

## Endless 59

Chapter 59: House of the Rising Sun [Thanks to Love Warrior Wilde, the Alliance Leader]\_3

The grotesque twisted scene made one nauseous, and at the same time, an endless hoarse sound rose from below.

"Light..."

"It's light..."

Lebius stared ahead, refusing to look away. He could hear those whispers, as if countless grotesque beings lurked beneath this darkness, their eyes filled with envy and obsession, fixed upon him.

As he stepped forward, the cliff of black stone on the other end also began to change. A fissure silently opened, moving along the straight vertical line, shifting to both sides, extending to the edge of his vision above, as if a deity had sliced open a mountain with a sword.

The fissure extended inward, turning into a narrow gorge.

Lebius stepped into the gorge, and the endless arms behind him retreated back into the darkness, awaiting him was an endless journey and a silence so extreme it drove one mad.

Finally, in the blurry darkness, Lebius saw it.

A door.

A solitary wooden door at the far end of the deep, its appearance extremely ordinary, with nothing about it that could be considered strange, yet its very presence here was the most bizarre thing of all.

There were no useful markings on it, no chains or swords, no warning signs from the "Safety Containment Department," nothing familiar or reassuring.

As if...none of this belonged to the Order Bureau, but rather to a region "bordering" the Order Bureau.

The only identifiable information was the metal plaque hanging on it.

Lebius looked at the placard above, the metal plaque engraved with a line of text.

House of the Rising Sun.

A rustling sound arose from behind the door, something was coming, something dwelling in the depths of this darkness, guarding the door.

Lebius saw it.

Countless, grotesque pale limbs emerged from the darkness, as if some monster pieced together from human limbs. They reached out from all corners, slender hands reaching from behind, tightly embracing the wooden door, hands constantly caressing its surface, using limbs as locks to seal it tightly.

It did not attack Lebius, seemingly not intending to prevent some from entering the door, but rather cautiously...wary of something wanting to come out from within the door.

Things that shouldn't exist...

Greedy panting echoed in the darkness, like wolves scenting blood, followed by a mixture of whispers, as if murmuring an ancient story, a malicious curse.

Standing before the door, soon a pale arm reached towards Lebius, just like the arms he saw in the fissure earlier, its length far exceeding human limbs, it slowly stopped before him, and then opened its palm.

Demanding something.

Raising his hand, Lebius suspended his palm over the pale hand, opening it, revealing the note that had long burned to ashes, with the residual warmth of the ashes falling onto the pale palm, the golden sheen lingering amid the dust.

The grotesque hand clenched the ashes in its palm, golden light bursting from gaps between the fingers.

Vague words resonated in the darkness.

"Pitiful..."

The arm withdrew into the darkness, from the pitch black depths came a sound of chewing.

Soon after, another arm reached out, clutching a golden key, the golden sheen slightly dimmed, worn by the ravages of time.

That was the "Key of the Crooked Path," Lebius knew where it led.

The key was inserted into the wooden door and turned.

A crisp metallic sound echoed.

As the lock cylinder was twisted, those arms entwined around the wooden door slid towards the door frame, slender nails penetrating the crevices, using all their strength to pry open the door.

Despite being a flimsy wooden door, under the pressure of these arms, it was as heavy as a mountain, a piercing friction sound arose, and in the darkness, some organism exerted all its strength to whimper and wail.

Lebius heard it, the lament of flesh tearing and breaking under immense force. He also saw it, the arms attempting to open the door tensed one by one, the pale skin underlined by blue veins like a spider web, the exerted force not only gradually opening the door, but also breaking and shattering these arms.

One by one, the arms were twisted off, falling to the ground, bleeding, from the darkness behind the door came agonized whimpers, but soon more arms stretched out, dragging the severed limbs back into the darkness, then replaced those broken arms, continuing to open the wooden door.

Lebius heard the sound of sucking, something licking the blood as it flowed...

He focused his attention as much as possible, staring intently at the wooden door, ignoring everything else.

In blood and pain, the door opened.

A weary sigh echoed in the darkness, brilliant golden light spilled from the gap in the door, pouring out like a torrent as the door was fully opened.

Endless light cascaded from behind the door, as if this door led directly to the core of the sun, and the pale limbs dreaded it, retreating back into the darkness, under the solitary light, only Lebius remained to face it.

Stepping into the light, faint singing arose from within the wooden door, resonating in the eerie silence.

The desolate voice sang.

"In the shadow of Opus, there's a house.

They call it...'House of the Rising Sun'."