

Endless 144

Chapter 144: Curtain Call

This world is so vast, at every moment people are falling in love and embracing, while others embrace and die, like a brilliant meteor shower, constantly flickering, constantly fading away; the moment of brilliance is woven together, turning into a sky-filling dome of light.

The Gini Theater was already packed at this moment. The popularity of "Wandering Rat" exceeded Kedening's expectations; not a single seat was empty, and even the aisles were filled with people standing.

The audience whispered to each other, occasionally casting glances toward the stage ahead. They were all anticipating the ending tonight, Bart's ending, curious about how Kedening would finish this interesting story.

Some guessed it was a family-friendly ending where Bart, through his work and theft, earned enough money to start and run some businesses, eventually becoming prosperous. Others said the ending might be mundane, with Bart continuing his life between two identities, endlessly working, endlessly stealing, with no end in sight.

Still, a few pointed out that it might be a pessimistic ending, but not many agreed with this, as it currently seemed, after all, to be a comedy, and a comedy shouldn't have such an ending.

Suddenly, the lights around dimmed, and the whispering vanished for a moment. With full anticipation, everyone looked at the curtain on stage, waiting for the moment it would be drawn open.

"It's really exciting, Kedening."

Brey and Kedening stood on stage, the dark red curtain separating them from the audience.

"Are you sure you've thought of the final monologue?"

"Yes, I've thought it through," Kedening said, his gaze vacant, "it will be an ending remembered by everyone."

"That's wonderful, to be part of it is such an honor."

Brey said, even though he was just a supporting character, being part of the stage was enough to make him joyful.

Kedening smiled. The smile looked normal, but upon closer inspection, Brey felt a chill for some reason, as if cold hands were caressing his spine.

"I once heard someone say something like this."

The music started playing, and the curtain slowly opened. Kedening stared forward, not knowing whether he was talking to himself or confiding in Brey.

"Humans are complex, possessing both comedic and tragic elements."

Brey shuddered a few times, just about to say something when the curtain was fully opened, and countless gazes were cast from the dimly lit audience.

Suddenly, Brey was not facing an audience but rather a group of greedy, strange beings longing for something.

No... something's not right.

A sense of unease rose in Brey's heart; everything was normal, yet everything seemed completely off, as if at some moment, the world had been drawn into a vortex of madness, unbeknownst to him.

At this point, the performance began; actors appeared in turns, reciting their lines, pushing the story forward along with the music's ebb and flow.

Brey could do nothing; the stage was like a delicate music box, and he was but a small part in this complex structure. Besides carrying the performance to the end, there was nothing else he could do.

The performance had begun.

Since the beginning of the theft, Bart had been sleepless; he considered himself an upright person, yet in the end, he had walked down this errant path. Amidst the identity conflict and fear, one day Bart finally decided that he would put an end to it all.

Bart was determined to redeem himself; he would no longer steal and no longer revel in gold. He controlled his desires, and everything seemed back on track, as if nothing had ever happened.

But one day, an accident occurred.

"Bart, looks like I'm about to die, what bad luck."

A friend lay sick in bed, a drunkard with no savings, now seriously ill; he believed himself doomed.

"No, don't say that, I still have some money left. Let me take you to see a doctor," Bart said to him.

"I've asked the doctor, this bit of money can't save my life. I'd better save it for later," the friend waved his hand, declining Bart's offer.

"I don't have many friends," Bart's voice trembled.

"Neither do I."

Bart bid farewell to his friend, who thought Bart had given up, but in fact, Bart hadn't. He returned home, knelt down, and prayed, though no one knew what he was praying for.

Until night fell, Bart opened the locked toolbox, taking out the tools he used for thieving. He had given up on all this, yet now he picked them up again.

This would be Bart's last theft, but this time Bart wasn't doing it for himself; it was for his friend, for his life.

Bart set off.

The audience's hearts were in suspense. As the music grew more stirring, it seemed Bart was no longer a sneaky rat but a striding lion. He was going to save his friend, even if it meant committing this unjust deed.

In the story of "Wandering Rat," this was the first time Bart fought for someone else; some in the audience even cheered.

The stage lights dimmed, Bart moved quietly in the shadows, but then another beam of light swept toward him. Fortunately, he dodged in time, avoiding detection.

"Where the hell is that damned rat?"

The music turned oppressive, and Brey appeared on stage, playing the role of the factory guard.

When Bart was a thief, Brey was his adversary, possessing a strong sense of justice and always wanting to catch Bart, yet Bart always managed to escape. However, when Bart returned to being an honest worker, they were friends, often having a drink after work. Brey would often drunkenly tell Bart how much that thief who frequently visited the factory deserved to die.