

Endless 158

Chapter 158: Unbearable

Looking at those thick diaries, one after another, they carry so much, lying quietly within this city during Bologue's hunt for slaughter, always waiting.

Next door, the sound of a man and woman arguing breaks out, clearly penetrating through the wall, while on the other side, the television blares, with the host endlessly talking amidst the aggressive music.

This world is so noisy, so vast, yet completely unrelated to Bologue. He seems hidden in the shadows of the world, unseen by anyone, as if he never existed.

Just like a slowly decaying corpse, covered with grotesque growths, maggots crawling, laying dense clusters of eggs, viscous liquid oozing from wounds, pooling everywhere...

Bologue doesn't know how long he's been lying like this, feeling nothing, thinking nothing, as if everything beneath the shell—organs, flesh, soul—has been emptied out.

Just like an empty shell.

This feeling is quite familiar, as if returning to that dark, sunless prison.

Back then, he was the same, just lying there, long, long without getting up, as if completely defeated by this crazy world, unable to rise again once fallen.

So... to concede defeat? Bologue Lazarus.

"No."

A raspy voice squeezes out between his teeth as Bologue strains to stand against the wall, like a patient completely drained of strength.

His eyes are bloodshot, face pale with an unhealthy pallor.

Bologue staggers to the mirror, hands bracing the wall, struggling not to fall, raising his head, staring at his grim reflection.

Black hair falls disorderly, shattering the green eyes into countless fragments. He reaches out to touch the mirror, feeling a cold chill instead.

Suddenly, Bologue bursts into laughter, laughing uncontrollably, like a madman, the manic laughter rattling his body. He doubles over, coughing loudly, ultimately producing guttural growls as if vomiting.

"Ha... ha..."

After painful gasps, Bologue forces himself upright, face regaining composure, numb to the extreme.

Out of the corner of his eye, he observes outside the window; the sky is pitch black, so profoundly dark as if all the world's light had been stolen tonight, leaving only unknowable darkness consuming people's remaining sanity.

"This isn't right, is it? Bologue."

A voice lingers in his mind.

"Why has it come to this?"

Eerie, fragmented whispers persist, as if unseen phantoms cling to Bologue, confiding unsettling syllables into his ear.

Bologue's expression remains unchanged; next moment, his face contorts fiercely, drawing a folding knife from his waist, the sharp icy gleam extending, pointed directly at his mirrored self.

"I've found you, bastard, you're doomed."

He issues a series of hoarse laughs, yet the fiend in the mirror also laughs manically.

Bologue's smile freezes, dejectedly sheathing the folding knife, then swinging it out again, hacking at his reflection.

"Haha! You're here!"

In crazed tones, the mirror shatters, as if the folding knife would pierce through reality, slaying the lurking fiend.

The fiend's visage explodes into thousands of shards, scattering everywhere, emitting a crisp ringing sound.

Looking down, like a kaleidoscope, Bologue's figure is fragmented into countless pieces, myriad reflections shifting and rotating, like countless branches, each representing a life never explored.

The burning flames gradually wane.

Emotionlessly, Bologue regains composure, as if he wasn't the one executing such a neurotic act just now.

Removing the absurd sweater, Bologue neatly folds it, placing it alongside the organized diaries, gazing at the yellowed group photos, fingertips gently brushing across faces, memories flooding his body like tides.

Finally, Bologue picked up Adelle's necklace, hesitated briefly, but still wore it around his neck.

Bologue does not believe in gods, but he chooses to believe in Adelle, who transcended time and space, giving him warmth.

Opening the wardrobe, Bologue does not select his usual clothes but a black work suit, also a uniform issued by the Order Bureau, albeit lacking refinement and elegance, worn rarely by Bologue.

No need to care about that right now.

"Adelle, like you said, you have no power to save everyone, neither do I. We're both pitiable mortals, our power is limited, unable to reach distant places."

Bologue softly speaks, putting on the pitch-black work suit, pocketing folding knives one after another, donning the Arm of Adaptation on his left arm, tightening the strap to fit snugly against his skin.

"But powerless to touch doesn't mean not doing it."

