

Endless Debt

#Chapter 1: Prologue Debtor - Read Endless Debt

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Under the veil of night, the church was brightly lit, with candles quietly burning, their melting wax flowing and solidifying along the steps, rippling like the sea under the setting sun's evening glow, shimmering with waves.

In the narrow confessional booth, Bologue bowed his head, whispering.

"Father, good souls go to heaven, and evil souls go to hell, right?"

Soon, a kind voice came from the other side.

"Of course, my child."

Bologue and the Priest were separated by a thin black veil, their faces blurred in the dimness, unable to discern each other's features.

"Is that so? That's wonderful."

Hearing the Priest's confirmation, Bologue nodded, relieved.

"I have a friend."

As he spoke of her, a fleeting smile crossed Bologue's bewildered face, but it quickly cooled again.

"She's not the kind of 'friend' used to disguise oneself; she is a real person, arguably my only friend.

After I was released from prison a year ago, standing at the prison gate, I was lost for a while, not knowing where to go, then I saw her. Although it had been a long time since we last met, I recognized her instantly.

She took me home and has been taking care of me. She used to be quite nagging... and after becoming an old lady, she nagged even more, scolding me endlessly every day..."

Bologue opened up, talking endlessly, while the Priest quietly listened.

"I'd be nagged for sleeping without a blanket, for not eating breakfast, even for staying up late. Sometimes I'd retort, 'Are you my mom?' to which she'd smile smugly, continuing her nagging."

Bologue couldn't help but smile, and hearing this, the Priest on the other side of the veil laughed along, their laughter echoing within the narrow space.

"I stayed at her house for a while, sleeping on the sofa in the living room. Her children would come home to visit her occasionally, probably because I had been in prison; her children didn't like me. Coupled with her being an old lady, they always suspected I had ulterior motives, like trying to get her inheritance."

At this, Bologue shook his head.

"To avoid affecting her family harmony, I moved out later on. Whenever I had time, I'd go see her. She'd say I was like her non-blood-related child... still taking advantage of me."

Bologue's mind gradually conjured the woman's face, an aged visage ravaged by time, yet one could faintly perceive the beauty that once resided in the shriveled skin and wrinkles.

Listening to his story, the Priest nodded slightly, smiling.

"An unlikely friendship? Sounds wonderful."

"Yeah, she really was a good person, willing to take me in during my time of need. I even joked with her before, saying I would repay her kindness by becoming her lover. She shook her head, saying that when we stood together, we looked more like mother and son than lovers."

Bologue looked up, meeting only the deep darkness above, muttering to himself.

"Such a good person should have a good end, right? On a sunny morning..."

He took a deep breath, the smile on his face gradually turning cold, like a mask, expressionless.

"Father, I want to confess to you about her death. And the atrocities I committed after her death."

His voice was calm, devoid of any emotion.

The words, akin to a spell, sent a nameless chill up the Priest's spine. Nervously, he looked towards the other side of the veil, only to see a vague outline.

For a fleeting moment, he felt an inexplicable sensation, as if Bologue on the other end of the confessional was no longer human, but some unspeakable presence.

Full of evil, ferocity, deceit...

"It was probably a month ago, on a sunny morning, she went out for her usual walk, but this time she didn't come back. When she was found, she was already dead, her body lying in a dark alley, her jewelry and money plundered."

The earlier joy vanished, Bologue's gaze became hollow, as if recounting an incident unrelated to himself.

"An ordinary robbery case... that's what the Sheriffs said. Father, you know this damned place, Opus, this city where order and chaos coexist, robberies are common. She was just a bit unlucky to encounter such misfortune on a sunny morning.

At first, I thought the same. On the way to the morgue, I pondered many things, like how to find that damned robber, how to make him realize that death, at certain times, is also a luxury..."

Bologue's voice paused for a moment, then continued.

"I saw her body in the morgue, her body cold, expression peaceful, as if she had fallen asleep. The doctor said she was too old, hit her head, and died, just like many elderly people die.

Initially, I accepted this cause of death, but soon I discovered something: she bore the marks of 'Condensation.' Her soul... had been extracted."

The Priest's expression froze, like a cold stone sculpture, while Bologue began to chuckle softly. The narrow confessional booth now felt like a prison, enclosing him and the Priest together.

Or rather, forcing the Priest to be with him.

"Do you know, Father? My Boss said that souls truly exist, and so, the Devils from stories that crave souls are also real. They hide in the dark corners, promising all sorts of wonders, tempting mortals to surrender their souls."

