

## Endless 163

### Chapter 163: Legend\_3

This was Dudel's last time hosting "Gray Mist, Industry, and Delicious Shrimp Crackers." He desperately wrote his script, planning to make tonight his final celebration, cheering with his listeners until dawn, before being buried in an unknown grave.

All day long, Dudel had been sobbing with his assistant, exchanging heartfelt words as if they were going to face death resolutely after midnight.

In this sense, it wasn't all that different, just transitioning from a biological death to a career death.

But a phone call a few minutes ago turned the situation around.

At that moment, Dudel was sitting on the toilet when his assistant pried open the bathroom door and pulled him, still undressed, to the phone.

On the phone, his usually overbearing boss spoke like a well-behaved little boy, gently comforting Dudel, as if Dudel was his girlfriend during their honeymoon.

After layers of persuasion, the boss told him.

"An anonymous listener has sponsored your radio show. His only request is that you continue hosting and, when necessary, provide some song dedication services."

And so, an anonymous listener spent money to save this show. Dudel didn't know how much the anonymous listener spent, but judging by his boss's anxious attitude, it must have been an unimaginable amount.

According to his assistant, Dudel was stupefied when he hung up the phone, as if he had been diagnosed with a terminal illness, but the next second his expression turned carefree as if the terminal illness was just a misdiagnosis by the doctor.

Looking back now, at that moment Dudel felt like a lone knight on a battlefield a hundred years ago, ready for death, only to turn around and see flags flying on the hills.

Someone gave an order, and reinforcements, like frenzied shoppers during a supermarket sale, crushed the formidable enemies before Dudel.

Midnight arrived, and the clock chimed.

The microphone light turned from red to green. Dudel took a deep breath, tore up the despair-filled script before him, and laughed out his lines.

"Hello, listeners! I'm Dudel, your twice-daily loyal friend. Welcome to the show!"

Dudel's voice was more exuberant than ever, and he almost jumped up in the studio.

"I will be with you till the end of the world!" He waved his hand, and the torn paper fluttered like snow, "Rock and roll never dies!"

The silver car was like a sharp sword piercing the night, roaring and rampaging down the narrow street. Bologue gripped the heavy steering wheel, his foot never easing off the gas pedal. He was a skilled fast driver, although it had been a while since he last drove.

In the radio, Dudel's damn cheers echoed, and Bologue couldn't help but laugh along.

It was a night of cold revenge and a stranger's jubilation.

"Listener message!"

Dudel shouted into the microphone according to the instructions on the phone.

"Enjoy tonight's celebration, Mr. Lazarus!"

The list in his hand burned, reflecting beams of light in Bologue's eyes that guided him to the whereabouts of all his enemies.

The radio burst into song, and the agitated driver shouted along excitedly.

"No turning back!"

The car crashed through the locked barrier, and the guards were knocked down before they could react. Someone raised their gun, but the car door was already open. The man strode forward, pulling the trigger.

"Unstoppable!"

The gunshots rang out, and the relentless music resounded inside the car.

"On the road to Hell!"