

Be Honest! 546

Chapter 546 RUN!!!!

This time, Old Gia took out a piece of golden talisman paper, rustling and rolling it in his hand like a ball. He slammed pressed his palms together in murdered chants. Wow! Everyone was shocked to see that the paper had now turned into dust, blowing into the air and flying towards the strange doors. And just like the many times before, the mysterious mechanism became unlocked. However, this wasn't the end. part of the papers pieces, quickly swam into the body of a fallen Skelton guard. "What is it doing?" Many people looked on curiously, until they saw the golden pieces swim around a massive key they were now carrying. "Look! A key around the guard's neck!" Like fluttering golden butterflies, the prices of torn talisman paper were mesmerizing to stare at. They quickly took the key and carried it to a conspicuous corner, whether they inserted the key and finally unlocked the door.

Bram!!! The final mechanical note played, telling everyone it was time to go in. "Stay sharp, and do as told," Obediah quickly commanded, reminding everyone to better behave and not let what happens before repair itself. Obediah was particularly talking to Bohania and a few others. "Try that bullsh** again, and you'll definitely see the other side of me." After whispering his bit to Bohania, he then bumped into the bastard's shoulder while making a U-turn to face the door once more. Hmph! Coward. .

With just a slight breeze from Dorian's lips, the giant doors swung open, revealing the most breathtaking scene they have ever seen. Gold!! From top to bottom, every single inch of the place was covered in cold! What was even more astonishing was the appearance of thorny roses planted in dividing rows scattered about the place. How to put it? The entire place was staged to look like a Golden mountain.

every 20 feet, the golden floors would become slightly elevated. And just below the elevated path were these red roses. Imagine a cake, with red edges lining every elevated point. Only, the cake wasn't circular, but in the shape of a Pyramid. And at the center of the entire thing, were over 100 little steps leading to the top. Oh my... what will they find at the top? Already, everyone saw a glimpse of 2 golden coffins far high.

There were statues strategically placed everywhere, and all sorts of carvings on the walls. Ancient vases, heaps of gold coins and wealth... you name it. All the riches in the world seemed to be on here. But more than anything, there were several less expensive coffins scattered about alongside the wealth here. Ah.

Greed once again filled the eyes of many who felt bending down and picking up a few cold coins can't hurt anyone.... Can it? "Don't you dare..." Obediah's voice made Bohania and many others freeze. They were a little annoyed when seeing how Obediah and others were watching them with hawk eyes. How troublesome... They had no choice but to keep moving, though their eyes were still glued on the scattered wealth around. For a moment, they seemed to forget about the dangerous situation they still found themselves in. Pausing, Dorian stared at the line underneath his feet. "Grandmaster, what's the matter?" even Old Gia couldn't see the true essence of the line Dorian just crossed.

This alone showed that the formation here wasn't one any exorcists could notice. In fact, even with his current strength, Dorian knew he shouldn't have noticed the formation here. Yet, he did... Why? Dorian licked his lips, grinning slightly. Interesting... [Host, you really noticed it?]

Even the system was alarmed. It was hoping to puff out its chest in pride to tell the host of the formation the host 'missed.' Hey, this was an opportunity for it to show its true worth and value to the host. But who would have known that the host would be able to see the mysterious without its help? Don't get it wrong. There are 3 different formations here. 2 of them were combined gateways... and the other... Well, heh. Let's just say, the 3rd one was the one the system didn't expect Dorian to see. 'Is my host really just a mortal human?' The system felt confused the more the time it spent with Dorian. First off for the last formation, unless one was as strong or even than Beelzebub himself, no one should be able to see that formation... even the angels and heavenly beings.

In fact, provided Beelzebub is stronger, they won't be able to see it. Perhaps Angel Michael and those stronger can detect it, but for the rest, they will bypass it without knowing it. The system knew its host was nowhere near being as strong as Beelzebub. So how was it possible that he could detect it, talk less of even seeing it? The system felt it should hurry up and send a message to its owner about the matter. Dorian didn't even know that the system was once again preparing to rat him out to its master. Step by step, everyone advanced forward with mixed feelings. "Hey... is it just me, or is it a little too cold in here?"

Already, they began to feel the shivers.

But Dorian's face turned even more grim instead. "Quickly, bring out the ox blood."

Before everyone could react, their faces were smeared with oxblood right before they heard another strange croaking noise below.

"Frogs?"