Chapter 2 - Prologue Debtor_2

Bologue suddenly began talking about something else, his voice very soft, as if he were recounting an unspeakable secret.

"Some people in the trade offer their entire soul to the Devil, and henceforth a constantly collapsing void appears within them—the place where the soul used to be.

The void is like a vortex devouring everything, slowly eroding the human mind.

In the unbearable pain, they become increasingly mad and hungry, until they devour others' souls to fill the void within them, temporarily alleviating that torturous hunger."

It was not clear when, but the confessional had fallen completely silent, with only Bologue's voice narrating, and nothing else.

"Condensation is a means of coagulating the soul, solidifying the intangible soul into a tangible entity to interfere, much like the so-called Philosopher's Stone or Elixir of Immortality... This is not a robbery case, but a soul-plundering murder case, an extraordinary crime."

Bologue's voice began to tremble, not with fear, but with excitement, the excitement of violence.

"I found gang members wandering in that area, pulled out their teeth, smashed their bones, severed their fingers one by one... It was truly exhausting work, but fortunately, I got a name, and following that name, I found another guy.

He was an Alchemist, selling all kinds of illegal drugs on the black market. I tortured him, interrogated him, and then got the next name.

Thugs, bosses, smugglers, bribed sheriffs...

One after another, one after another..."

Accompanying Bologue's account was the clear sound of a clock's ticking. After each syllable dissipated, the clock would tick with a small, advancing sound.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, ticking faster and faster, as if plunging into a black whirlpool, where people wailed helplessly, being dragged in, engulfed, into darkness.

Pressure grew in the Priest's heart, cold sweat beading his forehead.

Until, at a certain moment, Bologue finally stopped, casually smiled, and ended this mad narrative.

"Enough, no need for details. It's a rather monotonous, mechanical job. I finally got a list from a dead man's hands."

Bologue's gaze slowly shifted, looking to the other side of the black veil.

"Father, do you know Adelle Dovlan?"

There was no sound from behind the black veil, only low, faint noises like the crack of a glacier or the stirring of a sprout breaking through the soil.

Bologue waited patiently. For some reason, the church always had an extremely strong incense scent, even in the confessional, but soon he detected a trace of an acrid scent in the incense.

A sharp scream arose.

Sharp bone claws pierced through flesh, like bloodstained daggers, tearing apart the partitioning black veil, slashing across Bologue's face, embedding into the wooden board behind.

Bologue turned his head toward the Priest's direction, a thin red line extending along his cheek, followed by blood flowing from it.

The putrid stench of blood permeated, like some exciting potion, as spasms of breath hit him.

Bologue, indifferent, watched the Priest—or rather, the Demon—expressionlessly.

"You shouldn't have come here."

Darkness enveloped the Priest's body, emitting a distorted sound from his throat.

The Priest could smell the scent of the soul—a sweet, intoxicating, and maddening scent that, just by its aroma, could significantly alleviate the hunger from the void within his heart.

But after alleviation came an even greater longing.

"A demon cannot become a Priest."

Bologue said coldly.

The Priest did not respond, instead letting out a hoarse, bizarre laugh.

It was not worried about the secret being leaked, as long as it killed Bologue.

Consume Bologue's soul, then tear the flesh into pieces and throw it into the gray fog of the Great Rift... as always.

"Father Doron, why does your name appear on that list?"

Bologue raised his head and saw the Priest's hideous face, his features completely twisted, devoid of any sign of kindness. He was like a beast pouncing on its prey, his breathing heavy and intense, eyes bloodshot and red.

"Is that so? What a pity."

Bologue said so.

The claws struck again, accompanied by a metallic clashing sound, and in the narrow darkness, Doron felt a sharp pain originating from his chest before his body was pulled, uncontrollably hurtling out of the confessional.

He knocked over the burning candelabrum, hot wax and flames entangled his body, setting his clothing ablaze, fires raging, roars resounding, with Doron like a beast bathing in fire.

In the dim confessional, Bologue strode out slowly, holding a metal staff bearing the marks left by claw strikes. He forcefully swung the staff, and with a few crisp sounds, the metal staff extended segment by segment until a deadly blade slid out, reflecting the burning candle flame.

The sharp folding knife was held in his hand.

"There are also some who, in their dealings with the Devil, haven't lost their entire soul and have received the Devil's 'Blessing.'"

Bologue said, touching his chest over his heart with one hand.

