

Endless 120

Chapter 120: Dawn War

Bologue realized that these undead were indeed very approachable, so approachable that it felt like a circus here, and Bologue was a grumpy spectator who had to exert some pressure and wield the whip to make these guys obediently jump through the fire rings.

"Geoffrey mentioned over the phone that you couldn't remember the details of the bargain, and you're quite curious about what price you paid to achieve this perfect 'Resurrection'."

Serey, when serious, really seemed genuine, with an air of solemnity and nobility... if only he could dress properly.

"The Devils are not benevolent, nor do they have any mercy; they are merely a group of cold businessmen, loyal to the transaction of 'value' and 'worth.' They may appear very affectionate towards you, even offer you much help, but in reality, all of this is just for their ultimate purpose."

Serey shook his head apologetically and spoke frankly.

"Honestly, I'm not entirely clear on what's happening to you. After all, everyone's 'value' is different, and so are the transactions. But I think I can tell you a few stories that might give you some insight."

"Insight, huh..."

Bologue nodded, Serey spoke sincerely, and he listened attentively to Serey's following words.

He took a large puff on his cigarette, exhaling thick smoke.

"The Villeries is a... debtor family. Because our history is too long and the scale quite large, over time, we have acquired another name, the Night Race."

Serey began talking about his family history. Hearing about the debtor family truly shocked Bologue; he had never thought debtors could appear in familial form, but he did not interrupt Serey, instead, he listened quietly.

Bologue stared at Serey's face. From the first moment he met Serey, he noticed something unusual about him: those blood-red eyes, the ghastly pale skin, and the sharp teeth between his lips...

"This story starts from a long time ago, precisely how long I can't quite remember. After all, for the undead, our world doesn't have the concept of 'time.'"

In short, initially someone made a deal with the Devil. He was a coward, terrified of death, and he wished for himself to obtain an undying body to escape the Death God's Scythe.

But that was impossible, the guy was an ordinary person, with no power or influence, and no value at all. The Devil directly refused him, but he was unwilling to accept defeat. He knew his current value couldn't secure his wish for immortality, so he made a crazy decision, a decision that even surprised the Devils."

At this, Serey's voice paused, then a hint of hatred rose in his eyes. Bologue didn't understand why.

"He promised the Devil to trade the endless future of his bloodline for this 'Blessing.'"

"Bloodline... endless future?" Bologue instinctively felt a chill, "What do you mean?"

"Literal meaning," Serey said dismissively, "that coward sold his soul, along with the souls of all his descendants."

"The Devils promised him his wish for immortality, but the price was that all descendants who continued in his bloodline would, upon becoming Night Race, offer their own souls to the Devils, becoming debtors.

He used his family's endless future to covet the wish for immortality."

At the moment the bloodline continued, the Blood Contract was achieved.

Bologue knew of such things, the Devils' forms are ever-changing, and so are the methods of their transactions. According to the Order Bureau's records, sometimes they might come in person to sign a Blood Contract with you, sometimes all it requires is your consent over the phone.

The 'method' and 'medium' for achieving a Blood Contract are not fixed, and indeed, through the continuation of bloodline, it is feasible.

"But this was merely a shortcut, a shortcut with its 'price,' garnering an imperfect 'wish,' a flawed undying body."

Serey said, mysteriously pulling out a Silver table knife from somewhere and directly slashing it across his own wrist.

"That coward gained an undying body; he no longer feared death, invincible ever after, and he was called the Night King, the source of Blood of the Night Race, extending this forbidden immortal blood to the present.

It's said that when the Night King signed the Blood Contract with the Devils, it was in a lightless night, where he cut his finger with a Silver table knife and signed his name with his blood.

So ever since, even though the Night King has an undying body, silver weapons can still harm him."

The Silver table knife easily sliced through the ghastly pale skin, blood flowed out, and at the moment it touched the silver, the blood seemed to turn into strong acid, boiling and screaming.

The wound cut by the table knife showed a charred effect, as if sliced through by a high-temperature blade, with the surrounding flesh rapidly decaying and withering.

"The coward sold his soul during a lightless night, thereafter the coward died, and the Night King was born in the darkness... thus he would forever be pursued by sunlight, sunlight that everyone takes for granted can easily burn his undying body to ashes."

