

## Endless 65

Chapter 65: Mask\_2

"If I were to write the story of 'Wandering Rat,' I might be more extreme than you."

Bologue didn't continue chatting, but instead mentioned his own ideas.

Kedening gestured for him to continue. He and Bologue were having quite the engaging conversation. Kedening enjoyed exchanging thoughts with others to create better stories, especially with someone like Bologue who could understand his tales.

"For example, the conflict of identity isn't tormenting Bart enough. I would have him gradually fall into depravity during his thefts, like... murder."

A cold glint flashed in his azure eyes, and Kedening's expression froze, the image of that ominous scene forming in his mind.

"Mur...der?"

"Yes, on a terrible night, at a terrible time, two people met terribly."

Bologue was envisioning that scene in his mind.

"Bart's theft was eventually discovered. He knew the person, a colleague of his, a good-natured man at the factory, friendly and extremely upright. Bart knew he was doomed; this guy would surely continue to pursue justice.

In fact, that's precisely what happened. He kept advising Bart, saying it was wrong, hoping Bart would turn himself in."

The pace of his speech gradually quickened, pushing the story towards the edge of madness.

"Bart was also hesitating, tormented by his double life. Perhaps surrendering wasn't impossible, but once he did, his already fragile family would be completely shattered. He had to consider them...

A decision had to be made. What would you do?"

Bologue spoke, raising his hand, as if grasping something in the air, using all his strength until he snapped that invisible object.

"Bart killed him.

Killed this good-natured man. The good-natured man did nothing wrong. The only mistake was that they met at the wrong time and place."

The atmosphere turned heavy and oppressive as Bologue revealed Bart's fate.

"It was an awful morning, a hundred or a thousand times worse than usual. In the dim morning fog, Bart walked toward the city, which loomed like a mountain, the gray buildings' silhouettes resembling a menacing jungle with the fangs and claws of monsters.

No one knew what he was thinking. All they knew was that he was headed towards destruction, a miserable ruin."

The story ended, and neither of the two spoke, silently absorbing the echoes of the story's conclusion until Bologue broke the silence.

"It's just a story, don't worry. I don't have an antisocial personality... at least that's what I think." Bologue feared he had scared Kedening.

Kedening was stunned for a moment, then burst into laughter, repeatedly saying,

"It's nothing, really nothing. I think the story was quite good."

Kedening looked at Bologue. He found Bologue unusual, an interesting person.

It was a terrible and crazy story, yet Bologue's expression was calm, his eyes free of impurities, as if it was nothing more than a calm recital to him. He seemed indifferent to everything, unconcerned by Kedening's opinion... or anyone else's opinion.

"The pity is, this is a comedy. A tragic ending would be unacceptable." Kedening said.

"Hmm, I understand. The reason I think this way is that 'the core of comedy is tragedy.'"

Bologue recalled something and continued.

"I've always wanted to try my hand at comedic performances, like stand-up comedy. Do you offer any classes for that here?"

He wanted to find something to do in his free time from work. Bologue quite liked comedy, imagining a scene where, amidst the enemy's wails, he would break their bones while delivering cold jokes...

Bologue laughed to himself for a while before coming back to reality, saying a bit awkwardly,

"Nothing, you're the expert. One should listen to the 'experts' on such things."

Observing Bologue's sincere demeanor and his peculiar reaction earlier, Kedening's curiosity was fully piqued. After a pause of a few seconds, he spoke again.

"Bologue, you seem to live freely, as if unbound... which face do you live with?"

Staring at Bologue, from the beginning, Kedening had been observing him. Kedening often did this, sitting on a bustling street, watching passersby, guessing their identities and experiences.

Bologue was utterly unflustered, having a confidence that emanated from deep within, and seemed to have an unconcerned attitude towards everything. Making eye contact with him, one would distinctly sense a feeling of disdain.

Yet, Bologue didn't seem to mean any contempt, but that haughty feeling inadvertently seeped out as if by instinct, that even Bologue himself wasn't aware of.

Like encountering a black cat at the street corner, aloof and indifferent, in one moment it might be lingering by your feet, and in the next, it would vanish, like a serendipitous encounter, an unknowable enigma.

"Me? I guess somewhere between the second and third face."

He admitted honestly, feeling there was no need to hide such things.

"I don't care how others see me. After all, I don't know them, just like you wouldn't care about a passerby's judgment, right?"

Bologue laid back, lying on the stage, gazing at the darkness and lights above.

"As for those I know, they understand very well what kind of person I am, so I needn't care how they see me."

"But that third face, the original self... recognizing oneself is a difficult task, Kedening, very difficult, at least for me, I haven't achieved it yet."

Bologue spoke calmly.

Within himself, numerous mysteries still lay, the reason he came to this world, the forgotten pact, and the Devil who bestowed him "resurrection."

Bologue couldn't yet recognize himself, not before unraveling these enigmas.

"Sounds pretty good, at least you're being your true self, without hiding anything."

Kedening also laid down, lying on the stage. He suddenly realized this was the first time he'd reclined on the stage; before, he always played the lead role, and the lead never fell.

It was quite a novel feeling.

Bologue turned his head to look at Kedening, they shared a knowing smile. Bologue slowly stood up, jumped off the stage, and walked to the side.

"Can I take this?"

Bologue asked, taking down a poster, the preview poster of the 'Wandering Rat' conclusion, depicting the worker and the thief, with a mentally deranged Bart caught in between.

He was heading towards an end, but what lay at the end was obscured by mist, no one knew where it led.

"Of course, hold on a second."

Kedening said, running to the backstage. Not long after, he returned with a pen, signing his name on the poster.

"You don't mind, do you?" Kedening asked with a smile.

"Not at all, I'll hang it in my bedroom."

Bologue carefully rolled up the poster, then noticed Kedening still holding something, which he handed over.

It was a ticket, a presale ticket for the 'Wandering Rat' conclusion.

"This... thank you so much!" Bologue expressed his gratitude.

"It's nothing. It's been a long time since I've had a chat like this, I'm the one who should thank you."

Kedening replied, glancing backstage, "I should get back to work."

"Yeah, I should be going, too." Bologue waved his hand in farewell.

"Will you come to see the conclusion? It's in half a month."

Watching Bologue's departing figure, Kedening called out loudly.

"I will."



After a while, Bologue's voice came back.