

Endless 159

Chapter 159: Mountains Give Way, The Sea Will Divide a Narrow Path

From small handguns to high-powered rifles, sharp short axes to fierce long knives, various weapons filled the shelves. Even Bologue was somewhat surprised, knowing Vincent's old trade, but he hadn't expected him to stockpile so much.

It was practically a small arsenal, and this arsenal was right across from his house, so brazenly open on the street.

"Back when I worked for the company in the Great Rift, I wasn't a miner, but part of the security division, fighting those lunatics at Forsaken Crossroad every day."

Vincent took a big drag of his cigarette, his old eyes no longer clouded, carrying a hint of excitement.

"These count as my collection, but it's a pity I never knew how to deal with them. They're easy to get caught by the Sheriff, so they've just been stockpiled here."

Vincent complained.

"Life is indeed not that simple. I was only good at fighting when I worked, but I'm clueless about the simplest trades, money laundering. So I can only guard these things, doing some small business."

Bologue flipped through the weapons, just as Vincent said, they're all old models, but they still work.

"My shooting skills are terrible, so I need something I don't have to aim much with, plenty of enemies, preferably with great power to knock down a bunch with one shot."

Bologue stated his needs.

"Then you might want to try this."

Vincent walked to the shelf and casually picked up a gun, handing it to Bologue.

"A pump-action shotgun produced by Bei Yun Industry, requiring no precise aiming, just having the enemies in the vicinity of your gun is enough. It's extremely powerful, the shattered pellets can easily penetrate a human body, like being baptized by a torrential rain, hence it's also called 'Iron Rain'.

Bologue set up the shotgun, striking a shooting posture. His shooting might be dreadful, but he did serve in the military, handling firearms was no difficulty for Bologue.

"These are all old models, but killing doesn't have much to do with the model being new or old, right."

Vincent remarked, picking up another short-barreled shotgun.

"If your accuracy is poor, then just use shotguns for everything, treat it as a close-range Warhammer, press it against the enemy, and pull the trigger."

Bologue nodded, took the short-barreled shotgun, and holstered it in the strap on the outside of his thigh.

His black work clothes weren't fully equipped, which was originally reserved for Vincent.

"Honestly, I still don't want to give these things to you; it feels like violating my principles," Vincent muttered, "I only sell to those who need them."

"Like whom?"

Bologue picked up the waist pouch, filled it with ammunition.

"Like some women, when they need something to protect themselves, I'll put a gun in their bag," Vincent said after glancing at Bologue, "This is the first time I've sold weapons to an assassin."

"Thinking that someone might die because of my weapons, it's quite a psychological burden."

"Then why sell to women?" Bologue asked.

"Well, if it can protect those women, I don't mind bearing some psychological burden," Vincent smiled as he exhaled a smoke ring, exuding a hint of gentlemanly aura.

"Don't worry, Vincent, I'm not a killer. Right now... right now, I'm just an ordinary person. Someone killed my friend, and I want him to pay, that's all," Bologue said calmly.

"I hope so."

Vincent didn't say anything further.

Sorting everything out, feeling so heavy all over, it reminded Bologue of his military days. Back then, he was also like this, fully equipped, holding weaponry charging towards the enemy positions.

Only this time, he was alone.

"Thanks, Vincent."

Bologue said, placing a wad of cash on the counter. It was all his belongings, used to buy these weapons. Bologue thought it should be enough, but he couldn't provide more if it wasn't.

"Are you fighting for the sake of justice?" Vincent asked.

"I think so."

"That's nice. There's a saying back in my hometown; when someone acts for justice, the whole world will help him. The mountains will make way, the seas will part a path, even Death will halt the Scythe, waiting till he's finished everything to swing it again."

"You're from the Kagader Empire?" Bologue had heard of this saying.

On the battlefield, those officers would shout this phrase, raising the Military Saber, charging madly towards the gunfire. They believed themselves to be fighting for justice, so the whole world would help them, making them invincible, even cannon fire couldn't shake them.

In reality, they were blown to bits; Bologue had witnessed all this firsthand because the positions they charged were precisely what Bologue was defending.

Everyone fought for the sake of justice; everyone died for the sake of justice.

"Sort of," Vincent said, tossing a can of beer to Bologue, "This is on me."

"If Adelle is as you described, she was indeed a good person. For a good person's death, you're angered; that is an act of justice, Bologue."

Vincent's words came from afar; he wished him well.

"Let the mountains make way, let the seas part into narrow paths!"

Bologue waved as he walked briskly through the quiet streets. As an expert, he never drank before working.

But today, this wasn't work; it was a personal vendetta, and Bologue unceremoniously drank all the alcohol, crushed the can, tossed it casually into the street corner's trash can.

With alcohol soaked in, every nerve cheered; he couldn't wait to insert the gun barrel into the enemy's mouth.

