

Middle Age 401

Chapter 401: Genghis Khan!? (2)

The blonde man leaned over, frowned at the bluish-gray mound of earth, and urged in awkward Chinese, "Then hurry up and open it! Use the machine directly!" He didn't care for any sophisticated methods, just eager to get into the tomb.

The goateed man cursed under his breath but kept a smile on his face, explaining, "Boss, this rammed earth is very hard. Using a machine could collapse the tomb chamber; we need to slowly find the cracks..."

The blonde man stood up impatiently after hearing this, "You have one day. I need to be inside the tomb tomorrow." With that, he walked toward the temporary tent nearby.

The goateed man watched the blonde man's back as he entered the tent, and the smile on his face gradually disappeared.

Another tomb raider nearby asked, "Uncle, should we use the machines?"

"Use my ass!" the goateed man muttered under his breath, frowning, "The rammed earth under here is different from the previous tombs. It's clearly set up with anti-theft measures. If we drill hard as he said, we might all end up buried here!"

A kilometer away, Duan Pingyu lay on the grass, holding a phone in one hand and binoculars in the other, keeping constant watch on the situation here.

"Boss, they've moved to a new location, currently fifty kilometers east of Hucha. It still looks like they're searching for a grave."

"Send me the exact coordinates. For now, just keep a close watch on them and try not to get exposed," Qi Yun instructed over the phone.

"Understood," Duan Pingyu replied and hung up the phone.

At a freeway service area, Qi Yun smoked by a trash bin. Upon receiving the coordinates from Duan Pingyu on his phone, his brows furrowed into a knot.

"Damn it, what a coincidence!"

The location sent by Duan Pingyu was almost identical to the coordinates in the intel information.

Before setting off, Qi Yun had thought of first looking for clues himself, and by the time he had the items, Chen Wei and the others should have returned, ready to deal with this group together.

But now, it seemed that plan wouldn't work.

If this group found key clues ahead of them and informed De Gaulle, it would have been a wasted trip for him.

More importantly, he would lose leverage in future collaborations.

Qi Yun rubbed his chin, his mind racing. Suddenly, he seemed to think of something and hurriedly dialed Duan Pingyu again.

"Hello, Boss."

"The plan has changed. If this group shows any intent to withdraw, you need to contact me immediately and keep an eye if they find a mirror," Qi Yun quickly instructed.

He just remembered that Ignacio had mentioned to him that, according to historical records, the Duke Tieren had once traveled to the Northern Mongolia Grassland, reportedly to look for a mirror, but never found it.

Then he went to Africa and brought back a blue stone from Mount Kilimanjaro, for which Louis II richly rewarded him.

Qi Yun speculated that the clue in Northern Mongolia likely involved that mirror.

Duan Pingyu hesitated for a moment, suspicious, "A mirror? What kind of mirror?"

Qi Yun sighed helplessly, "I don't know for now, but it's definitely a mirror. If you get a chance, try to snatch it!"

"But prioritize your safety. I can arrive by tomorrow morning."

"Alright, I understand," Duan Pingyu nodded in response.

"Okay, that's it for now."

After they ended the call, Qi Yun shouted to the man named Old Hei beside him, "Inform everyone to hurry up. We need to reach the destination quickly."

"Yes, Boss." Old Hei responded swiftly, then turned to inform the archaeology team members in the rest area.

Qi Yun took a couple more puffs of his cigarette, then picked up his phone and dialed Ge Dabao's number.

The two talked in detail on the phone for more than ten minutes.

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The next day, at eight in the morning.

On the Hucha Grassland, the blonde man stepped out of the tent, walked straight to the tomb raiders' dig site, and impatiently asked, "Why isn't it open yet?"

He kicked aside the grass to reveal a pit just over two meters deep, and there was still the bluish-gray rammed earth. His face instantly turned dark.

The goateed man squatted nearby, wiping his sweat, smiling, "Boss, don't rush. This rammed earth is mixed with sticky rice paste; it's sturdier than stone. Forcing it won't work."

He pointed to a small crack at the bottom of the pit and continued, "See, we found a seam in the layers. We're using the Earth-Splitter to pry it open bit by bit to avoid collapse."

The blonde man looked in the direction the goateed man pointed and indeed saw several thin steel rods inserted at the bottom of the pit, with fresh dirt clinging to the ends.

"I don't care how you do it; I need to see the entrance by noon!" the blonde man said coldly before taking his phone and walking off to the side.

The young man next to him spat hard, cursing under his breath, "Damn it, pushing us like it's a life or death situation; they'll end up buried underneath one day."

The goateed man glared at him and ordered, "Push harder, insert the Earth-Splitter another two inches in, and pry along that seam, but don't use brute force."

The young man quickly squatted down, holding the thin steel rod and pushing it into the crack. With a creaking sound, it sank in half an inch, bringing out some bluish-gray soil mixed with dark red powder.

"Uncle, there's cinnabar in this soil!" the young man said, picking up some of the powder which stained his skin dark red. "This tomb owner must be of extraordinary nobility to even mix cinnabar into the rammed earth as pest prevention."

The goateed man leaned in for a closer look, frowning, "It's a meticulous master; this tomb is higher in rank than we thought."

Saying that, he took a small brass hammer out of his canvas bag and gently tapped the end of the Earth-Splitter. The hammer made a dull "dong dong" sound as it hit the steel rod, reverberating below, as if hitting hollow wood.

"It's almost there! Keep going!"

Over an hour passed, and with a "boom!" sound, a side of the pit bottom completely collapsed, revealing a man-high opening.

The goateed man waved his hand to disperse the dust, cursing, "Damn it, it collapsed neatly enough."

Covering his mouth and nose, he approached the opening, where a mix of decayed wood, dust, and a faint musty smell hit him straight in the face, making him frown, "Don't move yet. Let the air clear out; there might be toxic gases."

The young man next to him took out a flashlight from his bag and after inspecting it, shone it inside. The beam of light filtered through the dust, illuminating the scene below the entrance.

Beside the collapsed rammed earth pile stood a deep black wooden board, the edges had decayed to black, with a few remnants of red paint hanging on it. Vaguely visible were copper rings embedded into the board, now corroded to a greenish-blue color.

But from the scene, it was clear this tomb was very old indeed.

"Uncle! There are metal artifacts, and they're gilded!" another tomb raider suddenly pointed behind the wooden board, shouting excitedly.

The blonde man, drawn by the commotion, squeezed past the goateed man to peer into the opening. Seeing the tomb chamber open, he immediately turned to his subordinates and instructed, "Get the equipment, we're going in right now!"

Upon hearing the order, the subordinates quickly turned to prepare.