At this, Serey awkwardly chuckled, "Regarding the sunlight part, I won't demonstrate for you, that stuff can really kill the Night Race."

It was then that Bologue noticed the entire bar had no windows, even the door was sealed shut tightly, and for safety, it was draped with a layer of black cloth.

"This is the origin and immortality of the Villeries, the Night Race, and as for the Clark kid, his wariness of me stems from a major battle not long ago between our Night Race and those secret societies."

Serey said casually.

"About... a hundred years ago? It should be a hundred years ago, at that time neither the Order Bureau nor the King's Secret Sword had been established. Those secret societies formed a coalition and declared war on our Night Race."

Listening to Serey mention "a hundred years ago," Bologue once again marveled at the Undead's sense of time.

"Unlike Bulimia Nervosa, what torments us Night Race is another, even more cruel curse, which we call 'Bloodthirsty Syndrome.'

We need to draw blood to satisfy our hungry void, but later research revealed that in fact, the process of drawing blood is essentially Condensation, transforming the blood donor's soul into a liquid, which we consume with their blood."

Bologue's heartstrings were touched, reminding him of those dark red potions containing souls.

"Have you been drawing human blood all these years?"

Bologue's eyes turned unfriendly. If Serey was associated with "Man-eater," he wouldn't mind acting here.

"Why would I? As I said, I am an anomaly of the Villeries, moreover, we lost everything in the war a hundred years ago and now can only live under your 'terms.'

Serey said, glancing at Geoffrey.

"The last time I drew human blood was during the 'Dawn War' a hundred years ago," Serey then turned to Bologue, "You can sense it too, right? The Night Race is like an uncontrollable virus; apart from those two deadly weaknesses, as long as we transmit our own blood while drawing blood, the other will become a member of the Night Race and obtain an Undying Body."

"Is this mandatory?"

"It's not, the Devil is very fair and rule-abiding. If you refuse the Blood Contract, you will die; if you accept it, you become part of the Night Race."

Serey answered with a mocking tone on his face.

"But hardly anyone can reject the temptation of immortality before death, right?"

Bologue did not answer, maintaining silence.

"Due to this viral expansion, that Devil has harvested many souls. I imagine it must have been lucrative. The secret societies gradually realized the threat of the Night Race, and they waged war against us, attempting to exterminate us.

The outcome was they won the Dawn War.

We can only fight in the night, which is fatal; as long as it lasted until dawn, the coalition of the secret societies would surely win. But among us, there was a Condenser from the Commanding School who could manipulate the weather, pooling clouds to block out the sunlight, pushing them into despair as well."

Serey once again cast his gaze towards Palmer and continued.

"In despair, the wind arose.

A 'Seeker of Glory' from the Clarks appeared, one who had reached the pinnacle of 'bluntness.' He summoned a roaring storm, parting the clouds just like parting the sea. The piercing sunlight fell, turning the battlefield into a crematorium in an instant; countless members of the Night Race burned to ashes under the sunlight, with some of noble bloodline struggling and howling in agony for hours before finally being reduced to empty shells."

Hearing this, Bologue felt a sense of respect towards the Clarks but it vanished when he thought of Palmer.

"Afterward, during the reckoning, the vast majority of the Night Race was executed, with only a few survivors remaining. Even those who survived were imprisoned. We swore under the witness of the 'Contractor' that the Night Race would henceforth return to the shadows, ending the sinful bloodline here."

At this, Serey raised a glass to the void.

"Not everyone is tempted by immortality; in the Dawn War, I witnessed many noble, Golden Souls who refused to fall and become one of us."

Serey seemed to have thought of something, and a bit of sadness flashed across his face, but just like an illusion, the sadness disappeared as quickly as it came, and he smiled.

"And then there's Wei'Er's story. Should I tell it, or would you like to tell it yourself?"

"I'll tell it myself."

The black cat in his arms spoke. It jumped out from Bologue's arms, its tail coiled around its body, sitting on the bar counter.

"Actually, it's just that Serey's story is a bit more complicated. After all, the Villeries almost created an Eternal Night Empire, the rest of our stories are quite simple, just tales of cowards really."

Wei'Er said.

"Many tales of the Undead seem to start in this way... with cowardice as the beginning."