 2 skeletal corpses wearing ancient robes.

They had rusted swords in their hands and died in seated positions beside the door.

It was normal for Pharaoh to die and be buried with their guards.

Looking around, there were no other memorable scenes that caught their eye.

[I don't think there'll be any traps waiting there.]

Ashaku nodded. "Same here. The ancients were strategic and wouldn't put all their eggs in one place. Rather they would like us to get comfortable.... very comfortable before urging any wave of attacks our way."

"I think so too," Harvey added, gesturing between the floor and the 3 balls that rolled off in different directions.

Look! Nothing happened.

There isn't a single hidden weapon thrown on the ground.

The ones they found were those around the stairway that were probably picked up by the balls when rolling down.

Once again, Harvey chose to be the lab pig, making the first move.

Well... so far, so good.

Everyone was pleased with the progress made so far.

It was funny that their journey had just begun yet they felt they had been doing this for 10 hours already.

Standing before the grand but narrow gated doors, Harvey took out an extendable staff wanting to push it from a distance to test if it was safe.

Poke. Poke.

Again, there weren't any traps here.

"Good enough for me."

Nodding to his men, he had them try pushing the door.

But either it weighed a million times or something was missing here.

Try as they might, the door just refused to budge.

Ashaku stared at the simple no design double-sided doors wondering what they were missing, until someone else from the outside quickly solved their worries.

It was another professor and archeologist on the team.

[Hold on!... Isn't that a Bayachum Door? Look at its simplicity. Pay attention to the artwork. When designing, the wood is saved upwards, leaving fine and gentle strokes of lining behind.]

[Yes, yes, yes! I remember now. Bayachum Doors were popularly used by the rich to confuse the enemy and hide treasure too]

Ashaku's eyes lit up in a twinkle, as countless forgotten knowledge flooded his mind.

"Yes! Yes! Why didn't I think of it sooner?!"

Reaching for double-sided doors, Asahku quickly maneuvered his fingers across them, while explaining the rest to Harvey and the others.

"In the early days, the door was invented by the famous Bayachum Incretancus, a proud but young architect with unique designs that marveled all of high-class society."

"Well... the doors, although made of wood, were 7 times heavier and thicker than normal wooden doors. Why? Because they held secret compartments in them."

"For you see, the door has no handles on either side, yet... it can always open and close seamlessly at will."

Harvey nodded in understanding. "So, he made contractions inside each door?"

Ahsaku smiled. "Engineering, my dear Wattson... That was the trick. He combined his love for architecture with his love for inventing to produce uniquely designed doors."

"None of them were the same. No client had the same door as the other... but, his works though difficult to spot, could be recognized by his way of carving the wood."

"To the untrained eye, it looked like a regular door carved by an ordinary carpenter... But like any artist, they love to leave clues on their works."

Everyone held their breath, mesmerized by the ingenuity of Bayachun.

As Ahsaku spoke, his hands were slowly and carefully running through the lines on the thick wooden piece.

"Find the odd one out, and we would have found the key to unlocking... Ahh!--- Here it is!... Our little odd friend out."

Everyone saw a line that looked exactly the same as the others.

Excuse them, but are you sure?

[Don't hurry to judge. Ashaku is right.] The scholar outside commented.

Although it was hard to see, that one was slightly bigger by probably 0.00002 inches or even less.

Don't underestimate the ancients.

They were the true masters of illusions, creating proxies that made the 12 Wonders of the World and even artifacts and objects that could not be recreated by modern technology.

For example, do you know there is an ancient Forging technique that has been lost for centuries now?

If not for the swords forged by these methods existing today, everyone might've sworn the forging legends were all hocus pocus.

The swords forged by that mysterious technique were stronger than any forging technique currently existing.

That's why if they sold any of those 3 swords forged with those methods, each sword might be auctioned for no less than 50 million.

The ancients were insanely smart.

It was indeed amazing what they accomplished with no internet, no high-tech devices... just their brains that did it all.

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As they began pointing out the differences between each line, everyone couldn't help opening their eyes in shock.

Too powerful!

These ancient people were just too powerful, right?

Following the line chosen, everyone now saw it came to a dead end, slowly fading seamlessly into the background.

"Here!"

Ashaku wasted no time pressing it, and soon, everyone heard a clicking noise, followed by the grinding of gears within the door.

Soon, a rectangular piece the size of a book opened sideways out like a window.

[>>>>>○□○]

Awesome!

They didn't even see any signs on the door that that part could open up.

That was how good the door design was, as everything blended so seamlessly.

Bayachum... You have their respect.