The goateed man spoke up then, "This old tomb has been sealed for at least six or seven hundred years; it's best to let the air circulate before going in."

It wasn't due to any good intentions that he said this, just that he hadn't received the remaining half of his payment.

In case this group rushed in hastily and some of them ended up lying flat, they might take it out on them, making it hard to get their money later.

The blonde man impatiently waved his hand, almost spitting in the goateed man's face.

"Cut the crap! I didn't hire you to tell me how to do things!"

But though he talked tough, he still sent a subordinate to fetch some oxygen masks, given it concerned his own life.

Before long, the three subordinates returned, each holding a piece of equipment to the entrance. Once they all had their oxygen masks on, the blonde man pointed inside and told the goateed man, "You go first!"

Chapter 402: No One Survives

At the entrance of the tomb's hole, the man with the goatee faced the blonde man's tough attitude and felt a pang in his heart, secretly thinking that these foreigners indeed had ill intentions, wanting them to go ahead as guinea pigs.

This tomb is completely different from the ones dug up in the previous days, which is evident from the special rammed-earth layer outside.

But since the reward hadn't been received yet, and these foreigners were armed, he could only grit his teeth and oblige.

The man with the goatee signaled to the young man and another tomb raider: "Grab your gear, stay close, watch your step, don't slip." Having said that, he turned on his flashlight and hunched over to enter the tomb first.

The beam of the flashlight pierced the darkness, illuminating the scene ahead. It seemed their hole had precisely broken through the aisle, with two decayed, blackened boards ahead likely being the door to an annex room.

The other end of the aisle led into endless darkness.

The young man and another tomb raider followed closely into the aisle, and the young man discreetly glanced behind before leaning to the man with the goatee and whispered, "Uncle, this time I have to bring out some treasures no matter what."

The man with the goatee gave him a glance without a word.

By then, the blonde man and others started coming in one after another. He directed his subordinates to activate some kind of detection equipment, then looked at the tablet in his hand and pointed to the annex room ahead, saying to the man with the goatee, "Go there."

The man with the goatee nodded expressionlessly, acting very cooperative as he walked forward.

This annex room was not large, with a layer of collapsed rammed-earth dust and some decayed wood on the ground. In the corner, a few wooden boxes stood crookedly, their red paint long turned black. The gilded copperware seen by the tomb raider earlier was packed in one of these boxes.

The young man behind the man with the goatee moved his feet, just about to approach the wooden boxes, when he heard the blonde man's rigid voice: "Keep going forward! Don't touch anything inside!"

The young man stood still, biting his lip, clearly struggling to control his temper.

The blonde man, seeing this, showed no mercy, waved to his subordinate behind him, who stepped forward two paces, drew a pistol, and pointed it at the young man's head, releasing the safety.

"You'd better not test my patience again, this is my last warning!"

The man with the goatee turned back, seeing their stance, a cold gleam flickered in his eyes.

This time he said nothing, just pulled the young man and continued walking forward...

Outside the camp, the blonde man took most of his subordinates away, leaving only two people to guard above.

Just fifty meters away, Duan Pingyu lay on the grass, inching closer and closer.

He was in an army green camouflage suit, blending almost entirely into the surroundings. Without close inspection, his presence was hard to notice.

Perhaps having stayed on the grasslands for too long without any incidents, the two guards weren't overly vigilant either; they casually smoked by a tent.

At this moment, a figure suddenly appeared, sprinting rapidly from behind.

The two heard the commotion and just turned their heads when the figure was already less than five meters from them.

This figure was Duan Pingyu, seen leaping from the ground, violently smashing his right fist into one man's chest, this powerful punch carrying a whistling wind, knocking him several steps back.

Although this foreigner appeared tall and sturdy, his face turned pale upon taking Duan Pingyu's solid punch.

Clutching his chest with one hand, his other instinctively reached for the gun at his waist, but Duan Pingyu didn't give him the chance, the sole of a size 44 shoe harshly stomped on his hand, causing him to inhale sharply from the pain.

In comparison, his companion had slightly better luck, already kicked in the head by Duan Pingyu beforehand, passing out.

After dealing with the two guards, Duan Pingyu dragged them into a nearby tent, then cautiously approached the pit to check. Confirming that everyone had entered the hole, he took out his phone and called Qi Yun.

"They've dug a hole and should be inside the tomb now."

Thirty kilometers away, five SUVs were parked on the grasslands.

In the leading car, Qi Yun said on the phone, "Okay, we're heading over now!"

Hanging up, Qi Yun turned to the middle-aged driver: "Officer Wu, there's movement; those people are in the northeastern direction."

The middle-aged man, referred to as Officer Wu, didn't doubt him, immediately instructing the driver to set off.

This Officer Wu was with national security in Northern Mongolia. Yesterday, Qi Yun had recounted the situation to Ge Dabao over the phone, who then contacted local colleagues, requesting personnel deployment to capture the foreign tomb raiders.

Actually, tomb raiding usually wouldn't require national security personnel, but since the raiders were foreigners and suspiciously armed, Ge Dabao reported this to the higher-ups, who decided to involve the national security team.

Additionally, Qi Yun and his team arrived over an hour ago but hadn't taken any action.

The reason being Qi Yun said his men hadn't reported back yet.

He was waiting for them to open the tomb, so he could bring the archaeological team in, without worrying about the authority issue Director Hua mentioned yesterday.

With the tomb opened, the archaeological team arriving first to undertake some protective work shouldn't raise any objections, right?

Chapter 403: No One Survived (2)

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On the other side, inside the tomb.

The goatee led a group of people through the passageway, his eyes occasionally sneaking glances at the walls and the bluestone bricks underfoot, as if pondering something.

The blond man followed about two meters behind, constantly staring at the tablet in his hand, where a special value on the screen kept fluctuating.

The group continued down the passageway for another twenty meters or so when the goatee suddenly slowed his pace. After scanning with his flashlight, he turned back to the blond man and said, "Boss, there might be a trap ahead, be careful."

He put on a visage of tension, but there was no trace of fear in his eyes.

The blond man was focused on the spiking data on the tablet, and he impatiently barked, "Stop the nonsense! Keep moving forward, it's just ahead!"

The goatee said no more, but as he turned, he discreetly gave a signal to his two companions.

The three of them were somewhat related, and the other two had been with the goatee for quite some time, so they instantly understood his meaning, immediately becoming a bit more cautious, and closely followed him.

The goatee continued forward, deliberately stepping a few centimeters to the right, his boot scraping against a slightly raised edge of a bluestone brick.

