

Endless 93

Chapter 93: Hell

Alchemy Matrix.

Bologue will have it implanted, and it will accompany him until the end of his life.

All Bologue's understanding of this mysterious object originates from Geoffrey, though he also recommended some related books to him, but Bologue never had time to read them. However, now he has a basic framework of understanding in his mind.

Bologue replied, "I only have a rough understanding."

"Hmm... alright."

Teda pondered briefly and then continued.

"To explain it in my way, I think the Alchemy Matrix is a seed, a seed rooted in our souls. As we ascend, this seed also grows strong alongside our souls, eventually turning into a towering tree."

"The Alchemy Matrix of Xilin Kagader is like such a towering tree. From 'Condenser' to 'Seeker of Glory', this tree has lush branches and leaves. Correspondingly, as the foundation of this tree, his soul is extremely resilient, which supports all of this."

Belli waved her hand, the trail of Canyin delineating in her hand, transforming into a scalpel forged by the trajectory.

She stirred in the golden air, and a grand masterpiece gradually emerged, hanging directly above Bologue.

It was the Overlord's Alchemy Matrix, its golden veins expanding recklessly, like cracks on a collapsing ice surface, winding and entrenching, as if murals painted by countless craftsmen, depicting mountains and cloud forests.

Alchemists spent years carefully replicating it from the Overlord, now presenting it before Bologue.

"The ascension of us Condensers is similar, constantly strengthening our own souls, enlarging our souls' 'capacity', making this foundation increasingly resilient, thus allowing the Alchemy Matrix to grow on this foundation.

From 'seed', it grows into 'trunk', with later 'ascension' inclinations determining the extension of 'branches', until it becomes a 'tree'.

So what we need to implant in you is not the 'Seeker of Glory's Alchemy Matrix. After replicating the Overlord's Alchemy Matrix, we need to constantly revise and eliminate the intricate matrix.

Downgrade it.

From the 'Seeker of Glory's Alchemy Matrix, downgrade it to the 'Condenser's Alchemy Matrix.

From a towering tree, compress it back into a seed."

As Teda spoke, Belli also began her actions. Starting something unknown, the Canyin trails spiraling on the ground began to rise, swirling around the operating table, constantly wrapping around, as if a golden cast ring, layering one upon another on it.

The concentration of Ether soared, everyone feeling the palpable pressure increasing more and flooded here, vast and heavy.

"Dear God..."

Geoffrey muttered, reaching out to try and grasp the golden dust, which solidified in his palm and then dispersed, all rushing onto the golden rings layered upon themselves.

The ether concentration here had reached a terrifying value, to the extent this void energy could appear in a tangible form.

Canyin dust drifted everywhere, turning into a golden mist enveloping everyone.

Belli wielded the scalpel, the female madwoman in professionalism took this rare moment seriously, cutting through the golden veins lightly, the complex drawings gradually became simple, the eliminated parts slowly floated down, falling onto Bologue, like dust, shattering upon touch, dispersing into the void.

Bologue stared blankly at all this, as such a magnificent and mysterious scene is not commonly seen; the ether turned into mist, with a certain magic, Bologue felt his vision being completely consumed by it.

"But you are different, Mr. Lazarus, as a debtor, your soul is incomplete. Thus, the 'capacity' of your soul is hard to withstand a conventional Alchemy Matrix."

Teda's tone shifted, his expression solemn.

"So what?" Bologue asked.

"For debtors like you, undergoing implantation would be extremely risky, potentially leading to soul collapse, but fortunately, you wouldn't die... So, I am not quite sure what situation might arise, such a complex case as yours is the first I've encountered."

A dazzling light also arose on Teda's body, the golden mist beginning to twist, some brilliant hues appearing within.

"The soul is the carrier of the Alchemy Matrix. If a Condenser loses their soul and becomes a Demon, their Alchemy Matrix remains in the void. Although they can still use Secret Energy, due to the lack of a soul, their Alchemy Matrix cannot continue to grow, nor can they ascend anymore."

Debtors will face extremely dangerous ascension due to the lack of a soul."

Teda looked at Bologue with a complex expression.

"You are like a fascinating paradox, a contradictory combination, implanting this highly unstable Alchemy Matrix, and you, being a debtor with a missing soul, yet your 'blessing' prevents you from dying..."

He laughed out ghostly.

"I'm also getting curious, what will happen next."

Bologue didn't know what to say. Should he say that it's indeed like master like disciple? The thoughts of these two are surprisingly consistent sometimes.

"My Secret Energy belongs to the 'Illusion Creation' school. The power of this school, as the name suggests is 'Illusion Creation', creating non-existent entities. This school is not suitable for scientific research, but fortunately, my imagination is rich enough."

