

Be Honest! 531

Chapter 531 Arrived At Last

--Hamcontaterus, Cygypt--

A plane flies in the sky, steadily descending the cloudy atmosphere and into the clear zone. Wow!!

"Mom, mom! Look, that's the Pyramid of Pillatza!"

"Amazing, so much sand... and there, that's the River Zile!"

With eyes flying to the airplane windows, many stretched their necks to take a view of the scenic atmosphere below.

It was mythical, one that could take their breaths away. Even from a Sky view, you can see the giant statues and figures of famous deceased Pharaohs from above. In the Zile River, there were giant statues of kneeling people carrying baskets and on giant steps. Just how did the ancients do it? Some people already brought out their books from their bags underneath their seats, flipping them crazily while staring at the figures below. "Honey, it says those giant statues and standing on the giant platforms were built in the Zile to serve as resting spots for weary travelers. Honey, can you believe they also used it to test water levels, knowing if it rose higher than normal?" How smart! The platforms were 2 giant rectangles arranged in a pyramid formation, making them look like steps in all angles. And on the giant platform were large statues of people wearing ancient Cypyt attires and headwear. It was amazing that even with the statues, it was estimated that the platform could hold over 200 people at once. This alone showed how massive these platforms were. And they were built far out in the center of the Zile. Again, the ancients were just too amazing. Of course, they only built these statues in places where the Zile River was too wide. In most cases, the Zile River that flowed around the ancient grand palaces and terrains wasn't extremely wide. This means that sailing between the left land edges and the right edges could be done in a short time. The Zile River was also a very, calm river with hardly any turbulent waves. It was often as still as a rock, allowing smooth sailing for travelers. They say in ancient times, women would take their laundry and wash them by the Zile. Fishermen would take their canoes to the Zile and even Pharaohs would sail in unique boats only known to Cygypt. No one place in the world created aesthetically pleasing boats like ancient Cygypt. ----

Wow! Many passengers wished they could land now and begin their journey fast. Hamcontaterus... City of the Zile, home to the ancient pharaohs and the Capital of Cygypt. It was the most prosperous place in the Country.

But while many were jumping up and down like people who have rabies, several others were calm, sneering at the jumping group. The man in a holiday, palm-tree shirt, only stared at his left hand that was accidentally touched by the man beside him who was leaning to the right like an ostrich. 'A bunch of filthy barbaric things. How dare they touch me?' With his eyes hidden behind his dark shades, no one could see his eyes turn green. 'I want to kill them all... all who dared touch this sovereign.'

The man's anger was boiling at the mere thought of these unworthy beings touching him as they pleased. Even if it was by accident, he wished to cut off the filthy thing's fingers. But he knew now was not the time to move yet. Trying to control his sharp tongue from elongating and slicing off the filthy human's hand, the man slowly closed his eyes and waited for landing. .

Perhaps because the end was near, the man found his patience for these humans had been growing thin of late. He detested pretending to be human since they were his food. Have ever heard of a human dressing up as a fish and jumping into a cover to swim in and grab fish for a meal? He was the hunter. So why did he have to keep playing the part of prey when he could just kill them now, knowing they only have mortal weapons? No mortal weapon can kill him. He will just regenerate later and return to take his revenge. So what's the point of mingling with them and pretending tirelessly? Sure, it's so that they don't alert the heavens of their plans. But the closer the Battle day was, the less patience he and many other creatures had. At least, until all planets are aligned, they cannot rashly allow the heavens to wind of their plans. "What a drag," the man murmured in distaste. Soon, they will all cry!

Ding. [Please fasten your seatbelts and place your bags underneath your seats.]

A pleasant and audible voice bellowed, followed by the sounds of many seat belts clicking. Everyone sat with many emotions bundled within them. Soon, their ears felt like popping, as they descended below. And in no time, they were on the runway. Clap, clap, clap, clap~

Many clapped for the pilot, for safely taking them to Cygypt. In the meantime, Dorian and Old Gia were politely escorted out of the airplane since they had first-class tickets. They were given the grand treatment and even offered private limo services to wherever it was they were heading to. However, they turned it all down and stayed back to wait for the rest in Economy. They had their masks on, and their heads lowered, preventing people from taking facial pictures of them. Still, their demeanor made many give them second looks.

