

## Endless 143

Chapter 143: Wish

The factory, already on the verge of becoming ruins, seemed almost completely on the brink of collapse under the ferocity of the Shadow Devouring Beast.

The sounds of crashing and slashing continued, and one could hear someone's cursing. Judging from the way he was swearing, the guy was still alive and kicking.

Oh well, David hadn't planned on killing him anyway, or rather, he simply couldn't kill Bologue.

When Bologue resurrected for the first time, David realized he might have encountered an Undead; he hadn't expected such characters, only found in storybooks, to actually exist in this seemingly vast but truly small world of Opus.

David let out a bitter laugh, followed immediately by a large spurt of blood.

The Liquid Spirit Potion could be regarded as a liquid Philosopher's Stone, a liquid "Golden Soul". David injected several potions into his body at once, buying himself such immense power.

But power comes at a price.

His soul's capacity couldn't support such strength, and so the Alchemy Matrix was collapsing, dragging his soul to its death along with it, not to mention the severe injuries David had sustained. With such massive blood loss, he could only stay conscious thanks to the Liquid Spirit Potion.

Unsure whether to feel grateful or complain.

With weary steps, David made his way back to his office along the damaged stairs, vibrations continuously shaking the surroundings. It was only a matter of time before this place turned into ruins.

David took a deep breath, struggling to stay conscious; there were still some matters to tend to before he died.

Sitting back in his office chair, where he once sat with imposing authority, he now faced imminent death.

David felt no particular sentiment, instead continually whispering prayers to himself.

It's laughable, a person like him resorting to praying in the end, about to die, whether to God or the Devil, as long as someone was willing to reach out, he didn't mind grabbing hold tight.

But, sadly, no one came.

David dialed the familiar number, picking up the phone, the receiver filled with the static noise of electricity. In the anxious wait, a familiar voice finally sounded.

"David?"

Thank heavens, after such intense battle, the phone line was still intact.

"Yo, Kedening."

David tried to lighten his tone. Without waiting for Kedening to speak, he continued.

"As a professional mercenary, I should fight to the last second. Even if it means death, to swing the final knife... like the knights in stories, dying standing on the battlefield.

But then I thought, I've been dedicated all my life, perhaps being a little unprofessional before dying wouldn't be a problem."

David looked at the shattered window before him, darkness writhing violently. He could have commanded the rampant Shadow Beast into battle; even if he couldn't kill Bologue, it should have been possible to severely wound Palmer.

But he gave it up, trying to stall the two as much as he could in exchange for this one last call.

"Don't speak, Kedening, listen to me carefully."

The jokes ended there. David turned his head, pressing down on the wound on his neck. The wound had pierced into his airway, making his voice somewhat unclear.

"Members of the Order Bureau are here, two of them, both looking like they're from the Commanding School. One can control air currents, and during fights, likes to hide flying knives in them, which you need to be wary of. The other looks like he can manipulate material upon touch, but I don't know the specifics. I'm quite blood-logged right now, and can't think straight."

David coughed a couple of times, then continued.

"Most importantly, the latter seems to be an Undead... at least Bill couldn't kill him. You know what Bill's fists are like. If you encounter them, you know what to do.

Also, all the goods have been destroyed, and Bill's dead too; it's a real shame. He won't be able to be my driver anymore. Thankfully, I'm about to die soon as well. Once this remaining Ether burns out, I should perish. Not sure if there are roads in Hell, but I'd be cheering in the passenger seat while Bill races."

David hesitated for a moment; he wanted to say something reflective about life, but when the words were on the tip of his tongue, he realized aside from the dream of a big villa in the Wind Source Highlands, he had nothing else.

David suddenly felt a sense of melancholy. He had watched movies where some characters, at their death, would speak some profoundly moving doctrines, looking incredibly cool. But facing his own death, his mind was filled with nothing but the real estate prices in the Wind Source Highlands.

This kind of sentiment seemed trivial; better not to say anything at all.

"Next, listen carefully, Kedening.

Beware of the 'Ghoul', he decided to give up on you. If what happened today hadn't occurred, you would have been the one attacked. He was preparing to expose your information, using you as bait to cover our retreat."

David divulged the secret bluntly.

"After tonight, take Jini and leave Opus. The people from the King's Secret Sword aren't trustworthy; we were pawns from the very beginning.

Oh, and my savings, they're all deposited in Rhine United Bank, the account name is just my own. You know the password; it's the musical notation of 'Ode to Joy.'"

This was something they learned in school; David had no feelings toward art. His mind was solely on making money. Kedening, on the other hand, had a liking for it. Once, seeing Kedening hum to a string of numbers, David learned what it was.

