

Endless 119

Chapter 119: Night Race

"The Undying Club, as the name suggests, is a club formed by a group of undead. There's no main purpose, nor any responsibilities to undertake, just a place for everyone to have fun and enjoy themselves in whatever way they like."

The revelry of the fools finally subsided, and Serey turned on all the lights, brightening up the dim bar considerably.

"If you have to say there's a purpose, you could see this as a mutual aid society for the undead, much like a veteran's trauma group after the war."

Serey sat in Palmer's spot and chatted idly with Bologue, while Palmer had completely lost consciousness, slumped to one side by Geoffrey like a reeking corpse. Geoffrey sat on the other side, listening to their conversation.

"The members registered here are considered anomalies among the undead. We don't stubbornly cling to past glories like the traditionalists, nor do we constantly think about stirring up trouble like the radicals... of course, there aren't many radicals left now."

Serey lit a cigar, exhaling smoke rings one after another, his actions carrying an air of nobility. Yet, the problem was that his plaid shirt was soaked with alcohol, clinging tightly to his body, faintly revealing the flesh underneath, adorned with confetti and glitter.

Serey, like a nightclub dancer just off work, chatted with Bologue about life and philosophy.

"I..."

Bologue's mind was still muddled, unsure of where to start with his plethora of questions.

"Keep stroking, don't stop."

Having just found some inspiration, a cat's meow rang out, urging him on.

"Oh oh oh."

Bologue kept stroking the black cat named "Wei'Er" in his arms like a lackey. Wei'Er twisted around in Bologue's embrace, showing a look of enjoyment.

"Wei'Er! Have some restraint!" Serey admonished upon seeing this.

"Yes, like that, keep rubbing!"

Wei'Er paid no attention to Serey, exposing its belly for Bologue to keep rubbing endlessly.

The sensation was quite pleasant, like touching a kind of luxurious silk, with purring sounds resonating. Bologue realized where his discomfort was coming from.

Lack of control, everything here was beyond his control.

Bologue was an expert, experts are supposed to keep everything firmly under control, but faced with these insane-acting undead, Bologue couldn't predict what would happen next.

Indeed, facing Belli felt the same way, you never know if this rogue woman will first strip your pants or your shirt, or maybe both at once.

It's the same in this Undying Club, you can never figure out what these undead will do.

Bologue thought this would be a meeting like some ancient ritual, a group of people surrounded by candlelight, taking oaths, then joining this mysterious club, the initiation ceremony perhaps involving suicide once to prove you're undead, and joining doesn't mean you can let your guard down, from Palmer's reaction, there seemed to be deeper intrigue underneath.

But actually?

The moment he entered, Serey, like a diver, tore off his gown, leapt behind the bar, and music started playing, with colorful disco balls spinning endlessly.

"I... was a bit surprised." Bologue controlled his emotions.

"Surprised by what? By how approachable we undead are?"

"Prob... probably."

"Haha."

Serey laughed uproariously, casually grabbing another bottle of wine, biting off the cap with his sharp teeth and drinking a few large gulps.

"What do you think the undead are like? Bologue," he asked with a hint of alcohol.

"Ancient, mysterious, noble."

"Hmm, your description suits the traditionalists, but it's not the whole story," Serey said, "Undead are monsters who've lived for hundreds, even thousands of years, their perceptions largely bound by that old era, shackled by old times, stubbornly adhering to some ancient rituals, but rituals can't hide their ugly hearts."

"Mystery and nobility are just a facade, the correct answer is, the older, the more numb, the more insane."

Serey's words struck hard at Bologue's heart.

"Think about it, a bunch of old guys who've lived god knows how long, besides death, they've experienced all of life's joys, sorrows, honor, and prosperity. There's nothing left that can stir these old folks' spirits, their once passionate hearts have become numb, with no more fluctuations."

"Do you think they're living? Or dead?" Serey asked again, but without waiting for Bologue's response, he gave the answer, "Living corpses, every undead is a living corpse."

"But I don't see it that way, I'm still very much alive," Bologue said.

"Yes, because you're still young, a young undead, there's still 'desire' in your heart, I can see it in your eyes."

Serey suddenly leaned down, staring intently into the green eyes.

"Really a nice look, filled with desire, rage, hatred... but what happens when all your 'desires' are fulfilled?"

"That's the beginning of your despair."

Serey's smile was bright as sunshine, but his words were cold. Maybe as he said, every undead is a moody monster, one moment he's still a dancer, and the next he's as grim as a solid piece of iron.