Because the disciples were started at the very front economy seats, they exited fast with no luggage.

Old Gia's phone rang, and he was informed the General and the others were now 15 minutes away from the airport. With such a massive plan, just deboarding the group alone and the time they spent waiting on the runway, had already eaten up most of the time. Everyone was here but they still didn't move. Why? Because of their mystery man. They calmly sat in wait, until they saw him stepping out with his little wheelable suitcase. He had the first 2 buttons of his shirt undone and dark cool shades on. Taking a bronze parchment paper from his pocket, Dorian flicked it so fast that no one saw what he did. Eh? The man paused and shook his head before continuing. Seeing him leave, Dorian and Old Gia began leading the disciples toward the exit too.

They took their sweet time, not bothering to rush their steps. By the time they arrived at the underground car park exit, they were met with several rows of military vehicles just pulling in. "Let's go."

Chapter 532 Unforgivable Crimes

The General stared at the group of masked personnel, very annoyed by their appearance. They looked too clean, with little to no slash marks on their faces and other visible body parts. Men of war, who have faced many battles, are rougher in body than them. The visible parts of their faces were smoother than even an average person's. And though they didn't shake hands yet, the General felt their hands must also be soft. Hitchcock pushed his glasses in, showing no emotions. But deep down, he immediately had a bad first impression of them. How can he trust the lives of his people in the hands of those who looked softer than newborn babies? Their leader said they should leave everything to this strange group. But was that truly the right thing to do here? Because Old Gia looked very young compared to how many were used to seeing him, even The General who had met Old Gia once couldn't recognize him. He had seen Old Gia once during a military world competition when he once participated years back. Old Gia had come of course to watch, as one of the esteemed guests and those in top power positions. Many who see Old Gia now will be shocked to the bone by his drastic changes. His back was so straight, his weight that came with old age seemed to disappear overnight, his body was fitter, his hair now fuller with grey and raven black strands, and his many wrinkles faded. The General, Hitchcock and several other forces were disappointed but still did their duties. "Welcome to Cygypt, sirs! As per the orders, we are to bring all 302 of you to the Tomb site!" Everyone was facing Old Gia, seeing as he looked to be the oldest among the group. They thought he was the group's leader, but Old Gia quickly made them understand Dorian was the one calling the shots here. Although in doubt, they still went along with it.

"A mistake on our part, Sir. Please, where's your luggage?"

"Don't have." Dorian chewed out lazily. "_"

You look at me; I look at you. 302 people come for a mission and they don't bring any luggage with them? Not even a toothbrush? With such plump collagen-filled faces, you would think they were the type to be fussy about their appearance. Well, whatever... suit yourself. With that, everyone got into the large military trucks of various sizes, taking Dorian's group to the desert. Dorian looked at the General, choosing to enter his jeep alongside Old Gia. The aura of the dead was stronger on them than the others. ----

Vrmmmmmm~

The journey was long but uneventful. When passing through the city, Old Gia's ears were awake when listening to The General's briefing, as well as the talks from passersby on the streets. "Hey, have you heard, the Wilting poison has spread again? This time, it's the farms on the East banks that have their crops suddenly wilting overnight." "Dammit! Who is it that has is so cruel to poison so many farms and croplands in Cygypt?"

"Bastards! Do they know that we rely on our local crops for food? If we only import crops from outside, do you know how the pieces of crops will go up too?"

"It's very strange. For the past few days, one farm after another has reported the same crop symptoms overnight." "Yeah. I just hope their evil poison hasn't corrupted our fertile soils, or else can you imagine what will happen by then?"

Famine! Old Gia's eyes lit up while listening to the words of passerbys. And so it begins... the start of the Apocalypse, the start of the end of days. Many disciples also heard these talks, getting more and more anxious about the fat battle ahead. You know, they have been preparing for this battle for a while now. But this was truly the first real evidence they had, to show that it was coming... the end. The General and Hitchcoff, who didn't know about Old Gia's ear radio frequency, were still debriefing on the situation alongside Hitchcoff. You might think the debriefing was a short one, but that's where you're wrong After all the horror they witnessed these past few days, they had to tell everything without missing a single detail. If a pin dropped, they had to tell them how and why the pin dropped, as well as who was accruing the pin in the first place. It was amazing that the duo had been debriefing their guests for hours, even after they left the city, drove towards the city's outskirts and entered the desert. .