HitchCoff shook his head at the female soldier, "With all the sulfuric acid in here, I'm afraid frogs don't dare to come this far in."

What's more, they are underground in a desert, so how can frogs love this environment?

Recalling the many terrifying creatures in here, Hitchcoff dared not relax his stance.

"You bastards! Don't you dare rub that filthy thing on me!" Eldora quickly defended herself, flat-out refusing to have the foul, stinking oxblood on her face.

Do you know how much her face is insured for?

What if it leaves pimples or other god forsaken side effects once taken off?

The disciples shrugged and didn't bother with her anymore, knowing that in the next few seconds, she was bound to regret it!

"Eh?... Does anyone hear that?"

Very stiffly, everyone then threw their heads behind, only to see an ungodly sight of tiny beetle-like creatures swarming out from under the treasures on the base floors.

Everyone was now on the 3rd layer of this pyramid-style gold mountain. Looking down from above, everyone's face turned chalky white when seeing how many and fast these things moved.

Just one word now echoed within their minds - RUN!

Chapter 547 Odd Arrangements

Oh my God of science!

"These motherf**kers are moving too fast!"

It has only been 3 seconds since they took to their heels, and already, this army of small beetle-like creatures were already inches from touching them.

But what was this?

Why did these small insect-like creatures avoid them now?

Ahh!!!

Eldora's scream was ear-deafening!

"What are you screaming—" Obediah's face turned distorted when seeing several swollen balls crawling underneath Eldora's skin, neck and face.

Everyone's face was transfixed in silent horror, wishing to look away but unable to.

"Ah! It's inside me! It's inside me! Get it off! Get it off now!!!!"

Her high pitched scream bellowed so loud it could wake the dead up.

A disciple by her side slowly smirked, before throwing the entire left over ox-blood mixture on her face. And then, he held her jaw open and threw the whole thing in for her to swallow while chanting a 3 word spell too.

And then, everyone saw a scene they swore they would never forget in a hurry.

Eldora's throat began to swell like a croaking frog ready to blow.

Blahhhhhh!!!~

Her widened mouth spewed every disgusting beetle out, with some even bursting out from her backs and ger body instead.

"My face!~... My face...."

One flew out her forehead, making many step back in catatonic stupor.

"So it's the blood that saved us?" One of the biologists was quick to speak out, rubbing his face again in joy.

Fortunately, although he detested the smell and appearance of this old oxblood, he didn't refuse it like Eldora.

Many people also let out heavy sighs of relief after realizing this fact too.

Some people even looked at the blood satchels thrown away, wishing they had the courage to rush over, pick them up and scrap the remaining blood inside the satchels to add on their faces.

As if running from plagues, these tiny beetles didn't dare to step closer to them.

But then again, was it truly the blood?

Why were these creature's not attacking Dorian at all, despite him not having a single spec of blood on his face or body?

Obediah squinted his eyes thoughtfully.

'Although the beetles ran from us, they exhibit different attitudes when running from the Grandmaster.'

Why did it look like he could see these beetles shivering in fear from Dorian's presence?

They say insects and animals have primal instincts of fear embedded in their biology. Could it be that their 'spidey senses' were tingling when facing Dorian?

Dorian only gave them a stare, and they dared not climb towards his side. The beetles would come very close to them before turning away after realizing they were covered in oxblood. But for Dorian, do you see how much space they gave between themselves and him?

What was this blatant discrimination about?

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"You scallywags!" Eldora cursed loudly when taking to her feet.

Oh my God of Science!

With the blood rubbed on her face, and the blood oozing out from her meaty wounds, she truly looked like the undead when staring at them.

Was it okay to say they were a little afraid of this lunatic in here?

"I swear on my life, that you all will pay for doing this to me!"

Who did what here? Who did anything to you? Many retorted inwardly.

Who asked you not to rub the blood when instructed to?

"My father will so have your heads once I tell him what all of you did!"

What are you? A child? "I will—" Hm?

Eldora placed her hands on her neck in shock after hearing her voice go mute.

This time, it was all Gia who reacted swiftly after seeing Doreian's uneasy growing face.

Phew!~

Old Gia and many disciples let out visible sighs when sipping off their nonexistent sweat.

This act once again reminded Obeidah and a few others of Dorian's hate for loud and overly noisy environments.

"Go."

Dorian's one word made their feet move onwards before their brains could react. And soon, they finally reached the very top platform, which had 2 giant coffin tombs.

