

Endless 71

Chapter 71: Nightmare Returns

At the break of dawn, Bologue was already awake. He was a person who slept very little; usually, after a few hours of sleep, he would be fully energized.

Geoffrey had also marveled at Bologue's vigor, and when faced with his inquiries, Bologue casually explained, "I've already slept long enough in the Black Prison."

Having awoken, he didn't immediately get out of bed as per usual but lay in the warm covers, eyes half-closed, contemplating something.

The bizarre scenes of last night flashed back before his eyes, crossing time and space, bringing a bone-chilling coldness.

Bologue reached out, fumbling randomly on the windowsill beside the bed and easily touched that cold object.

The drowsiness vanished in an instant, Bologue was fully awake, as if being dragged from a warm bed into the icy depths of the sea.

Breathing slightly hasty, he picked up the object and held it above his head, staring at it.

Mammon Coin.

Golden and dazzling, like a piece of gold, the Mammon Coin.

Bologue sat up, clutching the Mammon Coin in his palm, feeling the coldness of the metal in his hand, a coldness that didn't warm with his body temperature but remained stern and chilling.

No one provided answers for him, but Bologue instinctively realized that this Mammon Coin was different, different from the one Vika had shown him; this Mammon Coin was exceptionally special... infused with Magic Power.

Drawing back the curtains, Bologue looked in the direction of the Great Rift, a hint of confusion in his eyes, followed by a fervent anticipation.

The corners of his lips slightly curled up as Bologue muttered.

"Now this is interesting."

He was real.

Urban legends one by one emerged before his eyes, transforming from illusion into reality, the distance drawn closer until it was within reach.

This was frightening, but also immensely exciting.

Bologue felt like a newborn child, encountering new things every day. He even started to look forward to his next visit to the wandering crossroad, eager to uncover the secrets hidden within the Great Rift and glimpse "his" true face.

The master of the wandering crossroad, protector of darkness and the sinister, lurking within the shadow of the Great Rift.

Tyrant.

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

Bologue murmured.

If he had any value, it must be in his "Resurrection," and his information was considered absolutely confidential, completely under the Order Bureau's control. How did the "Tyrant" learn about him?

Was it discovered during the hunt for Norm?

Yet Bologue clearly remembered not leaving any witnesses.

His thoughts were interrupted here, the realization of his erroneous assumption dawning on him; who said that without witnesses, one couldn't be discovered?

Different from the "past life" strictly bound by the laws of physics, the world Bologue inhabited now possessed the mysterious and unknown Extraordinary Power, perhaps it was precisely due to some form of Extraordinary Power that he was exposed in the eyes of the "Tyrant."

After all, he is the creator of the wandering crossroad, single-handedly forging the existence of this Shadow City.

For such a legendary figure, no amount of imagining his strength would be too much.

But the more he thought about it, the feeling of being targeted by such a big figure made Bologue uncomfortable.

Slowly clenching his fists, Bologue clearly realized he needed power, power to establish himself in Opus. Even if it couldn't counter these unknown great figures, at least he should have the ability to take a bite out of them.

Bologue always upheld the principle of making the opponent pay a price even if you can't defeat them, and Geoffrey praised him for being like a fierce watchdog.

It sounded terrible, but Geoffrey surprisingly liked that about Bologue.

Getting out of bed, tidying the sheets, dressing up, turning on the radio, and waiting for Dudel's "Gray Mist, Industry, and Delicious Shrimp Crackers," while pondering what to do today.

Soon, a familiar voice came from the radio.

"Hello, listeners! I'm Dudel, your loyal twice-a-day friend, welcome to the program!"

Accompanied by the screeching music, Dudel shouted in the song.

"Gray Mist! Industry! Delicious Shrimp Crackers!"

Bologue figured out what to do today.

He planned to have Delicious Shrimp Crackers for lunch, a specialty of Opus, so delicious that even Dudel's radio show was named after it.

Recalling the food's deliciousness, distant memories gradually surfaced, and a gentle voice spoke.

"What do you want to eat?"

Bologue remembered, it was what happened when he met Adelle after his release, after a brief reunion, she took him to a roadside restaurant.

Adelle sat opposite him, looking at him softly, asking what he wanted to eat.

"Eat slowly, eat slowly, there's plenty more."

Watching him gobble up food, Adelle repeatedly said.

Bologue remembered the sensation, the dry, barren mouth gradually secreting saliva with that sour taste, and before he could savor the taste of food, he was gulping it down.

"Life in prison was hard to endure, huh?"

Witnessing his sorry state, Adelle asked.

"Not really, just the food was a bit bad."

To prevent her from worrying, Bologue never told her about the Black Prison, except for the meals.