"No, no, this is a day for joy, we shouldn't be discussing such things." Serey slapped himself loudly across the mouth, then started laughing again.

"Geoffrey, where's the key?"

Serey patted Geoffrey. This guy had a bit of a flush on his face as well, but compared to Palmer's alcohol-poisoned drinking style, Geoffrey had a lot more control and remained clear-headed.

"Here, Bologue, you can use this to enter the Undying Club in the future," Geoffrey handed the "Key of the Crooked Path" he brought to Bologue. He rubbed his face vigorously, his eyes becoming somewhat

clearer, and then said, "Bologue, if you have any questions about the Undead, you can ask Serey. He's not bad and is one of the few from the Villeries family who can communicate normally."

"The Villeries family?" Bologue pondered for a few seconds. Instead of asking Serey, he asked Geoffrey.

"What's the need for me joining here? Is it just to revel with these drunkards?"

"It's a friendly cooperation. By becoming one of them, you've also brought the Order Bureau closer to these drunkards. Although people like Serey are idle hands who always find ways to cause trouble for us under the guise of looking for fun, in the broader undead community, they are actually the easiest to get along with.

As long as you drink, you can befriend them."

Geoffrey gradually sobered up, asked for a glass of water to clear his throat, and continued.

"The older they are, the more they know and understand. Sometimes, we even get some hidden intelligence from these people... Haven't you always been curious about your transaction with the Devil? Maybe Serey can give you some explanation."

Listening to this, Serey looked at Bologue with a face full of anticipation, waiting for Bologue to ask him questions. This annoyed Bologue somewhat, but he helplessly opened his mouth.

"What is the Villeries family?"

Bologue asked an unexpected question, his green eyes meeting those crimson eyes. The older and more insane, was this neurotic Serey truly the real Serey? What was his real face beneath that mask?

"Wow, hitting the bullseye right off the bat!"

Belli shouted from Bologue's arms. Bologue petted its head; to be honest, this black cat felt quite addictive to pet.

A dreadful thought entered Bologue's mind.

"Hoo... good question. Is it because of the kid from the Clarks family?"

Serey blew out a smoke ring, looking at Palmer, who was lying not far away like a dead dog.

"Although he's a bit unreliable, it's still necessary to show some concern for your partner... Interested in telling the story?"

"Hmm? Of course, since we're 'good brothers'."

Serey emphasized the point. From the moment Bologue fell into this foolish quagmire, Serey showed enough enthusiasm towards him; although it was their first meeting, they felt like old friends.

Bologue didn't feel any sudden kindness, but under Serey's excessive enthusiasm, he truly did not have the power to refuse.

"One of the Undying Club's rules, all members are good brothers; good brothers do not hide anything from each other."

Belli said as Bologue lowered his head, meeting those crystal-clear sapphire-like cat's eyes. Geoffrey then spoke again.

"Serey, Bologue has amnesia and forgot the memories of the transaction with the Devil. He woke up as an undead, and... I should have mentioned this on phone before, about his 'resurrection'."

"I remember, a perfectly executed 'resurrection'. To be honest, I was a bit envious at that time," Serey said.

"He has many questions, and you can explain the knowledge about the undead to him and introduce these members."

Geoffrey glanced around as the skeletal man and Beagle ran out, leaving only Serey, Belli, and the statue-like ornament there.

"At least, among you few, I still quite like you; should say it is indeed not like the other undead?" Geoffrey mumbled.

Belli meowed, as if laughing, "We're just more settled, that's all."

"What if you aren't settled, do you want to try swimming in the sea for three years?" Serey said to Belli.

"It's all your fault!"

Belli's fur bristled instantly, ready to pounce and scratch Serey's face. Fortunately, Bologue held it down, rubbing it hard, making Belli purr.

"Rather than your past matters, shouldn't we discuss these current things first? I'm still quite pressed for time."

Blogue said; all he wanted now was the information he needed and to get away from this eerie place.

"Fine, fine."

Serey downed his drink in one gulp, adopting a graceful posture, his crimson eyes staring straight at Bologue. He said.

"To talk about our Villeries family, we must mention another term.

Have you heard of the 'Night Race'?"

The atmosphere turned heavy, carrying a hint of chill amidst the killing intent. Serey smiled, showing his sharp teeth, but... Bologue shook his head.

"I only got out of prison a year ago and became a Condenser a few days ago; do you expect me to know anything?"

Bologue said unceremoniously, still rubbing Belli's chin.

"Stop the nonsense, hurry up."