

Endless 99

Chapter 99: Authority_2

The entity implanted with the Alchemy Matrix is intriguing, as it does not reside on Bologue's body but floats upon the liquefied soul, which resembles a shell created through Condensation.

Teda exhaled deeply, things had gone relatively well so far; the Alchemy Matrix enveloped the liquefied soul, and now the task was to return the soul to nothingness, engraving the Alchemy Matrix onto both Bologue's soul and body.

For veterans, the insertion ritual isn't complicated, even somewhat simple, but Teda did not relax. He knew very well that the real challenge was yet to come.

It's like building a car from scrap easily; the trouble lies in making it run safely and steadily.

Finished with this, he and Belli both directed their gaze forward, watching the Overlord in the container, constantly referencing the Alchemy Matrix on its body during the implantation process.

The gray-robed figures guarded near the container cautiously, paying no attention to the anomalies of the insertion ritual.

"Proceed to restore his soul."

Teda's gaze became solemn. This step was straightforward; simply reversing Condensation could achieve it, but similarly, this was the phase where issues in the insertion ritual most frequently occurred.

Previously, their attempts to seize the Power of Dominator all failed at this step.

He and Belli exchanged a glance, no words were needed; this was their closest attempt to success yet, with the former minister of the Sublimation Furnace Core and the current minister, plus an indestructible white mouse, there was no reason for them to fail.

"Begin the reversal."

Belli's voice rang out.

After a brief pause, the soul of luminous brilliance began to sink within the clear water, dragging the Alchemy Matrix down until it remerged with Bologue's body, and radiant patterns engraved themselves along Bologue's exterior.

The Canyin light mixed with green hues, like floating silk, wrapping around Bologue akin to silk encasing a larva, undergoing transformation within.

Both held their breath, so long as the soul returned to nothingness, just as long as...

A piercing alarm shattered their illusion.

"What's happening?"

Belli glanced around, it was the security alarm of the Cultivation Room.

Someone had intruded?

Intruded here? Deep within the Sublimation Furnace Core?

Belli's thoughts momentarily froze; if someone indeed managed to infiltrate here, they must be exceedingly powerful, breaking through the numerous securities of the Order Bureau.

Geoffrey immediately took action; he was the only one adept at combat as field staff, though he hadn't been on the battlefield for years.

Secret Energy erupted.

In that instant, Geoffrey shed his ordinary demeanor, his eyes blazed, hand resting on the holster at his waist, crouched, transforming into a ferocious tiger preying upon men.

"No... wait," Teda remembered another matter, "there's another scenario wherein the Cultivation Room sounds the alarm."

Belli had also recalled, looking at Teda and then at the submerged face under the clear water.

"I said this insertion ritual should be conducted in the Safety Containment Department!"

Belli only managed to utter this sentence before the whistling wind drowned all sounds, tearing at everyone's eardrums.

The entire laboratory shook, quaked, solid surfaces trembling into countless cracks, expanding continuously, rubble and dust swirling, colliding toward the core.

"Watch out!"

Balder shouted, rushing over, tackling Belli, with debris and metal fragments clanging against the Protective Clothing; without Balder, Belli might have ended up a mangled mass.

Teda remained composed, eyes unmoved, continuing to exert force, stabilizing the ritual's progress; the wind blew through his white hair, making him resemble a formidable old lion.

Old age, yet resilient.

The void Ether wriggled, conjuring solid Iron Armor out of thin air, the plates stacking on Teda's body, instantly encasing him completely.

The gray-robed figures still showed no response; a vacuum zone emerged beside them, impervious to the frenzy of destruction, seemingly unwilling to intervene. Protecting the container was their sole priority.

The destruction persisted.

Metal seemingly melted, pulling into slender spikes, all aiming toward Bologue, then dissolving into fine dust, vanishing.

Scenes like this played out continuously around them; the Cultivation Room constantly collapsed, the thunderous crumble perpetuated.

Geoffrey also came to, looking toward the core where Bologue lay asleep, slightly raising his head to see the Overlord in the container behind.

This angle rendered both in a uniquely divine composition; Xilin appeared as a god descending from the heavens, slightly opening his hand to lift the deceased Bologue from the mortal realm.

"Long time, no see indeed."

Geoffrey murmured, dismissing the Secret Energy, raising his hand, clearly feeling the Ether flowing away from his fingertips.

Another scenario yields the Cultivation Room's alarm, which occurs when the Cultivation Room itself faces assault; if the Cultivation Room possessed sentience, it would surely find this familiarity and nostalgia.

A tyrannical King, ruthless and brutal, cold and indifferent, forcibly asserting everything within sight.

Whether soldiers, children, raging waves, or turbulent winds, life or inanimate objects, even the void Ether and soul.