

Endless 118

Chapter 118: Undying Club

"Undying... Club."

Bologue whispered this mysterious phrase.

He felt something was not quite right.

With his head down, sitting at the bar, looking at the gently rippling liquor in his glass, then glancing to his side.

To Bologue's right was Geoffrey, smoking and drinking, looking merry; further to Geoffrey's right was a human-sized statue. The craftsmanship of the statue was decent, just good enough to make out the figure of a man.

The bartender seemed to treat the statue as a person, pouring liquor on it as if the statue could drink; to the statue's right was a cat, entirely black, with a red collar around its neck, its head buried in a glass, making human-like satisfied sighs.

Bologue felt... something was off.

"More! More!"

Palmer, sitting on the left, cheered, his face flushed as he continually banged on the table and raised his glass high.

To Palmer's further left sat a "remarkably boned" skeleton. The howling sound came from its jagged bones, cheering with Palmer, then pouring a glass of liquor into its mouth, only for the liquor to eerily spill all over the floor through its empty ribs.

"The dance of September~ the golden splendid dream~"

The joyful song echoed all around, vibrant and passionate, making people unable to resist moving their bodies, releasing joy along with the song.

"Bari-la~ Bari-la~"

The bartender hummed along with the music behind the bar, a bright smile on his pale face, the glasses clinking in his hands, dancing together with the drunken patrons.

Bologue thought, if his memory wasn't faulty, this bartender should be Serey Villeries.

Yes, the mysterious and noble Serey Villeries.

At this moment, Serey had shed his noble and mysterious black suit, revealing a plaid shirt, the buttons scattered, exposing his sexy chest muscles. Judging by the evident muscle mass, Serey was built like a bull.

"Yo! Kid from the Clarks, not bad at drinking!"

"Of course!"

Serey filled Palmer's glass generously again. Just moments ago, Palmer seemed like a foe to Serey, but after a few drinks, Palmer quickly forgot all grievances.

The two poured their hearts out, drinking and making merry, with Palmer occasionally standing up to dance a few steps to the song, then falling to the ground, vomiting messily.

"Go, go! Drinks are on the house, kid from the Clarks! You're about to break the 'new friend record'!"

Serey stood with one foot on the bar, pointing to a blackboard nearby, on which some scrawled names were written with white chalk, followed by numbers of drinks.

"Break the record!"

The black cat pulled its head out of the glass and cheered along.

"Ooh ooh!"

Palmer was no longer coherent.

"Do you remember?"

Serey picked up a bottle, using it as a microphone, began to sing loudly, then turned around, pointing to Geoffrey sitting beside Bologue.

"In those never-clouded days!"

Geoffrey also blushed slightly, singing loudly after Serey's song.

"Bari-la!"

Serey was overjoyed, with the disco ball above spinning, emitting colorful lights, landing on Serey's sculpted body like plaster.

His body was like a piece of art, but now this piece of art found itself in a bizarre night scene, shaking the bottle vigorously to the end of the song, treating the precious liquor like confetti, spraying it everywhere with the bubbling foam and drops.

Bologue was soaked, sitting right under Serey, with an unknown liquid streaming endlessly, his hair drooped, with the liquor dripping along his black hair into his glass.

Expressionless, as if resigned, he drank from the glass.

"Welcome! New friends!"

Serey shouted loudly, pulling out a pair of sunglasses from who knows where, wearing leopard print pants, lowering his body, leaping out from behind the bar.

Bologue turned his head to watch Serey, whose tap shoes clacked against the floor, producing a rhythmic sound with Serey's tap dance.

Serey turned, snapped to attention, and after the crisp aftermath, the colorful disco ball switched off, replaced by even brighter lights illuminating the dimness, a confetti cannon exploded, raining down multicolored paper and glittering confetti.

With a crash, it soaked Bologue, sticking to his wet hair and soaking clothes. Bologue felt like a freshly frosted donut.

Oh... save me...

"Once again, welcome! Bologue Lazarus!"

Serey shouted loudly, with more lights falling, illuminating the darkness behind Serey, along with revealing the large banner hanging behind him.

A warm celebration to welcome the new member of the Undying Club, Mr. Bologue Lazarus.

The banner bore this inscription.

"Welcome! Welcome!"

The skeleton and black cat shouted together, accompanied by a few barks, as a "beagle" leapt out from the corner Bologue hadn't noticed, barking away.

"It" was delighted by the arrival of the new friend, pouncing on Bologue, opening its mouth to lick Bologue's face. At that moment, Bologue's expression completely broke down, his self-proclaimed strong mental defenses shattered under the song and dance of these lunatics.

"Wait a minute!"

Bologue kicked away the "beagle" that pounced on him, to be precise, a man wearing a beagle suit.

He was dressed in a beagle animal outfit, wearing a dog mask with big ears drooping down, and through the holes in the mask, a pair of vibrant eyes were visible.

