

Endless 121

Chapter 121: Twisted Desires

After the revelry, a few people at the bar were in complete disarray, as if their perception had gone astray due to drinking too much. They watched the black cat on the bar with eager faces, as if waiting for it to perform a cool backflip.

Nothing is impossible.

In the Undying Club, this haunted place, any outrageous thing happening here seems to be rationalized. This place itself is like a twisted collection of absurdity and neurosis.

Bologue felt that he had started to get used to all this, and from an expert's perspective, it was a good thing. Bologue remained as professional as ever, but from his personal viewpoint, he was somewhat sad, feeling the pain of associating with idiots.

With blue eyes staring at Wei'Er, it's a pity that it's a black cat now. From that pitch-black little face, Bologue couldn't read any expression or demeanor.

In the silence, an elegant female voice sounded.

"I won't elaborate on how I specifically became an undead; it involves some personal issues.

In short, I couldn't afford the price of the wish, so the wish I got was twisted, which is exactly what you see now."

The black cat said as it turned in a circle, displaying its animal form.

"It's said that Wei'Er was once a stunning beauty, unfortunately, her appearance couldn't be preserved," Serey whistled.

"My undying is the transfer of the soul."

Ignoring Serey, Wei'Er continued with its story.

"My soul can transfer between the bodies of animals. In other words, I cannot be killed. Once the body dies, I will awaken from the nearest animal. Even the Condensation of my soul only prolongs my awakening time. When my 'Golden Soul' is released, I will awaken again."

"Yes, yes, yes, we once tried to travel around various countries, but Wei'Er fell into the ocean and took three years to crawl back," Serey said, "It is said that the longest time it lived was as a starfish, and the worst experience was as a mola fish."

For Wei'Er, each death is merely the destruction of the body. Its soul will transfer and be reborn.

Wei'Er licked the fur on its body, "Like some kind of law, the Devil always leads us to face what we least want to."

I longed for the eternity of beauty, but it didn't even let me remain human."

Bologue felt a sense of understanding.

"Then there's... Scott!" Serey walked to the stone statue, arms wide open, cheering.

"As you can see, Scott can't speak. Its story can only be told by me," Serey said, patting the stone statue's head with curiosity, "Scott's experience is even older than mine. When I came to the Undying Club, Scott was already here, just a decoration at the door. Later I heard from Sai Zong, and learned its story."

Bologue's mind conjured an image of a beagle gesturing at the statue, explaining to Serey, it seemed so absurd.

"It is said that Scott was an explorer, but as he aged, his body could no longer support his long journeys, so he began to long for immortality."

He wanted more time and a stronger body to explore places he had never ventured, like the ends of the earth, the ocean's depths, and the sky's edge.

One day, he found the Devil and wished to it, but like the others, Scott's wish was twisted. The Devil turned him into a stone statue that can eternally stand untouched by the ravages of time...

That's all there is to Scott's story."

Serey then whispered into Bologue's ear.

"I've always suspected this is just an ordinary stone statue, and that Sai Zong is deceiving me. But since this damned statue is my good brother, I can't really smash it open to see if there's someone sealed inside."

Bologue nodded ambiguously. With Serey's tales, the Undying Club became increasingly bizarre, and from Serey's eager attitude, it seemed he had long had plans for Scott's stone statue.

He probably wanted to smash open the statue more than once.

"That skeleton man, Bode, you've also met. According to Bode's account, before becoming undead, he was an extremely wealthy tycoon. Endless wealth allowed him to enjoy all the splendors of life, and all the sensory stimuli were almost numbing to him... but wealth cannot buy time.

At the brink of death, he made a wish to the Devil, giving up all his wealth, but it still wasn't enough. The Devil took his flesh and turned him into a skeleton. This doesn't sound too bad, right? Although it's a bit scary, at least he's become an undead.

But the truth is, the skeletal Bode can feel nothing, no pain, no sensation, no hunger, nor exhaustion... none of the feelings he once cherished remain, only endless, pale time accompanies him."

Serey lamented, "Listening to him, this guy really loved to drink, but after becoming undead, that taste exists only in memory. Yet over time, even memories begin to fade and yellow, making reality hard to discern."