He affirms while slotting piece after piece of steel plate into the suit's grooves. These plates were materials Bologue used for practicing Secret Energy at home.

"First strike those I can see, the invisible ones will come later, as I have almost infinite time."

Sitting down, Bologue arranges his lower body, inserting sharp Flying Knives into the outer side of his calf, fastening the latches to secure them.

After all is done, Bologue fully armed, rises upright.

"I know what kind of person I want to become, Adelle."

He spoke to the void, as though confessing.

"I want them to feel panic and fear just thinking about sharing the same city with me. I want every perpetrator of evil to dread my presence with a heart full of fear.

Upon hearing my voice, they'll wail; seeing my figure, they'll tremble; when I approach, they'll only beg for my mercy."

Bologue stood up again, his voice simmering with rage.

"You long for that all-encompassing strength that brings justice to everyone. Unfortunately, such power doesn't exist. But I think I can become it—if only a clumsy imitation, if only affecting this city.

Despite being so insignificant, it will truly exist."

He reached into his pocket, feeling the cold chill of the metal, knowing what he had to do next.

"I must go now, Adelle."

Bologue bade farewell.

"Doing what I must do, becoming who I must become."

...

The urgent knocking woke Vincent. The old man slowly crawled out of bed, cautiously grabbing the pistol by his bedside.

Shenbei District's security wasn't good, not to mention Vincent's little shop that operated until late at night. There were always desperate folks trying to break into his house at night for a hefty payday.

Vincent walked to the iron gate, opened the small window, and through the gap, recognized the visitor.

"Bologue?" Seeing a familiar face, Vincent breathed a sigh of relief, put the gun aside, and turned to go to the shelves. "The same old, huh? So why did you get off work so late again, was it overtime?"

Just like usual, Vincent chatted with Bologue, but this time, Bologue was slow to respond. Vincent looked warily at Bologue, noticing a troubled face.

"What happened, Bologue?" Vincent asked, puzzled.

"Nothing, Vincent; I'm not here to buy those things today," Bologue lowered himself, "I want some 'non-sale items.'"

Upon hearing "non-sale items," Vincent's expression grew serious, his tone heavy, "Did you run into trouble?"

Bologue didn't answer.

"No... no way, Bologue. Listen to me, go to the police, don't try to solve this yourself; it'll only harm you."

Vincent hurried to the small window to persuade Bologue.

Bologue smiled, somewhat embarrassed, and said.

"Sorry, I lied to you before. Actually, my new job..."

Bologue didn't continue; there wasn't always a need to speak too plainly, especially to Vincent, this old fox could easily guess what was going on.

"This disappoints me a little." Vincent's tone turned cold.

"Vincent, remember the person I often mentioned to you? The one named Adelle," Bologue continued, disregarding Vincent's reaction, "She actually died months ago, murdered. I've been investigating the killer's identity."

A green gaze looked at Vincent through the small window as Bologue continued.

"Now I know who he is, and tonight, I will kill him."

Vincent fell silent, not expecting Bologue to give such a reason. After a long while, he sighed softly.

The small window closed, and the iron gate clanged with the sound of metal. Vincent reached out to open the iron gate, stepping aside to clear the way.

"I'll make an exception just this once."

At some point, Vincent had put a cigarette in his mouth, with a gloomy gaze.

"Thank you," Bologue expressed gratitude.

Vincent locked the iron gate and turned off the lights, from the street view this place blended into the dark of night.

The old fellow walked ahead, traversing numerous shelves, leading Bologue into the basement where few guests could enter. Vincent, a solitary old fellow, disliked guests.

Bologue stood at the doorway waiting, as Vincent reached out to open several cabinets, pulling out retractable shelves, unfolding them along with their contents.

The old man turned back to the stretching racks, resembling a Villainous Angel spreading its wings, except the wings weren't white feathers but various types of firearms and melee weapons.

He coughed a few times; Vincent's lungs weren't fit for smoking.

"What do you need?"

Looking at this broken man, Vincent didn't know what Bologue had been through, but he knew one thing.

This man stood up; he could endure no more.