

## Endless 123

### Chapter 123: The Beast Beyond Destiny

"This 'Key of the Crooked Path' leads directly here; you can use it to come here anytime."

Serey began explaining to Bologue about some things he needed to know in the Undying Club.

"This is the club's manual. It contains some rules... but don't worry about it; just skim through. After all these centuries, we only have a handful of members, so there's no need to be too strict about the rules."

A yellowed little booklet was shoved into Bologue's hand. He flipped through it briefly, noting the marks of age. Bologue guessed it was printed long ago, but even after all this time, Serey still hadn't distributed all of them.

"We've signed agreements with multiple organizations. The Undying Club is a neutral organization; we don't get involved in any conflicts. But these rules don't bind you, only us Undead who chose 'retirement.'"

Serey certainly looked the part of retirement. Besides finding ways to pass the time, it seemed he didn't have to do much at all.

Bologue didn't ask further. He had been curious when they talked about the Villeries. Given that others were being purged, how could Serey still be here enjoying himself?

It must be those agreements, trading benefits for benefits, that allowed Serey to escape any reckoning.

"You're now part of the Order Bureau, and right now, the Order Bureau is our landlord," Serey explained. "To get some rent reduction from them, if you face danger, you can come here. Once you're in the Undying Club, you're on our turf. We're still allowed to defend ourselves in the Agreement District."

Serey assumed a big-brother-like air, brimming with confidence.

"In Opus, as long as you're in the Undying Club, no one would dare touch you... except for our dear landlord, the Order Bureau."

"So the Undying Club is in Opus?"

Bologue only realized this now. The entire club was so tightly sealed that it was hard to see the outside world.

"Yes, in the Lingna District, just three streets from the Order Bureau," Serey said with a gloomy expression. "I actually wanted to live further away."

"You damned idle folk make so much trouble. Three streets' distance is just right—not seeing it spares the heart. Meanwhile, when you cause any ruckus, we can kick in the club's door in five minutes and drag you out for a sunbath."

Geoffrey grumbled. These Undead might have been great sinners in their day, but at least now they're not too bad. The chaos they stir up is often laughable—like a gang of centuries-old kids.

"Opus... why is it always Opus?"

Bologue asked perplexed. He had an uneasy feeling that this city was like a vortex, drawing all the world's demons to it.

"Because this is the Neutral City, the City of Chaos and Frenzy, belonging neither to the Rhine Alliance nor to the Kagader Empire. Countless people are vying for this city as if it were a world treasure."

At this, Serey became excited, praising Opus as if it were the Holy City in his heart.

"Only in this Land of Chaos do we Undead have a place, and cities like this are never boring, with strange happenings every day."

Serey cheered at Bologue, "Like meeting this new friend! You won't find these things in some backwater!"

Wei'Er joined in on the cheer, and the joyous song rose unceasingly.

"In any case, I look forward to our next meeting, Bologue Lazarus."

Scarlet eyes fixed on Bologue, his face full of anticipation, "I look forward to the new stories you bring."

"See you next time," Bologue said to Serey. After speaking, he kicked Palmer a few times, "Wake up! Palmer!"

Whimpering sounds emerged as Palmer opened his bloodshot eyes, muttering, "I dreamt I fell into a sea full of alcohol."

"Yes, you almost drowned in it."

Bologue said as he walked towards the door. Beyond the door was a short corridor; you had to push open the door at the end to reach the outside world. This was designed by Serey specifically.

Palmer shakily stood up, trying to reach for Bologue, but Bologue mercilessly dodged him.

"Why do I smell so strange?"

Palmer sniffed around, finding himself surrounded by an indescribable odor.

"I think it's best you don't know."

An accursed beagle flashed through his mind, and Bologue shook his head as he spoke.

Just as he was about to push open the door, Bologue remembered another matter. After hesitating for a few seconds, he couldn't help but ask.

"Serey, I have another question for you."

"What? For a good brother, there's nothing I won't answer."

This seemed like a difficult question to voice, but the curiosity had been lingering in Bologue's mind for too long and was directly related to the predicament he was currently facing.

"Are all you Undead... this wealthy?"

During the welcome party just now, the spilled wine from Serey might have been worth Bologue's annual salary, and Serey seemed to regard it as just another day. Not to mention the club itself and those luxurious interiors with what appeared to be extremely expensive artworks...

Serey was taken aback, likely never expecting Bologue to ask this. He scratched his head, thought for a long while, and then slowly began.

"Bologue, think about it carefully. Even if you were a bricklayer, if you started laying bricks hundreds of years ago, you should at least be a millionaire by now."