Oh My God!

Ashaku almost liked the door with relish when seeing Bayachum's work in action.

Although Bayachum was famous, he didn't love designing these doors as he found it beneath him

It was reported that he designed only a handful of them... many of whom were destroyed and lost.

Only one was found in the 18th century and proven to exist.

Sadly, some bastard stole and destroyed the great door from Britannia National Museum in the 19th century when trying to recreate its glory.

Looking at the opened portal on the door, Ashaku bravely sent his hand in and pulled a lever from within.

"Open sesame."

Bam!

Like magic, the double-sided doors opened, revealing a room that blinded their titanium dog eyes.

This... This...

Is this real?

Chapter 499 Danger Comes

"Are you all getting this?"

[... Amazing.]

[This isn't a dream, right?]

Those outside could hardly believe what their eyes saw, talk less of those standing here who saw everything face to face.

Don't get them wrong.

The treasures that made them shake weren't vain things like gold, silver and whatnot.

No...

To these proud people who prided themselves in historical events, what made them quiver was the sight of several unique objects strategically placed on several eye-level pillars that lined up to the other end of the grand hall.

These treasures have been missing from the world for centuries, with many speculating they must have been taken by Hotanzi.

So now seeing them in the flesh, everyone felt like kneeling and crying in jubilation.

"F***! Are those the quadruple Cats?"

[Ahhhhhh!!!... I think you're right, Ashaku, I think it's really them!]

The Quadruple Cats!

They were the first 4 pieces on both sides of the pillars – 2 black and 2 white.

How to differentiate them was with their eye colors.

The first black cat had its left eye made of gold and its right eye white.

The 2nd black had the same color but reversed with its right eye which was painted golden.

The 3rd cat, the first white cat, had its left eye black and its other eye silver.

The 4th cat, the 2nd white cat, has the opposite of the 3rd.

All 4 were called the Quadruple Cats.

They were artifacts that always ended up causing wars.

It's said whoever they stayed with, wars broke out in those regions or households within months.

It's said the longer one stays with them, the longer one's greed becomes not wanting to leave the cats with anyone else.

My precious~...

The history of how the cats moved was also incredible.

They say some women can cause the downfall of an empire, but it was even more exaggerated how history wrote of what happened to the Cats' last owner before it ended up in Hotanzi's hands.

In fact, before now no one could be certain Hotanzi had them since even during his reign no one had ever seen the cats.

But Hotanzi, who was a tyrant and a master of all, had eyes and ears everywhere, many felt he must've acquired them.

Yes.

Think about it.

The cats went missing during his Great-grandfather's reign.

So wouldn't it be more likely that his family has always kept the cats to themselves?

Sadly all sorts of wars come for those owning these cats.

His great-grandfather fell from his grandfather's hands, and his own father also 'accidentally' killed his grandfather.

Well, the boy was just fulfilling his destiny when he kicked his father into a den of deadly beasts

Of course, no one thought too much of the cars causing wars.

And they were sure even the ancients did not think too much of it.

Understand that dying during that period when even a little argument could cause war and slaughter, anything was a trigger point.

You could be walking on the streets, someone insults your sandals, you stab them, kill them and now your family and their family have a blood feud.

Heck!

People have started wars over little things like paintings before.

Wars have also been fought over the right to own particular wines.

Wars and feuds have been passed down for centuries concerning land fighting between neighbors, and wars have also been fought over marrying the most beautiful girl at the time.

So is it truly surprising that whoever owns the cats would always have war coming their way with many greedy on getting the cast for themselves?

Well, there was nothing bizarre to say about the matter.

Now were civilized times.

Back then people were not so civil.

Do you know that even with the law enforcement around, murder was still permitted if done right?

That means, you can kill a man and not care about it provided you did it well.

What? Did he provoke you first?

Then okay. He deserves it!

Next time, don't run your mouth as you please when you know you can't take the heat.

What more can they say?

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Bahahhahahahhahahah~

[It's great! It's great that we finally found the 4 cats!!]

[Yes! Yes! Yes!... I'm guessing the other objects in the room are also priceless!]

[Tsk... Our Britannia Museum is going to be famous again.]

[Damm! I can't wait to see the look on the faces of those jealous bastards when our Museum showcases all the goods.]

Indeed, it was a good day for the Britannia Museum.

[Quickly, you all should first gather these knees and bring them out before we continue any further.]

[That's right! Who knows what dangers could make the place collapse? By then we won't even get a single treasure intact!]

Hearing this, Eldora began acting like a demon again.

[That's it! As the designated leader here, I order you all to stop and bring the treasures out for me!]