"The boss said that these people have lost a part of their soul, leaving it incomplete with a missing corner, exposing part of the void. So at times, they are also tormented by hunger, compelled to reclaim their lost soul and fill the gap. But they remain rational, unlike you, unlike the Demon, insatiable."

Chapter 3 - Prologue Debtor_3

Bologue gradually approached, the candlelight igniting the carpet, illuminating his face.

It was a relatively young face, with black long hair falling disheveled, eyes hidden in shadows, dressed in a black windbreaker with a white shirt underneath, and a black tie at the collar.

Just an ordinary person, like an office worker after work, such people were everywhere in Opus.

"Devils are really a cunning, damned bunch, right?"

Bologue complained.

"Such people can't live like a sound soul, nor can they be driven by hunger like you demons, completely falling and descending into madness.

Neither here nor there.

Running around for their lost souls, hoping one day to redeem their souls from the devils' hands, repaying this heavy debt."

Doron lunged forward abruptly, it was beastifying.

Sharp claws like slender blades, muscles swollen, tearing through clothing, roaring in low growls, surging unstoppable.

The figure twisted into a blurry shadow, after a brief delay, a gale erupted, stirring the burning flames.

A sharp cracking noise echoed, sparks scattered.

Doron couldn't believe the scene before him, Bologue raised a folded knife with one hand, easily blocking its fierce attack, then repelling it. It swung the claws again, attempting to slay Bologue, but Bologue's speed in wielding the blade was faster, his figure vanished like a ghost.

The wind danced, when Bologue reappeared, he carried the cold gleam of steel.

The folded knife reflected the burning flames, dazzling light flashed before Doron's eyes.

The distraction lasted less than a second, but in that brief moment, the folded knife dodged the hard claws, slicing down from the side, severing Doron's right hand in one go.

"So why is that, Priest?"

His questioning accompanied the glow of the blade, each word left a grim wound on Doron.

"Good people should go to Heaven, so why isn't her soul there?"

Bologue wondered, the folded knife slashed Doron's lower leg, slicing it in two, forcing his body to kneel.

Doron panted, terrified, the demon who instilled fear into others was now immensely afraid.

"Bad people should go to Hell, why isn't your soul there?"

The voice came from behind, Bologue holding the folded knife, standing behind it like an executioner.

Doron trembled, the next moment, a fierce wind rose, shredding the words.

It counterattacked desperately at this moment, leaping up, twisting, swinging its claws, but what greeted Doron was an even more chilling blade glow.

The claws shattered, the remaining arm easily penetrated, torn apart, even the chest was affected, leaving a thin blade mark, blood gurgling out.

Cold gleams crossed and mixed, the folded knife's whistling wind extinguished the burning flames for a moment, white smoke rolled past.

Doron's body froze in place, a thin red line extended across its throat, quickly spanning half its neck, and then like a dam bursting, blood splattered, pouring out in torrents.

Under a fatal wound, Doron instantly lost all strength, collapsing, reaching out its fractured twisted arm chaotically, trying to cover the wound on its throat, but it was futile, blood continued to gush out, quickly pooling into a large bloodstain beneath.

Bologue didn't continue to slash, instead standing in place, stars reflected in his eyes.

Not only was there blood pouring out, but also wisps of azure light escaping the body, like dust, gently floating around.

This seemed visible only to Bologue, Doron completely unaware of these light points, barely lifting its head, its gaze filled with terror.

"Fragments..."

Bologue murmured, raising a hand, brushing scattered hair behind, revealing a face pale from long unexposure to sunlight, and those azure eyes.

He wasn't alarmed by this brutal scene, instead, as if awakened, azure spirals rolled in his eyes.

Simultaneously, the scattered azure points, as if summoned, surged toward Bologue, effortlessly penetrating the skin, merging into Bologue's body.

A sense of fulfillment surged in.

"Oh! Sorry."

The sense of fulfillment made him momentarily dazed, when he regained awareness, the man remembered something, reaching his hand toward Doron, spoke slowly.

"Bologue."

Bologue said.

"Bologue Lazarus, a debtor."

Souls offered to devils to gain mysterious blessings, thus bearing a heavy debt.

Doron fell into the blood pool, as Bologue's words sounded, it saw the wounds on Bologue's cheek healing visibly by the eye. The blood remained flowing back, skin rejoining, resembling Time Reversal.

Bologue noticed Doron's gaze, explaining.

"Yes, this is my 'Blessing', the 'debt' I owe."