The General frowned. "I don't know what you want to do with Dr Ashaku and Lieutenant Harvey, but I must inform you that you're protecting the ring people." The General's hand tightened on his steering wheel so hard that his hand veins popped out. "Those 2... those 2 are doing something. It's because of their hidden information that many of our people are dead!" And in the General's heart, he could never forgive them for it.

Never! Hitchcock was the same. Whatever information they were hiding would aid their cause. So why were they adamant about staying silent? Hitchcock sneered, "Those 2 were so bent on keeping silent that they made up a bogus story of some hideous monster down there." He paused, laughing angrily, "Can you believe it? A monster, a creature of stories, is the thing that wiped out hundreds of good soldiers, researchers and archeologists?" Old Gia listened with a slight smile on his lips.

Something the truth is crueler than fiction. Soon, these 2 will come to regret their not-believing attitudes. Old Gia didn't blame them, because if it was The Him before, he too would have clamored for Harvey to face Military Law, and for Ashaku to get sentenced for his actions. Dorian and Old Gia listened attentively until they finally saw the vast call site ahead. The site was filled with several forces belonging to different countries who made mini-camo areas for themselves around the tomb's entrance. "Sirs, we have arrived. What now?"

What are your orders?

Chapter 533 Strangers In The Camp

Today, several people were shocked when they saw forces that never spoke to each other, suddenly working together. The leaders and those with high-ranking positions from over 11 countries, were now gathered before Dorian's group. Ashaku, Miguel, Harvey, Eldora and many others also joined. Researchers and biologists from these countries who have been flying day after day, also stood by, wanting to know who these peculiar people were. Why did they look like Pop Stars? Hey... why don't they see a single bead of sweat on their faces? What sort of body ability was this? Could it be that they drank a tank load of icy water so now they don't feel hot at all?

Many looked at the group enviously when posting Dorian's fresh appearance with their pig, sweaty one. They looked like someone had dunked them in water, brought them out and garnished them with sand. Any sand that flies high enough to hit their face, sticks on it like glue. Many women blushed. The women in the group were the most envious of these strangers. So handsome!

Where are these people from?

Eldora stared at them, already foreseeing many of them in her harem. Looking at the few women who were blushing shyly, Eldora scuffed and flipped her hair arrogantly, feeling she was the most suitable person for these strangers to choose.

With her father's money and her good looks, only a blind man would pick any other woman to woo. There were indeed several breathtaking females among the group of strangers, but Eldora still had the confidence of a mountain when facing the men. As she said, her father's money can do many things for them. Job promotion? Wealth? A brand new luxury car? You name it. Her father's money gave her a greater advantage than the others. Too bad her attitude was very stinky. "You there! My

name is Eldora xxxx. Yes, that xxxx." "I'm sure you've heard of me, and must have never managed yourself to be lucky enough to meet me one day."

With her head raised high, Eldora walked towards one of the disciples, sending her hand forth for him to touch and kiss. Pfft~

Many people's shoulders were jumping up and down with their hands to their mouths. Bahahahaha~

Too funny. This guy is truly savage. He didn't even look at her, his gaze still focused ahead.

It took a while for Eldora to realize what just happened. "you-you-you-... You will pay for this! Do you know who I am?"

.

Many felt shame on her behalf.

Yes, everyone knows who you are at this point. The General inwardly thought in shame. Their guests haven't even opened their mouths to address the group yet and this woman was already causing trouble.

Before the General could order her removal, he noticed the disciples all turn pale when seeing Dorian's frown. "Noisy."

Oops! Battle alert! Battle stations men! A female disciple flew like the wind, bundling Eldora up and carrying her away in just under a second. "_"

Have you guys had practice before? Why were their movements so fast like ancient assassins? More importantly, what happens when Dorian gets angry? Seeing how the Grouped released a heavy sigh of relief after Dorian's frown eased, many couldn't help wondering what Dorian's anger could lead to. Nonetheless, something deep in them gave primitive warnings for them to need to test it out. Gulp~

Can you believe that in just a split second, this place felt like it was cold?