Above the tombs were domes covered with murals, surrounded by stone slabs engraved with inscriptions.

In the middle, there are 6 sarcophagi placed at random. One can tell that each sarcophagus is obviously much higher in grade than the ones scattered below, around the space among the treasures.

A sarcophagus is like those mummy coffins that stand upright. You can open them like opening a guitar casing. Imagine a mummy sitting in one in a cross-armed pose.

Of course, people in this world didn't know what mummies were.

The ancient Cygtyians didn't do the mummification process, but only threw in bodies there, filling the entire sarcophagus in strange liquids to help preserve the body.

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"Those 2 in the center should be the main tombs, right?"

Miguel was puzzled. "It's all very strange. Ashaku, why are there 7 other coffins surrounding the? What sort of burial arrangement was this?"

This was not how the ancient Cygypt buried rulers in their tombs. And again, what was this?

Eh?

"Have I finally lost my sight from old age, or is this really glass?"

Several historians and Archeologists were dumbfounded to see that the upper part of the tomb was made of glass.. Not just crude glass with impurities... but the sort of super clear glass you can find today.

However, they had to say that the glass casing might even be more superior than what they used today. "Impossible!!"

Many exclaimed.

"How is this possible? This doesn't make sense at all!"

"Exactly! Crude glass was only made known to Cygypt 150 years after the death of Hotanzi."

Even then, the sort of glass that was made known to them has so many impurities, and was completely green and sometimes dirt brown in color. Only the nobles and royals could afford this glass. It would take another 800 years before people mastered the art of making glass clearer.

So what is this?

Who can tell them why glass that is superior to their own era exists down here?

Are you sure they haven't accidentally stumbled upon Alien technology here? Was Hotanzi an alien?

Where did it come from? What is the mystery of this glass technology?

It was so amazing, and looked like Snow White's glass casket, the one that allowed people to look at her while she laid 'dead'.

Chapter 548 Too Unscientific!

"Have you seen this before?"

"No, never have... I mean, it's so strange the way the sarcophagus are placed around the main tombs." "Yes! And what's even more strange are the symbols carved on the sarcophagi. What language is that? Why, by the skies of Gray Skull, I've never seen such peculiar writing before." Many historians and archeologists took out their glasses from their chest pockets, completely puzzled about the emergence of these new symbols. They prided themselves as true experts that could recognize all sorts of ancient symbols and writings belonging to this world. Yet, they've never seen something so strange before. But for the academy disciples, they were all bug familiar dark runes and words scribbled crudely on all sarcophagi. The archeologists were already very absorbed in finding out the meaning behind the many symbols on the sarcophagi. But soon enough, their attention was drawn back to the 2 main tombs once more. It was now that they really took time to look through the glass casings, causing everyone's face to droop. One of the soldiers smacked her lips in disbelief, "is the corpse supposed to look like this?" Many opened and closed their eyes with dumbfounded expressions when seeing the stunning beautiful women in the glass casing, who didn't look like she aged a day. F***! "Wipe, who is this beauty? With this face alone, she enters the entertainment industry, she will definitely become a Movie Queen in a day!"

"Lying trough, what type of science is behind this? How did the ancients manage to preserve her corpse?" "Am I dreaming? Is this a dream an ancient beauty finally proposes to me?" Oh my God of Science, the corpse actually looks like a living person. No joke, her cheeks were slightly rosy, her complexion was just so amazing, as if airbrushed, and everything else about her took the words right out of their mouths – Sleeping Beauty! This must definitely be what sleeping beauty looked like when the Prince came to wake her from her slumber. Can you see how stunning this ancient woman was? Sorry, but the only people they thought could compare with this ancient beauty, were the female Academy members here. Excuse me? But how did your skin get so smooth and baby-like? How can someone be so good-looking? Seeing the ancient beauty, as well as the academy female members, the other females in the group truly wished to shake them to death if it meant the answers would spit out of their mouths. What in the world did they do to look so good? ...

Unscientific!

"How did the ancients preserve her body so well?" Ashaku couldn't help muttering, knowing that this was Hotanzi's beloved woman, the one he could kill a nation for. The portraits they had of her didn't do any justice to get actual appearance. "Hold on, why is she still breathing?" One of the females swore she swore the chest of this beauty rise and fall slightly with small movements. Soon, everyone also noticed this, finding it incredible. A corpse of over 2800 years old, was still breathing for all these years and you expect them to still remain calm?