"It was like pig slop."

Bologue cursed.

The recollection ended there, not in a restaurant but at home, with no Adelle beside him, only Dudel's voice from the radio.

Bologue's expression was somewhat stiff, and his smile was frozen on his face, like an audience still in the movie as the end credits roll.

He was a person with a very good memory, and he also loved reminiscing.

To Bologue, after living in this world for so many years, the memories of his "past life" began to feel incredibly foreign, like the memories of another person.

Yet he was still willing to continuously recall and review those precious memories, which were like scenes from a movie, supporting him through the hardest times.

"As long as there are memories, one can endure solitude."

Bologue murmured.

That was Bologue's most treasured possession, an unknown "past life," full of brilliant and beautiful memories.

He shook his head forcefully, shaking off the slightly melancholic emotions.

This boring day had a preliminary plan, Bologue looked at his savings, wanting to get a TV and a VCR at home, so he could watch movies at home.

Calculating the funds, even if buying second-hand goods, it was still more than Bologue could currently afford, it seemed he would have to bear with it for a while.

Bologue sighed long, realizing to his dismay that after so long, experiencing so much, in the end he was still worried about money.

It felt as if everything had returned to the starting point, which was terrible.

For a moment, Bologue even fantasized about going out to tackle the mafia, telling himself it was a righteous act, the only requirement being... a little funding from the mafia.

This probably counted as fighting evil with evil, who knew what the Order Bureau would think of such behavior.

His thoughts were messy and tangled, turning into a chaotic mess.

Looking at the phone, Bologue wondered if the Order Bureau could provide an advance on his salary, he thought as such an outstanding employee, he should be eligible for an advance. Just then, the phone rang.

Bologue was stunned for two seconds, then joy appeared on his face.

Normally, only Geoffrey would call him, and contacting him meant the implant ceremony was approaching.

He grabbed the phone, and the familiar voice rang out.

"Bologue?"

"Uh, it's me."

Bologue responded, happiness in his voice, few things other than slaying Demons could make Bologue so happy.

Implant ceremony, Alchemy Matrix, Secret Energy...

In truth, Bologue was already a member of the Extraordinary World, his "Resurrection" was stronger than most people's Secret Energy, but it wasn't enough, Bologue needed a sharper sword, a heavier hammer.

"Is the implant ceremony ready?" Bologue asked.

At this, Geoffrey's voice paused, hesitating for a few seconds, then speaking in a dry tone.

"Well... some problems have arisen."

"What kind of problems?" Bologue felt a sense of foreboding.

"Actually, the implant ceremony is ready, based on your 'Blessing,' we selected several Alchemy Matrices that match you very well."

Bologue's "Resurrection" was an extremely powerful force, and if matched with suitable Secret Energy, it would display great power.

"For example, the 'Bloodthirsty' Secret Energy of the 'Body Enhancement School,' which would allow you to absorb blood from others, thereby strengthening yourself, combined with your 'Resurrection,' you would become a harvester of life."

Unfamiliar terms spilled from Geoffrey's mouth, and it seemed that Secret Energy was also divided into different schools.

"But some unexpected issues arose."

The bad news was coming.

In the office, Geoffrey also felt a headache, Lebius was opposite him, Yas, and Ivan were also there.

They all wore a vigilant demeanor, as if facing some difficult affair.

Between them lay the documents placed on the table, featuring the mark of the Sublimation Furnace Core, a fruit wrapped in a snake.

If it were just this one mark, it would be fine, but next to the Sublimation Furnace Core was another slightly complex mark.

It was a clover-like symbol, each leaf engraved with a human face, each of them bearing a different, miserable expression.

Scorched blind by molten iron, mouths sewn shut with thread, eardrums pierced by daggers.

Miserable and distressed souls.

This was the mark of the "Safety Containment Department," with an authority level of three, most employees were unaware of this department's existence, tasked with containing difficult-to-handle extraordinary entities.

And this wasn't the end, Geoffrey's gaze continued upward, and the last symbol appeared before him.

This symbol was simple, merely a Scepter, but the end of the Scepter split into metal-like crystals, forming a Sharp Sword.

All employees knew what this "Staff Sword" emblem represented.

Geoffrey spoke.

"This is a directive from the Decision Room."

"What directive?"

"To interrupt your implant ceremony... but don't worry, it doesn't mean they plan to terminate you."

Geoffrey's voice paused.

"The implant ceremony needs to be prepared anew, because the Decision Room has carefully selected a brand new Alchemy Matrix for you."

His gaze swept over the Safety Containment Department's insignia, and the nightmare from seven years ago surged like a tide, Geoffrey whispered in his heart.

"An Alchemy Matrix that needed to be 'contained.'"