

Be Honest! 536

Chapter 536 What Could Have Done This?

Miguel frowned, anxiously wondering why they suddenly stopped at the front of the cave. Even those from opposing sites back into the space, also frowned, a little panicked at heart too. And then, they saw Dorian reach for his inner chest pocket taking out what looked like a golden coin.

It sure was shiny. The coin, blessed with the Moon's bluish hues, still shined with a mysterious golden light.

All they saw was Dorian, holding the coin and murmuring to it, before calmly flicking it down the tomb's stairway entrance. Brmmm!~

Everyone jumped back like cats out of water when they saw the stairway light up.

What did they just see? "I believe in science. I believe in science! I believe in science!"

Many spoke these words in a trance, wondering if they had now caught cataract at their current ages. Or else how can they see such a bizarre scene? Many had not even noticed that everyone here was now speaking and hearing the same language. Who has time to repeat everything in over 30 languages? A simple spell cast made them understand and even speak the same language. However, the spell would only last for 24 hours. After that, they'll speak in the languages they normally do. At the same time. Everyone was given strange rectangular pieces of brown paper.

What was this? What were they supposed to do with this garbage paper? Some were about to throw the paper away when Dorian's calm but cold voice bellowed. "To live, you best keep that on you at all times." " _ " Dorian's voice sent chills down their spines, making many quickly place the papers in their chest pockets. Well, there were no trash bins around so they'll just keep the papers so as not to litter. They refuse to admit it was them bowing in defeat.

Hitchcock didn't know why, but his insides kept churning when thinking of Harvey and Ashaku's tale. Logic said it was impossible. But these people believed the duo.

And what was that magic trick they saw when Dorian threw the coin in?

"Sir..." "I know," The General cut in. "I know what you're thinking, but I can't believe it is true. There must be a scientific explanation for it all." Dr. Miguel, who overheard them, also had similar

thoughts to Hitchcock. From the beginning to the end, the whole thing was strange... too strange! And his friend Ashaku, did you truly see what you said? Why do these strangers believe you so much? What was real and what was fake? Miguel lowered his head, now lost in thought.

Ashaku and Harvey were standing directly behind Dorian. They were the 2 the Tomb Monster wanted the most right now.

They were the only things stopping the tomb monster from gaining full strength and leaving the tomb for good. Who asked them to be present when the strange objects were touched earlier? At that precise moment, an evil surge bellowed, marking all living things in the space. They were marked and must have their blood sucked out dry for the creature to regain its full strength and form. It wanted them and would sense their presence when they stepped into the tomb. The duo felt bitter, wondering why their luck was so bad. Others win a lottery of a million dollars. And they win the death lotteries, a one-way ticket to having their blood sucked out. Leaving try and shriveled corpses behind. Yey~... How fun.

... Like that, Dorian took his first step in, knowing Old Gia and the others had given everyone protective talisman papers. In total, there were 86 of them heading down: Half were ordinary and the other half was Dorian's group. Indeed it was quite a large group, but Dorian didn't mind. Step by step, they headed down the ancient stony path. No need for glow sticks, Dorian's coin was more than enough illumination for them. Many were so focused on not missing a step on the ancient stairs, that they didn't even notice the coin before them was levitating.

On each step, a disciple and an ordinary person could be seen going down. So far, so good. Nothing had happened, and the space was only filled with knee-deep silence, except for the sounds of their footsteps. They should be happy that their journey, although at a start, was very uneventful. Yet, the strings of silence only made their hearts grow frail by the second. Cobwebs, spiders crawling on the walls, the mystic of the ancient glyphs on the walls... everyone gave them a faint sense of unrest.

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

Their footsteps moved in rhythm.

