

Endless 58

Chapter 58: House of the Rising Sun [Thanks to the Warrior of Love, Wilder, the Alliance Leader]_2

Then more identical people followed.

They seemed to be cleaners, picking up mops and cloths, wiping the walls of the "Cultivation Room," busying themselves, no one paid attention to Lebius.

Lebius didn't look at their faces, trying to calm the turmoil within, holding the burning memo, quickening his pace as much as possible.

The strange scenes continued one after another, he could hear the whispers echoing by his ears, seemingly from those "cleaners," they had noticed him, casting bizarre glances.

The walls around slowly writhed, solid walls shifting and reassembling, like a living maze.

Time shifted in an instant, the white bricks tinged with the yellowing of age, and a thick layer of dust settled on the once clean floor.

Walking along the distant memory, Lebius arrived at the elevator in the central hall, pressed it, and the rust-covered elevator doors slowly opened, as if waiting specifically for Lebius, inside was empty.

Entering it, Lebius glanced at the rows of button panels, recalling the image of the elevator from memory.

There weren't many buttons on the elevator, different levels of authority opened different floors, but now it had changed from how he remembered, among the familiar rows of buttons, there was an additional red button, located at the very bottom, as if intentionally hidden.

Beside that button, there were many scratches and dark red stains, it seemed someone had tried to carve something onto it, but ultimately left nothing.

From those scratches, Lebius vaguely saw a scene, the person inside the elevator breaking down madly, their nails scratching relentlessly against the metal.

Unfortunately, he could do nothing, even if his nails shattered, only these shallow white marks remained, along with stains from dried blood.

This red button led to an ominous floor, a floor only accessible to those with level five authority.

Fortunately, Lebius had been there seven years ago, unfortunately, he knew exactly what kind of place it was. If he could, Lebius wished he would never have to intersect with it again in his life.

But he couldn't escape it, ever since arriving there seven years ago, he couldn't escape it. Lebius was bound to return there, only lacking a reason.

Now, Bologue Lazarus's mystery gave him the reason to return to Hell.

Without further thought, Lebius, leaning on his cane, pressed the red button, the elevator shuddered slightly, the lights flickered, then it began to move, descending.

Descending, continuously descending.

Lebius didn't know how long it descended, the only measure of time left was the burning memo in his hand.

The monitor in the corner had long dimmed, no longer displaying specific floors, as if from pressing that red button, the "Cultivation Room" had banished this elevator, until it touched the bottom in the relentless descent.

Touched the hidden and unknown foundation in the darkness.

The foundation of the "Cultivation Room."

The trembling of the elevator ceased, Lebius estimated this descent lasted several hours, of course, it was possible his sense of time was also distorted, in such a haunted place, anything was possible.

As for the memo in his hand, it had mostly burned, leaving only a corner which Lebius held, interestingly, there was no burning pain, instead, it felt cold, like holding a melting ice crystal.

Leaning on his cane, taking weary steps, exiting the elevator, he found himself in a long, dark corridor, the surroundings pitch black, only the elevator behind, and ahead, had faint glimmers of light.

Lebius headed towards the faint light, entering another larger space.

"Whew..."

Lebius took a deep breath, well-prepared in his heart, but upon witnessing the grand and bizarre scenery again, his heart couldn't help but tremble.

Beneath him was a bottomless Abyss, with massive, orderly cliff walls standing parallel on both ends of the Abyss, turning it into a narrow slit.

Looking around, the black stone walls stretched to the edge of sight, with no end whether from above or below, or left or right.

On the surface of the black stone, there were numerous raised markings that resembled text, Lebius couldn't understand them, but he had a premonition that they were filled with wrath and hatred, as if sealing something.

The place Lebius stood was a protrusion on the black stone cliff, a standard rectangular block, with well-defined edges, immaculately clean.

The atmosphere here was heavy and ominous, despite the lack of any light source, yet Lebius could clearly see everything around him.

Taking a deep breath, Lebius mustered up his courage, raising the hand holding the memo, a golden glow streamed through the gaps between his fingers, like a torch.

He stepped forward into the Abyss before him.

From the thick darkness below, a pair of slender, deathly pale arms, hundreds of meters long, emerged, with bluish raised veins all over the surface, densely like vines clinging to a withered tree, it lifted a black stone like a step, securely receiving Lebius's step.

Taking another step forward, another pair of pale arms lifted a black stone, emerging from the darkness below.

In just a few steps, dozens of pairs of arms had risen from the darkness, crowding against each other, like towering trees twisting as they grew.