

Endless 151

Chapter 151: Private Life

Opening his eyes, a new day began. Bologue slowly got up, rubbing his temples vigorously to try and alleviate the fatigue in his mind.

Bologue had a strict biological clock, and he slept very little, but that didn't mean he didn't need rest. Last night, by the time he got home, it was already very late. After sleeping only a few hours, he woke again, his whole body filled with exhaustion from the earlier confrontation with the Condenser.

"Ah..."

Bologue let out a big yawn, looking out at the morning from the window, his gaze somewhat vacant, lost in thought.

After getting dressed, Bologue sat on the sofa, turning on the radio to wait.

"Hello listeners! I'm Dudel, your twice-a-day loyal friend. Welcome to this program!"

The familiar voice sounded. The radio show had unmistakably become a part of Bologue's daily life.

As the songs played, Bologue closed his eyes in contemplation.

He felt a bit hungry, but instead of a physical hunger, it was a hunger of the soul, the insidious disease known as Bulimia Nervosa stirring within.

Ever since the implantation ritual, Bologue had been in a state of constant hunger, with a periodic discomfort emanating from his organs, a feeling long-unfamiliar that was unsettling yet nostalgic.

On one hand, the pain brought by Bulimia Nervosa, and every time this hunger arose, it seemed to remind Bologue, in another way, that he was a debtor, a pitiful soul-seller.

Taking a deep breath, he worked hard to calm the anxiety and hunger. Bologue was grateful he hadn't completely sold his soul and thus hadn't fallen to become a Demon.

Though his soul was fractured, it was not entirely overtaken by Bulimia Nervosa, much like a person on the verge of bestial transformation, Bologue could still maintain his sanity.

Previously, Bologue pondered whether Soul Shards, since they could be converted into Ether, could Ether in turn convert back into Soul Shards? Or rather, could Ether be fully converted into a complete soul?

He looked at the few books on the short table; these were borrowed from the Order Bureau's library, books that Geoffrey had previously mentioned to him: "Ethereal Theory" and "Soul Science".

Bologue possessed a strong thirst for knowledge, and in order to unravel these mysteries, he would flip through these two books whenever he had time.

The contents of the books were obscure and difficult to understand, but fortunately, Bologue was not someone who would easily give up. After some time reading, he barely understood a small portion of the content, and then he discovered the problem.

When Demons devour souls, the souls only temporarily control the Bulimia Nervosa, but soon these souls would Fade Away, causing the Bulimia Nervosa to surge again.

However, Bologue's case of Bulimia Nervosa was somewhat abnormal. The Soul Shards he accumulated were masterless and tetherable "Golden Souls", and logically these Soul Shards should not autonomously Fade Away, yet after the implantation ritual, Bologue could feel the gradually intensifying hunger.

Previously, he hadn't noticed because he had enough Soul Shards, and coupled with hunting Demons endlessly, this consumption could hardly draw his attention, but now as he restarted, these feelings became increasingly noticeable.

Soul Shards didn't Fade Away, but they were still consumed.

Bologue suspected whether his different form of Bulimia Nervosa truly qualified as "Bulimia Nervosa"?

The Soul Shards bore the brunt of the Bulimia Nervosa's effects, and whenever there was an empty, restless agitation, the Soul Shards would be consumed to soothe the agitation.

The more he understood his various abnormalities, the more depressed Bologue felt, realizing that if Soul Shards were consumed to alleviate the emptiness, then he couldn't use this method to restore his soul entirely.

The Soul Shards within him were constantly consumed, and regardless of how many Soul Shards Bologue plundered, they would ultimately be depleted by the restless void.

Composing himself, Bologue gazed at his reflection in the mirror. It sounded bad, but indeed, Bologue was moving toward the truth, and as an Undead, he had ample time to uncover all of this.

Standing by the door, Bologue hesitated for a few seconds, a hint of conflict in his expression, but fortunately, he was not indecisive. He soon made up his mind, picking up the keychain, and inserting an ancient key into the lock of the door.

...

When Bologue walked through the door with the "Key of the Crooked Path", he nearly fell to his knees, his stomach roiling with waves of nausea as if his internal organs were twisted and rearranged.

Using the "Key of the Crooked Path" multiple times in a short period had such effects, and the symptoms intensified with each use. Fortunately, being an Undead, Bologue didn't worry about any fatal symptoms, allowing him to use it recklessly.

"Where is this?"

The surroundings were pitch black, and Bologue remembered Geoffrey's previous words about this ghostly place having some problem, with a different door opening each time he arrived. Last time, he emerged from a wine cellar, and Bologue wasn't sure where this time would lead.