Finished speaking, a slightly sickly smile bloomed on his face, the folded knife descended again, snapping the sharp claws, transforming Doron's remaining limbs into a heap of flesh, wriggling like a maggot, driven by its last survival instinct, laboriously moving on the ground, leaving a streak of scarlet behind like a spread red carpet.

That frightening footstep followed relentlessly, the faint view of Bologue's silhouette observed, he held the folded knife, humming a strange melody, the folded knife lightly tapping his palm, beating a joyful, rhythmic pattern.

Light steps, treading on blood pools like dancing, Bologue circled around Doron.

"I... I..."

Doron tried to say begging words, but blood clots blocked its throat, only making meaningless whimpering sounds.

Bologue grabbed Doron's hair, lifting the filthy blood-covered head forcibly.

"Begging won't work, Priest, you said it, bad people's souls belong in Hell."

Finished speaking, Bologue forcefully tossed the Priest's mutilated body forward, into the burning confessional, fire erupted, scorching heat echoed, countless sparks flew.

The sound of torturous cries, along with the smell of flesh being roasted by flames, filled the air.

Picked up the burning scripture, casually flipped open a page, its words turned into brilliant gold due to the fire.

Bologue recited its words loudly.

"Under His gaze, mountains tremble, Earth shakes!"

He tossed the heavy scripture, the folded knife pierced the burning pages, Bologue strode forward, piercing through the scripture's blade into the demon's heart, firmly nailing it in the burning confessional.

Bologue didn't leave, he and the demon together stood within the fury of flames, the fire tore his skin, but soon flesh reborn, searing wounds soothed one by one.

Under his gaze, the demon's struggles gradually ceased, its dark shell swallowed by flames, like scorched charcoal, turning into a sculpture of grey death.

The demon's remains fell as grey dust, azure light points seeped out, all merged into Bologue's body, he spread his arms, closed his eyes, as if enjoying the death and destruction of this moment, a satisfied smile appearing on his cheek, from the corner of his eye spilled rolling hot azure light.

He pulled out the folded knife, the scripture shattered, the shell crumbled, burning pages danced like golden snow, fluttering in the air.

Chapter 4 - 1 Expert

Rhein Calendar 1244, Oubos.

Bologue sat by the roadside, a cigarette dangling from his mouth, expressionless.

"Adelle, I'm almost done with your revenge."

He muttered to himself, casually flicking the burning cigarette butt forward, which bounced and sparked before disappearing into the small river flowing nearby.

The river rushed, hurriedly disappearing from one end of the view to the other end of the night.

There are many such rivers in Oubos; they branch off from a great river that winds through Oubos, known as the Rhine River.

It flows through various countries, and legend says its source is deep within the Rhine Alliance, though Bologue has never been so far and wonders if he'll ever have the chance to verify this.

He gazed at the distant skyline that resembled mountain ranges, then lowered his head, glancing at his still glowing hand—or his veins.

In the pale, unhealthy palm, bluish light flickered intermittently, emanating from the veins within the flesh, like electrified circuits, bursting with a radiant trajectory.

As a debtor, Bologue actually bears some similarities to a demon, for instance, his soul is missing a corner, revealing an abyss-like void.

This void causes hunger, distortion, transforming one into a monstrous demon, forcing the demon to crave other souls, driving the debtor to reclaim his own soul.

Bologue was plagued by this while in the Black Prison, every time the hunger struck, it felt terrible.

Like... like there was a tiny black hole inside the body, spinning and devouring, it greedily bit into everything around it, swallowing bones and flesh, pressing everything together, collapsing and finally cramming it into that tiny hole, blood-soaked.

After the physical pain comes the mental torment—you feel thirsty, hungry, sleepy, fatigued, and all sorts of negative emotions. You try to satisfy yourself, drink, eat, sleep, but regretfully, the void is never satisfied; only the soul can relieve and fill it.

Bulimia Nervosa, that's what the people in the Black Prison call the symptoms when the void is agitated.

Whenever Bulimia Nervosa occurred, Bologue was tortured to the point he wanted to bite the wall. After getting out, he was once worried about its onset, but upon killing the first demon, he noticed something unusual.

Bluish specks.

Any demon killed by Bologue would release bluish specks after death. In battles, he questioned enemies a few times and concluded that only he could see these strange specks.

Initially, Bologue didn't understand what they were, treating them as anomalies from his "Blessing" manifesting, but soon, he realized he hadn't been troubled by Bulimia Nervosa for a long time...