Seeing the stone stay still, his eyes sharpened, and with an understanding of the situation, he seemingly casually swept his flashlight across the ground two or three meters ahead.

Just as he was about to step forward, he suddenly shouted, "Get on the wall!" and flung himself to the left.

The two companions were prepared, and upon hearing him, immediately followed suit, desperately grabbing onto the jutting brick platform on the left wall of the passageway, their feet dangling in the air.

Almost simultaneously, there was a loud "boom," and the bluestone bricks where they had been standing suddenly flipped downward, revealing a dark chasm!

The blond man and his group were caught off guard, shrieking as they plummeted down.

The goatee lay on the brick platform, looking down, his pupils narrowing at the sight in the pit.

The pit was four to five meters deep, its bottom densely packed with dozens of iron spikes! Each spike was at least half a meter long, with a sharply pointed end.

"Squelch, squelch!"

"Ah!"

The sound of bodies being impaled by iron spikes kept echoing, accompanied by harrowing screams.

Some hadn't even reacted before being instantly pierced through the back by the half-meter long spikes, their limbs hanging limply, blood foam continuously bubbling from their mouths.

The ones in the middle were worse off, as the spikes were densest, turning them into swiss cheese.

The blond man was not spared either; a spike slanted through his thigh, the sharp point protruding from the outside of his knee, blood gushing from the wound like a faucet, staining his pants red in moments—he looked doomed.

"Fuck!"

The blond man screamed and cursed in agony, his entire body twitching from the excruciating pain in his leg, utterly immobilized.

"Help! Help me!"

The goatee clung onto the brick platform, his fingers tightly grasping the gaps between bricks.

The agonized screams continued to echo from the bottom of the pit, yet he didn't even blink, coldly staring down at the purgatory below.

The two companions beside him, having never witnessed such a bloody scene, felt their limbs weakening in fear.

After about half a minute, an unknown creaking noise emanated from somewhere, sounding like some kind of machine was being activated.

A shrill grinding noise echoed through the passageway, and the previously collapsed bluestone floor began closing upwards, quickly restoring to a level surface within mere breaths, as if the chasm had never existed.

Even the agonized screaming vanished along with it.

The three tomb raiders, on the brink of giving out, finally breathed a sigh of relief and, led by the goatee, returned to the ground.

The moment they touched down, the hot-tempered young man immediately turned around, bent over, and began retching, gastric acid surging up from his stomach.

The other wasn't faring much better, his face ghostly pale, lips quivering unable to speak.

The terrifying scene from earlier would become a permanent nightmare for these two.

"Pathetic wretches," the goatee cursed under his breath, his face devoid of any prior kindness, staring coldly at the ground, "Remember this, real ruthlessness is cruelty of the heart! Not competing with others."

...

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the Government Office building in Shanghai.

Ji Liyang, who hadn't seen the sun in several days, stood below the steps, turning to gaze at the towering building behind him.

He entered this time without saying a word, knowing it was useless even to speak, perhaps even forcing him into silence forever, just like with Brother Xiong.

He knew this illusion of brief freedom wasn't real, and it wouldn't be long before people from the office will seek him out.

With one last look at the building, Ji Liyang stepped out of the courtyard.

On the street, the driver, having received the notification, rushed over to pick him up without delay.

"Boss, are you alright?"

The driver, a middle-aged man in his forties, had been driving for Ji Liyang for over a decade. He often transported "tea leaves" for his bosses to certain leaders, making him a trusted confidant.

Ji Liyang waved his hand: "I'm fine. Have you seen Xiao Gu these past two days? I can't seem to reach him."

"He hasn't been to the office these days. I heard President Qi took him out of town for some business negotiations." The driver replied honestly.

Leaving town for negotiations at this time?

Ji Liyang gave a cold chuckle, continuing to ask, "How are things at the company now?"

The driver glanced into the rearview mirror, hesitating before speaking: "Ever since you were... invited away, everyone in the company has been on edge. I've heard a lot of projects have stopped, and the municipal..."

After hearing the driver's report, Ji Liyang showed no surprise or anger, as if he had already expected this outcome.

After a moment of silence, he instructed the driver, "Go buy me a pack of cigarettes from across the street."

"Okay." The driver acknowledged and opened the door to leave.

Once the driver was gone, Ji Liyang reached for a small safe on the seat next to him, a safe he had specifically asked the driver to bring from his office.

Ji Liyang turned the combination lock, hearing a "beep" as the safe opened. Inside, there was not much space, containing a dozen or so 200-gram gold bars and several bank cards.

However, he paid no attention to the gold and silver, extracting a small sealed bag containing a SIM card from the safe.

Ji Liyang took out his phone and replaced the current SIM with the new one, then dialed a number.

The call rang twice before it was quickly answered, though there was no sound on the other side until Ji Liyang spoke first.

"How did things go?"

"Xiong Jun has been dealt with, but there's a problem over in London." The voice on the other end replied hoarsely.

Ji Liyang's brow furrowed in response: "What happened?"

"A group attacked our warehouse the day before yesterday, stealing the shipment we had just transported from Shanghai."

"What did you say!" Ji Liyang's face turned extremely grim, "Who did it!?"

"It's unclear at the moment, surveillance was destroyed, and injured guards reported seeing four Asian faces." After pausing, the voice continued, "These people had a clear objective, only taking the shipment that had just arrived, leaving everything else untouched."

"Damn it!" Ji Liyang gritted his teeth, "At all costs, get that shipment back! It's already been reserved, and you know how terrifying they can be if we fail to deliver."

It was rare for Ji Liyang to be so emotional, as the buyers of those relics were anything but kind-hearted.

The buyers highly valued this shipment, especially the Sheep Head and Dog Head among the Twelve Bronze Heads, offering exorbitant prices for them.

He had already collected the deposit, and failing to deliver would definitely mean he was the first to die.

These people, though top-tier billionaires, were more like beasts stripping others to the bone.

Although he had no way out domestically, handing over all his assets could still allow him a chance to barely land the ground and at most face a few years' sentence that could be maneuvered into probation with some money.

But if this is mishandled, forget about landing, he'd be killed mid-air by the buyers, dragging his family into the mess along with him.

"Spend the money! If necessary, get people from Junqing involved, we must find that shipment!" Ji Liyang almost roared.

Chapter 404: Do You Know Something

Northern Mongolia, inside the camp.

Duan Pingyu, who was on guard at the tomb entrance, suddenly heard the roar of engines. He turned back and saw several off-road vehicles speeding towards them from a distance.

A few minutes later, the convoy arrived. Qi Yun got out of the car and walked over, followed by more than twenty security forces officers.

"How's it going?" Qi Yun asked.

