

Endless 62

Chapter 62: Hilbert's Hotel_3

Amid the madness, Lebius remained expressionless, long accustomed to the man's raving words.

"But there is another possibility, one of many factors, Lebius."

The man stopped laughing, recalling something amusing as he rubbed his hands together, eager to try something.

"What?" Lebius asked.

"We can't interfere directly with this world, so the debtor is our limb, our proxy in establishing within this world."

A strange light flickered in his eyes, his voice eerie and hoarse.

"The devil that made a deal with Bologue Lazarus... one of my brothers, perhaps he needs Bologue Lazarus to do something for him..."

The man's voice gradually trailed off into a hoarse, murky whisper.

"Yes, it's one of the possibilities, he needs Bologue Lazarus to do something, but why him? Why this nobody?"

To do what?"

The man rubbed his head in anguish, with increasing force, until his scalp bled under his fingertips, leaving concave wounds as fresh blood stained his face, distorting and ruining Geoffrey's visage.

"Why?"

He kept whispering.

"What exactly does he need Bologue Lazarus to do?"

The man suddenly halted, pouncing toward Lebius, his bloodstained face close, expression exaggerated and theatrical like an actor overexerting himself.

"Beware of him, beware of Bologue Lazarus."

His bloodied finger slowly lifted, blocking Lebius's lips.

"Beware of the devil behind him."

The frozen fearful expression melted, turning into that eerie smile, Geoffrey's face fading within it, countless faces flashing across his visage.

The man seemed exceptionally thrilled, it had been a long time since he felt this way, a dormant heart beating anew, cold blood warming.

He gazed at the curtain, humming a tune, no one knew what this mercurial creature was plotting in his mind.

"Oh, by the way, Lebius, is Bologue preparing to implant the 'Alchemy Matrix'?"

The man suddenly asked with concern.

"Hmm..."

Lebius responded, his mind overwhelmed with chaotic information, bad speculations rising one after another, and then dissipating.

"Have you picked the 'Alchemy Matrix' for him?"

The man asked, beguiling by Lebius's ear.

"Why not give 'it' to Bologue?"

Lebius's breath caught, he stared at the man, although the man said nothing, the image of that thing popped into his mind.

"Ah haha, the thing that, seven years ago, left you in disarray," the man continued that strange laugh, as if thousands of fledglings screamed in his throat, "let Bologue implant 'it'."

"You've always had no solution for 'it', guarding the treasury with no key to unlock 'it', rather than letting it waste away, forgotten, give it to Bologue.

After all, he can't die."

The sinister words swirled in his ear, Lebius looked at the man with clarity, coldly asking.

"What exactly do you want? Telling me to be wary, yet having him implant such a thing."

The man's true intent, Lebius couldn't fathom, no one could; he was like the embodiment of a mystery, peel away one layer, only to unveil another obscuring veil.

"Me? I'm just an ordinary film enthusiast; after all, films these days are too boring, too boring! Too boring!"

The casual words turned to anger, as though a child deprived of a toy, his words thunderous, but next moment the man softened, emotions shifting rapidly.

"So do you believe what I said? Lebius, this truly comforts me."

A hand rested on Lebius's shoulder, then clasped the back of his neck, a chill of metal seeped in.

"Regardless of truth, you told me this information... what 'price' do I need to pay."

Lebius ignored the man's words, fully aware of what he was facing, the man might have spoken truthfully but it destined to lead him astray.

Bloodshot eyes reflected a thousand faces.

"Price? No need for price!"

The man looked heartbroken, clueless why Lebius thought he wanted a price.

Bloody hands cupped Lebius's face, the tone sincere yet hypocritical.

"Our relationship is so close, it requires no price, if there really has to be a price..."

The man leaned close to Lebius, whispering by his ear.

"Lebius Lovisa, I need you alive, I need you to live an extraordinary life."

A raspy, jarring laugh echoed, slicing incessantly through Lebius's eardrums, he said nothing, leaning on a cane, struggling to stand, without a word of parting, turning to exit the cinema.

The man kept waving passionately at his back until Lebius left the cinema, only then did he slowly lower his hand, staring blankly at the screen.

The cinema fell silent once more.

He reached out, pulling a yet-to-be-named dark box from the shadows, rubbing its surface vigorously, muttering to himself.

"Hold on, hold on, calm down."

He spoke to himself, looking forlorn.

"Not yet time, not yet..."

The man tried persuading himself, but his body couldn't stop trembling, from excitement, greed, desire, all emotions that shouldn't exist.

"Just a little more, just a little more."

He widened his eyes, looking at the screen, raising a hand to snap his fingers, the frozen image started to flow and then flickered, after a few seconds the film changed.

It seemed to be a first-person movie, the camera shaking unsteadily with the staggering steps, the surroundings silent, only faint breathing could be heard... yet the character did not appear.

The black-and-white image blurred until the character moved to a place, leaning against a corner as if drained of all strength, slowly sitting down, then a cane appeared in the frame, falling to the side.

The character's gaze turned to the cane and saw the face reflected on the metal surface, his own face.

Lebius Lovisa's face.

A joyous yet twisted laugh erupted from him, opening his mouth to praise loudly, blood-stained white teeth bared, a chaotic toxic breath spewing from deep in his throat, even the human form began writhing and morphing as if something wanted to burst forth.

Beneath this shell, the most loathsome and wicked original sin of this world coalesced, buried, fermenting, nurturing long suffering and calamity.

The sinister voice resonated within the cinema, lingering in the darkness, the silent dark boxes trembling, as if something struggled within, attempting to escape but eternally bound, powerless to resist.

Beyond the darkness lay the sunlight-filled inn, the tranquil afternoon atmosphere, where a desolate song seemed never-ending, lamenting misery and sorrow.

"In the shadow of Opus, there is a house."

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

"It's where many young men meet their ruin."

"God, I am one of them too..."