Designated leader?

Who gave her that title? Sometimes they wished they could throw her down a well and watch her struggle to survive if it would let her learn to shut up when she has nothing valuable to say or contribute.

Tsk.

If not for her father, they wouldn't give her the time of day.

Never have they met such an annoying person like her.

She had a real talent for making everyone angry with just her high-pitched voice.

Goodness!

Some of them were older with troublesome hearing, yet they still felt she sounded like nails screeching on a board.

Good luck to any young man who is dating her.

Unless she changed her attitude, people might only like her for her daddy's money.

A fool and brainless girl like her might play right into someone's schemes, shoving her down from her high pedestal.

[Well what are you waiting for? I gave you all an order, or do you want me to call Daddy? Believe it or not, I can fire you all from your miserable positions way faster than you can say Checkmate.]

No, they believed but still didn't act, with everyone focusing on Ashaku and Harvey.

Yes, they do feel these treasures should be brought, but since they weren't the ones putting their lives on the line in there, they felt they had no true say on the matter.

"No." Harvey denied. "Remember, death is still promised to us who disturbs his slumber.... Don't ask me why, but I have a hunch that should we take anything here, it will bite us in the butt big time.

Ashaku nodded as well.

There were no murrells here or signs to depict why these items were kept the way they were.

There wasn't even a carved label on the pillars saying what the items were.

So why touch any of these now?

"I propose we take them last."

"Same here. I think they should be the last items our team collects before leaving for Britannia."

Intuition told them they better take the 'sleeping' Hotanzi's threats seriously.

So forget it.

[Bastards!] Eldora's voice rang out.

[Lieutenant Harvey! So you really dare defy my orders? Well then, consider your career over! Finito! Kaput! Gone! Left behind!]

[I swear that I will make you wish you never crossed me!]

[Just who do you think you are?]

[Do you know me? Do you know what I'm capable of doing?]

[My father---]

"That's enough, Miss Eldora." Harvey interrupted not even bothering to call her Dr. Eldora.

Doctor?

Does she deserve it?

So when well-earned and hardworking people come out to say they have Doctorate professional titles, she too will poke her head out to say the same?

Eldora was too posted off to notice the slight difference in the way he addressed her.

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[You-you-you-you-you-----]

"That's enough, Miss Eldora. I don't care if you frame, demote or kick me out of the military... Understand that when I took on this job, I was told to protect everyone, not just you." Harvey coldly replied.

This meant for the sake of Dr. Ashaku, the locals, his team and everyone else here including himself, he couldn't allow such brash ways of thinking go on.

Greed can cause the deaths of many.

Knowing when to stop is the key.

It's good that they found the treasures... but they aren't running away, right? They have this location on lockdown.

And before entering the cave he had already sent works for the rest of his team in Cygypt to come over quickly.

Not only that.

More military and high-power personnel will be coming in from Britannia treating the whole thing like one big special forces military operation.

For now, his task was to keep the little group around him safe.

So you can sure as hell forget about him risking it all because of a few words from a silly girl.

"Good... Now that that's ironed out, Doc... everyone...?let's keep moving!"

"Ye-yeah."

Manu nodded, feeling choked by Harvey's heavy aura.

At the forefront was another door that was surprisingly opened revealing an incredibly wide and stretched hallway ahead.

Everything seemed to be going well, but just then, the last person, a local, suddenly stopped, facing the peculiar black coin kept on an inclined cushion on one of the pillars.

So pretty...

The coin exuded a mysterious light that called his very soul, making it hard for him to look elsewhere.

Stretching his hands, he reached for the coin just around the same time Harvey threw his head behind.

"Noooo!!!!!!!!!"

Harvey's cry pierced through the skies, but it was too late.

... Danger was already here!

Chapter 500 Too Prepared!

NO!!!!~

Harvey's cries made many turn back only to witness the moment the man took the mysterious dark coin from the cushioned pillow it rested on.

Too late!

In just this minute, many forgot how to breathe, staring, finding their brains were now empty.

But the fun was just getting started.

Booboom!

A loud sound quaked the air with a disturbing menace, causing everyone to stand hunched back with their hands and feet spread apart.

Oh My God of science!

The walls now began shrinking, as though closing up, and heaps of sand from who knows where slowly filled the scene.

Gritting his teeth, Harvey's mind went to work real fast.

"Doc! Everyone! Run! Run out quickly! The door is sealing itself!"

What?!

Although it didn't look like the door was slowly closing from where they stood, everyone chose to believe Harvey's hawk eyes.

No way!

