

Endless 160

Chapter 160: The Devils' Hunting Ground

"Soul?"

Bologue seemed to have told a joke, and the Tyrant burst into laughter.

The earth shook, and the entire dim space trembled violently, even the Mammon Coins piled up like mountains began to collapse.

As the Canyin coins rolled, Bologue saw the golden waves rising in the darkness, rising high and crashing down like waves, countless Canyin fell like heavy rain, scattering all over the ground with a clatter.

Collapsing, then rising again, repeatedly forming High Tower.

The serpents coiled on the head began to wriggle, and something struggled between the crossed gaps, soon scarlet bulges emerged from the seams, then burst into crimson pupils.

Pale whites of the eyes revealed blood-colored pupils, countless eyes split from the serpents, rapidly spinning to observe surroundings, then all stopped, gazing at Bologue.

A cold chill swept over Bologue's body, yet he was unmoved, with his cyan gaze fixed on the crimson multitude of eyes.

"Soul, huh? Quite an enticing proposal, Mr. Lazarus."

The Tyrant's voice carried a tone of greed, every eye seemed ready to open wide and devour Bologue.

"So are you tempted?" Bologue asked.

This was his first conscious attempt at a demonic transaction, and no one knew what these cunning and sinister beings might do.

Bologue was dancing with wolves, he might have hesitated in the past, but tonight was different, even if faced with the Death God's challenge, Bologue would not back down.

As long as someone reached out to help, Bologue did not care if they were deity or devil.

For an expert, this was irrational, but life filled with rational choices could be exceedingly dull, and if it was to reclaim Adelle's soul, Bologue didn't mind going crazy just this once.

"I am indeed tempted, but regretfully, the 'wish' you're making tonight doesn't require a soul as 'payment'."

The Tyrant held back his inner greed, speaking the truth to Bologue.

"Did I hear wrong? A greedy devil would refuse a soul?" The Tyrant's words surprised Bologue deeply.

"We are equals, Mr. Lazarus," the Tyrant explained, "Between 'value' and 'value,' an absolutely fair trade."

"I am indeed obsessed with your soul, but not vile enough to seize it like this."

"Yes, you only speak one truth after another, watching us step by step into the Abyss," Bologue said.

"But you always had the power to refuse," the Tyrant feigned innocence, "It is you who willingly walk into the Abyss, we... we merely gave a little push from behind."

He made the motion of pushing forward with his hands, then let out a horrifying laugh.

"Is this an excuse?"

"Just the heartfelt truth."

The Tyrant maintained his sincere stance, at least he felt he was sincere.

Just like Geoffrey had explained to him, this was the devil's demeanor, loyal to value, abiding by rules, yet beneath this seemingly absolute Order lay madness and chaos.

"You know what I want?" Bologue asked.

"Of course."

The Tyrant picked up a blank sheet, took up the pen, and wrote line after line of names on it, the sound of writing never ceased.

"Just like that night, you didn't refuse me, right?"

A sharp pain struck, like needles pricking his arm, and Bologue shivered. That night, he should have discarded the Mammon Coin, but inexplicably kept it...

The Tyrant seemed to know what Bologue was thinking, constantly mocking him with piercing laughter.

"You see, I merely gave you an opportunity, it was you who seized it, you who needed me."

Under his words, the mountains of Mammon Coins trembled, all sounding like waves crashing, roaring continuously, recklessly in the dark.

"What must I pay?" Bologue asked softly.

He felt something strange at this moment, everything felt destined, as if from some time ago, fate's net had locked him into walking this rugged path.

"You've already paid, from the moment you took up the coin, from the moment you came to see me."

The Tyrant's words made Bologue uneasy.

"What... do you really want?"

If the Tyrant greedily sought Bologue's soul, it felt normal, but when the Tyrant wanted nothing and offered him help, Bologue felt profound unease.

Free things are the most expensive.

Bologue understood this truth, and precisely because of this understanding, the Tyrant in his eyes became increasingly distorted and grotesque.

As depicted on the Mammon Coin, countless lines, maggots, serpents, tangled together, what lay hidden beneath this darkness?

Bologue had already reached for the knife at his waist, uncertain if he could harm the Tyrant, but like the futile struggles of a drowning man, he couldn't just surrender.

"I only crave establishing a good relationship with you. Look, this relationship has now been achieved, an invisible thread connects us from the moment you need me; we are an alliance of vengeance.

I offer you a list of death, and you hold the blade, pursuing them like the Death God."

