

## Endless 161

Chapter 161: Legendary

Bologue had flipped through many books related to the Extraordinary, such as "Ethereal Theory" and "Soul Science." Without exception, these books all mentioned the same name.

King Solomon.

He was a man reputed to be closest to the "Secret Source," a scholar nearly touching the truth. He established the Holy City on this ancient land, where countless scholars flocked like worshippers to join the pursuit of the "Secret Source."

Thus, the Holy City was also known as the City of Scholars, but sixty-six years ago, in the flames of war, the Holy City fell, and that man who understood the truth of this world the most died in his Golden Palace.

On this barren ruin, Oath City Opus was born.

But Bologue always had a lingering doubt in his mind, why here? Why is it here again?

This place marks the end of the conflict between the Rhine Alliance and the Kagader Empire and is now the center of the devilish onslaught, as if it were the convergence of ocean currents, where all evil and darkness ultimately flow.

Upon meeting the Tyrant, Bologue had considered the connection between the Devil and this city, wondering if all this conflict was caused by the existence of these devils.

The Devils, feeding on desire, lurk within this city, wantonly controlling the pathetic humans.

Now Bologue realizes this is wrong. The city's eeriness is not because of these devils but due to the mystery of this city, thus attracting the descent of demons.

This feeling is truly peculiar; you are in the midst of the mystery, living within it, blending with it, yet you can never touch the real side.

"This city is not eerie because of you... you too were drawn here by something, weren't you?"

Bologue gazes at the twisted existence before him and speaks.

"Who knows about such things?"

This was the first time the Tyrant gave such an ambiguous answer, the hundred arms lowered Bologue, letting him sit back on the chair while the bizarre body also lowered, the serpent-like head extending and falling before Bologue.

"I have been searching for someone, Mr. Lazarus, searching for someone for sixty-six years."

The Tyrant seems to be hinting at Bologue, deliberately emphasizing the time.

"Are you searching for me?"

"I'm not sure... it's hard to describe the person I'm looking for," the scarlet hundred eyes scrutinized Bologue, capturing every inch of his body, "At first, I also thought you were the one I was looking for."

The serpent-like head circled around, sniffing him like a beast.

"Your scent is off; you're not him, but you resemble him..."

Arms dropped from all directions, measuring Bologue's body personally.

"Forget it; I've waited a long time; I don't mind waiting a bit longer. Besides, our transaction is complete, and the connection established."

Another distorted arm reached out, slender nails pinching a list.

Bologue extended his hand to receive it, but at the moment of touch, the list burst into flames, scorching Bologue's palm. As the flames dissipated, names were tattooed into his flesh.

Penetrating flesh, sinking into the bone.

"Until dawn, it will guide you."

All arms retracted into the darkness, the twisted human shape returning to normal, the man standing elegantly before Bologue, as if the bizarre and loathsome spectacle was merely an illusion.

"Then, go hunt, Mr. Lazarus, your time is limited."

The ticking of the clock stirred in the darkness, midnight approaching, the deepest hour of darkness.

"Do you know the devil I traded with?" Bologue didn't leave immediately, glancing at the names burned into his palm, clenching his fist.

The man did not respond, standing statue-like, from the writhing twisted swarm of serpents, Bologue could feel a mocking gaze.

"Forget it, if you know it, tell it," Bologue turned, his words icy, "One day, I will reclaim it all."

The figure walked across the blood-red carpet, through rays of light, nearly merging with the darkness, stepping into the red phone booth when the man spoke.

"How pathetic, Mr. Lazarus."

His voice was filled with pity, but in Bologue's ears, it was only the scorn from a lofty height.

"Among you humans, isn't there such faith?

Good people ascend to the Celestial Kingdom, evil ones plummet to Hell."

The man stepped forward as if pursuing Bologue's stride, following his mind like a nightmare.

"Mr. Lazarus, you've already sold your soul, barely escaped the mire, yet now stepping back into it again.

Once again... trading with demons.

Aren't you afraid your soul will truly fall into Hell?"

The scarlet hundred eyes probing the mortal's spirit, the man eager to know if Bologue is truly as resilient as he seems, or if he's merely holding on.

As a devil, the man excelled at such offensives, identifying the flaws in the mortal's heart; a slight push and they'd collapse, turning into puppets in his hands.

The departing silhouette paused, Bologue turned back, a helpless smile emerging on his cold face.

"Are you talking about decline and Hell with a debtor?"