Previously, Bologue could somewhat endure, waiting for the Crow's Nest's investigation. But after reading Adelle's diary, Adelle's gentle words completely shattered Bologue's emotions.

Bologue could no longer tolerate; he had to act, stopping for nothing.

The Order Bureau couldn't find the King's Secret Sword's whereabouts, then he would; every passing second, those damn guys could take Adelle's soul and flee the city.

Lebius might talk about the Order Bureau's rules and regulations, advising himself to wait and then wait again, endlessly.

Bologue has waited enough; he waited long enough while in the Black Prison.

Now he doesn't care about anything, just like during those conversations with Adelle. When someone steps onto a battlefield and becomes bloodthirsty, there's no reasoning with them.

No need for reasoning, no need for waiting, and no need for any enlightenment.

Now, all that's needed is action.

Efficient, swift, and deadly action, like a focused hunter, a silent assassin, and a cold-blooded expert.

Bologue is in a great state now, just as Vincent said, the whole world will help him tonight.

Whether gods or dark forces, they will all reach out a helping hand.

Bologue knew it from the start.

He hummed a cheerful tune, striding towards the red telephone booth on the street.

Stepping inside, Bologue flipped through the phone book, the pages flying by swiftly, and the dense phone numbers disappeared one by one, leaving only a single line of text in the center when the book was blank.

Welcome.

Welcome to whom? Himself?

Bologue chuckled, reached into his pocket, and touched that cold object.

"Is this my lucky coin?"

Bologue picked up the gleaming Mammon Coin; this was the beginning of his revenge tonight, the key to open the door of blood.

It's as if a sinister will manipulates everything from the shadows, driving Bologue towards its desired path. Bologue detests this feeling of being manipulated.

But he must admit, it succeeded.

Tonight is an exception; Bologue will not refuse any of its demands, as long as it allows the guilty to pay with blood.

Taking a deep breath, Bologue inserted the Mammon Coin into the coin slot, then picked up the phone.

He didn't dial the number, but after a brief noise, the call was connected, and a deep, elegant voice sounded.

"Mr. Bologue Lazarus."

There was a smile in his voice.

"I knew we would meet again."

A strange, cold sensation crept over his body, and the sound of ice formations continued as a thin layer of frost covered the glass of the telephone booth, then shattered loudly, falling as fine powder, fading away into the darkness.

Bologue turned around, not knowing when the door of the telephone booth had opened, and a red carpet stretched out from the darkness, extending all the way to the booth, while the familiar city was replaced by unknowable darkness.

Beams of light fell, but looking up, he couldn't see their source.

Bologue stepped onto the red carpet, and outside of it, everything was equally dark. Bologue even felt as if he were standing above the Abyss, the crimson red carpet beneath him like the Long Bridge spanning across the Abyss.

From the depths of the darkness emitted a burst of golden light, countless Mammon Coins piled together, high and towering like a hill, an immeasurable wealth, and the man sat beneath the hill.

A massive long table stood before him, covered with various documents, blueprints, and carving tools. The man seemed busy with something, the sound of tapping in his hands continuous.

Bologue slowly approached, on the other side of the long table, the man thoughtfully left a chair for him, and elegantly gestured to Bologue.

"Would you like something to drink?"

"No, thank you."

Bologue declined him.

Sitting on the chair, Bologue tried hard to observe the man, clad in a black suit, his physique and exposed skin were normal enough, but his head...

Bologue found it hard to describe that thing, like countless cables tangled together, winding layer upon layer around the man's head, completely covering it.

As if alive, the cables moved slowly, writhing like maggots and serpents, issuing eerie rustling sounds, as if cold scales were rubbing against each other.

From the back of the man's head, more cables extended out, hung high, and stretched into the infinite darkness, as though the man was merely a puppet on strings, controlled by a bizarre force from the depths of darkness.

Soothing music began to play from the phonograph, a woman softly singing sacred tunes, and waves of dazzling golden light reflected off the mound of Mammon Coins, painting a golden halo over everything in the darkness.

"You're not it."

Bologue spoke.

The man slightly tilted his head, although there was no face to be seen, Bologue could still feel the gaze from within, and Bologue candidly said.

"Although I have forgotten most of the transaction, I always had a premonition that when I met that Devil again, I would surely recognize it... you're not it."

"Hahaha, is that so?"

The man set down whatever he was busy with, rested his hands on the table, leaned forward, and looked at Bologue from across the table.

"I've wanted to meet you for a long time, Mr. Bologue Lazarus."

"Wanting to meet me? That's truly unsettling," he said, but from Bologue's eyes, there wasn't a hint of fear, "What for? My soul?"

A cold smile spread across his face, Bologue examined the Devil before him.

"If it's for a soul, it depends on whether you can offer a suitable price... Tyrant."