F***! "Let's open up the case and put a piece of glass or mirror under the corpse's nostrils to see if it will fog."

That's right, they can verify if the corpse was breathing or not by doing this. Although their eyes could clearly see that the corpse was breathing, sorry... their brains and minds still refused to process it.

Yes, yes... they should really test it out to fully convince themselves. But the question was... who was going to do it? They don't know why, but they seemed to feel that such a live-looking corpse would open her eyes if they dared to put their hands so close to her nostrils. "Hmph! So what if she's a beauty? She's dead, isn't she?" Eldora muttered, jealousy laced in her voice when staring at the corpse's face.

"I don't care what any of you does, but be careful with the merchandise. The corpse is now our national treasure, and must be taken into our Britannia National Museum!" What? Over their dead bodies!

Everyone else soon forgot about the elephant in the room, and were all about to debate on who gets to own the corpse.

"Wait!" Harvey exclaimed in a heavy tone. "I know that she is Hotanzi's woman... but where is Hotanzi himself?" What????!!! Everyone hastily turned their attention to the second glass box, only to see it empty. "Where is he? Where is Hotanzi the Tyrant?" Can it be that he isn't hurried here but somewhere else instead?

Is there a secret location in here they don't know about that he could have been buried in? No! Miguel shook his head severally, feeling that with how much Hotanzi loved this woman, he would never want to be buried inches from her. So where was the body now?

And does everyone notice how much colder the place was getting now? ...

Swwwww~

A ready wind now blew in quietly, cashing everyone's hairs to stand erect. "What was that?!!!"

The cold breeze made them subconsciously regroup around each other, especially when listening to the treasures at the top of each treasure heap suddenly roll down the treasure hills, as if pushed by invisible forces. The smell all around them grew thicker and thicker, and soon... the winds also picked up their pace more and more at an alarming rate. Big that wasn't all that plagued their minds. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Ahh! Some people jumped on others like Scooby-Doo, shaking so much they legs began to wobble like stretched rubber. Mommy!

Their eyes dilated when seeing the many sarcophagi shake and tremble vigorously with every Bang that echoed out. "Oh my God of Science! Something is trying to get out!!!!"

"F***, F***, F***, what do we do?"

"The dead, the dead are rising!!!" Many had no tears but wanted to cry. Sure, they could take down robbers and human criminals. But no one prepared them on how to stop the living dead, okay?

What's more, how do you kill something that has already died?

Chapter 549 Here Comes The Final Boss

Rumble, rumble, rumble~

The many Sarcophagi trembled with so much vigor that they began raising dust into the air. Oh My God of Science!

The faint scratching sounds within the sarcophagi started growing louder and louder than the second. Step back! Step back! Several people hugged each other so hard that they almost left their hostages breathless. Boom!!! The strange sarcophagi cases were opened, and out came a pour of hundreds and hundreds of those strange bugs. Ahhhh!!! Several people screamed and took even more steps back, but little did they know that this was just the beginning. After the many bugs flew out, a strange silence bellowed. "That's it?" Someone couldn't help asking. Phew!

For a moment, they thought there was more. But what about the strange mist now circling around the many open sarcophagi that made their heart strings tighten once more. And then, they saw them... Everyone saw withered cloth-wrapped figures with rotting flesh and hollow eyes slowly rise up with unworldly lights. Roarr!!!! The roars of what seems like a thousand hellhounds bellowed from their mouths, causing many to fall on their butts and even wet themselves. Words alone couldn't describe what they were feeling now. "M-m-m-monster!!!" "Impossible! Impossible! How can a corpse come back to life?" "Exactly! This doesn't add up! This defies the natural world's laws! Yes, yes! This must be a dream. It must be a dream... Bahahaha~.... I must be dreaming."

Ahhh!!! Eldora felt she was going crazy, refusing to believe what she was seeing. What's more, why was one of them looking her way so intensely? "Get back! Get back, I tell you! I have a heeled boot, and I'm not afraid to use it!!" Sure the heel might be small and fat, but she swore she would give it her all in delivering a fatal blow if it could keep her life intact. Of course, Eldora also shamelessly forced herself behind several others, making sure she was surrounded in all corners, front, back, left, right, and center.

Daddy always says one should protect themselves to the best of their ability. So isn't this what she was doing now?