After consulting Geoffrey for related knowledge, Bologue deduced the nature of these bluish specks.

Fragments of the soul.

As long as he kills demons, Bologue can devour fragments of the soul from their remains.

He doesn't know where this ability came from, attributing it to the ancillary ability from the blood contract he once made with the Devil.

Compared to his "Blessing," Bologue is more satisfied with this ability. Every time he slays a demon, the fragments of the soul merge into his body, filling the soul's gap, calming the void, and delaying the eruption of Bulimia Nervosa.

Like a ravenous ghost after a feast, Bologue feels immense satisfaction after "feeding," he even wonders if, by killing enough demons, he could one day completely fill the gap, restoring the wholeness of his soul.

Though such a thing seems distant, after a year of killing demons, it's merely alleviating the torment of Bulimia Nervosa.

But as long as he lives long enough and kills enough... maybe, maybe it's not impossible.

The evening wind was somewhat cold, involuntarily pulling his tattered clothes tight, which were burned into holes everywhere.

He turned back; the church was ablaze amidst fiery flames, Bologue watched the charred ruins, considering whether to approach the fire for warmth, but seeing those people gathered by the street, he decided against it.

The church collapsed amidst raging flames, burying the demon within.

Quite a poetic scene, yet Bologue felt a headache, already imagining what the boss would say to him, "It's just hunting a demon, no need to burn down a whole church," and similar complaints.

But that's unavoidable. Every time Bologue gets overly absorbed in "work," he forgets the surrounding environment.

"What a bad luck."

Bologue whispered; he was a jinx, maintaining a stroke of bad luck since he came to this world.

"It's been a while since I came to this world."

Thinking about these, Bologue recalled what he looked like before arriving in this city, or rather, his past life... at least he believed it was his past life.

Unlike transmigration, Bologue seemed to have been reborn into this world.

Carrying memories of his past life, born into this world, in an ordinary family.

Initially, Bologue was panicked, but faced with absolute reality, he had no means of resistance, accepted it calmly, and lived ordinarily.

Bologue planned his life very well, first growing up safely, familiarizing with the world, then gathering relevant information—he didn't believe his arrival in this world was a coincidence.

Chapter 5 - 1 Expert_2

Yes, Bologue has always felt that this isn't a mere coincidence; there must be some reason why he's come to this world, but he doesn't yet know it.

The plan was good, but reality is harsh. Before Bologue could pursue his life's aspirations, he realized one thing.

Bologue's family in this world is not wealthy, just a regular household, without enough funds to support Bologue going to college to gain a deeper understanding of this world.

So, after Bologue became an adult, he had to run around to make ends meet. By chance, he joined the military, and in a certain coincidence made a deal with the Devil, gaining a "Blessing," and became what's known as a Debtor.

Initially, Bologue was delighted with his newfound Extraordinary Power, finally able to further understand this world. But before the joy lasted for a few days, he was arrested due to his identity as a Debtor.

In this world, everything related to the Devil is strictly guarded against. According to the boss, those who can be killed should be killed; those who can't, should be locked up.

The silver lining is that Bologue belongs to those who can't be killed.

"Bologue Lazarus!"

The shout brought Bologue back to reality. He stood up slowly and looked at the man waving towards him in the firelight.

"Yo! Geoffrey."

Bologue responded casually.

Geoffrey Kagga, currently the person responsible for liaising with Bologue, officially the boss. He always wears that shabby black coat and black hat, middle-aged and slightly plump, his belly slightly protruding.

He gives off a very gentle vibe. Bologue once said that if Geoffrey were a grandfather, his children would definitely like him, but this gentle demeanor is being replaced by rising anger.

The distance between the two gradually shortened, face to face.

Geoffrey repeatedly took deep breaths, trying to calm his emotions, squeezing his voice out through clenched teeth.

"Why... Why has it turned out like this again?" With a grim look, he raised his hands towards the burning church. "Wow! Such a big church! Just gone like that!"

"Who knows? Maybe the Priest came to his senses at the last moment and decided to repent in the flames?"

Bologue chuckled, trying to shirk responsibility.

Harsh sirens sliced through, and after a brief commotion, the fire trucks also arrived to control the blaze.

Geoffrey stared at Bologue; this gaze lasted a long time, finally ending with his helpless sigh.

"Eh... You Debtors are really a troublesome bunch."

He glanced at Bologue's ragged appearance, took off his coat, and handed it to Bologue.

"But aren't I quite efficient? Not a single Demon on the list was missed, and there weren't any innocent casualties either."