"Oh! Right, there's another one! I forgot!"

Serey thought of something and quickly slipped into the room behind the bar. Not knowing what he was doing, after a while, he came out pushing a wheelchair.

"This is the 'Old Undying.' I can't quite remember his exact name, just like with Scott. When I got here, he was already here."

Serey pushed the wheelchair in front of Bologue, introducing this member to him.

"You see the state he's in. I'm really afraid something might happen to him, so most of the time, I just keep him inside."

Serey introduced to Bologue, "According to Sai Zong, before becoming an Undead, the 'Old Undying' was an accountant, very skilled in calculations. Because of this, he repeatedly confirmed the terms in his deal with the Devil, afraid that his wishes would be twisted like Scott's, Wei'Er's, or Bode's."

Shrugging helplessly, Serey said.

"But obviously, he couldn't outsmart the Devil... Very few people can beat those cunning fellows."

Bologue's expression became serious. He couldn't ascertain whether the "thing" on the wheelchair still counted as human. It only had a semblance of a human outline, with its body shriveled and collapsed, skeletal like a mummified corpse.

The eye sockets were deeply sunken, making it difficult to discern the presence of eyeballs. The skin was shriveled and hardened like dead wood, full of cracks. The lips were completely dried out, exposing the gums where teeth had long fallen out. Looking through those deep crevices, the throat appeared as fragile as a weathered pipe, ready to shatter at a touch.

It was like a sculpture eroded by wind, crumbling to dust with the slightest tremor.

"The Devil granted him immortality but never said he wouldn't age... 'Old Undying' is already hundreds of years old. With a normal body, he would have died from organ failure long ago. But under the Devil's Blood Contract, no matter how withered his flesh becomes, he still won't die.

That sharp, swift mind is trapped in this continuously aging yet undying shell."

Looking at the mummified body on the wheelchair, Serey said, both horrified and scared, "Actually, I feel like he died a long time ago. Long ago, he could still react slightly to the outside world. Now he's completely silent... Maybe he wants to react but can't. After all, he's become like this."

"These are all the permanent members of the Undying Club," Wei'Er said.

"What about Sai Zong? That beagle," Bologue asked, but Serey didn't explain about Sai Zong.

"I don't know. Sai Zong should be the oldest among us. It seems he existed when the Undying Club was founded. As for his past and immortality, he's never talked about it... actually, it seems we've never asked either."

Serey glanced around, muttering.

"You've seen what Sai Zong looks like. He's the real oddity. Sai Zong found being human meaningless and started playing 'role-playing.' He turned himself into a dog," Serey said, then asked, "Wei'Er, how long has Sai Zong been like this?"

"Sixty years? Seventy years? I'm not sure either," Wei'Er said.

"It's about that long. At first, I couldn't accept it, but Sai Zong got really into his act," Serey said helplessly, "Dogs don't speak human, so Sai Zong hasn't spoken to us in sixty or seventy years. He just barks every day. Fortunately, we had an understanding before, so even when he barks, I can roughly understand his meaning."

Bologue's expression twitched slightly, and the next second, Serey's voice turned serious as he asked.

"So, do you understand now, Bologue?"

"I... I roughly understand the story you're telling. Devils are a bunch of cold merchants. They won't make a losing deal, and they must have some plot against me, though I don't know what it is yet."

Bologue said, looking around, his gaze sweeping past Wei'Er and the statue, then at the mummy on the wheelchair.

"They will twist our wishes. The more we desire something, the more we lose it..."

Those who desire the flesh lose their human form; those who pursue freedom find themselves imprisoned in a statue; those who yearn for the mortal world now feel nothing; those skilled at calculation endure the erosion of time, continually aging and decaying.

"Yes, but there's one more critical point, Bologue."

Serey suddenly leaned close to Bologue, their faces and eyes aligned, as if conspiring some earth-shattering plot.

"Sometimes, we may gain something first, and then lose something."

Serey pressed Bologue's head, forcing him to listen intently to every syllable, as if this was a secret that should never be spoken, one that should be deeply buried.

"Perhaps... perhaps we first obtained something, and therefore lost something."

Serey gave a wry smile.

"Like the Night King, who gained an Undying Body, but the Villeries forever lost their future."