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"Mummy..." Old Gia blurted out those words when seeing how much they resembled the mummy images in the Academy books. Mum what? Mummy? What the hell was that? This was the first time they have seen such creatures before in their lives! The creatures looked like rotting human corpses, if you neglect the strange bones sticking out of their necks like Dinosaur scales. Yes... these bones shone with ugly lights that only highlighted their rotting flesh even more. And then... let's not forget the fact that their opened mouths and dropped jaws were 5 times wider than a normal human's. Their necks were super elongated, their bodies hunched and hideous, riddled with so many holes that allowed them to see their insides. Good God, man! Blugh!!! Once again, several people were shocked just how many times their bodies could throw up in just one night. Dammit! Who has bleach around? Can they say they wish to throw bleach into their eyes in ways and corrode the memory out of their brains? Fear and disgust swelled up within them as they began praying to the God of Science. Many were so fixated on the many strange Mummies that appeared, that they didn't realize the creatures weren't even attacking them yet. Many were too absorbed in fear to realize this fact. Only a few like Harvey, Ashaku, Miguel, Obediah and Hitchcoff, noticed their reactions. "S-sir..." Hitchcoff swallowed hard, adjusting his glasses with his trembling fingers. "They are not attacking." "Hmmm," Obediah nodded rigidly, throwing his head around to see where the mummies were looking. No... it wasn't exactly at any of them.... But behind them....

"Waiting..." Harvey blurted out with quivering lips. "They are waiting for their leader." They must be waiting for the one who attacked him and Ashaku at the start... The one who ensured they were marked and ripe for the taking!

Very stiffly, Harvey twisted his neck, only to see a strange distortion reflected in the dimly lit space behind them.

Fheereeeuuuu~

The whistle of a thousand treasures faintly echoed, leaving a light but chilling breeze that swept across the entire massive space. And then they saw it!

Everyone subconsciously forgot about the strange mummies surrounding them, and now focused on the terrifying creature emerging from behind.

It was only now that they realized that the wall above the Space's entrance was filled with all sorts of gigantic animal bones bound together. Crack! The giant opening seemed to open from the center, like a giant dinosaur rib cage forced open.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!~

Every bone-cracking noise made their bodies stifle in transfixed horror. First, a hideous giant head forced itself out of the ribcage, roaring so hard their eardrums almost exploded. But no one could care less right now about their ringing ears.

Ah!

The distance between them and the moving structure was definitely more than an entire street block long. Yet, they could see its gigantic sunken but juicy eyes that blinked with an uncanny light. MANY HAD ALREADY WET THEMSELVES AGAIN WITHOUT KNOWING IT. Where was the creature's nose? There was no nose there!

After the head came out, the creature's left shoulder forced its way out, followed by its right shoulder that seemed to have a spiky end to it.

They say in horror movies, only a fool will sit tight in one spot and watch as the villain transforms to make a kill... In fact, everyone here used to scream at their TVs, telling the victims to run before the psychopaths, slashers or evil forces made their move. Yes, yes, yes....

They used to find these movie victims stupid. But now when finding themselves in the same predicament, can they really run?

Even if they did? Where do they run to? The now-appearing final boss was making his grand appearance at the only entrance into the space, and behind them were the so-called mummies blocking their path. Run? They were afraid that even their legs had given way with all the shaking they were going through.

"Dead... Dead... We are all dead!!!"

Chapter 550 The Culprit

Like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon, everyone watched the creature break through its bony skeletal cocoon, and slowly make its way towards them all.

Din, Din, Din, Din, Din~

Its footsteps seemed to carry the weight of their lives the closer it got. At this point, everyone had already forgotten about Dorian's existence, feeling they were all goners in here.

Please!

Look at the Godly supernatural being walking their way and look at them, puny humans... Do you think they can stand a chance against it?

Ashaku felt his breathing grow harder the closer the creature got. "Taller... It's taller than before."

Could this be its true form? It was now 50 times uglier than what they recalled.

"What? Are you sure?"

Ashaku nodded, "Positive. I can't be wrong."

Din, Din, Din, Din~

The creature took its sweet time, coming over. In fact, it didn't need to stress itself to climb the many steps because the strange flesh eating beetles already forced a moving carpet that carried it forward.

And when it was finally close enough, it opened its mouth and finally spoke in a voice that sounded like a thousand eerie voices mashed up into 1. "Benachanta...."