"Watch your step." Ah!- One of them almost tripped, but was helped by a disciple on the same step as him. Can he say he was panicked about coming down here without any firearms? All he had was a dagger, and even he knew it wouldn't be enough. The fresh blood on the stairway and the chunky meaty pieces, made him understand the cruelty of the situation. So... so whatever had killed the many groups that went in, had gone as far as climbing these steps to kill them all? It's odd that it could reach these steps, but couldn't leave the tomb. Could it be that it loved the tomb's cool temperatures so much that it refused to go out? In no time, they reached the stairway's bottom, only to see limbs and body parts scattered around. There was blood on the walls, and military attires

shredded to bits down here. Too horrible! Many felt their legs give way when looking at the gruesome deaths of their comrades. This... this... What sort of animal can do such a thing? Not even a lion's mouth can leave a gruesome sight behind. Now, they came face to face with that giant double-sided door Ashaku praised back then. It was amazing how whoever did this, knew how to close and open the door after finishing its meal.

Do you like privacy so much? The door was the famous Bayachum's work. To open the door, one needed to find the pattern on it that would lead to a secret compartment.

Then, you send your hand in, pull a lever, and Open Sesame, you've done it. "Sirs, should I..."

Ashaku wanted to volunteer to open the door since he was the most familiar with it. But what happened next was something Ashaku swore he would never forget in his life.

Chapter 537 A Terrifying Realization

Old Gia took a step forward, picked up sand from the ground and blew the particles towards the massive door fit for giants. Time seems frozen in place, as everyone suddenly developed superpowers that allowed their eyes to zoom in like crazy. Fheewwwww~

The grains flew with Old Gia's breath, flying magically and breaking apart into various streams that now trailed across the doors like fingers caressing every inch of it. And then, Miguel pushed his glasses in, to watch the sand grains pause their movements before flying crazily towards one direction. And then, they gathered on a particular spot, pushing it in and opening the secret compartment. More grains flew into the compartment and then... Bam! The door began opening, but the grains never left the secret compartment. Old Gia knew why they must stay there until today's work is done. [Everyone]: ...

I believe in science! I believe in science! I fucking believe in science! I... I... I... "Did that just happen? Please... you all saw what I saw, right?" Another person couldn't help asking as if wanting to validate that he wasn't going insane. Many wiped the sweat off their faces with trembling hands very unsure what to believe anymore. "I... I think I need to sit down." Miguel, an avid believer in Science, suddenly felt woozy and in a daze. A certain terror paralyzed his being when recalling Ashaku's earlier tale. His beliefs were on the cusp of getting shattered, and honestly, he felt like having a smoke. .

Reaching for his pockets, Miguel took out a cigarette with insanely shaking hands, brooding the stick to his lips but missing his mouth. He was shaking so hard that the cigarette's end was hitting his chin and sometimes the gap between his lips and his nose. There was so much pressure in his throat that it gave his brain the feeling he was suffocating underwater. Air... Air!...

He fucking needed some air! He pulled at his back short collar, flapping it vigorously, wanting to pump more air around his body.

What does a man have to go around here to get some goddamn air? In just a few seconds, Miguel was drenched from head to toe. Everyone fears the supernatural. Dealing with science, humans, and animals of logic, there isn't much fear. But when dealing with... with... things like monsters, how can he not feel panicked? If .. if... he's not saying it's true... but if, if it was... then, then then... Miguel wants the only one feeling like this. Hitchcock and The General also had butterflies churning in their bellies. Old Gia's actions alone were like premonitions for what they were about to face. Touching their sides and remembering that they had no guns with them, made the duo feel naked. A dagger? What good can that do to something that massacred their comrades who had strong firepower with them? Just who are these people sent by their superiors? Strange lights flickered in the duo's eyes, and they subconsciously reached out to their daggers. Others also felt impending danger, reaching for their daggers when seeing the giant doors slowly open. .

Brammmm~

Like a gateway to another world, the giant doors unhurriedly opened. No one made a sound, not even a cough when watching the scene unfold. Dorian quickly threw out 3 more coins into the darkness ahead. The coins glowed so bright you would think the sun had transported itself into space. It illuminated the bronze and gold surfaces, making the entire place shiny and beautiful... if you overlook the unbelievable piles of corpses and blood trails around the place. "What is that?... Augh! It burns!!" Several people took note of the awful stench that couldn't be coming from the corpses. Yes. Even if you leave a million corpses here, it wouldn't smell this bad as what they were smelling.

Now, combining that awful stench with the stench of corpses, only made even the toughest of Commanders gag. Blugh~

It was so bad that it was burning their noses.

