

Endless 130

Chapter 130: The Struggle Between Good and Evil

Hanging up the phone, Kedening looked up and gazed at himself in the makeup mirror.

He was wearing an exquisite costume, his expression transforming from relaxed to serious, like a knight preparing to head into battle, donning heavy armor.

As was said on the phone, tonight's performance was extremely important for Kedening. He had sacrificed so much for this very moment.

His emotions were so overwhelming that his whole body trembled slightly, his cheeks flushed, as if his soul was about to separate from his body... This reminded Kedening of the first time he killed someone.

It was a long time ago; back then, he and David had just arrived in Opus. For their respective goals, for those cruel desires, they did cruel things.

Kedening was very grateful to David; without this friend, Kedening felt his life would be much harder.

Perhaps the part of him that was an artist affected him; Kedening was often troubled by good and evil, and when he couldn't make a decision, David would often choose to dirty his hands to end it all.

Just like the first time he killed someone.

Kedening still remembered the look of that man, collapsed, covered in blood, in the dark alley, clutching his throat wound, eyes full of tears and pain.

His own hand held the sharp knife; he only needed to strike at the man's heart one more time to end his life. But no matter what, Kedening just couldn't bring himself to do it.

"Then let me do it."

In his memory, David pushed him aside, without any compassion, dealing the man a final blow.

It was obvious David was a novice; blood covered him, yet he still managed to make jokes and chat with him about completely unrelated things.

"We have to do this, don't we? Jini needs these souls."

David would always say this.

Initially, Kedening was very fearful, living in constant anxiety, but soon, like he was numbed, he gradually felt nothing at all.

Looking at himself in the mirror, his makeup unfinished, one half was tired and pained, the other heavily painted, like two overlapping figures, one being his "Man-eater" self, the other his actor self.

The two faces roared at each other, their hoarse screams shattering everything into pieces.

Kedening felt a headache. He needed to take care of Jini and the theater, delve into performance while managing the "Man-eater."

Maybe it was because he spread his energy in too many places. Lately, Kedening always felt headaches, plus the conflicts between the Order Bureau and the King's Secret Sword, Norm and Eugene's events...

All these things were wearing down Kedening's mind. He had been suffering from insomnia recently, with taut nerves, and at times he wondered if there were any mental issues.

Sometimes he envied David. This guy always had a big heart, with nothing in his mind but retirement and the good life after it.

"I did the math. If I work normally, I'd have to keep working till I'm eighty to buy a villa on Wind Source Highlands. I can't wait that long."

David often said this. He was in this line of work for the beautiful retirement life.

And what about himself?

Kedening sighed. He had a peculiar sense of pursuit, as if something terrifying was relentlessly chasing him along the scent of blood.

He was like a rat in the gutter, constantly fleeing, and the day he stopped would be the day someone bit through his throat.

"If you really exist, if you are watching me, then what kind of judgment would you make on me in the end?"

Kedening murmured to himself.

He recalled a casual chat with Bologue in front of the flower shop. Through Bologue's stories, Kedening roughly understood what kind of person Bologue was.

Just like the story Bologue told him before; in that version of "Wandering Rat," Bologue likely was the person who insisted on his own justice, even if there were mountains ahead, he would charge without hesitation, even if it broke his head and bled.

Wouldn't know what attitude Bologue would face him with after knowing his secrets?

Kedening laughed a little, knowing they would not meet again.

Today was Kedening's most dazzling moment, but also a fleeting night.

After tonight's performance, he planned to prepare for the withdrawal with Jini, the "Man-eater" would completely hide, leaving Opus with the goods the King's Secret Sword needed, and then it would be days of freedom.

After that, further things...

Kedening stopped thinking about it. Today was an important day; there was no need to ponder over these matters, causing himself trouble.

The call with David made Kedening feel much lighter. With a glance at the time, over half an hour was left before the show started, time was still ample, and he continued his makeup.

The colorful hues gradually covered Kedening's face, like putting on another mask.

Unrecognizable.

"Kedening, where's the last part of the script?"

A knock sounded on the door, Brey poked his head in, holding a stack of scripts, and asked Kedening.

"You haven't written it yet, have you? It's about to start."

Brey complained, thinking these artists all had some quirks, like Kedening, who, for the perfect curtain of "Wandering Rat," had not finished the last part of the plot, and even as the performance was about to start, he still hadn't given any word.