The scent of alcohol mixed with perfume greeted him, along with the faint sound of snoring. Unsettled, Bologue groped around, finding a switch on the wall. Pressing it, the world around him lit up instantly.

Bologue found himself in a bedroom; he hadn't imagined opening a door in such a place, unsure where he would emerge next time, perhaps a bathroom.

He was immediately struck by a sense of opulence; as the lights came on, he could see everything in the room clearly. Above him hung a crystal chandelier, the walls were adorned with paintings by famous artists, and the furniture was all of solid wood... Peculiarly, this bedroom had no windows.

Scattered on the floor were bottles and clothes, mostly women's clothing, with a few high heels lying haphazardly nearby.

Bologue shifted his gaze to the large enough bed, where a familiar face groggily sat up from amidst the women's embrace.

"Who is it?"

Serey groggily looked at Bologue, alcohol further lowering already unimpressive intelligence. The two stared at each other for a good minute before Serey realized who was standing in front of him.

Then...

"Ah!"

Serey screamed, grabbing the blanket and hastily covering his chest.

"Even though we're good brothers, there are some things between good brothers that just aren't acceptable!"

The former Night Race Lord, now head of the Undying Club, the mysterious and powerful undead, Serey Villeries, was yelling like a little girl who had been groped by Bologue.

Bologue picked up a bottle from the floor and hurled it at Serey. After a scream, Bologue picked up another bottle and walked to Serey's bedside.

He stared directly at Serey.

"Have you sobered up now?"

"I have, I have."

Serey quickly nodded, glancing sideways at the women on the bed. Rarely, he showed an embarrassed expression and then continued speaking.

"Three minutes, give me three minutes."

Three minutes later, Bologue sat on a high chair, with Serey, dressed in sleepwear, mixing drinks behind the bar.

"Is this place also a 'Void Realm'?"

After a brief silence, Bologue suddenly asked. Just coming out of Serey's bedroom, Bologue was greeted by a spiral staircase, resembling the trunk of a tree, extending into different floors and corridors.

This place was much larger than it appeared from the outside, just like the "Cultivation Room."

"More or less, with a 'Void Realm' it's easier to move around."

Serey casually confirmed this.

This was, after all, the Undying Club, a place where a group of undead indulged in pleasures. Its history was older than many renowned modern buildings, so it was not surprising for secrets and mysteries to be hidden here. If this place were just run-of-the-mill, it would rather arouse Bologue's suspicion.

"Do you normally live like this?" Bologue's tone was complex.

"Everyone loves me, and I love everyone." Serey beamed.

"..."

Bologue couldn't be bothered to comment on Serey's personal life. Considering the idle nature of these undead, nothing they did was surprising.

"Are you deceiving them, then drinking their blood?" Bologue asked.

"No, I haven't drunk human blood in a long time."

Upon discussing this, Serey unexpectedly turned serious, never joking about such matters.

"Then how do you restrain your Bloodthirsty Syndrome?" Bologue asked again, "Do you drink rabbit blood or something?"

"Bloodthirsty Syndrome and Bulimia Nervosa are different, though they are quite similar. Usually, I concoct some potions for myself, the main ingredient being 'Mang Silver Soul,' with a bit of blood mixed in."

As Serey spoke, he began mixing drinks, though it was unclear what he added. A glass of crimson liquid appeared in front of them, silver glints swirling within.

"One great advantage of being undead is that we have enough time to learn anything we wish to understand."

"Are you also an Alchemist?"

"Not quite, just a dabbler... Over the years, I've relied on this to suppress Bloodthirsty Syndrome. Even though 'Mang Silver Soul' doesn't compare to 'Golden Soul,' it's enough to ease the pain."

Serey downed the glass in one go, a rare blush appearing on his pale cheeks.

"Is that why you came today?"

"..."

Bologue remained silent, filled with doubt.

Both suppressing Bloodthirsty Syndrome and soothing Bulimia Nervosa share a common factor— involving the consumption of souls. Although the methods differ slightly, they only postpone the pain, not resolve it completely.

"It's like a strange motivational force, urging one to obtain more and more souls, otherwise facing inner torment."

Bologue said.

He recalled the properties of the "Golden Soul," where human souls can only be bound by Blood Contracts. When consumed by a demon, they're only temporarily restrained and will eventually Fade Away.

"But do those devoured souls really Fade Away? Or do they..."

Bologue did not finish the sentence.

"Who knows? This world is vast and full of mysteries, like the demons," Serey surprisingly looked open-minded, "Luckily, as undead, we might have the chance to see the truth surface one day."

Serey leaned down, his scarlet eyes emanating a wicked aura.

"Those favored by demons, even the resulting Bulimia Nervosa is different."