

Endless 197

Chapter 197: Xia Yan

Bologue had heard many stories like this, about philosophers, inventors, and artists, who often created astonishing works in the most mundane circumstances.

Now Bologue somewhat understood this, on a pleasant morning, in a cemetery filled with interesting souls, he touched upon the truth about the devils.

Suddenly, for a few minutes, Bologue was a bit stunned.

"You can keep this book, after all, the library doesn't want it, they didn't even mark it with authority. You can take it home to prop up a table leg," Nesanel said, handing back the "Devil and Electric Guitar Operation Guide."

"We call the vague connection between debtors and devils 'umbilical cord,' just like the connection between a child and mother. As deputies, the debtors, to some extent, hold the devils' authority, becoming their incarnations in the mortal world."

"Under the 'umbilical cord' connection, we who hold devil authority can see what ordinary people cannot, right?" Bologue suddenly understood everything. "If an ordinary person reads this book, they should only see the electric guitar operation part, right?"

"Yes, but not entirely. Each person's spiritual vision varies; some won't react at all, but there's never a shortage of unlucky ones in this world, is there?"

Nesanel waved his hand.

"The 'umbilical cord' is both a connection and a qualification. As a devil's person, you must strive to break open the cage, whether you like it or not, fate will eventually lead you to the ultimate end."

"For the Order Bureau, the optimal solution would be to execute all debtors," Bologue said.

"How could it be? Do you know how long devils have existed? The history of devils is almost as long as human history, as if birthed by humanity itself... If they could escape the cage, some devil would have escaped over the vast stretches of time, but in fact, devils are all bound by their own power, none have escaped."

Nesanel said nonchalantly, "Don't worry, the world is quite safe now."

"But one day devils will escape this place, it's just a matter of time," Bologue said.

"Exactly! As expected of an expert, we need to take some countermeasures to fight against the unknown future."

Nesanel rubbed his hands together, his expression carrying a hint of mystery.

"For example, establishing an action group composed of debtors," Bologue continued, "preferably with an undead who can live a long time."

"I have high hopes for you," Nesanel gave Bologue a firm pat on the shoulder again.

"But I'm the debtor. This is like a self-fulfilling prophecy. Aren't you afraid that the measures you've set up might actually help the devils escape the cage?" Bologue questioned.

"I have thought about that, but every plan has its risks, doesn't it? More importantly, we've never really understood our enemy."

Nesanel looked at the book in Bologue's arms, he said self-mockingly.

"Do you think we know a lot about devils? We really don't know much."

After the fall of the Holy City, we've been studying how to contend with the King's Secret Sword. During this long time, we've been fighting in the shadows. When the threat of the devils became increasingly apparent, we realized how ignorant we were about these ancient beings.

Dealing with a completely unknown enemy, no matter how prepared you are, is futile, so the mission of the Special Operations Group is not just limited to that."

Nesanel discarded the cigarette butt, in the cemetery where tombstones stood tall, it was tranquil and serene.

"To defeat your enemy, you must first understand them.

You have an 'umbilical cord' with the devils, this invisible umbilical cord connects you with the devils, thus you are the most suitable to uncover the devils' secrets, you can see what ordinary people can't see, what they can't know."

This was Nesanel's real intention, Bologue was like a scout, recording the terrifying scenes unfolding in Hell without reservation.

"For example, this raid you pulled off was truly impressive, if every field staff were as great as you, we should have already eradicated the King's Secret Sword, right?

But I think, you managed to achieve all of this with the help of certain individuals, didn't you?"

Indeed, he couldn't hide the existence of the Tyrant from him, just as Bologue was about to explain, Nesanel's next words puzzled him even more.

"Well done! Now tell me about the matters related to that devil, we realized there is a devil present in Opus, but as you know, except for some evil rituals, we cannot proactively seek out devils."

Upon hearing intelligence related to devils, Nesanel's eyes lit up, continuously urging himself.

Bologue paused for a moment, revealing all the intelligence regarding the Tyrant, except for the strange words the Tyrant had once said to him.

The Tyrant was looking for someone, has been searching for a very long time.

"Is that so? That's quite some impressive intelligence, you see, aren't you doing a great job? Without any instructions, you've already successfully reached out to a devil."

"Why do I feel like you're more trying to create an undercover agent, infiltrating the devil's side?" Bologue said.