Duan Pingyu looked at the people behind him, then pointed to the cave entrance: "They're still inside and haven't come out yet. Two of them stayed back, but I knocked them out and threw them in the tent next to us."

Upon hearing this, Wu, who was beside Qi Yun, gestured with his hand, and two security officers, armed, headed towards the tent.

"I'll take people inside to control the group in there," Wu said to Qi Yun.

Before Qi Yun could reply, Director Hua, who had already observed the tomb entrance, cautioned, "From the outer indications, the scale of this tomb is not low. Various anti-theft mechanisms are likely inside. If you engage in a firefight with the Tomb Raiders inside the tomb, you will be at great risk."

Wu frowned at this. He wasn't familiar with tombs, but he knew Director Hua was from Jiang Province's Cultural Relics Bureau, so he did not doubt what the other said.

"Wu, let's listen to Director Hua. Don't take unnecessary risks. Capture them when they come out," Qi Yun also persuaded from the side. After all, he was the one who brought these people here, and if there were severe casualties, he would feel somewhat guilty.

"Alright." Wu nodded and turned to give orders to the others, "Drive the cars further away, spread out, and hide. Wait for my instructions."

...

Underground, three men with a goatee stood at the entrance of a burial chamber, staring in disbelief ahead.

This burial chamber was much more spacious than the previous anterooms and corridors. The dome was high, about four or five meters, made of a single slab of blue stone, looking very majestic.

The surrounding walls were also built with blue bricks, covered with colorful murals. Though coated in a thin layer of dust, under the flashlight, they still appeared vibrant and bright.

Knights in armor galloped on horseback, maidens carried ritual utensils and walked in procession, and in the central painting, a general-like man sat authoritatively in a large tent, holding a longbow, exuding an imposing aura.

In the center of the burial chamber lay a massive vermilion lacquered coffin, quietly resting. The coffin body is over three meters long and one meter wide. The lid's raised section was carved with a very particular pattern.

Between these patterns were embedded copper nails, firmly securing the coffin lid. However, possibly due to the passage of time, the copper nails had rusted, and much of the red lacquer on the coffin lid's edges had peeled off, exposing the dark wood underneath.

At each of the coffin's four corners stood a nearly two-meter-tall Bronze Warrior. These Bronze Warriors were cloaked in armor, armed with swords, and had fierce looks on their faces as if guarding the tomb's owner.

"Oh my god..." the young man's voice trembled, "Uncle, whose tomb is this?"

The goatee man stared at the mural on the wall for a long time, then walked straight to the center of the burial chamber: "Open the coffin!"

As his words fell, the other two men followed him into the burial chamber.

They approached the coffin, circled it once, and the goatee man retrieved a lighter from his cloth pack. With a "click," he lit it, waited for over ten seconds, then saw the flame did not extinguish. He promptly removed his oxygen mask and tossed it aside, leaning in closer to the coffin to sniff.

The exposed dark wood beneath the coffin lid's peeled red lacquer had an oily sheen, as if soaked in a special oil.

The young man smacked his lips: "Wow! This coffin could be made of golden nanmu, right?"

The goatee man didn't answer, extending a hand: "Hand over the tools!"

The young man quickly took a short crowbar and a claw hammer from the cloth bag and handed them to the goatee man.

The goatee man hefted the crowbar, his gaze settling on the copper nails embedded in the coffin lid. He crouched down, using the crowbar to press against the seam of the outermost copper nail, preparing to exert force when another Tomb Raider suddenly exclaimed, "Uncle, just now I saw that Bronze Warrior's eyes seemed to flash!"

"That's obsidian; it glows when it absorbs flashlight light. You two, don't touch anything carelessly; be cautious of traps." The goatee man advised as he steadily applied force, the crowbar creaking into the copper nail's seam, slightly loosening the most peripheral copper nail, leaving dark red rust debris.

The goatee man remained unhurried, his technique practiced, suggesting he had done this type of work often before.

He sequentially pried open the surrounding copper nails, each loosening with a subtle "click" like teeth fracturing bones, echoing in the silent burial chamber.

After four or five minutes, having pried open all the copper nails, he inserted the crowbar into the coffin's seam and shouted to the other two men, "Open it!"

The three of them applied force together on the coffin lid, and with a creaking "ya," opened it halfway.

Suddenly, a mix of wood, dust, and faint sandalwood scent gushed out, denser than before, yet, strangely, without a musty smell, instead carrying a hint of spiciness that made the young man turn his head aside, coughing.

The flashlight illuminated the inside of the coffin through the gap; the brocade lining the bottom had already decayed into a gray-black color. Lying in the center of the brocade was a skeleton.

The iron armor on this skeleton had also rusted to a dark red, the body itself long since turned into nothing more than skeletal remains.

Beside its skull lay a translucent jade tablet.

The goatee man cautiously stepped back half a step, nodded toward the nearby Tomb Raider: "Take the jade out."

Chapter 405: Do You Know Something

The tomb raider didn't think too much, and with gloves on, he reached into the coffin and took out the jade plaque.

The flashlight swept over it, revealing an arrow pattern etched on the front of the plaque and two lines of Northern Mongolian on the back.

The man with a goatee stared at the plaque for a moment, his mind in thought, then slowly spoke: "This should be the tomb of the Grassland God Archer, Chebei."

"Chebei?" the young man beside him looked puzzled, "Never heard of him. Is he someone famous?"

The man holding the jade plaque chimed in, "He must be an important figure, otherwise, how could he use a coffin like this?"

The man with the goatee shook his head, "Not an important figure, just a common general."

"But there's a rumor that this God Archer was incredibly loyal to Genghis Khan, never leaving his side, possibly even his illegitimate son."

The two men looked excitedly into the coffin: "Genghis Khan's illegitimate son! There must be more valuable items inside!"

...

Outside, in the camp's tent, Captain Wu was getting a bit anxious. He turned to Director Hua: "Could they have dug a tunnel and escaped from another place?"

Director Hua shook his head calmly, "The outside of the tomb is surrounded by a compacted earth layer; digging a tunnel from the inside out is almost impossible."

Hearing this, Captain Wu opened his mouth, about to say something, but was interrupted by a burst of static in his earpiece: "Someone is coming out!"

Captain Wu immediately perked up, lying down on the grass to observe the direction of the thieves' tunnel: "Everyone, get ready! Capture them as soon as they're all out. If there's any resistance, you are authorized to fire!"

"Roger!"

Two minutes later, three figures climbed out of the thieves' tunnel, cautiously surveying their surroundings. All three had bulging backpacks strapped to their chests, suggesting a hefty haul.