They must run back the same way they came if they don't want to be buried alive.

"Quickly, grab him and let's go!" Harvey gestured at the man who took hold of the coin.

They don't know why, but the man suddenly fainted the moment he touched the coin.

Could it be that some deadly poison has been placed on the coin?

"Care! Care! Hold him by his clothes and avoid his hands and the coin. I suspect it's poisoned."

Poison? Really?

Many locals felt their heart jerk severally, now too scared to hold their passed-out comrade.

"Grab him, Goddammit!" Harbey bellowed.

Amazing!

It was amazing that even though they didn't understand Harvey's language, they understood his underlying message.

1, 2, 3! They grabbed him by the clothes, dragging him out as fast as they could.

That's it! That's it! They can make it.

So Harvey thought.

Only... halfway through, several people stepped on several large stone tiles, only to realize there were still more traps in the space.

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AHHHHHHHHH!!!

"What the--"

Harvey looked back to see the massive stone square suddenly swirl, dropping 2 locals down to who knows where.

When everyone imagines a trap door on the wall, the trapdoor would be a rotating trap door.

Likewise on the ground, that massive square rotated on its axis, using the weight of any object input to propel and rotate even more.

Harvey didn't know where the 2 unfortunate locals had dropped to, but he knew it wasn't anything good after hearing sharp protective noises and ghostly cries from them below.

From the sounds he had a hunch that there should be ancient spikes down there waiting to greet who fell.

Before, the trap wasn't activated.

Even without the spikes the amount of sand dripping in should bury them alone in no time.

Suffocating on sand... with oxygen depleting by the second.

... What a gruesome way to die.

Feeling his ball roll up and down his throat, Harvey knew they were dead after hearing the many puncturing sounds made by the spikes below.

"Careful, everyone, choose your steps wisely!"

Looking at the priceless artifacts lined up on the stands around them, Harvey was once again certain touching any of these artifacts would trigger more horrors for them.

Booboom! Buboom! Booboom! Booboom!

Ashaku heard the sounds of the room closing in, hastening his pace as he steadily followed behind Harvey.

Harvey again chose to be the tester, picking what giant squares were safe, and his men chose to stand behind the group, helping others move along.

With chaos all around them, they had no time to dilly-dally and slowly pick which ones were safe.

It's either they run full speed ahead or they will never make it to the closing door in time.

By the way, who knows what other horrors will meet them once trapped in this space?

Well, apart from being suffocated to death by the sands slowly filling the space, Ashaku guessed that the walls would indeed close up, but wouldn't go past the artifacts lines in 2 columns at the center of the room.

However, with the sand filling the space, the place would no doubt turn into a pool of sand, making breathing harder.

If someone accidentally knocks out another artifact, who knows what sequel they will unleash next?

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Son of a b**ch!

Ashaku and many others cursed Hotanzi under their breath for all the precautionary steps he took to secure his tomb's safety.

At some point, the ancient architects who made the place had to be annoyed too, right?

Well, it's said after the tomb was made, everyone who worked on it, including slaves, was killed.

Hotanzi didn't immediately enter his tomb but continued reigning for another year and a half, making sure he tied up all loose ends.

Before killing the workers, of course, he had them secretly transport his treasures here.

The man made as many preparations as he could before eventually entering the tomb.

Of course, his beloved had already passed, proclaimed dead according to the history books.

But who knows if he kept her in the tomb to wait for his return until he got things straightened out?

Still... the history books were sure ger illness had returned since so many physicians had diagnosed it during that period.

So she probably died around the time they said she would.

Well, all these many mysteries will only be confirmed when they find her tomb and corpse, taking it away for carbon dating to know exactly when she passed.

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Why? Do you think they will be scared of his death threats and never enter after so many higher-ups have invested a lot in this matter?

Even if it's not them, some other team will enter to do what they are supposed to do.

Bottom line, Hotanzi's tomb must be raised!

Leaping forward, Harbey gritted his teeth and instantly knew he made the wrong call.

"Leftenant!"

Ahsaku responded fast.

"Got you!"

Phew~

Harvey was saved, holding onto Ashaku's jacket.

Grunting his teeth, Ashaku and several others pulled the other end of the jacket as fast as they could.

And when Harvey's hands touched the edge of the square's open space, everything could finally Relax a bit.

However, just then... their communication devices suddenly turned static, and the camera was no longer picking up feed.

"Doc, I have a bad feeling about this."

Almost instinctively, Harvey turned his head, slowly looking behind them, only to see the most ugly and terrifying thing he had ever seen in his life.

This... this... this...

MONSTER!