Their bodies were covered in goosebumps just from Dorian's intimidating aura. Everyone secretly took down this fact. 'Note to self, the one called Grandmaster doesn't like Noise.' That's where people get it wrong. Dorian can stand celebratory noise, and even stand noises in crowded places. But what he hated was foolish rambling and idiotic nonsense sentences that made him wish to punch the other person to death. With Eldora gone, he returned to his normal state in the blink of an eye. "I'll make this quick. By nightfall, we will be going in. Before that, there is a list of ingredients you must bring." "How much of it is required? The amount is on the list. Your budget has been taken care of by those above, so do it right."

Dorian then turned to Old Gia, feeling his mouth heavy. [Host, do you hate talking so much?]

'Hate it.'

[...]

The system once again felt that if the host was a normal human, he would have preferred to be mute. Look... he couldn't even wait to dump the exposition for Old Gia to do. The system was beginning to feel that perhaps this was why Dorian wanted to always bring at least 1 elder with him during missions. The system was sure of his thoughts but had no proof. ----

Miguel, the General, Hitchcoff and several others frowned when listening to the words from these strangers. What?

Do they truly have a clue of what they are facing? Can these peculiar herbs only grown in Cygypt be the key to killing the giant worm-like animal/insect? How very skeptical but did as was told. At the same time, they were told to vacate the tomb site immediately, which shocked them silly. "What? And why do we have to do that?"

Dorian tilted his head and looked at them sluggishly. "Because it will sink." "_"

That... that... This answer now raises other questions. Why will it sink? "Whether you like it or not, you and everyone else will move to their camp."

As for those who don't want to move, including those from countries not here for this brief meeting, Dorian guaranteed that although he hated using force he had many ways to make a man move. Shrugged, he walked towards Ashaku and Harvey. "What you saw is very real. Unfortunately, the aura of the dead gas now tainted you!"

Yes, they know.

Ashaku and Harvey were no longer fighting with their sanity to validate it as scientific. Dorian trapped their chins, thoughtfully observing the furrows on their foreheads and other facial features. "It's written all over your faces... you two are the only survivors who were there when the treasures on the platforms were touched by human hands." "This means the creature can't escape the tomb unless it completely drains your blood." "You two, are the only thing stopping it from growing to its full potential!"

Bang! The duo slammed on the ground with weakened knees, but Hitchcock and The General had different reactions. Creature? How can the specialists sent by the bosses still speak of this fairytale nonsense?

Chapter 534 King Kong Barbie?

It's strange how things unfold. The mystery surrounding the strange group grew more and more as the hours passed.

"Hey, what do you make of our good-looking guests? I don't know about you, but something about them seems off." "Agreed," One of the male soldiers nodded. "They aren't like us. Look at their uniform. Where have you seen military attire like that?" The man paused with a heavy gaze, "If you ask me, I say we shouldn't put our hope in them. What can they possibly do that we can't?" Yeah. These people came with no military-grade equipment to help in taking down whatever animal or insect was down there. It didn't make sense for them to be able to succeed tonight. Meditation! That's all these strange people have been doing since they arrived. They sat under the hot boiling sun with closed eyes and crossed legs. Just what were they thinking? The entire campsite was covered with silent chaos, and there they were, relaxing? Sorry, but they didn't believe these people would be the ones to save the day. "Leave? Leave? Who the hell are you to make us, Military from Czar country, pack up and leave the campsite?" "Exactly! My Bodinian Military will also not move!"

The atmosphere was rowdy, with forces from various nations refusing to follow any orders from Dorian. What a joke. They just got back to their superiors, who told them not to move and stay put. Their superiors were also flabbergasted, wondering who the hell had the audacity to give orders to their people when they hadn't even coughed yet. Excuse them, but who are you? Like that, many people refused to budge an inch, despite the General, Hitchcock and others advising them to follow along. Well even though they had doubts, their superiors had once again given them an earful, telling them to follow all instructions to the tee. Who was Old Gia? The movement he called them and told his intentions, these foreign buddies of his wasted no time believing in him. They swore that if things go left, they will take the heat. But for now, <follow all instructions>, was the orders given to The General and several lead commanders from other countries. .