The man with a goatee gripped the iron crowbar hidden in his sleeve, a fierce expression flashing across his face: "Watch for my signal later, and take care of those two!"

The two behind him nodded, concealing their weapons in their sleeves as well.

The trio scanned the camp but didn't see the two guards, so they quietly moved toward the adjacent tents.

After they moved, Duan Pingyu, dressed in camouflage, reported again from the nearby bushes: "Only these three tomb raiders came out; there's no sign of the foreigners, nor any movement inside."

Qi Yun and his group frowned upon hearing this. What the hell is going on?

From earlier interrogations of two foreigners, they already had a rough understanding of the group's situation. These three tomb raiders were hired by them to dig and guide the way, and to prevent leaks, their communication devices were confiscated. Why would they let the three out alone now?

Captain Wu pondered for two seconds and quickly made a decision: "Let's capture them first!"

"Roger!"

With that, the initially silent camp suddenly erupted in a shout, and out of nowhere, a dozen people appeared, aiming their guns at the three tomb raiders.

"Police! Don't move!"

"Get down! Put your hands on your head!"

"..."

The man with a goatee was caught unaware by the sudden shouts, staring blankly at the people who suddenly appeared, taking a long moment to react.

The two companions behind him were equally baffled, wondering why they were suddenly caught?

"Get down!" A nearby policeman stepped forward, kicking the three behind the knees. There's no need for niceties when dealing with tomb raiders who work with foreigners.

All three were handcuffed, and the police then searched them for weapons. After ensuring they posed no threat, a few officers escorted them to a nearby tent.

Time passed again, over ten minutes, but no movement came from the tunnel's direction, so Captain Wu had his team keep watch while he led Qi Yun and Director Hua to the tent.

"Did they confess?" Wu asked the officers in charge of the interrogation.

The officer shook his head, "They're all refusing to cooperate."

Wu scanned the trio with sharp eyes, then said in a deep voice, "I'm sure you know the magnitude of what you've done."

"If you want a chance to redeem yourselves, there's one position available for someone willing to cooperate. Whoever talks first gets it." He then pointed at the two next to the man with the goatee, instructing, "Take these two away and interrogate them separately."

"Yes!" Two officers came forward, each escorting a tomb raider to an adjacent tent.

Qi Yun wasn't particularly interested in these tomb raiders, his gaze falling on several parcels on the table. He asked an officer, "Did they bring these out?"

The officer nodded slightly, "That's right, they brought these out."

Qi Yun glanced at the parcels, then turned to Captain Wu, saying, "Captain Wu, can we take a look at these items? With Director Hua here, we can take protective measures to prevent damage to the artifacts."

Since the items were discovered on criminals, they were naturally evidence, meant to be kept by the police. However, Qi Yun made a valid point; these evidence are unique, and might later be handed over to the cultural relics department.

Moreover, although he wasn't aware of Qi Yun's national security identity, his superiors had specifically instructed him to heed Qi Yun's advice during the mission.

So Captain Wu didn't hesitate much, nodding in agreement, and instructed the officer next to him, "Xiao Zhuang, move these parcels to the adjacent tent and ask Director Hua to help organize them."

"Yes," the officer responded, and with Qi Yun, carried the parcels away.

Chapter 406: Do You Know Something (Part 3)

Captain Wu pulled over a small stool, sat down in front of the goateed man, and planned to chat in depth.

In the tent next to them, Qi Yun tugged a sheet off and spread it on the ground, and then, together with Director Hua, took the artifacts out of the package one by one and placed them on the ground.

Besides the burial artifacts, even the gilded copper rings from the ear chamber had been pulled off by the goateed man's group from a box.

The eyeballs from those Bronze Warriors were also gouged out, along with candelabras, ornaments, and such.

To describe these three people as plucking a goose as it flew by wouldn't be an exaggeration.

Once the contents of several packages were laid out on the ground, Qi Yun couldn't help but frown, as he hadn't found the mirror-shaped object.

Given the modus operandi of these Tomb Raiders, if the object was indeed in the tomb, they would have brought it out.

Could it be that they hadn't found it?

While he was pondering, Director Hua picked up the jade tablet found in the coffin, lost in thought.

"This...this is..."

Qi Yun heard the exclamation and turned around: "Director Hua, what's the matter?"

Director Hua carefully read the words on the back of the jade tablet, his voice trembling: "This jade tablet was a reward from Genghis Khan to Chebei, granting him eternal permission to follow him."

"Genghis Khan?" Qi Yun was stunned. "Is the tomb below really Genghis Khan's?"

The joke they made on the way here had turned out true?

Director Hua shook his head: "Judging by the type of burial artifacts they brought out, it is likely not Genghis Khan's tomb. It's very likely Chebei's; however, we need to go down to the tomb to confirm the details."

When Qi Yun heard it wasn't Genghis Khan's tomb, he didn't ask further; he just wanted to enter the tomb quickly to search for the mirror.

Ten minutes later, Captain Wu lifted the tent flap and came in, looking serious: "Someone confessed that all those foreigners fell victim to the trap in the tomb and died."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun and Director Hua's faces both changed.

"All of them dead?" Director Hua tentatively asked.

Captain Wu nodded: "Yes, the older Tomb Raider triggered the traps in the tomb, and they all fell into a pit and died."

Qi Yun clicked his tongue: "That guy is really ruthless."

"These people are the type who kill without batting an eye, and who knows how many lives they've claimed." Captain Wu sighed, "Now it's a bit complicated; I need to take that Tomb Raider down to confirm if this is true."

Director Hua pondered for a moment after hearing this: "I'll go with you; that person may not cooperate willingly."

Captain Wu didn't respond immediately; although he understood this reasoning, he didn't dare take Director Hua down the tomb where people had already died, as he'd bear great responsibility if anything else happened.

Even though they're from the archaeology team, with such significant events in the tomb, once the situation is confirmed, it definitely must be immediately reported upwards. Without clear instructions from above, the archaeology team can't enter.

Director Hua seemed to understand his thoughts and said with a relaxed tone: "What is it? You look down on me? I'm not bragging, I've been in no fewer tombs than those Tomb Raiders. With me there, I can also maximize your safety."

Captain Wu hurriedly gestured with his hands: "No, Director Hua, you've misunderstood."

"Let's do it this way, I'll go down with you guys, and if something comes up, I'll take responsibility!" Director Hua was firm in his attitude.

"Well... okay then." Captain Wu agreed after all; he was also worried that the goateed man might sabotage them.

Qi Yun stood on the side in silence; he wanted to go down with them to search for the mirror, but he knew it was not the right time.