Bologue took the coat, skillfully putting it on as if such troublesome events had happened many times before.

Geoffrey paused for a few seconds, the cold wind brushing against his face. He sighed helplessly again, standing next to Bologue, both gazing at the burning church.

Firelight filled Geoffrey's vision as he recalled the Demon already dead inside the church. Even he had to admire Bologue's strength.

Demons are a bunch of greedy monsters; demon hunting has become a highly dangerous job, with death already being a norm.

But Bologue is different. He doesn't need team coordination, nor any assistance, without worrying about casualties... Just by sending him alone, he can perfectly solve all the problems, except that every mission will cause some collateral property damage afterward.

Of course, compared to life and death, such property damage is completely within acceptable limits.

"I must say, Bologue, you might really be a genius," Geoffrey murmured, "a genius at dealing with these troublesome matters."

"I'm an expert."

Bologue corrected.

"Yes, an expert." Geoffrey agreed with Bologue's words, hesitated for a moment, and continued.

"This weekend, your observation period will end."

Hearing this, Bologue remained silent for a second or two, "Hmm, I know."

"This will decide if you stay or get sent back to the Black Prison." Geoffrey said.

"Do you think I'll stay or be sent back?" Bologue looked at Geoffrey.

"I don't know; this is not entirely my decision." He shook his head.

"Oh, your 'boss,' right?"

"Yes."

The conversation between the two slipped into silence, Bologue contemplating.

The Devil.

Sinister and treacherous beings, to this day people don't have enough understanding of them and can only try to prevent their influence as best as they can. So whether it's Debtors or Demons, all those associated with the Devil, once exposed, face severe crackdown by the relevant departments.

In their words, the law is only applicable to humans; humans who have made a deal with the Devil are no longer regarded as humans... So, for Bologue as a Debtor, he has no human rights to speak of, and a lifelong prison sentence is considered merciful by the judges.

Logically, he should remain in a dark prison until death... if Bologue can naturally die.

Until a year ago, he was released. It's said "those people" plan to select some elite from the imprisoned Debtors to serve them, handling all supernatural events related to the Devil.

This is the so-called redemption through merit, the convict army.

Compared to ordinary people, Debtors certainly excel more. They carry strong "Blessings," although there is a possibility of further degeneration into Demons, but such gains are worth the risk.

Thus, Bologue Lazarus was selected a year ago, became one of them, and began a year-long internship. The day after tomorrow will be the end of his internship period, which will decide if he is formally employed or sent back to the Black Prison to continue his sentence.

"A year, it went by so fast."

Bologue muttered.

"Yeah, we've actually worked together for a year now." Geoffrey was also surprised.

"Bologue, actually I want to ask something, is it convenient?"

"Go ahead."

Geoffrey pondered for a while, then asked.

"If you get employed, become one of us, regain freedom, what will you do?"

Bologue didn't hesitate and immediately said.

"Handle this case, kill all those damn Demons, and retrieve Adelle's soul."

A predictable answer, Geoffrey asked again.

"If you don't get employed and are sent back to the Black Prison?"

The atmosphere solidified for a few seconds; this is the worst outcome.

"Then I'll have to hope you lend a hand, plead with your 'boss' to let me find Adelle's soul before sending me back."

Though saying so, Bologue's mind was still occupied with other thoughts.

Perhaps from staying in the Black Prison long enough, he actually got somewhat accustomed to such a life, but accustomed doesn't mean acceptance, especially since Bologue now has things to do, and in the Black Prison, he can't do anything.

He can't be sent back.

"It's natural," Geoffrey said, "I know the feeling of interrupted revenge, it's suffocating. Just thinking about you being stuck in the Black Prison for so long again... It would be maddening."

Geoffrey patted his shoulder, showing understanding of Bologue's revenge.

"Of course, mainly because Mrs. Adelle Dovlan's cookies were very tasty. If that's your only wish, even if you don't ask, I'd also help you."

Geoffrey looked at the fire gradually being controlled, with eyes a crimson red, murmured.

"A good person like her shouldn't have died like this."

The two remembered Adelle, and after a while, Geoffrey curiously asked.

"So, if you're employed, kill all those Demons, and retrieve Adelle's soul, is there anything else you want to do?"

Anything else you want to do?

Bologue looked up at the sky, for a moment he was stumped by the question, thought for a long time, his hand inadvertently moved to the heart's location, feeling the faint pulsing beneath.

"Redeem... my lost soul."

His words were firm.