You know the scent is terrible when some get tempted to slice their noses off with daggers in their hands. Their eyes also turned teary and their entire bowing felt desolate. Could that be the stench from the worm-like animal? If so, then the animal might be able to kill them off by just its scent. Please, go take a bath. Shower... Jump in a river. Use a truckload of mouth water or bleach to rid yourself of that stench. How can anything smelling so bad manage to keep alive all this time? Have mercy on their noses!

Some biologists in the group had already assumed it must be the worm creature's doing. . "Touch nothing, if you want to live." Old Gia's words bellowed, making some anxious archeologists withdraw their sticky hands from the objects on the magnificent stands that were still intact. It was amazing that despite all the bloodshed and dead bodies around, these objects on podiums that stood in 2 columns departed by a 12-foot gap, were still intact. And of course, they were as mesmerizing as ever. They had an air of mystery around them that seemed to call into everyone's soul, as though saying: Take me, take me, take me. Gulp~

Many swallowed hard, knowing this was part of the treasures their countries were fighting for. If... they can successfully take one and hide away, won't they win honor to their countries? Some people have already begun developing greedy thoughts. And when they felt no one was watching, they sent their hands forth. "Feeling itchy?" The disciples caught their sticky hands, making these people twist in shame. "Hey... I wasn't going to take it. I only wanted to touch it to see if it's real gold or not!" Sure you were... Some people rolled their eyes, looking at those caught in contempt. Well, they definitely won't say they too wanted to do the same. Everyone else saw these items as treasures, but only the disciples knew that these so-called treasures were rotting bones. Their 3rd eyes never lie.

Chapter 538 True Pain

The General stabbed himself a bit with his dagger, to eradicate the terrible inside voice that was telling him to grab the items standing beautifully on the stands. "Sir, you hear them too? The whispers?" "Ye-yeah..." "I-I hear them also," Miguel added, truly feeling this wasn't normal at all. The whispering gave him goosebumps as if something was talking to him directly in his head. Take it! Take it! Take it!... It said, with an enticing whisper, as it laid down why taking it was important too. [Com'on~... You need to win honor for your country. Take it, and your promotion is guaranteed.]

Ahhh! Shut up!

The General and a few screamed to themselves, refusing to abide by whatever whispers were now plaguing them. Son of a bitch! What sort of evil was this? Everyone was plagued with the matter, except the disciples and... wouldn't you know it, Harvey and Ashaku. No matter what voice bellowed, it won't change the fact that they witnessed firsthand the cruelty of what happens when anyone takes or touches anything. You might as well be preaching to the dead in their own case. The whispers wanted them to take it, damning everyone in here. Sadly, it miscalculated when it came to them.

The whispers came but were instantly driven away by their awakened sense of reality. Now, they heard no whispers. Dorian threw his head behind his shoulders, staring at the high ceilings with a slight smile on his lips. Interesting... .

The group walked to the far end, sensing no dangers yet. However, the gruesome sites and revealed boobytraps made their throats tremble with every large gulp of saliva they forcefully swallowed.

The ancients sure were cruel. There were slanted giant squares that allowed them to see large spikes and spears underneath. Of course, the giant squares were still in slanted positions because they had dead bodies blocking them from rotating back. How to say it? It looked like some of their people fell into the trap and tried to crawl out but died halfway through. Look at that long spike piercing out this guy's intestines. Even if he managed to crawl out, his excess blood loss would still make him fall unconscious and eventually die without a medic on the scene. "What a cruel fate..." Many murmured, while observing around more. "Look! Look!" Someone called out, causing many to turn their heads to the side. "What?... It's definitely a corpse... but why is it wearing your Britannia's military wear?"

It looked like a thousand-year-old bandaged corpse with how dry and shriveled it was. So why was it here, wearing modern military attire? Could it be the worm animals that like playing dress-up in here? Harvey's body trembled uncontrollably, as his eyes quickly turned moist. Dropping to his knees, Harvey slammed his fists into the ground in pain. "That's not a thousand-year-old bandaged corpse... it's new... It's my friend, my comrade... the one who bought Dr. Ashaku and myself time to escape.... Romanoff... it's you, isn't it..."