Ten minutes later, with the identification of the other Tomb Raider, the goateed man eventually gave up resistance, confessed his crime, and expressed his willingness to lead Captain Wu and the others to the tomb.

Once prepared, Captain Wu and his group, led by the goateed man, re-entered the tunnel.

Qi Yun smoked by the entrance, unable to offer any help, just waiting quietly.

...

On the other side, inside a café on the streets of London.

A middle-aged Asian man took out a bank card from his bag and placed it on the table. Opposite him sat a bald foreigner wearing glasses.

"I want to know who did what happened at Canary Wharf the night before last, as soon as possible."

The bald foreigner pocketed the bank card naturally: "Happy to be of service. You'll receive the information by tomorrow at the latest."

The middle-aged man nodded, got up, and left the café.

After reaching the street, he took out his phone and dialed the number in Shanghai back in his country.

"I've had MI personnel look into it; we'll have news by tomorrow at the latest."

There was a moment of silence on the other end: "I might not last until tomorrow before being detained again; find out who did it, and if you can't handle it, tell everything to the Boot Clan."

The middle-aged man hesitated a bit: "Will the Boot Clan act?"

"They will. They've already struck a deal with the government, donating those two bronze heads and other artifacts to the British Museum in exchange for rights in their family's mining area in Wales; they are determined to get that shipment."

"Would the British government give up a mining area in Wales for a few artifacts?"

"It's more than just a few artifacts; to the ruling party, it's a tool to showcase the country's growing strength and rally the voters."

Chapter 407: Do You Know Something

...

Northern Mongolia, after more than an hour of silence, the sound of movement finally came from the tomb tunnel.

Qi Yun extinguished his cigarette butt, patted his backside, and got up from the ground.

At the tomb entrance, Director Hua was the first to crouch and walk out, followed closely by Captain Wu and the man with the goatee.

Seeing that all these people returned safely, Qi Yun let out a long sigh of relief.

After the man with the goatee was escorted away by the officers, Qi Yun asked Captain Wu, "Have you confirmed it?"

Captain Wu nodded solemnly, "They're all dead. I have to report this immediately."

Qi Yun said no more, watching the other party walk away to make a call.

"Give me a cigarette." Director Hua extended two fingers towards Qi Yun, continuing, "After going down and taking a look, I can now basically confirm that below is Chebei's tomb."

Qi Yun took out a cigarette from his pocket, lit it, and personally lit it for the other.

Director Hua took a couple of puffs, slowly exhaled smoke rings, and muttered while frowning, "But the structure of this tomb is a bit strange, something doesn't seem quite right."

Qi Yun accompanied him with a cigarette, echoing, "What's not right?"

Director Hua pondered for a while, "The height difference between the main burial chamber and other areas is too significant."

"And there's another point that puzzles me. Although there are rumors that Chebei might be the illegitimate son of Genghis Khan, he was just a Hundred Households Chief. Even if he had the status of Genghis Khan's son, the defense level of this tomb shouldn't be this high."

"The outer rammed earth layer's thickness and the numerous mechanisms inside the tomb, compared to the specifications of the burial items, are a bit too well-guarded."

Qi Yun hadn't gone down to see for himself and didn't know what the specific situation was below, but just listening to the other's description, it seemed something was off.

"So, what do you propose?"

Director Hua took a few quick puffs, extinguished the cigarette butt, "I suspect that under this current tomb, there might be another tomb hidden!"

Qi Yun nearly dropped his cigarette to the ground, "Another tomb below?"

He turned his head to glance at the tomb entrance as if he could see through the dark passage to the depths below, "Are you saying... this current Chebei tomb is just a decoy?"

"Very likely!" Director Hua nodded, his eyes suddenly becoming sharp, "The rammed earth layer beneath the main burial chamber is suspicious. I specifically checked when I went down earlier; the green bricks under the coffin are half a foot thicker than around, and when knocked, they sound hollow, not like solid rammed earth."

"Moreover, the floor bricks there are darker in color, and the vermilion embedded in the seams hasn't oxidized, as if they were repaired later."

"But... all this is just my speculation. For specifics, a thorough survey is needed."

After hearing this, Qi Yun also unconsciously nodded. The coordinates given by the system couldn't be wrong. The artifacts the tomb raiders, led by the man with the goatee, took didn't include that mirror. Could the mirror be hidden in another tomb?

"But with so many dead below, it's likely that above will now order the area to be sealed off. We might not have the chance to investigate..." Director Hua sighed again, adding.

Qi Yun was also somewhat helpless, as more than ten people died in one incident, and they were all foreigners, the matter surely wouldn't be minor.

Although those guys were illegally tomb raiding domestically, it's one thing to catch people, it's another when people are dead...

After all, diplomatic implications must be considered.

"Can we go in and take a look before the lockdown order comes?" Qi Yun tentatively asked.

Director Hua stared at him for a moment, not answering the question but instead asked, "Tell me the truth, do you know something?"

Qi Yun met the other's gaze, took a puff of his cigarette, and finally nodded, "Yes, I know there's a mirror here, and I came for that very thing."

Chapter 408: Entering the Tomb Again

London, Victoria District, a six-story red building stands by the Thames River.

This is the office of the British Secret Intelligence Service, commonly known as Military Intelligence Six, the very agency from which the legendary agent James Bond from the 007 series originated.

The bald foreigner who appeared in the café two hours ago is now sitting in a spacious office, analyzing information on a laptop.

The United Kingdom, like America, places a high value on citizen privacy, resulting in their surveillance systems existing primarily in public spaces.

Even if you want to install a camera at your front door, you have to think it over carefully. If you accidentally capture footage of your next-door neighbor, you could potentially face a lawsuit.

This is one of the important reasons why the crime-solving rate over there is very low, so even with special permissions, the bald man couldn't obtain footage of the gunfight at Warehouse 98 that night.

However, this is not the final conclusion. He dares to accept this money because he has the corresponding confidence, after all, he can tap into the resource system of a national intelligence agency.

The bald man put down the coffee cup in his hand, got up, and went to the large office outside, signaling to an Indian young man.

The latter, seeing this, quickly took off his headphones and walked over.

After entering the office, the Indian young man closed the door, a strange smile on his face. He knew that every time his boss met him alone, it meant there was extra money to be made.

Sure enough, the bald man took an envelope out of his pocket and handed it over, lowering his voice: "A shooting incident occurred at Warehouse 98 in Canary Wharf the night before last. It was done by several Asians."

"Go check the database and filter out those Asians who appeared within a ten-kilometer radius that night. I need to know their identities."

The young man, familiar with the procedure, accepted the envelope without even looking at it and stuffed it into his pocket: "Understood!"

