

Endless 122

Chapter 122: The Insanity's Rebellion

Sometimes you don't first lose something to gain it. It's possible to gain it first, then lose it...

What will you gain? And what will you lose?

Bologue's eyes lowered, deep in thought. He vaguely saw something—the scorched earth shrouded in smoke, the countless, dead soldiers...

Like an inescapable nightmare, it kept flickering before his eyes.

"Don't worry too much; we are the Undead. We have all the time to ponder these questions."

Serey vigorously patted Bologue on the shoulder. He probably thought Bologue looked downcast and wanted to encourage him, but that gesture scattered Bologue's thoughts like smoke.

"There's another point you need to pay attention to, Bologue."

Wei'Er spoke at this moment. Though just a black cat, its manner remained elegant, vaguely reminiscent of a noblewoman, the tail wrapped around itself, slightly swaying.

"We are Debtors, intimately linked with the Devils. Unlike the Demons, whose 'value' has been drained, the Devils view us as their limbs—their Deputies in this world."

In the sapphire-like pupils reflected Bologue's face; he lifted his head, his pale face showing no emotion.

"Which means, the Devil who took your soul...when it needs you, you will meet again."

The azure eyes froze, Bologue's heartbeat quickened, and all the blood in his body roared.

"Is that so... How could I forget this matter."

Bologue murmured, Jeffrey had previously mentioned these things to him, but he didn't pay attention. Until Serey's narrative and Wei'Er's reminder, Bologue realized it all.

Debt is a Curse; Bologue will meet that Devil again when it needs Bologue...

When it needs Bologue to do something.

"Be wary of it, do not believe in any of its words, you are already in the Abyss, you cannot sink any deeper."

Wei'Er sincerely advised, Bologue could feel its genuine intent.

Bologue nodded in response, saying, "I will take care. Besides, I think I'm already on the opposing side of that Devil."

He said this and glanced at Geoffrey, who had remained silent, listening to the conversation. Their eyes met briefly; they both understood what the other meant.

To protect the human world from disturbance, to maintain the order that the Extraordinary World should have.

"But...this feeling is so odd. We've only drunk a bit of alcohol, and have we gotten this familiar? Or are all Undead like this, readily familiar?"

Bologue calmed his rapid heartbeat, smiled, and greatly dispelled the solemn atmosphere. Under this simplistic, readily familiar tactic, Bologue had somewhat been drawn in, the conversation less cold.

He could sense that even though it was the first meeting, these Undead were surprisingly sincere, but recalling the welcome party just now, Bologue also felt it made sense for these Undead to be this sincere.

"Night Race members, black cats, mummies, statues, skeletons...including role play?"

Looking around, this Undying Club was indeed too amazing, more absurd than dreaming, even if mentioned outside, nobody would believe it.

"It's not readily familiar, but in the future, we are destined to become the most intimate of brothers."

Serey said, putting his arm around Bologue. This guy was incredibly brawny, making Bologue appear somewhat delicate beside him.

"In the future?" Bologue didn't understand.

"Think about it, Bologue, you are an Undead, an Undead who defies time and years!"

Serey envisioned the future, for better or worse.

"You and Geoffrey are good friends, right? I quite like Geoffrey too; I've had many friends like him, but they all died in the end."

He said, pointing to the cabinet beside the bar, filled with various wine glasses, with name plaques below them.

"Only leaving some of their glasses as mementos."

Serey's voice took on a touch of melancholy.

"That's how it is, Bologue. Right now, you have many, many good friends, but what about ten years later? A hundred years later? Everyone will have died; at most, they leave some mementos. In the end, you'll be alone."

This is a predetermined fact in the future. Have you thought about these?

Bologue shook his head. He never considered these things, his gaze falling on Geoffrey. Now he was still a living person, but under the erosion of time, he would eventually return to dust.

Birth, aging, sickness, and death are destined, but the Undead do not abide by these. It's like a blessing and a Curse."

"Sometimes I revisit old haunts, to see the cities I once lived in... In my memory, it was a very serene small town, with green meadows extending to the horizon," Serey narrated his past, "But now it's all tall buildings stretching continuously, web-like iron rails plowing through the meadows, leaving only desolation."