Ashaku put his hands over his eyes, also crying silently when seeing the fate of those they left behind. They didn't die normally as the others but had every drop of blood and fluid brutally sucked out of them. Hitchcock, The General and Miguel stared at the corpse, not knowing what to say. Yes~... The facts are in front of them. What Harvey and Ashaku said wasn't some made-up fairytale. It must be true. What pain the 2 felt all this while, they didn't make it easier for them by rejecting their truth.

These 2 came clean and they still snapped at them, even planning to send them to jail. .

Alas...

The General finally understood why these 2 refused to say anything at the start. He was afraid that even he might not know how to go about convincing people to do the things he saw Dorian do as of now.

It was a bogus story, yet true. However, if he gave such a report, wouldn't he be demoted and sent for repeated psychic evaluations till they were sure he was good in the head? He could also see it now. [Magic?

So you're saying the one called Grandmaster threw coins in the air and they not only floated by producing light that illuminated your path too? And the other one by the Grandmaster threw sand, that... pardon me. In your words, flew into the air and began stretching across the doors, only to later form a fist that somehow triggered the mechanism and opened the doors?... General Obediah... Did you take anything while on duty... mushrooms, perhaps?]

Oh... he could see it now. Sigh~

General Obediah massaged this left brow, also feeling the burden Harvey felt earlier when thinking of whether to report truthfully or not. Nonetheless, he decided to support Harvey if any military personnel took him in for questioning. Seeing Harvey crying so hard his voice was choking, Obediah couldn't in good conscience allow anything bad to happen to Harvey after knowing the true loss Harvey had. .

Hitchcock also felt the same, as well as Miguel, who moved closer to Ashaku. "I'm... I'm sorry, old friend.... I should have believed you." " _ " [Everyone else from other countries]

What's going on? Why was there a crying festival happening here? Believe what? Is there something these people know that they don't?

And what did that guy mean when he said the corpse was a friend of his? How is that possible?! That corpse has definitely had its fair share of time. Oh, look! There are other shriveled corpses scattered around too. Oddly, they are all wearing clothes of this era... no... era was too long.

They were wearing clothes from this decade. While Harvey and the others were busy with thoughts of their own, Landon had already opened the giant door ahead. This door was different from the last. It was more complicated. However, it was easily solved by Dorian.

"Let's go... We are getting close." Close? Yes! Close to the Mummy!

Chapter 539 Mine!

With the strange corpses scattered all over the place, everyone could only move forward with heavy hearts. This time, the General's red blood eyes scanned across the masses. His already towering physique and cobra wide back made everyone flinch back when he turned around and looked at them dead in the eye. Even those who were used to working with him before were shocked by the murderous raw energy he was emitting. "Pull those crooked ears of yours and listen well. We won't be having any more funny business from anyone..." "Try it... I dare you to try touching anything again and see what will happen." If whatever is here doesn't kill them, then he would gladly take up the challenge.

As they say, a word to the wise is enough. But hold on... why can everyone suddenly understand each other? General Obediah's pupils dilated in a split second, before returning back to normal, staring at Dorian with reverence. Hitchcoff pushed his glasses in, also staring at Dorian's group deep in thought. 'It seems I really don't know much about the world. But it doesn't make any sense. What sort of monster can do this to a corpse?'

Hitchcoff's brows wrinkled. This was getting too unscientific, but stopping was never in the books. Today, they'll figure this situation out once and for all. Thinking that, Hitchcoff took off his glasses and used the small wiping cloth in his pocket to dust them off. But just then... Eh? Did he see something just now? Hit off blinked severally, swiftly turning his face to the ceiling only to be met with nothing but the old, thick, stony ceilings. Huh...

Must be his imagination. Shaking his head wryly, he followed behind General Obediah, not knowing that the thing he thought was imaginary, now popped his gruesome head with a strange green glowing light in its eyes. .