"The worst thing is dying without spending all the money I've made.

But ah, Kedening, it's my money after all. If you're going to use it, I suggest you spend it on a villa in the Wind Source Highlands. Even if it's not a villa, it's fine, as long as you live there."

Cloudy eyes reminisced about the past.

"Before my mom died, she told me I was actually born in the Wind Source Highlands. I was too young to remember; she left with me after divorcing my dad."

David's voice paused.

"I've never been to the Wind Source Highlands... but I suppose it's somewhat like my hometown, right?"

His voice weakened. At some point, the glow around David had become dim, like a flickering flame in the wind, almost extinguishing.

Humming a tune, his violent gaze gradually calmed down.

"3345, 5432..."

The glow of the Alchemy Matrix completely extinguished, David's hand sagged weakly, his pale head tilted to one side, and the receiver fell to the ground with a dull thud.

The darkness writhing inside the factory dissipated, followed by an iron spear that came rushing in, piercing everything, resembling the descent of divine punishment delivering the final blow to the building.

Soon, the precarious bricks completely collapsed, burying everything within the ruins.

...

The singing gradually faded away, then came a series of dull crashes, everything returned to the chaos of the electric current, as if it had never existed.

Kedening slowly set down the phone, his eyes exuding confusion... For some reason, at this moment, he had a sense of unreality, as if all was just a dream.

"David?"

He tried to call out, but received no response.

Kedening sat there, for a long time.

It was a dream, a terrible nightmare.

He was sleeping in the dressing room; once he woke, everything would be back on track, everything that just happened was merely fragments of a dream, once he awakes, nothing would have happened, David would still be overseeing the factory, and he would have to go on stage and perform.

After tonight's curtain call, they would start their escape plan, he would take Jini and the wealth far from this city, they could buy a small house at the Wind Source Highlands, maybe even become neighbors with David, and then run a small business, enough to let them peacefully spend their lives...

A hoarse sound emerged from his throat, he reached out desperately, using stiff hands to grab his face.

Looking at himself in the mirror, beneath the multicolored face makeup, Kedening felt a strange sense of alienation, as if the person in the mirror was not him, but another fellow who was both familiar and strange.

He pulled forcefully, but no matter what, he couldn't tear off the mask, as if it had already merged with his face, indistinguishable.

The nails dug deeply into the flesh, leaving small wounds, blood mixed with paint streaked across his cheek, forming a bizarre and vibrant appearance.

"Ah, this isn't a dream,"

Kedening muttered.

David was dead, Bill was dead too, and the King's Secret Sword held a conspiracy...

Kedening felt he should be sad, yet he couldn't cry or feel even a bit of sorrow.

Empty.

At this moment, he could feel nothing, as if he had become an empty shell, with the organs and soul inside long gone.

A piercing ring echoed, but it failed to reach Kedening's ears, he could hear nothing now.

David's last words lingered in his mind endlessly, like a spell, repeatedly flashing back.

Is this what you meant, leaving everything to you, David?

Your strategy was to exchange your life for this information, to warn me? That's too bizarre.

Kedening suddenly laughed, although his expression showed no hint of joy.

He couldn't grasp the significance of David's last phone call; he had long known about the King's Secret Sword plan, he might even be one of them, just planning to coldly watch his own demise.

Yet he ultimately called for him to escape, is this the grand kindness of a villain before death? Knowing he's doomed, might as well do a good deed... to save another villain.

Kedening laughed even more joyously, yet he didn't think David was that type of person, David was a cold-blooded, insane fellow, he was born to be a qualified mercenary.

Maybe David never intended to kill him; he was always a sly guy, he must have had some other plan...

Kedening couldn't understand.

David was already dead, no one could explain all this anymore.

Memories began to fade, Kedening suddenly realized he hadn't seen David in a long time, not knowing when their communication had become only phone calls, and at such an unexpected moment, he just simply died.

Just like that... died.

"Kedening!"

The call came gradually, and Kedening didn't respond until someone slapped his shoulder hard, drawing Kedening out of that madness.

Brey slapped him, saying, "Didn't you hear the ring? The performance is about to start."

"Performance? Yes, I have a performance,"

Kedening murmured.

"Are you... are you okay? Is this a new makeup style?"

Brey felt Kedening's mental state was off, but it seemed these artists were always like this, constantly appearing intoxicated.

Looking at Kedening's face, Brey mistook the blood on his cheek for makeup; they were so conspicuous, hanging on the face, giving an indescribable eerie sensation.

"It's nothing, I'm good, I'm good,"

Kedening slowly rose, continuously muttering.

"I have a performance."