"I once talked with people about that town's past, but they scoffed, saying I was talking nonsense. In their memory, the town was always like that...as if the town in my memory was just an illusory phantom, dead in time, only leaving some reverberations, lingering in my mind."

Serey couldn't quite keep smiling either. He looked at Bologue and spoke with an extremely serious tone.

"This is something every Undead will experience. In the end, everything changes, the only constant is us. In the end, it's just us, the Undead, with tears of joy embracing each other!"

"So are we destined to become good friends, good brothers?" Bologue said, "Sooner or later, I'll return here, to join your revelries."

"Exactly! The revelry here is eternal. The Undead sit at the long table, drinking fine wine, tasting honey. The music here never ends, until the end of the world, the end of time."

Just as Serey finished speaking, that damned singing started up again, endlessly swirling around his ears.

"That sounds like nothing more than a group of pitiful people huddling together for warmth," Bologue commented coldly.

"Aren't you afraid? One after another, familiar faces die," Serey asked.

Bologue said nothing, as scene after scene flooded his mind like end credits, with names flashing by one after another.

"Not afraid."

Bologue gave a surprising answer.

"What's there to be afraid of? Under your watch, your friends lived happy lives. Shouldn't that bring a sense of satisfaction?

Even if everything is gone thousands of years later, you still remember everything about them... Your friends never really died, they just live on in your memory."

This time it was Serey who fell silent. He pressed hard on his temples, as if facing an extremely difficult problem.

"Have you considered yourself... a living tombstone? Etched with all that has passed," Serey said.

"Is there anything wrong with that? It's just like the little town in your memory. If you stop caring about it, then truly no one will remember it."

Bologue looked at the glasses in the cupboard. Over the years, different people raised them, drinking in this bar.

Those were the good old days, but aside from these Undead, no one else remembers them now.

"I was in prison before... because of some personal issues, and I'm actually pretty at peace with being in prison. At one point, I thought staying there forever wasn't such a bad thing."

Bologue recounted calmly.

"But ideas are just ideas. After staying for a while, the feeling was truly unbearable. The prison was pitch-dark, with nothing in it. I shouted at the wall, but even an echo couldn't be stirred. It was silent madness there. Sometimes, I could hear the sound of my own blood rushing and bones grinding."

"I couldn't do anything... except remember. That's when I realized something, Serey."

Bologue approached the cupboard, where he could see the names carved under the glasses, along with their times of passing. This cupboard was like a small mausoleum, with the glasses as standing tombstones.

"As long as a person learns to remember, they will never be alone."

Bologue turned his head and asked Geoffrey, "Geoffrey, what kind of glass do you want as a tombstone?"

"Me? A larger one will do," Geoffrey was momentarily stunned, then replied with a smile.

"I think, therefore I am?" Serey sneered, "I've seen people like you before, but in the end, you merely rust and wither away in endless memories and contemplation."

"Then don't just sit in the corner reminiscing and reflecting. We are Undead, free Undead. Besides remembering and drinking, there are many things waiting for us to do."

"This is an absurd and crazy world."

"That's why I rebel, that's why I exist."

The conversation ended, and Bologue continued to observe the glasses in the cabinet. They varied in shape, reflecting a glimpse of their owners' personalities from the sides.

Some were elegantly shaped, some were crafted from pure gold, some glasses were extremely simple, and others were more exaggerated. If Bologue looked correctly, one seemed to be a disposable paper cup.

Serey fell silent, staring at Bologue for a long time, until at some point, he sighed, then laughed and patted Wei'Er's cat head.

"Wei'Er, this new friend is unexpectedly interesting!"

Wei'Er responded with a swipe of her paw.

"Indeed, quite interesting."

Wei'Er licked the blood off her paw, while Serey winced in pain.

The azure eyes were like a mirror, imprisoning Bologue within. A clear female voice with a hint of doubt said.

"This guy gives me the feeling of either being a philosopher or a lunatic with some mental issues. Of course, there doesn't seem to be much difference between the two."

"I think he's a lunatic."

Geoffrey nodded, agreeing with Wei'Er's second choice.