

Endless 100

Chapter 100: Power_3

As long as everything is under his dominion, all things will be summoned by him, becoming blades in his hand.

Therefore, he is called the "Overlord."

"Quickly, go! Teda!"

Geoffrey yelled with all his might, and at this moment, Teda understood Geoffrey's meaning. The Iron Armor on his body was decaying, not because Teda himself removed the Armor, but because the Ether supporting the Iron Armor was being drained away.

Summoned by another, more tyrannical power.

The entirety of the "Cultivation Room" was like this as well. As a space within the "Void Realm," it was inherently filled with Ether, and now all the Ether was rushing toward the core, pledging allegiance to that tyrannical force.

The gray-clad figures finally faced all of this head-on at this moment. Light began to shine from underneath their gray robes, but it was already too late. The vacuum zone also began to falter; fine cracks stretched across the boundary, spreading onto the container, creating a slight fissure.

The Celestial God within the container also dimmed completely at this moment, stripped of all Ether, falling into the shadows.

Dust covered the entire view. Teda hid at a distance, watching it all in shock, followed by waves of fear.

The summoned weren't just the Ether but also the souls of those inanimate things.

The Souls of Cold Iron.

This scene is quite familiar in Alchemy: killing the matter and extracting its soul.

The matter that has been killed and lost its soul ends up like this, annihilated into endless dust.

"His soul is incomplete, unable to carry the Alchemy Matrix... then summon souls to make himself whole again, even if just temporarily."

Belli understood what was happening. She was pinned down by Balder and barely lifted her head, stubbornly observing it all.

In the instant of successful implantation and soul collapse, that stability and loss of control, Bologue instinctively exerted the Power of Dominator.

At the core of the annihilating storm, within the bathtub, the clear water had long turned crimson. It was unknown how many times Bologue's body had collapsed and resurrected again in such a short time.

Amidst the dust, metal fragments were embedded, crashing into the bathtub, making it tattered and bent, like countless arrows piercing through it.

Under the crimson, an azure light began to shimmer gradually. The Alchemy Matrix was spreading on the body surface, yet still couldn't fully cover it.

The summoned "Souls of Cold Iron" were not enough, not enough.

Azure lights gleamed in waves, and all the Soul Shards collected by Bologue emerged, like swarms of fireflies released, merging into the Alchemy Matrix and causing this halted path to advance forward once more.

Until grasping this scepter, until reaching the end.

The fierce winds wrapped in dust rampaged through the collapsing "Cultivation Room," howling like thousands of wailing spirits, or like the melodious echoes of an organ, with choir children producing tender, ethereal timbres.

In prayer and revelry, welcoming Its arrival.

The wind ceased.

All the dust piled under the bathtub, towering the battered bathtub high, like a twisted throne built on ashes.

The will within the crimson awoke, and the bathtub leaned forward, blood water overflowing massively, washing forward in a bloody staircase before him.

Bologue coughed heavily, expelling a large amount of fluid, feeling unbearable pain as if his whole body was thrown into a meat grinder, every inch of nerve wailing loudly.

He tried to stand but fell powerlessly, rolling down from the throne, whimpering softly.

It seemed everything had ended.

A heavy, resonant sound echoed as Belli lifted her head, seeing that the obstructing door had completely collapsed as well. Under the call of the dominion, it became dilapidated and shattered.

Immediately, explosions sounded from outside the door, more alarms rang out, technicians shouted, chaos ensued.

"It seems the summoned range is not just here; even the outside world is affected."

Balder helped Belli to stand. Many tests were also being conducted outside, and under the call of the dominion, Ether vacuum phenomena appeared throughout the nearby region, causing various incidents.

Belli looked haggard. She had succeeded and should have been cheering loudly now, but listening to the continuous sound of explosions, her handsome face twisted into a knot.

"Just a few days until the end-of-year review, and there hadn't been any accidents with the Sublimation Furnace Core this year..."

She murmured resentfully to herself.

Teda sat exhausted in a corner, the Ether within him being drained, a feeling that made him very uncomfortable.

Looking to the side, the gray-clad figures remained unchanged, entirely focused on the container. Looking at that individual struggling to stand in the pool of blood, a smile of relief appeared on Teda's face.

They had succeeded in seizing the Power of Dominator.

"Such a familiar feeling, all the Ether drained away, it feels just like the 'Ethereal Prohibition' of the 'Origin School'."

A voice sounded from behind. Geoffrey turned around to see when Lebius had appeared here, leaning on a cane, observing it all.

"Condensers are like fish, and Ether is like the sea water surrounding us. Not sensing Ether always makes one uneasy," Geoffrey replied, "Why are you here?"

"Such a level of disturbance is hard not to draw my attention."

"Just you?" Geoffrey inquired again.

"One of me is enough."

Lebius responded calmly, the soft clinking of Iron Armor ringing from within the shadows.

His gaze looked afar, focusing on the figure gradually standing in the pool of blood, exuding strange azure glows with painful gasps resounding.

"Geoffrey, seven years ago, we executed an Overlord."

Bologue finally stood up, his figure perfectly blocking out the dim lights behind him, completely obscuring Xilin's figure in his ashen throne, head hanging low yet stubbornly standing upright.

"Seven years later, we welcome another Overlord."

Lebius's voice finally had a slight fluctuation, fueled by both excitement and fear.

"An Overlord who cannot die."