It spoke a tongue only a few people here recognized.

"The Old Language of the Cygs..."

The old Cygyptian language was the Cygs, which was very different from modern Cygyptian language.

Only historians and archeologists here understood what the creature was saying. Of course, Dorian's side also understood too.

"Translate... Translate now," Obediah commanded in a hushed tone. "Welcome," Ashaku translate.

The creature spread its rotting insect-infested arms wide, opening its smiling mouth to speak once more.

"Welcome to my tomb. Finally, the time has come for me and my beloved to be reunited for all eternity.... But for that to happen, I must consume the blood of the Marked ones... "

The creature turned his attention to Ashaku and Harvey, causing a chill to crawl up their spines.

"As for the rest of you, my loyal servants will be more than happy to feast on your flesh and your SOUL!"

The more Ashaku translated, the more everyone else felt their intestines turn green with regret.

Why?

Why did they have to come to this forsaken Cygypt Desert?

"No, no... since all it wants is those 2, then why not negotiate with it for them?" Bohania wasted no time buying his own life, and several others like Eldora also agreed with him.

"That's right, they will be dying for the greater good, which is a noble thing."

"Yes, yes, exactly! Who can they blame for their bad luck of getting marked? They should be the ones to sacrifice their lives for ours!"

Ashaku and Harvey were so angry and afraid that their faces turned red like pufferfish. Although they knew some would choose to sacrifice them, it was still shocking to hear how I first hand.

Sure enough, it's only in humanity's weakest and most fearful moments do you see the true selfishness in humans. Many people had already entered into heated arguments, forgetting that negotiating with such a monster was not even an option in the first place. They seemed to be forgetting that they were the ones in it's liar with no way out. It had the option to kill them all now. So why were they talking about negotiating as though they were on equal footing with it?

At this moment, their IQs dropped a significant notch, and all they cared about were their basic instincts – Survival.

Many were even ready to bite off body parts belonging to Ashaku or Harvey's with their teeth and sacrifice to the creature if it would allow them go.

Suddenly, they missed the desert heat they complained about earlier.

Give them scorching sun, give them super-parched throats in the desert, give them hot sun-kissed sand on their feet... anything but this!

'Yes, yes... that's it... fight more, chaos.. Fear...' The Hotanzi's eyes gleamed merrily when smelling the many ominous and fearful auras in the air. How delicious... It was all very delicious, especially the scents emitting from Harvey and Ashaku, his Marked ones.

Sure enough, that cunning bastard Beezle, didn't lie to him. Flesh and blood tasted far better when the prey was at a heightened moment of fear and helplessness.

But just because Beezle was right didn't mean he, Hotanzi the Tyrant, will ever forgive Beezle for what he did to him.

He was wrong!

Beezle was no human, but a creature that became his worst nightmare even after death. Hotanzi's eyes grow cold when thinking of his now nemesis, Beezle.

Beezle appeared out of nowhere in the years when he was still alive and the 2 became best of friends. Soon, he met the love of his life, but she later fell ill from a strange sudden disease. He searched far and wide for a cure to no avail, until Beezle appeared with the antidote. At that time, he didn't think anything of it since he was too immersed in the joy of his beloved regaining her strength. But his happiness didn't last long because the illness came back once more. And like a drug addict, he soon became addicted to relying on Beezle. And then... one day, Beezle laughed and laughed maniacally, finally revealing that it was he who was the cause of it all.

He, Beezle, played Hotanzi like a flute. And if he wanted his beloved woman to ever wake up again, he had to build this tomb and do as instructed. Hotanzi didn't even know how many years had

passed since he became what he was now. He admitted that he was not a good person when alive, but any human would freak out when going through what he went through.

The transformation process was frightening. Hotanzi was so scared that he would hurl himself in a dark corner, never allowing any servants buried with him to see his face. Alone... afraid... his only solace was in knowing that one day, he would reunite with his beloved woman. After many years, decades and eras in here, he was already used to his powers and his appearance. Wealth, monarchy... and even human emotions mean nothing to him any more. The only emotion that he never forgot was the love he felt for his beloved.

He had long forgotten his past, even forgetting what he looked like before, who his father was, and even what his outside palace used to look like. What did the guy say his real name was?

Beelzebub!

Yes, his friend Beezle's real name was Beelzebub.

Hotanzi clenched his fists hard.

That bastard was the one who did all this to him!