

Endless 110

Chapter 110: Enthusiastic Hospitality

Finally, Bologue gently declined Palmer, letting him handle the accident, while he himself used the excuse of going to the hospital to treat his wounds and quietly slipped away.

Leaving behind a chaotic scene and a crying Palmer, one moment he shouted to himself "Bologue survived," the next he was holding "Leica," muttering something like "Leica, don't die," showing a trend of mental breakdown.

The expression was desolate, the actions full of emotion, as if what he was holding was not a motorcycle but a beloved lover...

Leaving the future of the Clarks to such a person, can it really be okay? Palmer's elders must really be blind.

Throwing the dented helmet into the trash can, avoiding the gaze from the streets, Bologue walked into the dark alley, the wound on his head had long disappeared, though there was still some pain in his mind.

He wasn't worried about the accident causing any turmoil, as the Order Bureau had a knack for dealing with such matters, and the Ferrymen from the Logistics Department were specialized in handling all the aftermath, while constantly complaining about the Field Operations Department.

Just now, Bologue's actions were quick; before the pedestrians could panic, he quickly left the scene.

He had gradually integrated into the work at the Order Bureau, though he was in the normal world, he had to constantly prepare to deal with crises from the Extraordinary World.

It's just a pity about these new clothes, Bologue lowered his head, the clothes were covered in dust, with holes and bloodstains.

He was a bit frustrated, soon letting out a sigh.

Bologue started to get used to it, getting used to is a good thing... it's all good.

"Ah..."

Bologue leaned his head against the wall, moaning in sorrow.

He had thought about Palmer's misfortune and fortune, but he didn't expect the combination of the two to be so ridiculous, and now he understood the joy Palmer felt knowing he had the Undying Body.

If he didn't have the Undying Body, Palmer would have just welcomed a new partner, then had to deal with the partner's aftermath, he wondered if at the funeral he could cry with three parts of the momentum for "Leica."

That's too strange.

"So, is this why we get along so well, the reason we're 'good brothers'?"

Recalling Palmer's endless ramblings at the Order Bureau, at this moment Bologue finally understood his meaning.

What kind of nonsense is all this.

Bologue slapped his face hard, trying to clear his head, looked at the puddle underfoot, reflecting his embarrassed self, as if every time it was like this, going out with all dignity, then returning home in disarray, like some kind of damned curse, following Bologue.

But these unlucky things didn't make Bologue's mood too bad, because he finally became a Condenser, mastering the mysterious Secret Energy, he thought this thing could at least make him happy for a week.

Power is mesmerizing, not to mention this is the first time Bologue possessed it, holding it tightly in his hand, turning it into the Sharp Sword.

There's also the power of "Absorption," Soul Shards are a universal energy source, from Bologue's exploration of abilities, it not only can suppress Bulimia Nervosa but also help himself ascend.

The more he understands, the more curious Bologue becomes about his lost memories, what deals he actually made with the Devil back then...

Bologue shook his head, thinking about so many things is meaningless, what's most important now is the present, and the future.

At that moment, shouting came from the other end of the alley, a group of people were walking over, joking loudly, and their faces showed arrogant smiles.

"You really should have seen his expression at that time, when I stabbed him, he was completely dumbfounded." The leading man laughed.

"Yeah, yeah, he knelt down immediately and handed over all the money." Another person responded, leading to another wave of laughter.

Bologue looked at these people, slightly lost in thought, unable to suppress a slight smile on his cold face.

He seemed like a child preparing for a date, acting frantically and hastily, looking at the puddle underfoot, Bologue vigorously messed up his hair, his tie was also pulled open, trying to wipe off as much of the bloodstains on the clothes as possible.

Going through his pockets, Bologue's clothes were all ruined during the implant ceremony, there wasn't a single penny in his pocket at the moment.

"Damn it."

Bologue cursed under his breath, but he quickly thought of a new plan.

Then...

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Deng Puro bragged proudly to his friends about his achievements, having dropped out, he was hanging out on the streets early on, fantasizing about becoming the boss of a district someday.

Now he really was close to achieving it, Deng Puro was considered a rising star in this area, young and strong, ruthless in actions, many gangs had noticed him, some wanted to recruit him, others wanted to eliminate him.

Deng Puro knew all of this, but he wasn't panicked or uneasy, instead, he had a feeling of becoming a big shot, he liked this feeling.

"Hey, is this guy just beaten up by someone?"