Onwards the group went, everyone hearing their own breathing growing harder and harder by the second. This was the furthest their people have ever reached. Everyone who came into the tomb died back there. They were the first to move past the chamber of temptations at the back. And now, they were staring at what looked like a giant bat cave which was far different from the glamorous splendor of the earlier room. There were many platforms with ancient stony buildings suspended high, connected to stone bridges. It truly looked like an underground city fitting for a King. The ancient ashy stony buildings gave a stark contrast to the dark, pale blue grounds around them. The grounds looked pale blue because of the blue glowing moss plants that stock to the corners of the cave's walls, providing dim illumination. For a moment, everyone felt like they had just stepped into a fantasy world, with how beautiful and mysterious their surroundings were. on the edge they stood on, there were stairways leading down, and a sturdy, well made stone bridge leading to the closest suspended platform. Kri! Kri!!~

What was that? Once again, everyone wished they had their guns with them while moving through his unpredictable place. Dammit! Why did they listen to these psychos who collected all their weapons? Many stared at Dorian's group viscously., thinking that if given the chance again, they would never entertain the crazy idea of handing in their weapons. It was funny how quick their memory was to forget that Dorian never gave them a choice. It seems they had forgotten how they were beaten into submission by academy disciples earlier, though their bodies remembered it quite well. Some quickly looked to the floor, swallowing their cursed words when Old Gia's eyes swept over them. Everyone looked up, wondering where the echoed strange noises could have come from. But before they could figure it out, they heard completely different noises from below. And then, their legs turned into cooked noodles, when a startling hissing noise bellowed from below. Hiss!!~

An unimaginable switch turned in their minds, as they slowly lowered their heads to give a good stare at sight far below. Holy Moly! Before, they were wondering whether to take the stairway down, or whether to continue on with the suspended stone bridges. But now, it seems fate has made the choice for them after all. The biologist in the group released a heavy breath, slowly etching to the edge with a trembling body that wasn't of fear... but excitement? "Sand Red line snakes!... How can they be so big?" Dropping to his knees and hunching over to stare at the many babies that were twirling and intertwining below, the biologist almost wished he could fly down there and get samples. "Careful, professor Bohania!" A well-decorated soldier from the biologist's country called, almost having a heart attack after seeing Bohania push a few rocks that fell below, as if in cinematic suspense. "Professor, please step back! I've been informed to protect you with my life, so don't make me act rash." As one of their country's treasures, who has many international awards and accolades, Bohania was a pride their country wasn't willing to lose. Other biologists also inches in closer, shocked by how Large these sand snakes were. "Impossible! How can they grow so big? Mutation? Is there radioactive matter fizzling in the air?" "Exactly! What did they eat or experience growing so big?" A few soldiers furrowed their brows, taking in bits and pieces of news in frightening wonder. According to these biologists, sand snakes are no longer than 3 fingers going together. As for length, they couldn't grow longer than 5 feet. Everyone stared at the spine-tingling sight below, feeling their blood go numb. "We-... we are going to cross over them?" A soft shivering voice asked. It was a female soldier whose number one fear was slithering, crawling creatures. You say these snakes shouldn't grow bigger than 3 fingers or longer than 5 feet. But why did each look like they could swallow a fully grown human without stress and still have enough room for a dog too? "Hold on! We can't just go ahead without collecting their samples!" Bohania advised, when seeing Dorian lead the way towards the suspended path far, high above the snakes down below.

A flash of greed flickered through his eyes, no one knowing what his thoughts were. 'If... if I can take a snake and recreate it in my lab, then...'

Bohania was ecstatic, thinking of all the fame that will come to him once he succeeds. But why stop at this size? What if he can make it 10 or even 50 times larger? 'Mine, mine, mine! I must get this fame alone!'

Chapter 540 The Greedy Bohania

Professor Bohania wasn't the only one with crooked eyes. For your see, humans were quite a funny bunch. Despite knowing the obvious dangers that came with raising species to such exaggerated and terrifying lengths, they still wanted to see how far along they could push the envelope. Greed for fame, wealth, women, and all the finer things in life made many eyes grow twisted the longer they stared at the slithering abyss below. But how do they get some fucking samples in their pockets? Going down there meant obvious death for them. However, what if... Very quickly, Bohania and several others turned their attention to the soldiers behind them. Bohania's eyes scanned the crowd with laser focus, looking for a particular sort of person. And when he found his target, his eyes dimmed and his body slowly backed off, as though not caring about the homunculus sand snakes below. Dorian only gave him a lazy look, no more than 3 seconds long. "Let's go."

