

Endless 133

Chapter 133: 5 Jin Xia_3

Bologue placed the Sheep Horn Hammer on the bar, and Afeiya was completely dumbfounded.

"Oh... alright, thank you."

"You're welcome, say hi to Church for me."

Bologue mentioned an unexpected name, leaving Afeiya somewhat dazed. She realized that her suspicion was correct; Bologue and Church knew each other, both sharing the same mysterious aura.

Just as Afeiya wanted to ask more, Bologue had already left, leaving behind only the crowd groaning on the ground and the silent and motionless Deng Puro inside the bar.

The two locked eyes for a few seconds of silence before Deng Puro cursed.

"That guy."

Bologue hadn't touched him, behaving as if he hadn't seen him. There was no physical pain, but an immense sense of humiliation.

"Feeling humiliated?" Afeiya sensed Deng Puro's emotions.

Before Deng Puro could say anything, Afeiya raised the Sheep Horn Hammer in a show of defiance, complaining.

"Why can't you people learn to respect others? Is this kind of joke really that funny? Or do you think this imposing feeling is cool?"

Deng Puro said nothing more, avoiding Afeiya's gaze.

...

Exiting the bar, a sidecar motorcycle was parked by the road, and Palmer noticed Bologue, waving to him.

"I thought you'd kill everyone inside."

Palmer obviously realized what had happened inside and said.

"Just maintaining order, not dispensing justice. I'm no psychopath." Bologue explained as he sat in the sidecar.

"I'm no psychopath~"

Palmer made a ghostly face, repeating in a strange voice.

Bologue shot him an annoyed glance but said nothing.

"Speaking of, is this what experts do? You do know how to pick a spot to meet up." Palmer said.

Bologue looked up at the road ahead, where proceeding straight along the road would lead to tonight's mission's target location.

"Did you bring everything?" Bologue asked.

"Brought it, brought it," Palmer patted the bag, "after all, it's at the expert's request. I specially went back to the Order Bureau to fetch these things."

"By the way, what's in that bag? I've never seen you carry it before."

Palmer asked curiously. Bologue seemed like he never carried a bag when leaving home, the first time Palmer was seeing this.

Bologue opened the briefcase. Inside were not documents but Sheep Horn Hammers, awls, wrenches, and a coiled chain. Strangely, all these items were made of metal, incredibly heavy.

"Are you starting a hardware store? Or are you some kind of... Hardware Man!"

Palmer exclaimed.

No wonder this briefcase could easily knock men down; these damned things in Bologue's hands were no different from a block of iron.

"The 'Commanding School' can only manipulate existing materials, just in case, I carry some with me."

Bologue explained. Driven by the Summoning Hand, these items weren't just tools but materials that could be shaped into Blades at any time. He was like a Swordsmith, carrying the steel for sword-making.

"When necessary, I can disguise myself as a repairman."

Bologue said with utmost seriousness.

Palmer was speechless, having no choice but to be impressed. Is this what experts do? Truly thorough.

"Oh, by the way, I ran into Afeiya inside, from the flower shop." Bologue said.

Palmer raised his brow, "Opus is really small, wait a second, have you met Afeiya before?"

"No, but I suppose it couldn't be just a coincidental name match."

"Hmm? Sounds good. Maybe we'll run into familiar faces next." Palmer said.

Thinking of what was to come, Bologue shook his head.

"Better not, I hope familiar faces don't appear in the next operation."

Without further words, Bologue didn't add more, as they were about to launch an attack—a flash raid where acquaintances would undoubtedly be the enemy.

"Let's go then, expert."

Palmer pulled out a black hood, wearing it like a robber ready for action. Bologue also donned the menacing mask, faint mist wafting out, bringing a chilling sense of horror.

The motorcycle started, and they proceeded along the road, where the end held the enemy.