For those countries that old Gia didn't have buddies in, they will have no choice but to use force on them. Everyone was still chill and provocative swearing in their languages and acting as though ready to fight if it came down to it. Seeing as these strangers did nothing but sit cross-legged under the sun, many scoffed, thinking they were all talk and no-go. But when the clock struck 6 PM on the dot, that was when several people couldn't help jumping back in shock. Fuck, how did these people all open their eyes at once like robots? Seeing them rise to their feet, many crossed their arms, wanting to watch a good show. In particular, some foreign people showcased their guns and weapons, as if saying: do you care to cross into our camp? "Hmph! Boy, you are a few years too young to move me!" One of the burly Men in singlets spoke while staring at the smooth-faced 118-year-old-looking disciple. The towering giant stood with his feet apart, and a physique that could make many sweat. He had a scar across his left eye and a pair of giant nostrils that flared as if he was going to suck in all air around him. "Tsk.". Several people from that country laughed and sneered arrogantly at the disciple. "Look here boy, do you know what they call him in our place? Crazy Hands!" "Hahahhaha~... now, you've done boy! You've made Crazy Hands crack his knuckles. This can only mean one thing... You-Are-DEAD."

Many began laughing proudly, knowing this was a definite KO on Crazy Hands's part. But because they could finish their streams of laughter, they suddenly found themselves choking for air at the unbelievable display that occurred right before their very eyes. Gakakakakkakaka...

"You're in for a real treat now, boy~..."

Gakakakakkakaka... Kah?

The wind... no! Something shit right between them like the bullet, leaving their mouths frozen in place. Bam! A loud sound bellowed as an explosion of sand raised several feet high. "Excuse me," the disciple was polite. Oh.. Ah... Everyone's brain acted faster than their thoughts, giving way for the puny, thin disciple to reach the giant burrows in the sand and drag him away.

Did that just happen?

Who, what, how, when... (Blink, blink.)

Many blinked excessively, opening and closing their mouths having nothing else to say. It took a while for them to come back to their senses, get angry and retaliate. But how could the disciples give them the opportunity? .

1, 2, 3... Many were bundled up and carried far out like books. Their faces turned red with shame and fury when they saw how easy it was for these people to carry them away. Shame! Many were

aggrieved, with their voices now degenerating into childish whimpers, as they protested and slapped the backs of these disciples with all their might.

Some even began crying, "You guys are too much! You can beat a man/woman, but you shouldn't trample on their dignity like this!" How are they light? Are you indirectly saying that all their muscles are for show? You must be looking down on them and secretly calling them trash, right? (Sniff, sniff)

Seeing this, the General's lips twitched with an unbelievable expression. "Hitchcoff, those are people they are carrying and not ragged dolls, right?" Hitchcoff smacked his lips, finding his scene also unbelievable. King Kong Barbie? Hitcoff was watching a girl who looked to be 20, carrying over 4 burly men on her shoulders, piling them up high in the air without a care. Erm... can you at least save some face for them? These men were bringing in shame, knowing they were being carried like children by the skinny woman. This is to say all their training and touch man act was nothing?

Those carried away buried their faces, secretly swearing to train 10... no, 20 times harder starting from today!

Hitchcoff and the General suddenly shivered, when thinking these people could also bundle them up if they dared act stubbornly. Where will his face be if he, the Tough General, returns to Britannia and is laughed at by those in the military for being carried away by a little girl? ... Like that, the disciples cleared everyone away and began creating formations around the space. And when they were done, it was already 8 P.M. The skies were darkening, and Dorian now opened his lazy eyes. Into the Tomb, they must go.

Chapter 535 Rogue Helpers

8:15 PM. The setting sun left a picturesque hue that gave the golden sands a look of mystery. They say nighttime in the desert is quite dangerous if one isn't fully prepared. Mother nature was cruel, even to its own. And accompanying the scenic view, were the rambles of men and women forcefully thrown far out of their camps. It just wasn't fair. Who gave these people the right to treat them the way they did? Many had barrels of complaints stored in their systems but dared not push their luck. Fuck! Have you forgotten the mighty King Kong Barbies and men who were now sitting cross-legged in a wide circular formation around the space? These people say with closed eyes, but intuition tells them that should they dare to move an inch forward, they would be the ones crying. The terrifying thing was that until they were thrown out, many didn't even know when their weapons had been confiscated. Oh yes~