"Go ahead, I'm waiting," the bald man waved his hand, and the young man pushed the door to leave.

About ten minutes later, when the young man returned, he had a USB drive in his hand.

"I've found them. I compared the data of these people in the database. They are all from China and have no entry records, so they must have entered illegally."

As the young man sat down, he handed over the USB drive while beginning to report, "Among these people, five have joined the Arctic Fox Mercenary Company and have carried out several missions in the Middle East."

"China?" The bald man's brow furrowed as he took the USB drive.

"Yes." The young man nodded and continued, "These individuals are very skilled. They once defeated a group of more than two hundred rebels as a ten-person squad."

"These people should be from a special forces unit in China. But as you know, we have very little information about China, just some of the most basic."

The bald man opened the USB drive thoughtfully, scanning over each file.

"Additionally, the one named Ming Yuan among them has a very special background!" The young man added.

The bald man heard this and slid the touchpad. When he saw the description of Ming Yuan's identity, his pupils involuntarily contracted.

After a few seconds of silence, he tentatively asked, "Are you sure he's from the Fu Family?"

The young man replied firmly, "His identity is almost public."

The bald man's brow knitted tightly. Fu Wenbo and Fu Wentao from the Fu Family had a remarkable reputation throughout Europe, with incredible power and close relationships with various government officials.

The Fu Family's enterprises have gradually permeated many industries in Europe since the seventies, and their influence is no less than those of the major Western conglomerates.

As intelligence personnel who deal with all sorts of people daily, they are naturally aware of this.

Seeing his superior not saying anything for a long time, the young man asked again, "Do you still need to track their movements?"

The bald man did not answer directly but instead picked up the pack of cigarettes on the table: "You can go out first."

After sending the subordinate away, he lit a cigarette, pondered for a while, and then took out a mobile phone from his pocket, inserted a new SIM card, and dialed a number from memory.

"There were a total of six robbers at Warehouse 98, all from China. I can only tell you their identities. As for other information, I don't know either."

"..."

The bald man only told the other party the identities of Chen Wei and the others but didn't disclose anything about Ming Yuan, as he didn't want to get involved in this matter. However, since he took the money, he had to give them some information.

"Where is the stolen shipment now?" the middle-aged man on the other end of the line asked urgently.

The bald man paused, "Sorry, I didn't find that out."

From the looks of it, those people were extremely professional. They were only captured by cameras a few kilometers away in another district.

You know, London houses over a hundred thousand Asians, trying to track down those Asian robbers without photos is like finding a needle in a haystack.

Anyway, those donut-eating incompetents at the London Police Station surely can't handle it.

The only possibility is for organizations like theirs—those with a robust database and the most advanced facial comparison systems—to possibly manage.

If the Fu Family really is behind this, then impulsively providing intelligence to the other party would be very risky. If the Fu Family were to investigate in the future, he'd be in trouble too.

After all, using Military Intelligence Six's resources to make money isn't exactly top secret. Not only him, but many take advantage of intelligence gathering as a facade for their activities.

Chapter 409: Entering the Tomb Again (2)

There was a two-second silence on the other end of the phone before a hoarse voice spoke again, "I'm willing to pay another five million British Pounds!"

He couldn't believe it; a military intelligence agency couldn't even track a few robbers, especially when it happened on their own turf.

The bald man heard this number, and his heartbeat involuntarily quickened a few beats; it was evident that the other party was serious about spending a fortune.

According to the exchange rate of 1:9.73, five million British Pounds is almost close to fifty million RMB.

It's often said that people die for wealth and birds for food; his previous concerns were based on the premise of the other party only offering one million British Pounds, so he felt it wasn't worth the risk to provoke the Fu Family.

But five million British Pounds is enough to dispel more than half of his fears.

The phone remained silent for a full thirty seconds before the bald man gave a simple response, "Wait for my call."

...

On the other side, Northern Mongolia.

After Captain Wu reported the onsite situation to his superiors, he returned to the pit's edge.

"This matter is tricky to handle; the higher-ups are going to have a meeting to discuss it, and they might send other people to take over later. They've instructed me to protect the site and wait for further notice."

After hearing this, Qi Yun exchanged a glance with Director Hua; this result was something they had anticipated.

Qi Yun pondered for a moment, then turned to look at Captain Wu, "Captain Wu, I'd like to discuss something with you."

"Go ahead."

"It's like this, Director Hua thinks this tomb..." Qi Yun began by broadly explaining some guesses about the tomb's bottom and then paused before continuing, "You know we have a professional archeological team in Qiqian Village, and we've come to Northern Mongolia this time specifically for this tomb."

Qi Yun stopped speaking at this point.

Captain Wu frowned after hearing this, "You want to go in?"

Qi Yun nodded, "Yes, we want to explore inside before others take over."

Captain Wu fell silent, displaying a troubled expression.

In fact, the superiors had instructed him to temporarily protect the site, which was equivalent to sealing it off. Allowing people in at this time would place him at risk of disciplinary action if any accidents occurred.

Of course, Qi Yun also understood this point, which is why he used a conversational tone to discuss with him.

Seeing Captain Wu hesitating for a long time without answering, Director Hua sighed and slowly spoke, "There is a high possibility that Genghis Khan's Tomb is below, and for us archaeologists, being part of its discovery would be a lifetime honor."

"So, I'm also shamelessly asking, Captain Wu, to give us a chance to explore inside."

Captain Wu stared at the entrance of the pit for a long while, his Adam's apple moving up and down.

He knew the archeological team's obsession with major discoveries and understood the significance of Genghis Khan's Tomb for historical research, but the orders from his superiors felt like a heavy burden on his conscience. He couldn't afford the risk of opening it up.

Qi Yun and Director Hua didn't push further; it felt akin to coercing him. However, the tomb below was of great significance to both Qi Yun and Director Hua.

The scene grew silent again, with only the sound of the wind rustling through the grass.

"You..." Captain Wu's voice was somewhat hoarse, his gaze moving between Qi Yun and Director Hua's faces, "You can go in, but you must agree to two conditions."

Qi Yun and Director Hua's eyes both lit up simultaneously, "Please go on!"

"Firstly, maintain communication throughout the process, reporting your safety every ten minutes." Captain Wu raised one finger, his tone serious, "I'll send two officers along; they are trained in basic first aid and will withdraw immediately if there's any danger."

Qi Yun spoke earnestly, "Maintaining communication is no problem; we will definitely prioritize safety."

"However, sending officers along..." Qi Yun paused, raising a hand and pointing to Duan Pingyu not far away, introducing him to Captain Wu, "Pingyu will be going down with us. He is a retired ace special forces soldier proficient in all kinds of first aid, so there's no need to risk officers' lives."