Facing an unknown ending, this made everyone feel uneasy.

"I have written it."

Kedening replied.

"Huh? So what exactly happens at the end? We need to look at the script." Brey was taken aback and then asked again.

"No need, the last part will be my monologue, no one else needs to be involved," Kedening tapped his head, "and I just thought of it. I haven't written it down, and probably won't have time to write it either."

"You..."

Brey was momentarily at a loss for words, to which Kedening laughed.

"Just consider it a surprise, not just for the audience, but for you all as well."

"Sounds... sounds pretty good."

Brey was also very curious about the story's ending, where Bart would ultimately head. Seeing Kedening speak like this, he didn't press further. The main thing was that the show was about to start, and his probing was meaningless.

"And what about the tone? What's the tone of the ending? We are doing a comedy, remember that." Brey asked again.

These artists are all eccentric lunatics, who knows what they might pull off on stage.

"Remember that theater I worked at before?" Brey said, "In one performance, some lunatic said he was going to sacrifice for art, and during a shooting scene, he pulled out a real gun."

"And then?"

"And then? Although no one was shot, it scared the audience to death. He waved the gun, reciting his lines while yelling 'Everyone listen up,' it was a terrible memory," he said, "No one dared move, we just

listened as he finished his lines. As for the plot? No one cared about the plot; everyone just hoped that damn gun wouldn't point at them."

Kedening laughed, not expecting everyone to have such a past.

"Sounds awful."

"Yeah, and the worst part is, I was the one acting opposite that lunatic then. Otherwise, why do you think I changed jobs and came here?"

Brey shrieked.

Kedening was stunned, then laughed even louder.

"Anyway, everyone's waiting for you, Kedening, no matter how it ends."

Brey said this, then closed the door, leaving Kedening alone in the room. The smile on his face gradually stiffened.

He took a deep breath, cleared away all chaotic thoughts, and recalled the story woven in his mind.

At this moment, he was no longer Kedening Caesar, but Bart.

Bart, wandering between good and evil.

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"Have our team members arrived on site yet?"

Lebius and Geoffrey walked side by side, advancing through the dim corridor.

"They're already there, just waiting for us to order the action."

Geoffrey glanced at his watch; there were still a few minutes before the action began. He wasn't worried about Bologue being late, as he was an expert, and experts don't make mistakes.

"What about Yuriel?" Lebius asked.

"Already in position in the command room, now it's just everyone waiting for us."

"Not bad."

Lebius nodded, a rare hint of excitement appearing on his indifferent face.

In Lebius's view, the task to be executed tonight was one that could be completely ignored, but it was the first mission since the formation of the Special Operations Group, and could not be overlooked.

"You seem very happy." Geoffrey said.

"We are like swordsmiths, who have refined a broken steel sword through thousands of trials. Today will be its first slash against the enemy, and this sense of witnessing is quite fascinating." Lebius did not hide his emotions.

"Wouldn't this also count as a sort of 'comeback,' Geoffrey?"

Lebius glanced at Geoffrey and could clearly feel the still water-like eyes coming back to life, like a building wave, full of power.

"Of course, the intermission is over, and everyone is back on the ring."

Seeing his old friend like this, Geoffrey also felt genuinely happy.

The bricks underfoot began to tremble and crack, and as the two advanced, the corridor transformed. The front path was sealed off by raised bricks, and then a large door opened from it.

This was the convenience of high-level access; when Lebius wanted to go somewhere, within permission limits, a door would open within the "Cultivation Room."

This convenience often made Geoffrey envious. Fortunately, now that the two were acting together, Geoffrey could also enjoy this convenience.

Entering through the door, what greeted them was a giant tiered auditorium, with rows of seats rising along the stairs. At the forefront of the stairs was a ritual platform with a peculiar design, a series of metal rings hovering stationary on the ritual platform, surface shimmering with a faint glow. This was an Alchemy Armament.

In the Field Operations Department, each operation group is equipped with a command room to direct actions. It remains closed normally, only opening after approval from the "Decision Room" and at the commencement of operations. Here, it was the command room of the Special Operations Group.

Lebius and Geoffrey sat down on the tiered seats, and Yuriel, waiting for some time, also stepped lightly up to the ritual platform.

"Yuriel, notify Bologue and Palmer to prepare to start."

Lebius ordered.