"There's nothing wrong with understanding it that way, see, you've already penetrated deep into the territory!"

Nesanel praised while whistling, he didn't seem like an old guy at all, Bologue suspected that when Palmer aged, he would probably become like Nesanel.

But even being so humorous, Bologue could still feel his imposing manner in his every move, his nonchalant attitude towards devils was backed by his own absolute power, which is why he was so confident.

"Back to the previous question, will you betray us, or will you fulfill the prophecy yourself?"

Nesanel shifted the tone of his voice, still wearing a gentle smile, but Bologue could sense the coldness beneath it.

"In fact, this isn't our first meeting, Mr. Lazarus. If you think carefully, you should remember me."

Listening to Nesanel's words, Bologue stared at Nesanel's face, and a past event crawled out from memories almost buried.

"It's you..." Bologue remembered.

"Yes, it's me, I was the one who welcomed you then," Nesanel was pleased that Bologue still remembered him, "I remember how you looked back then, so pitiful, just like a big dog soaked in rain, barely finding a place to seek shelter, only to be kicked away harshly."

"To be honest, I was very uneasy about you at the time, thinking you would surely fall into monstrosity, becoming a giant problem for me to solve."

But my friend trusted you a lot, so we made a bet on it, and ever since then I've been waiting in the office for news about you, guessing how many days you could hold up."

Nesanel shrugged; he lost the bet, yet he seemed very happy.

"Looking back now, you've completely exceeded my expectations, Mr. Lazarus. Not only did you not become a monster, but you also became one of the Hunters, potentially the best among us."

Nesanel reached out and grabbed the cross necklace hanging on Bologue's chest.

"I'm curious what caused such a transformation in you?"

Golden light stared at him. For a moment, Bologue felt as if he was being watched by a giant dragon.

"People are always stubbornly pursuing something; for some it's wealth, for some it's power, for some it's longevity."

Bologue suddenly said a series of seemingly unrelated statements, and then he continued.

"I think perhaps the best among them is love."

"Love? Love for a person?" Nesanel asked.

"No, not active, but passive. Whether it's wealth, power, or longevity, you can actively obtain them, but being loved is from others, something they willingly give to you."

Speaking of this, Bologue's tone was somewhat fearful, as if he felt unworthy of these.

"How fortunate it is to have someone willing to give everything for you, and even if you possess it just for a moment, that moment can support your fragmented life."

Bologue recalled a phrase he heard long ago, so long that the memory seemed somewhat unfamiliar.

"In the depths of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer — this summer granted by her."

Nesanel blinked, his gaze wandering as he once again rummaged his pocket.

"I seem to understand, yet don't quite get it, but I think you must be under someone's gaze, Mr. Lazarus, she is watching you. Not for yourself, but even just not to let her down, you wouldn't allow yourself to become a monster."

Bologue did not respond, immersed in his emotions, looking at the white flowers growing beneath the distant tombstones, swaying in patches, bringing forth a comforting sound.

"I used to always hear strange whispers, but now... I can't hear them anymore," Bologue murmured.

"Hmm? That sounds nice."

Nesanel said as he took out something from his pocket, vivid red like a sparkling ruby.

"Finding it among so many goods wasn't easy, good thing we have a complete set of technology for identifying the Philosopher's Stone."

In Bologue's bewildered gaze, it was placed into his hand, only when he felt the warmth emanating from it did he realize it wasn't an illusion.

"Releasing it is simple; the 'Golden Soul' cannot be contained. Just smash it."

Nesanel smiled and stood up, waving goodbye to Bologue as he said.

"This raid was well done, I extended your vacation by three days. Do whatever you want during these days, but I recommend you completely relax.

There will be many battles waiting for you afterwards, Mr. Lazarus."

Bologue hadn't heard these words at all. He just stared intensely at the Philosopher's Stone in his hand, slowly clenching it tightly, feeling every palpable sensation.

No one could take it from Bologue's hand again, neither god nor evil.

His body started to tremble gradually, Bologue held onto it, bent over like curling up due to stomach pain, then he lay entirely on the bench, looking at the clear sky, with faint laughter echoing.

Bologue succeeded; everything was worth it.

He was so delighted that his eyes became somewhat moist, until he couldn't hold back anymore, covering his face, laughter reverberating endlessly in the cemetery.