

Endless 200

Chapter 200: The King of First Seal

"Opus, sooner or later you'll encounter such things too. We are all undead, and no one can accompany us to the end. In the end, it's only us."

Serey's gloomy mood didn't last long. As an undead, he had long learned how to manage his emotions over the endless years, so he always appeared overly cheerful, fearing that sadness would catch up with him.

Glancing at Opus, Serey shifted the topic to him.

"And you? You've been an undead for a while now, how do you feel about it?"

"I'm okay... at least I feel pretty happy now," Opus said.

"You speak as if a beggar who got some food feels like the happiest person in the world," Serey saw through Opus at a glance, "If someone loves you, she should wish for you to be even happier."

Even happier?

Opus was a bit confused. From his experience, such things were indeed too distant and unfamiliar to him.

He had just been released from prison a year ago, experienced a barely peaceful life, and then embarked on a path of revenge. It wasn't until this moment that Opus could take a break, come here, and have a drink to relax.

Thinking carefully, Opus's life was quite busy, rarely taking a break. Even if he had some leisure time, he would just lie at home, listen to music, read books. In this gloomy city, Opus didn't have many friends.

Seeing that Opus was also at a loss and couldn't provide a definite answer, Serey didn't dwell on the topic but returned to the previous one.

"But, among the undead, there are exceptions. For instance, is there another undead who would be willing to walk with us to the end?"

"You're thinking of finding an undead wife?" Opus finally realized his intention.

"It's just a thought after all. It's hard enough to love, let alone among the undead, who are all ancient monsters living for an unknown time. Their states of mind are long different."

Serey said this, but Opus believed this guy must have acted on it, and the outcome was obvious. Now he could only huddle together for warmth in this place of simple delights.

Opus was quite interested in hearing that story.

"It's hard for old monsters to be honest with their awful hearts, but being friends and getting along daily isn't bad," Serey concluded.

The drinking session continued for a while. Opus didn't drink much; even in celebration, he never indulged excessively. After a few glasses, feeling tipsy, he stopped, but Palmer fell again in a state of alcohol poisoning.

In the evening, Serey, reeking of alcohol, went to his part-time job as a pole dancer. Opus didn't know where Palmer's home was, but he got along well with these undead, so Opus found a guest room and tossed Palmer inside, then returned home.

Returning to the present, Opus washed his face, sobered up, dressed himself, and glanced at the calendar. Today was the last day of the holiday; tomorrow, he would return to his post, and it was best to resolve everything today.

Opus didn't leave immediately. Instead, he turned on the radio, listening to Dudel's familiar voice and the melody. He sat at the table and then picked up the diary Adelle had given him.

Perhaps treating the diary as a connection with Adelle, Opus wrote on and on, filling a large section with words.

Looking at the diary, Opus remembered something and pulled open a drawer filled with all sorts of miscellaneous items. But to Opus, it was his cabinet of memorabilia.

Half a pack of cigarettes unfinished during the revenge period, the Sheep Horn Hammer from his first mission, still with dried bloodstains on it, and... also a ticket.

A ticket to "Wandering Rat."

Even now, Opus wasn't sure if what he saw was considered the end of the story, but in any case, everything was over.

Thinking of this, Opus sincerely thanked the Logistics Department.

On a stormy night, Opus cut down fiercely but left behind a mess and piles of corpses. When dawn came and the rain stopped, this would undoubtedly cause panic throughout the city. Fortunately, the Ferrymen had cleaned everything up early in the morning, even drafting news that stated it was a conflict between multiple gangs.

But no matter how it was concealed, so many people had died, after all. Citizens commented on the newspapers, some feeling sad over the deaths, others believing that with all the bad people gone, Opus's law and order would improve, with such remarks flowing continuously.

Opus guessed some people had figured out the truth, but under the control of the Order Bureau, such truth could only circulate within the Great Rift.

Compared to these news, Kedening's death wasn't as noticeable, only a few people paid attention to his death. With the Ferrymen's handling, his cause of death was classified as an accident, an old and dilapidated shelter collapsed during the heavy rain, causing him and his wife to die under the rubble while waiting for a bus.

Opus thought it would end like this, but a few days later, Kedening's news reached a new peak. With his death, "Wandering Rat" truly became a masterpiece crowned as the last act. Critics who witnessed the final scene praised its brilliance in newspapers, calling him a genius of rare talent, regrettably already gone.

Who knows what Kedening would feel if he knew all this.

Placing the fresh ticket in the diary, Opus didn't continue to pay attention to the critics' words. He understood well that some things didn't need to be pursued for the truth and were best left to disappear in that downpour.

Opus tidied himself up, wearing a formal suit and tidily combed hair, perfectly neat.

The suit was a gift from Geoffrey; he said that in time, Opus would attend important occasions and couldn't always borrow someone else's suit, causing trouble, and it would never fit well.

Slipping the cross necklace under his collar, Opus took out the "Key of the Crooked Path," opening a door to the Undying Club.

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Opus pushed open the white wooden door, and a crisp bell rang, with a scent sweeping over him.

