

## Endless 196

Chapter 196: Prisoners\_2

It seems that even in the serious Order Bureau, there is still a group of interesting people.

"I don't want to be neighbors with Watt."

Another line of epitaph appeared before his eyes, the owner of the grave was a person named George.

Bologue couldn't understand the meaning of this epitaph, then he saw the tombstone next to George's, with the writing on it.

"Yo! Good morning! George!"

The owner of this tombstone is named Watt, Bologue was stunned for two seconds, then he understood its meaning and laughed.

He wandered for a long time, and there were benches for resting within the cemetery, Bologue sat on one and gazed at the sky.

Cemeteries always make people feel uneasy, but Bologue felt unexpectedly at ease here, perhaps because many interesting souls were buried here.

Footsteps sounded from afar, Bologue thought it was the gravekeeper, he looked over, but the approaching figure didn't look like a gravekeeper.

He was tall, his solid muscles completely filled out his clothes, though it was merely a black coat, he wore it like a suit of sturdy armor.

Bologue found it difficult to judge his age, the man's face bore the wrinkles of time, his beard and hair were silvery white, gold-framed glasses perched on his nose, and his eyes under the lenses were not at all clouded, but instead had a sharp edge.

Bologue suddenly realized why he couldn't judge the man's age; he looked like an old fellow, but it was only his body that had aged, his soul was still young, fiery and full of vitality.

No... even his body wasn't very aged, looking at those strong arms, he could shatter a tombstone with a single punch.

"Good morning, Mr. Lazarus."

The man greeted Bologue, he knew his name and casually handed over his business card.

Bologue was a little at a loss, but after seeing the name on the card, his eyes froze instantly, along with all the surrounding sunlight losing its warmth.

"Mind if I sit beside you?" The man inquired.

"I don't mind."

Upon hearing Bologue's response, the man smiled, and the originally wide bench became somewhat narrow when he sat down. The man reached into his inner coat pocket and took out a box of cigarettes.

"Want one?" The man asked.

"No, thanks."

Bologue declined the man's offer.

"I thought someone like you would enjoy smoking. Imagine, a face full of depth, enveloped in smoke... quite cool." The man chuckled.

"No, I only smoke in certain special situations," Bologue said.

"For example?"

"For example, if I kill some damned guy, I'll sit beside his corpse and have a smoke, or relieve stress during high pressure... This stuff is like alcohol, at certain times helping us unwind, but as an expert, one can't be too relaxed."

Bologue bought a pack of cigarettes and hadn't finished it for several months.

"Sounds pretty good, huh... really refreshing."

The man exhaled a large puff of smoke, his hand casually resting on the back of the bench, from the front it looked as if he were embracing Bologue.

"You should have read this book, right? Any thoughts?" Amidst the smoke, the man's face became blurred, and he added, "I'm not asking about opinions on electric guitars, more about something deeper, like... devils?"

"You're the one who gave me this book."

Upon hearing the man's words, the events connected together, Bologue looked at the man warily.

"Why? I thought you might like this book."

The man still carried that damned smile, he continued.

"You know, Mr. Lazarus, the vague connection between a debtor and a devil is real and can be used."

The man took the book from Bologue's lap, casually flipping through it, the pages turned rapidly, as if a frame-by-frame film reel were passing by.

Bologue wasn't sure if it was an illusion or if the book was designed this way, he saw a butterfly dancing amidst the turning pages.

"This connection can let the debtor know some things deliberately hidden by devils, because you yourself are connected with devils, you are their agents," the man flipped to a page, reading the words above, "Spirit Medium, Spiritual Vision or some other miscellaneous adjectives... Anyway, do you understand this feeling? Debtors can see things that only devils are supposed to see."

Bologue did not respond, the man watched his eyes with a satisfied expression on his face.

"Seems you have already experienced it, didn't expect your connection with devils to be so deep," the man continued to encourage, "Don't feel pressured, you sensed it too, the Order Bureau style is serious, but the employees can be humorous, I'm not as rigid as rumored."

"Be brave, speak out what you saw and know."

He spoke while patting Bologue's back, raised his arms and made a fist, confident.

"Rest assured, I wouldn't claim to be invincible, but here in Opus, not many can beat me, even against devils I can last a few rounds."

Bologue looked deeply at the man, thinking of the tombstones from earlier and the man in front of him who seemed serious yet not so serious, he felt like laughing.

As for the man's bold words just now... Bologue didn't think he was joking.

"Devils are prisoners of power, while debtors are the deputies outside the prison."

"That's right, expand your expert thinking, the next step should be easy to guess, right?"

The man continued to encourage Bologue, but as Bologue spoke these words, he had already sensed that surging sensation, the kind of bizarre twisted chill came again, Bologue couldn't see or touch it, but he could clearly feel the evil approaching.

In an instant, the sensation was shattered, another force descended upon here, Bologue turned his head, only to see the man still smiling at him, but this time there was a bit of golden glow in his eyes.

"Devils collect souls, endless souls."

Bologue recalled Geoffrey's doubts at the time, what are souls to devils really? Power? Food? Or maybe just some sort of collection fetish?

Now Bologue realized, no matter what souls are to devils, the only answer that could make a prisoner so crazily obsessed is this.

"Devils collect souls, contract debtors, constantly influencing the world's process in the shadows."

Bologue struggled to control his emotions, keeping himself calm.

"All this, only to escape a certain prison... a prison that has been holding devils since ancient times."

"Correct speculation!"

Nesanel Vaolet, Vice Director of the Order Bureau and Minister of External Affairs, gave Bologue a thumbs up.