The blue glowing algae on the faraway walls made the entire place look magical. But you only feel the true magic once you take a step far in.

"Holy f***! What the hell is that? How can it be so bad?" "Son of a —... What atomic bomb is this?"

Augh~

Many twisted their nostrils, wondering if the eye watering perfume came from the many snakes below who probably haven't hook

The air smelled of rotting fruits that left strange burning sensations in their nostrils. Could it be that these snake worms were emitting such foul scents because they haven't taken baths for hundreds and hundreds of years? No! It smelled even worse than the moldy room and the piles of dead bodies they left behind. The smell was one thing that kept their senses alert, and the drafty winds were another. Only at most, 2 people could walk through the suspended paths at once, with just a little room. Bam! Obediah felt his bulky legs even bulkier than usual. Every step was taken with boundless care, constantly forcing his eyes not to look down for so long. Ahhhh! Wasn't ashamed to admit his onward screams when seeing a giant snake plunge upwards as high as it could, just below him. ... And then... SNAP! Obediah no longer bothered to look over the edges when seeing how close the snake's snapped mouth was to the stony suspended platform bridge. Behind him, a few were also petrified by the jumping snakes that snapped close to the bridge, so much that they almost fell overboard. Luckily for them, the disciples came to their rescue in a timely fashion. As said, only 2 can move on the bridge at once. So everyone was paired with 1 disciple. Forward they went, feeling their beating hearts grow louder and louder by the minute. At this moment, all they could hear were the gut-wrenching hissing playlist below and their own hearts beating chaotically. .

"Thank you.."

Many looked to the disciples gratefully, after getting pulled back up the edges. Dorian said nothing, calmly leading them onwards with his hands in his pockets. [Host, you're still a long way from the main bomb room.]

the system paused, a little confused, [Host, there's something I don't get yet... With the other times when people entered, the creature killed them off from the first room. But now, it is letting you travel so far to reach it... Host, isn't this—]

'A trap?' Dorian concluded the system's question with ease. Indeed, it was a trap. However, in the face of true strength, what did it matter if it was a trap or not? It seemed this time, the creature

wished to ensure that none of them would be able to escape its grasp, especially the particularly juicy looking humans who entered the tomb the first time the tomb's items were touched. Perhaps, the creature also sensed that the group of people that came in this time were different from the others it killed. So to make sure nothing goes wrong, it was leading them deeper and deeper into its chambers of no return. . 3 minutes went by without a hitch, until they finally crossed the first suspended bridge. Are you blind? Can't you see that there were about 11 more they had to cross? Although they likely had to cross 11 more, they could say for certain that there were more than 50 suspended bridges all around them. Right now, everyone had arrived on what looked like a little guard temple, with 2 other bridges branching off it.

"More skeleton guards!" On the temple structure, there were several collapsed skeletons wearing ancient guard attires, slumped down around the structure. Old rusting swords, armors, bows, sabers, plates and bowls could also be seen around. The structure was an open structure, allowing them to find more skeletons and worm out fabrics on the ground, probably used for sleeping. Imagine being buried alive with your King and having to live underground for the rest of your life until you finally die? First of all, who knows if the food stored during burial was enough to keep them alive for 15 or even 7 years. Looking at the ancient clothing all around, everyone's eyes lit with interest because such historical artifacts are part of history, making them now cost a fortune! The fact that they were discovered in this particular tomb of one of the most richest rulers Cygypt has ever known, only makes their worth ridiculously more valuable than normal. But Dorian seems not to care, bypassing the fallen skeletons and making how way towards the next connecting bridge. Everyone looked at each other tactfully, swallowing their words and following behind him closely. And soon, they began whispering among themselves, seemingly dissatisfied with Dorian's operations.

"Dammit! Are we just going to leave all this behind? Shouldn't we first take what we've found out first before returning to continue the expedition?" "I think so too. That is, who gave the kid the gallbladder... the guts... the impetus to order us around? Why must we do as he has said?"

" _ "