Up to this point, it was still bearable for Bologue. What made him intolerable was the guy panting like a dog, tongue sticking out, as if he was about to wash Bologue's face with saliva.

After being kicked down by Bologue, he crawled on the ground, barking at Bologue, seemingly not understanding why Bologue would do such a thing.

After all, he was just a friendly beagle.

"Stop it! Stop it!"

Bologue couldn't take it anymore. He stood up and screamed loudly.

Everything now felt like a ridiculous nightmare. Since following Serey in here, Bologue had been swept into this damned chaos, like he was in a circus, watching a bizarre freak show, with odd-shaped things holding hands around him, looking like good friends strolling together.

The worst part was that Geoffrey and Palmer accepted all this so easily, as if the only abnormal thing was Bologue himself.

To be honest, by comparison, the bizarre dream about being in a bear band that Bologue had, made more sense than the current reality.

"Huh? Bologue, don't ruin the mood..."

Palmer weakly raised his head and said feebly.

"Get a grip!"

Bologue shook Palmer vigorously.

The proud heir of the Clarks, please, don't be so idiotic, okay? What about your recent deep-seated hatred? The poise and etiquette expected of the Extraordinary nobles? You are now drunk like an alcohol-poisoned tramp!

Palmer didn't respond; his eyes rolled back, his body went limp, and he slid directly under the bar counter.

The beagle that Bologue had kicked away came over at this time and, under Bologue's almost terrified gaze, it licked Palmer and then lifted its hind leg towards Palmer...

In Bologue's look of despair, the sound of trickling water could be heard.

"How many times have I told you! Go outside to use the bathroom!"

At the critical moment, Serey sprang up and kicked the beagle, the force so strong it sent the beagle flying far away, sliding on the ground, leaving a trail of moisture along the way.

"Sorry about that, I always meant to train Sai Zong to use a designated bathroom."

According to Serey, the beagle's name was Sai Zong.

Watching the beagle vanish into the darkness, Bologue felt numb all over, nodding stiffly and forced to accept all of this.

"Sai Zong is bad, Wei'Er is good!"

A female voice rang out, and the black cat jumped over, its sharp claws hooking onto Bologue's clothes, climbing up and down his body, occasionally sniffing and licking Bologue's cheek with its barbed tongue.

Feeling that slight prickling pain, perhaps because it was in the form of a cat or due to the series of shocks, Bologue was a little slow to react. After being licked several times by Wei'Er, he came to his senses from the shock.

Bologue was an expert; an expert should adapt to all emergencies.

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale... Adjusting his breathing, controlling his emotions.

"Ah... Hello."

Bologue turned his head, Wei'Er sat on his shoulder, reaching out to grab the cat's paw, giving it a gentle shake as if shaking hands.

"Oh? This guy's ability to accept things is quite fast."

Seeing Bologue's calm demeanor, Wei'Er exclaimed in surprise, then directly climbed on top of Bologue's head, like a fur hat, covering Bologue's head.

The fur all over its body was pitch black, which coincided perfectly with Bologue's hair color, making it hard to notice its presence when it stayed still.

"Wei'Er, girls shouldn't do that." Serey shouted.

"Mind your own business."

Wei'Er clawed and nudged Bologue's head.

As for Bologue, his hard-won stable emotions almost collapsed again. What's with this group? Treating a cat like a person and a human as a dog?

"Bode, go check on Sai Zong, make sure he doesn't run wild again, it wouldn't be good if he hurt someone." Serey added.

"Oh, got it."

The skeleton man emptied another glass of wine, turned around, picked up his coat, and walked towards the darkness where Sai Zong disappeared, not forgetting to greet Bologue on his way.

"New friend, wish you have fun."

"Bologue, oh Bologue~"

Serey gleefully pulled down the banner and draped it over Bologue, like a ribbon at an awards ceremony.

"How about it, how does it feel? Isn't everyone very enthusiastic?"

Serey sat down heavily on the bar, patting Bologue on the shoulder and pulling Bologue over, while various chaotic smells hit his nose, the deep and absurd cleavage in close proximity, as if inviting Bologue to explore further.

"The last hundred years have been under my management of the club, if you need anything, just say it. Here, we're all brothers."

In just a few days, the term 'brothers' had completely changed in meaning for Bologue.

Bologue looked at Serey with a stiff motion, Serey dipped his hand into the glass of wine, vigorously rubbed it on his hair, slicking back his golden locks forcefully.

"What's wrong? Are you so moved that you can't speak for a moment?" After a moment of silence, Serey asked.

"No..." Bologue shook his head, recalling all the absurdity that just happened, he said blankly, "There are just too many questions I want to ask, I don't know where to start."

Everywhere his eyes passed was indeed a spectacle of hell.

This place felt like a swamp of stupidity; the more Bologue struggled, the deeper he sank, while someone like Palmer, who just gave up at the start, seemed to be in his element here.

"Anyway... is this the Undying Club?"

"That's right!"

Serey patted his sturdy chest.

"This is the Undying Club."