The Tyrant paused his writing, line after line of names recorded on the paper, this is the list of the Death God, and soon death will find each name on the list.

This is also what Bologue needs tonight. The Man-eater and King's Secret Sword might evade the Order Bureau's scrutiny, but he believes these people won't escape the Devil's sight.

These bizarre beings are so powerful, as if they are true deities.

"Speaking of which, Mr. Lazarus, you've always wanted to understand the content of your dealings, haven't you?"

The Tyrant spoke softly, his words full of allure; he knew all the secrets, nothing could escape his eyes.

"I might be able to offer you some advice."

Bologue paused, not responding immediately, but remained silent for a while.

"So that's how it is? Another trap, if I listen to the words that follow, it's bound to lead me into an even more terrifying abyss. But sadly, I seem to have no reason to refuse."

The Devils never lie, there's no need to worry about the authenticity of the information, but trusting the Tyrant's words, Bologue knows everything will slip into the abyss.

"You should pay more attention to the ground beneath your feet, Mr. Lazarus."

The Tyrant spoke, as if everything was premeditated, all things moving along preestablished paths, he merely had to reach out and manipulate them.

"Sixty-six years ago it was King Solomon's Holy City, sixty-six years later, here lies Oubos, an ancient land with too many secrets."

"This city is far from simple on the surface, and there's far more than an existence like me here."

Old words poured from his throat, bringing the stench of the rot of ages.

For a moment Bologue forgot to breathe, the Tyrant's final words almost pierced through to his heart.

"Far more than one..."

Bologue muttered dispassionately.

"City.

Mr. Lazarus, don't you feel 'city' is a very romantic, distorted, insane word?"

The Tyrant shouted loudly.

"The city is like manifested belief, a great and towering obelisk, a totem worshiped by people. It's forged from cold metal and solid concrete.

It is a collective consciousness, a twisted monstrous entity, an absurd and bizarre deity.

Humans nourish it, countless strangers come from afar, offering blood and life for it, and under human construction, it transforms into savage and bizarre spectacles.

The city grows ever more complex and immense, like a living beast, writhing its giant limbs, constantly eating, sprouting more grim gray concrete buildings, like spears piercing the sky, rising, collapsing, and rising again, ever closer to the heavens."

Amidst the resounding voice, the Tyrant's emotions grew more fervent, causing even the human form to begin twisting, arms burst from his back, waving like a cheering crowd.

Elbow joints split open, sprouting new arms, like branches of a lush tree, and on the new arms, elbow joints continue to generate new arms, all wildly waving, grabbing Canyin coins and raising them high.

"The city is the embodiment of human desires, it survives on human longing.

It voraciously consumes the foreigners within, from throat to stomach, blood to bone, until it bursts the body.

Driven by lust, the deranged people run recklessly beneath the massive corpse of the monstrosity, tearing their bodies apart for a more genuine pleasure.

Greed keeps people eternally hungry, never stopping, enticing countless people into the maw of the giant beast in pursuit of wealth, fighting endlessly over worthless items, easily selling even precious things.

Some people find despair within the beast, ceasing to struggle, allowing sloth to imprison the mind within decaying flesh, squandering time, waiting for death's arrival, watching helplessly as their body becomes part of the fetid decay.

Others will rage with hatred against everyone in despair, and the wild beast, this city, will fall into eternal anger, roaring and howling, bringing death and suffering until there's no one left in the world."

Countless arms, like tendrils, pressed against the ground, lifting the Tyrant's body high. He easily crossed barriers, coming to Bologue's side, thousands of arms descended, encaging Bologue's body, lifting him up.

"Envy hides within every heart, never allowing our souls peace. Even just a glimpse of that splendor is enough to drive us mad, but the saddest thing is, it's forever beyond our reach."

Sharp fingers tapped lightly on Bologue's heart.

"It's not humans parasitizing the city; it's the city parasitizing humans. Humans are merely servants, sacrifices, food for the city, yet arrogantly you think you are the masters of it?"

Scarlet hundreds of eyes stared at Bologue.

"The city is a tombstone built from human hearts, endlessly, aimlessly expanding."

The frenzied voice faded, and shortly afterward Bologue's response rang out.

"This land full of desire is your most perfect hunting ground."

The Tyrant merely spread his countless arms and cheered loudly.

"Welcome! Mr. Bologue Lazarus!

Welcome to this metropolis full of desire and frenzy!"