

Endless 145

Chapter 145: Curtain Call_2

Whenever Bart talked about these things, he could only laugh awkwardly. Brey didn't know that the thief he had been trying to catch was right in front of him, they had just toasted and drunk together.

Bart took a deep breath, he knew he absolutely couldn't be caught by Brey. Even though they were friends, Brey would hand him over for the sake of his principles, and then Bart would go to prison, and his friend couldn't survive.

He didn't have many close people, only a few friends, sometimes he felt Brey was one of them. Bart didn't want to confront his friend, nor let his friend die of illness.

Bart had to succeed.

The audience's hearts tightened, the music became urgent, dense drumbeats sounded, Bart and Brey's figures crossed back and forth several times narrowly, one turn would reveal the other.

Bart was sneaky, Brey was furious.

Finally, Bart pried open the boss's safe and took out bundles of cash. His friend was saved, but at this moment, footsteps approached, light shined through the corridor into the room, Brey stood at the door holding a baton.

The entire theater was silent.

"I finally caught you."

Brey's voice trembled a little, he was too excited, this story finally reached its ending.

The light illuminated Bart, he wore a hood, before he could do anything, Brey swung the baton and rushed over. Bart was clearly no match for Brey, after several struggles, he was controlled by Brey.

Remove the hood.

"Bart!"

Brey shouted incredulously, unable to connect his honest friend with the insidious thief before him.

"No...don't look at me..."

Bart hunched his shoulders, avoiding Brey's gaze, both fell into silence, only the sound of hearts beating remained in the dimness.

"Come with me, Bart, you've done wrong."

Brey tried to calm his complex emotions, upholding his inner justice.

Hearing this, Bart smiled bitterly, knowing Brey was a righteous person, even if he was his friend, he would uphold his duty.

"No, this isn't for myself, it's for my friend, he's dying, he needs this money."

Bart argued, looking at Brey pleadingly.

Brey's eyes trembled with a bit of anticipation, but he still kept a cold face, as if wearing an iron mask.

Yes, say something more, Bart, quickly, say something more.

Brey's heart pleaded, he knew the next part of the story, Bart would pour out his soul to him, and just Brey's justice would be moved by Bart, covering up his theft.

Ultimately Bart would save his friend, and the thief's career would end here, it would be a secret between him and Bart.

After delivering the next lines, the story would reach its conclusion, as long as Bart completed the final monologue, everything would end, ending the story.

Bart raised his head, looked straight at Brey, wanting to say something, David's last hum echoed in his mind.

He could hardly bear it.

"I know, I know you're a righteous person, you won't let me go, but this is for my friend."

Bart said by a strange coincidence.

Brey couldn't comprehend these lines, he was completely stunned, the script wasn't like this.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I cannot go to prison, my friend is still waiting for me."

The voice grew more urgent and frantic, Brey looked at Bart, tears streamed down his face, eyes flashing with struggle and panic.

The conflict of identities had exhausted this pitiful man, Brey's appearance completely crushed his spirit, at this moment he was like a paranoid madman, the next second raised a gun aiming at Brey.

Damn it, there wasn't supposed to be a gun in the stage props, and from the metallic sheen, Brey could be certain, this was a real gun.

Brey's mind went blank, he could never have imagined that in his lifetime he'd be aimed at with a real gun on stage, he couldn't say a word.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

Bart continued speaking, tremblingly pulling the trigger.

Ear-piercing gunfire rang out, rendering everything into shocking silence.

The audience did not scatter and flee, Kedening's performance was too immersive, this impromptu shooting seemed like part of the act to them, but every actor knew, this scene wasn't in the script.

Brey's body went limp, collapsing on the ground, the bullet hole landed in front of him, inches from piercing his body.

Looking at Bart, he gazed at himself, then at the gun in his hand, eyes dazed.

"No, no, no!"

Bart rushed forward in a state, grabbed Brey's body in his arms, Brey didn't dare resist, Kedening was already insane in front of him.

He picked up Brey's body, crying and laughing.

Bart killed another friend for the sake of his friend, only realizing he was deep in the mire and unable to extricate himself when he pulled the trigger.

The story's trajectory spiraled out of control, the actors couldn't bring down the curtain, dragging Kedening off-stage, such an important day, this happening was a fatal blow for the little theater.

Stop Kedening? Who dared? Now he held a real gun, people began to suspect Kedening was insane, it seemed becoming crazy suited the endings of these artists.

Is this your final monologue? Brey thought to himself, Kedening ruined everything.

No one knew what Kedening was thinking, he himself didn't know either.

He was too engrossed in playing Bart, it could be said Bart was himself, stuck between "Common Sense" and "Man-eater", now punishment was chasing these villains, wielding an Iron Hammer to nail them to the Cross.

"Who...am I really?"

Bart murmured to himself, placed the stolen money on his friend's bedside, still asleep, face filled with pain.

Thief, worker, killer, or...

He couldn't think clearly, nor was there a need to think so finely.

At dawn, Bart walked disoriented towards the end of the alley, his figure gradually disappearing.

Soon after, the gunshot sounded.

The performance ended, after a brief delay, lights gradually lit up, the theater brightened, actors walked onto the stage.

Kedening made a mess of the show, but at least the story ended, they continued acting, trying to stall until the audience left.

Some were already prepared to report afterwards, others glanced at Kedening, thinking of ways to snatch the gun from his hand.

As for Kedening, he merely stood blankly on stage, facing the audience, mind blank.

The audience watched expressionless, Brey thought it was over, the reputation Wandering Rat painstakingly built was completely ruined by Kedening, he even contemplated resigning, whether to change careers, being an actor was too terrible, unsure when a gun might be pointed.

After an unknown period of silence, thunderous applause erupted.

The audience rose standing, giving applause and cheers to Kedening, he breathed life into Bart's character, the madness and confusion of identity chaos, the conflict amid a friend's death.

Everyone was moved by the superb performance, even forgetting this was originally a comedy.

But no one knew, this wasn't acting, it was merely genuine emotion.

Bart was Kedening, Kedening was Bart.

The actors were stunned by the audience's reaction, then everyone realized, with smiles, bowing and thanking, only Kedening looked out of place, standing dazed among the crowd.

Kedening looked with bewilderment, unclear on what they were happy about.

His mind was chaotic, countless illusions flashed before his eyes,

Today was supposed to be Kedening's happiest day, but it turned into Hell.

Kedening's only friend was dead, the story was indeed a story, he couldn't save him, a huge conspiracy loomed over him, the Death God called Order Bureau was close at hand.

Numerous hateful faces smiled, loudly cheering his name.

How strange, he was dying of grief, but those people were celebrating as if it were a festival.

Kedening thought and thought, and laughed along with them.