Captain Wu turned to look at Duan Pingyu, who nodded in return.

The proposal to send officers wasn't meant for surveillance but purely for safety considerations. However, with a top-tier special forces soldier joining them, there was no need to send additional personnel.

After all, those officers were his comrades, and he must ensure their safety as well.

Captain Wu didn't pursue the matter further, implicitly accepting Qi Yun's proposition.

He took a deep breath, raised a second finger, and said sharply, "A maximum of three hours. Regardless of discoveries, you must exit immediately after three hours."

"I will time the duration at the entrance; should it exceed, I will lead a team inside to fetch you, so don't blame me for being uncompromising."

"That's enough! Three hours is sufficient for a preliminary exploration!" Director Hua, trembling with excitement, tightly gripped the grass in hand, "We guarantee we'll exit in time, absolutely no overrun!"

Captain Wu scrutinized the two men for a full thirty seconds, as if confirming their determination, before exhaling heavily and turning to a nearby officer, "Xiao Zhuang, bring the first aid kit and walkie-talkies, and find three powerful flashlights!"

Having said that, he looked back at Qi Yun, his tone softening, "Remember, safety comes first; everything else is secondary. Should you discover anything significant, apply to the superiors for further investigation once the archeological team and equipment arrive, and be cautious."

Feeling relieved, Qi Yun nodded vigorously, "Rest assured, I'll handle this wisely."

Director Hua, unable to contain his excitement, began organizing his archeological tools, the fatigue in his eyes replaced by fervor, "Qi, even without the scanner, I have ways to confirm the conditions below."

Chapter 410: Entering the Tomb Again (3)

A few minutes later, two police officers came over with equipment and distributed walkie-talkies and headlamps to Qi Yun, Director Hua, and Duan Pingyu.

Captain Wu personally checked their equipment and reminded them once more, "Make sure to be safe!"

Qi Yun nodded heavily, "Don't worry!"

This time, whether or not they could find that mirror down there, he owed Captain Wu a big favor. Letting them in privately like this posed a significant risk for him.

The three of them bent down and crawled into the tunnel. The beam of the headlamp pierced through the darkness. Director Hua, who was familiar with the path, led the way, Duan Pingyu walked in the middle to look after both sides, and Qi Yun followed closely behind.

Occasionally, tiny grains of sand fell from the gaps between the bricks, making slight sounds in the passageway.

Director Hua held a flashlight in one hand and a slender wooden stick in the other, occasionally tapping the blue bricks on the ground, "The floor tiles in this area are interconnected. Step on the wrong one, and you'll trigger a mechanism. The foreigners before fell into a pit right here, so you must follow my footsteps."

"Okay."

Qi Yun and the others didn't dare to be careless and fixed their eyes on where Director Hua stepped.

Although they hadn't witnessed the gruesome death of those foreigners, just hearing about it made their skin crawl. Moreover, it was their first time down in a tomb, so they were a bit nervous.

Ten minutes later, a question came through the walkie-talkie, accompanied by static noise: "Team one, are you safe?"

Qi Yun took the walkie-talkie from his chest and replied, "Safe!"

The three of them continued forward, passed through several chambers and narrow corridors, and finally arrived at the main burial chamber.

The beams of the headlamps swept across the surroundings. The four Bronze Warriors still stood at the four corners of the coffin, silently watching them.

The central vermilion-painted coffin was tilted, with the lid half-placed on the body, still in the position it was left when Goat Beard and his team pried it open.

Qi Yun curiously glanced at the murals on the walls, while Director Hua bent down and carefully examined the floor tiles in the chamber.

"I wasn't wrong before; these bricks indeed have issues!" he said as he carefully tapped the seams between the bricks with the wooden stick.

Qi Yun did not interrupt, standing quietly by the side, occasionally signaling to the outside.

After about half an hour, Director Hua had checked every blue brick in the chamber and finally stepped over to the coffin.

"There should be another space below this coffin!"

Duan Pingyu also came over, shining the flashlight at the massive coffin and asked with a wry smile, "It's impossible to move this thing, right..."

Director Hua laughed heartily, "This can't be opened by brute force."

As he spoke, his gaze swept over the four Bronze Warriors and finally focused on the hilt of one of their swords.

"The four warriors are positioned according to the four directions, forming the mechanism of the Four Directions Lock. The method to open the space below is located on the hilt of one of the warrior's swords."

With that, Director Hua moved his steps, slowly circling around the four Bronze Warriors, examining each one thoroughly while muttering what seemed like an incantation.

Finally, he stopped beside the Bronze Warrior at the southeast corner, "It should be this one!"

"You two retreat to the outside of the chamber first."

Qi Yun asked puzzledly, "Why should we go outside? Is there any danger?"

Director Hua nodded, "There is indeed danger. The Four Directions Lock first appeared in the Eastern Han Dynasty and is said to have been invented by Zhuge Liang as a battle formation. He later invented the Eight Gates Golden Lock Array based on it, unexpectedly applying it to tomb mechanisms."

As he spoke, his expression suddenly became solemn, "Among the four warriors, only one is a gate of life that can unlock the hidden space beneath the coffin. The other three are gates of death. Touching the wrong warrior will trigger the ceiling mechanism of this chamber."

"It could be fire oil or arrows; I don't know, so you should head out first."

Qi Yun frowned unconsciously upon hearing this. That meant there was only a one-quarter chance of survival, essentially gambling on life, and with unpleasant odds at that.

Although the mirror was important, he didn't want to risk someone else's life for it. He was about to persuade, "Director Hua, if..."

However, Director Hua was also a decisive person. Before Qi Yun could finish, he already had his hand on the sword hilt, shouting to Duan Pingyu, "Take him out!"

With that, he actually started to turn the sword hilt.

Qi Yun was rendered stunned on the spot. Was it really possible to disregard life and death for archaeology?

Seeing this, Duan Pingyu didn't dare hesitate. With two quick steps, he was beside Qi Yun, grabbed his arm, and ran toward the exit of the chamber.

The next second, as the hilt turned, a rumbling sound filled the chamber, causing the blue bricks to tremble and dust to tumble from above.

Qi Yun and Duan Pingyu had just reached the entrance when they heard the sound of something grinding behind them. Turning back, they both held their breath.

They saw the central vermilion-painted coffin slowly rising, leaving a dark crack between its base and the ground, faintly glowing ominously from within...

As the height increased, the crack gradually expanded into a half-meter-wide passage. The stone steps at the entrance of the passage glimmered coldly in the beam of the flashlight, covered with a thick layer of dust.