

Endless 162

Chapter 162: Legendary_2

He laughed endlessly, as if he heard a joke.

"It's too late to say these words, Tyrant. I haven't cared about them for a long time. Besides, I am the Undead, only destined to sink into the mortal world. Neither Hell nor the Celestial Kingdom will accept me."

Bologue spoke loudly, expounding his twisted logic.

"Moreover, someone like me who has sold his soul has long committed a heavy sin. If I am destined for Hell, why not commit monstrous sins and become a legend there?"

The man's laughter halted; he didn't expect Bologue to say such words.

"Or perhaps you mean that Hell is full of the wicked people I've slain, sharpening their weapons, waiting for the eternal torment of me?"

Bologue laughed even louder, his laughter cutting through the darkness, ridiculing the Devil in return.

"That's not quite right, is it? While alive, they avoided me, feared me, revered me. Would they suddenly find the courage to wield a sword against me after death in Hell?"

To Bologue, the man's words sounded utterly childish. He hadn't even considered that the Devil would say such things to him, finding it absurd.

"No, they would still be afraid, and even more afraid. They share tales of that horrible nightmare, the one that sent them to Hell.

The nightmare named Bologue Lazarus.

My notorious name will be sung in Hell; even the demons and monsters will fear this name, until the very depths of Hell, where the chief of sins shall also hear my name."

This was like a cold declaration, proclaiming an unquenchable anger, an uncompromising iron law of justice.

"It's truly heartbreaking, Mr. Lazarus.

A vengeful ghost consumed by rage, there is not a single tender place in your heart, and the world offers you no warmth. Perhaps you once had it, but it's long gone. Now, no one even prays for your fate."

The man still spoke with a desolate tone, as if sincerely saddened by Bologue.

Bologue's steps halted; he reached out to touch his chest, feeling the cross beneath his clothes.

"Someone will pray for me."

"Who?"

The man replied indifferently, considering it Bologue's reluctant self-defense.

"The wicked ones."

Bologue said amiably.

"The wicked ones will pray for me in Hell, pray that I continue to live, pray that I remain invincible, pray that I never come to Hell..."

They are well aware that when I reach Hell, it will mark the beginning of another eternal nightmare for them."

This time, the man replied no more, just staring at Bologue's figure with countless scarlet eyes, watching him until Bologue stepped into the red phone booth.

He was gone.

No one knew what the man was thinking. He returned to the long table, picking up a blueprint depicting the design of a Mammon Coin. The pattern had troubled him for a while, but now he had some ideas.

Picking up a rough coin, the man whispered softly.

"Surpassing life and death, the mortal world and the Celestial Kingdom..."

The surrounding darkness churned and coalesced. When light returned to this world, Bologue saw the familiar street through the glass.

He was back, returning from that strange space to Opus, or rather, he had never left this city. The space where the Tyrant resided must be somewhere within this city.

Before Bologue could leave, the crisp sound of metal echoed, and another Mammon Coin popped out of the coin return slot. But this time, Bologue didn't even glance at it, pushing the door open and leaving.

"Yo, Bologue."

A call rang out as a car stopped by the phone booth, as if waiting for Bologue. A man pushed open the car door and stepped out.

"Vika..."

Bologue recognized the bartender.

"The boss sent me to deliver this. Opus is vast, and there are many places you need to go tonight," Vika said, handing over a set of car keys. "The tank is full; you can drive, right?"

Bologue ignored him and instead asked, "Do you know who your boss is?"

"Does it matter? When I was desperate, he was the only one who lent a helping hand. That's enough." Vika answered calmly.

Bologue said no more, taking the car keys and getting into the car. The engine roared to life, this steel creation coming alive, its fiery blood flowing through its cold iron veins.

"Remember to turn on the radio. There's a little gift for you. Of course, it requires no payment."

Vika shouted into the car, unsure if Bologue heard. Before Vika could finish, the car shot out like a beast, racing down the street, like a lion set free onto the plains.

...

In the broadcast studio, Dudel sat in his familiar position, a script for tonight's radio show in his hands.

He looked up at the time; there were still a few minutes before the program aired. In the past few minutes, Dudel would carefully review the script or think about what to chat about during the broadcast.

But tonight, Dudel thought of nothing, his mind blank. He lit a cigarette and began to smoke on his own.

As a professional host, Dudel always felt that smoking in the sacred broadcast studio was a heinous act of desecration.

But now, Dudel had broken that rule himself, taking deep drags, trying to calm his emotions, reminiscing about the events of the day from time to time.

Even now, he felt like it was all a dream and a hallucination.

Dudel loved his radio show, but merely loving it was not enough to sustain it. The show's ratings were not high, and after several struggles, Dudel ultimately lost, and the station decided to cancel his show.