Teda laughed, as the operating table resonated with a series of metallic sounds, shackles snapped upright, firmly binding Bologue to the operating table, followed by several supports rising, the edges of the platform on which Bologue lay also erected one by one, like a bathtub, encasing Bologue within.

"So, what's the use of your Secret Energy?"

Bologue tried to move a bit, finding himself completely locked in, only able to turn his head.

"I follow the 'old school' classical route, entirely the literal meaning of the 'Illusion Creation' school, 'Secret Energy·Illusion Creation'."

Teda continued, "Thus, my Alchemy Matrix inclination is 'Broad and Blunt', as long as it is within my domain, there's a great possibility of fantasy becoming reality."

"So, just by fantasizing 'ritual success', might I actually manage to be successfully implanted?"

Bologue asked, this is indeed damn peculiar.

He couldn't understand that so-called 'inclination', remembering Geoffrey mentioning some 'Narrow and Sharp' before, but concerning 'Illusion Creation', his current understanding is relatively clear.

"That's right, just like this."

Teda wore a strange smile, and meanwhile, Belli, who had been busy correcting the Alchemy Matrix, started singing cheerfully.

"Smooth implantation~ smooth implantation~"

Under her song, Teda busied himself, humming the same tune.

"Smooth~ smooth~"

The chief surgeon and nurses danced and sang, while the patient looked serene. Bologue thought that passing away in such a manner might not be all that bad.

Strange, how very strange.

Is this how people in the Sublimation Furnace Core behave? What do these people do every day with the Order Bureau's funding?

Bologue wanted to say something to denounce it, but at that moment Belli suddenly spoke.

"Alright, corrections are finished. We can begin the implantation now."

A delicate face appeared before him, leaning over the surgery table, looking closely at Bologue, and even prying open Bologue's eyes as if to scrutinize his azure irises.

"The implantation ritual requires 'semi-condensation' of your soul, that is to condense from nothingness to a tangible form, liquefy it, and then interfere."

After prying open the left eye, she moved to the right one. Under the glow of the Canyin light, her face was blurred and carried a hint of the divine.

"Normally, we would give you some anesthesia, considering that the soul condensation process is extremely painful."

Hearing this, Bologue was stunned for a second and his expression turned cold.

"But this implantation ritual is filled with risks. I need you to stay conscious to avoid accidents, can you do that?" Belli asked.

"I can, I'm quite adept at enduring, especially pain."

Bologue replied expressionlessly.

"Alright," Belli glanced at Teda, and their eyes met briefly. Teda then said, "Begin."

In an instant, everything came to a standstill.

Bologue saw it, the drifting golden dust, innumerable particles ceased to move, completely frozen in the air. Looking at Teda and Belli, their faces were also shrouded in a Canyin haze.

As if the world had been paused at that moment, the turning wheel of the clock hand was frozen with frost, soon to collapse.

The golden dust swirled together, with high concentrations of ether merging, the sound of rushing water arose.

The stagnation was broken, and the golden mist transformed into a thunderous storm cloud, bursting with dazzling currents and sparks. The ether then liquefied into golden raindrops, pouring down torrentially, flowing into the grooves on the ground, tracing out a huge array pattern.

The flowing gold surged, all rushing towards the central surgery table, where Bologue felt a slight chill. The "bathtub" he was in was filling with this liquid ether, which quickly rose to his neck.

"Begin condensation."

The liquid submerged Bologue, the sound roaring. Bologue couldn't tell who was speaking; he tried to breathe, and the liquid filled his lungs, yet he did not feel like he was drowning.

"Liquefy."

Someone sighed.

Bologue looked upwards, and his eyes full of gold turned to absolute black in the next second.

Excruciating pain.

It was madness-inducing agony, like burning with flames, and equally like being placed in an ice cellar, as roaring thunder lashed at his body, and countless iron needles pierced through him.

Bologue panted in pain, bubbles floating loudly as if the liquid was boiling.

The azure eyes began to turn white, and terrifying hallucinations started appearing before him, like countless galloping wild horses trampling over Bologue's body.

Charred burning earth, the wails of thousands of dead soldiers, deceitful shadowy figures, enticing whispers...

An invisible hand gripped his heart, pressing firmly. It wasn't to kill Bologue but to forcibly make his heart beat explosively.

Bologue couldn't die yet, he had to continue this earthly pilgrimage.

Then Bologue saw it.

Endless darkness, darkness without end, for who knows how many years have passed, the darkness was finally replaced by light.

A hand reached out to him, but later she also died, in a dark alley, with a cold smile on her face...

Bologue suddenly couldn't feel the excruciating pain anymore, or perhaps he had become numb to it, becoming indifferent.

He recalled how in many literary works, authors depicted people walking into heaven after death, but few wrote about how one walks into hell.

All the past flashed incessantly before his eyes in this near-death moment.

Suddenly Bologue realized.

"Ah... this is hell."

He accepted it.