Deng Puro noticed the man walking towards him, supporting the wall with one hand, clutching his chest with the other, his clothes were full of dust and holes, with dark red bloodstains.

"Is this unlucky guy just robbed by someone?" Deng Puro burst into laughter.

For such unlucky guys, Deng Puro knew there wasn't much to gain, so he just mocked a bit.

But after the mocking, this unlucky guy actually looked up at him, said nothing, his blue eyes showed disgust and disdain.

Deng Puro had seen that expression before, many people had shown him that look, whether it was his parents or those around him.

The laughter froze for a few seconds, and an unfriendly expression appeared on Deng Puro's face.

The unlucky fellow groaned in pain as he walked, the alley was narrow, so he could only brush past Deng Puro. Just then, Deng Puro asked.

"What's with that look."

The unlucky fellow's steps paused for a second, said nothing, and continued forward.

"Damn it, I'm talking to you!"

Deng Puro suddenly became irritable; no one had ever dared to show him such an attitude here. He swung his fist aiming at the unlucky fellow, but no expected wails or pleas for mercy came, his fist froze in mid-air, tightly clasped by another hand.

"You... started it first, right?"

Bologue turned his head, disheveled black hair framing his face which revealed an irrepressible glee.

Actually, Geoffrey didn't know Bologue well enough; people are complex and difficult to summarize. So, everyone has some dark, unspeakable little hobbies, and it so happens that Bologue had one too.

He called this hobby "fishing."

"What?"

While Deng Puro was confused, unable to grasp the situation, Bologue exerted strength in his wrist, making Deng Puro feel as if a pair of iron tongs gripped his arm, waves of pain surged.

"Ah! Damn!"

Seeing escape was hopeless, Deng Puro lifted his foot to kick down Bologue, but Bologue was faster, a straight punch slammed into Deng Puro's diaphragm.

His whole body started to lean back, the intense pain nearly fainted Deng Puro, followed by churning in his stomach, a strange sensation rose in his throat, he gagged painfully.

"Boss!"

The other underlings saw their leader attacked, without a word they pulled out their carried short knives, intending to hack Bologue to pieces, but they were still too slow.

Bologue didn't want to bully them too much, he didn't use his full strength, but compared to Bologue, these street thugs still fell far short.

He grabbed at the piled junk in the alley, Bologue swung the plank, several short knives stabbed into the wood, when they tried to pull out the knives, Bologue had already let go of the plank, punched towards their abdomens.

With every punch, someone clutched his belly and fell, his body curled up, twitching incessantly.

Another short knife attacked, Bologue dodged by tilting his head, karate chopping onto the man's shoulder, simultaneously hooking the man's right foot with his own, pulling back; the man lost balance and fell forward, Bologue grabbed his nape, thrusting his head into the wall.

Low growls rose, Deng Puro struggled to stand up; no wonder he was the leader of these guys, he could endure much more, lifting his fist to strike back.

Yet the outcome was the same, Bologue easily dodged the punches, Deng Puro couldn't even touch Bologue's collar, until Bologue grew a little tired of playing, kicked Deng Puro down again, the entire body fell into the pile of junk, piled up heavily by the collapsed items.

"You still want to come at me?"

Looking towards the other end of the alley, the only man still standing, Bologue adjusted his clothes and hair, asking him.

"I... I..."

The man trembled as he dropped his short knife, fleeing whilst screaming.

Just then, the place was in ruins.

Bologue stepped over one groaning figure after another, just as he was about to leave, he remembered something, turned around casually dragging up a person.

"No, don't..." That person cried with tears streaming down.

Bologue indeed left them with enough psychological impact, these naive hoodlums could never have imagined someone would act like this to deceive them, moreover Bologue was so strong, it felt like an adult bullying a child.

Unable to voice their grievances, they couldn't beat him.

"Okay, stop yelling."

The noise made Bologue somewhat irritated, he rummaged through the guy's pockets, extracting some paper currency and coins.

"Borrow me some travel money."

Bologue said, waving his hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen, see you next time."

Amidst moans of pain, Bologue walked out of the alley, looking up, the gloomy sky brightened all at once.

"Ah... that was relieving."

The recent gloom swept away, his mood uncontrollably uplifted, he stretched vigorously, moved his body, sincerely praising as he gazed at the bustling city.

"Opus is such a great place."

This was a sunlit city, with hospitable people.