That's right! These despicable bastards had taken their weapons and used a few of their tents to store the weapons as though they were Santa Claus carrying giant Christmas gifts away. Many grumbled with blankets over their bodies, feeling the cold breeze blowing over them. The desert was quite a strange place. During the day, it made one feel like taking off their pants and going for a swim. But at night, the temperatures dropped drastically fast. It was still warm, but perhaps because

their bodies had been used to the boiling sun, the withdrawal of the excess heat made them feel cold. However, although these people dared not challenge the might of these disciples after repeated failures, they still contacted their superiors, alerting them of the shameless and bold actions of Dorian's group, as well as Britannia and other countries who supported Dorian's actions. "That's right, sir! They dared to throw us out, stomping on our Czar country's face!"

"Villains, sir! They forcefully took our weapons and even destroyed some of our tents to store the weapons away."

"Sir, if I may be bold... I suspect they want to check out weapon technology, and secretly prepare themselves for the upcoming Global Military Competitions." ... The General, Hitchcock, Miguel, Harvey and even Ashaku were dumbfounded by the scripts Dorian and his group were playing. That is, what sort of rogue gangster methods were these?

They didn't know whether to laugh or cry when hearing the loud conversations others had with their superiors. Those people thrown out were yelling so loud you could hear their voices miles away. They were purposefully yelling, wanting to intimidate and frighten Dorian. Harvey and his group shook their heads, feeling their actions were quite pointless. They felt that if Dorian wasn't the sort to be frightened by their superiors, he would have long used cautionary actions when sending them out. But the fact that he threw them away, leaving them with no face, meant he couldn't give 2 Fs who their superiors were. Well, to be honest, the General and the others did tell them to leave on their own 2 feet and accord, before the other side took action. These people didn't care about the advice, and now look where it landed them. Looking at Dorian's group, the General and Hitchcock quickly changed their first impressions of them. Who said you can't be strong if your hands were as soft as risen dough?

Who said you can't be a King Kong Barbie even when your skin and face are obviously so smooth with no blemishes? For the first time in their lives, they realized that one can be so strong even with high their faces and bodies were so soft. What's more, it was impressive how many languages these people knew. Over there, a girl over there with 2 cute pigtails, has spoken 14 languages in just this short time. Just how did these people do it? How do they find the time to train to such a level, as well as learn so much at their young ages?

If the General knew that the girl who he thought was 21, was actually 37, he might trip over his legs and fall in horror. Fuck! How can you tell him that the cute loli over there is a 37-year-old woman? Are you sure you're not blind or crazy? No amount of makeup or even cosmetic surgery could perform the miracle he had unintentionally seen.

What he didn't know was that the girl would also get younger, no longer looking like 24, but 18 pretty pretty soon. As Dorian said, there were people over 600 years old who still looked 18, if they kept up with their cultivation right. There were beautiful exorcists in his former world who were hailed as Goddesses who maintained their bodies and figures for hundreds and hundreds of years. So this little change from 37 to 24 was nothing. ...

"Where have I seen him before?" The General stared at Old Gia, wondering why he was so familiar to him. Even though years back, he had seen Old Gia when Old Gia was even younger-looking than his outer appearance, the General has kept up with the times, reading vital information and knowing what Old Gia's current public looks were. So he knew that Old Gia should be an old man now with full Gray hair and a slightly hunched back.

Even though Old Gia had kept his figure good all these years, age is still something no one can truly defy. He has seen Old Gia in newspapers and even on the TV too. So don't blame him for not recognizing the vibrant and well-fit middle-aged man with a physique that would make many envious. The General thought long and hard but still couldn't put a name to the face. Nonetheless, seeing Old Gia and several others signal for them to approach, the General quickly threw his thoughts behind him. "Guns..." What? They were to turn in their weapons before heading into the disaster hole? "I won't repeat myself."

~Pach! Pach!

Many turned in their weapons when recalling what happened earlier. Welp! With such strong men by their sides, maybe they have a way of surviving? The leaders of all countries, even those thrown out, were also brought back into the space. And with that, the group was finally set to descend.