This was the first time Opus had set foot into a flower shop, its walls painted white, and the wooden shelves filled with all kinds of fresh flowers.

The girl heard the bell and popped her head out from the flowers like a sprite. When she saw Opus's face, Afeiya seemed somewhat surprised and pleasantly surprised.

"Good morning! Afeiya."

A cheerful voice rang out, as Palmer, with one hand draped over Opus's shoulder, emerged from behind him.

After a night of hangover, Palmer originally intended to sleep until the afternoon, but he was dragged here by Bologue, who broke in early in the morning. Despite a thousand unwilling thoughts in his heart, Palmer really had no way to deal with his hyperactive partner.

"Palmer?" Afeiya was even more surprised.

Before Bologue arrived, Palmer's partner was Church. Church obviously had a fondness for Afeiya and would come with Palmer every week to buy flowers and get closer. As time went by, they became familiar with each other, but after Palmer became a Debtor, he parted ways with Church. Apart from the last time he came to find Church, Palmer hardly ever came here.

"You two... know each other?"

Afeiya looked at Bologue and Palmer, and recalled Church, who often came with Palmer. Afeiya realized that her assumption at the bar was correct.

"More or less, we're colleagues," Bologue said as he extended his hand and introduced himself, "Bologue Lazarus."

"Hello, just call me Afeiya."

While introducing herself, Afeiya didn't forget to thank Bologue, "Thank you so much at the bar."

"It's nothing, I just adhere to my own bottom line, which doesn't allow me to ignore such things," Bologue was much more cheerful, remarkably even a bit chatty.

But Palmer, on the side, didn't feel the same way at all. He muttered in his heart, "Thankfully those guys were just thugs; if they intended to do something worse, girl, you'd have witnessed their blood splattered on the scene."

"What do you need?" Afeiya asked.

"I want to pay respects to a friend... I don't know much about flowers, can you help me choose?" Bologue requested.

"Alright, please wait a moment."

Afeiya turned and plunged into the flowers, searching for suitable ones for Bologue.

Bologue and Palmer sat aside, and amidst the breaks, Afeiya even brought them coffee. Such enthusiastic service made Bologue feel somewhat embarrassed.

Picking up the coffee, Bologue felt this place was quite nice, a gentle corner in a gloomy city.

Bologue was lost in thought, but soon he remembered something, raising his palm. On the stormy night, it was carved with the names of sinners, but with the fall of the first ray of sunlight, those names also disappeared.

But Bologue's memory was quite good; he remembered those names... more precisely, the last name.

After killing Sandbox, there was still a pillar of light standing between heaven and earth, only it was so far away from Bologue that he couldn't reach it, and the identity represented by that name wasn't something Bologue could hunt now.

Thinking of this, Bologue suddenly asked, "Palmer, do you know this name? Servis Kagader."

"Why did you suddenly ask this?" Palmer was startled.

"Nothing special, he's on my hunting list too... but unfortunately, I don't know much about the name."

Bologue could only infer from the surname that this person belonged to the Kagader Royal Family, but beyond that, he didn't know much about the Kagader Royal Family, not even the history of the Kagader Empire.

As the direct rulers under the King's Secret Sword, the Kagader Royal Family was always known for its mystery, with few knowing the full picture of the royal family.

"Hunting list? What a pity."

Palmer knew about Bologue's list; he didn't think of it as something akin to the Devil but considered it as Bologue's way of self-entertainment through a performing persona.

Every psychopath killer should have such a list of sinners.

"What's the pity?"

"The pity is, that guy has been dead for many years," Palmer felt sorrowful for Bologue's poor knowledge of history, "you surely can't kill a guy who's already dead, right?"

Looking at Bologue's puzzled eyes, Palmer waved his hand.

"Alright, alright, this bit of history is indeed somewhat obscure, and now, at this age, very few people know about it."

Unlike Bologue, who joined the army for college tuition, as the heir of the Clarks, Palmer enjoyed elite education from an early age; for him, many little-known historical secrets were just basic knowledge he should know.

"First Sealed King Servis.

He was the first Monarch of the Kagader Empire and the starting point of the Kagader Royal Family's bloodline, and now, this guy has been dead for hundreds of years, probably not even ashes remain."

Palmer couldn't understand why Bologue suddenly mentioned this name; for the world, this was already a thoroughly buried history.

"Interestingly, as the first King, Servis seems to be regarded as a taboo within the Kagader Royal Family, with almost no records of this king externally. Only our ancient secret societies have some knowledge."

Bologue asked the right person; such ancient secrets were known only to equally ancient Extraordinary Clans.

"Oh, is that so?" Bologue nodded, indicating his understanding.

"Excuse me! Could you help me?" Afeiya's voice came from the flowers.

"Alright!" Palmer immediately put down the coffee and leaped over.

Watching that joyous figure, Bologue's relaxed expression gradually solidified, frowning as he stared at his palm, with complex thoughts colliding in his mind.

"He wouldn't lie to me..."

Bologue muttered to himself, speaking words others couldn't understand.