

## Endless 171

### Chapter 171: The Villain's Victory

Jini ran over in terror, throwing herself onto Kedening. She frantically reached out, trying to plug the bleeding wounds, but the blood still gushed out, mixing with the rainwater between her fingers, flowing into the deep darkness.

"No, Kedening, no..."

She desperately called out Kedening's name.

It was like a nightmare, Jini wearily fell into a slumber, she remembered waiting with Kedening for a bus, they would go to a new city and start a new life.

But in the next second, when Jini regained consciousness, everything had plunged into the chasm of hell. Kedening lay on the ground, barely alive, while a man as malevolent as an evil spirit raised a blade, ready to execute the final judgment on him.

"Actually, you already know what's going on, don't you?" Bologue walked up to the woman, "You are very clear about what's happening, you just don't want to believe it, pretending that everything is normal."

Jini did not respond, she just kept trembling, holding Kedening's head in her arms, trying to feel his last warmth.

But it was a cold, rainy night, and all warmth was devoured, leaving only cold metal, standing sternly.

"There's no mental illness and no recovery, Kedening, I saw it, I remembered, those things I deliberately forgot," Jini said sadly.

On a similar cold and rainy night, that mysterious hateful existence reached out to her, and at that time, Jini did not know what kind of price she would pay.

"I'm sorry," Kedening murmured.

In the end, he still failed, utterly failed, everything was ruined, hopeless.

"What a terrible melodrama," Bologue said softly, watching coldly.

He adjusted the weapons on him, raised the folding knife in his hand, its bright cold glow reflecting on their faces, stinging them so they dared not look directly.

"A woman who sacrifices her soul for her lover's dream, a man who walks into darkness for his lover's soul," Bologue sneered disdainfully, "The guy in your arms is an outright sinner, countless people died by his hand, what's your take on that?"

"But no matter what he did, I'm the least qualified to judge him, am I not?"

Jini lowered her head, and Bologue couldn't see her face.

Bologue remained silent, and soon his expression came alive again, hard to describe as a smile, yet Bologue's voice indeed carried a peculiar joy.

"This kind of plot is common in movies, the protagonist finally finds the villain, ready to unleash their fury, only for the villain to put on such a melodrama."

Bologue deliberately lowered his voice, mimicking lines from the movies.

"I'm also at fault for justice, for my lover.'

Everyone fights for justice, like in a debate competition, to see whose justice is bigger..."

Bologue shrugged helplessly, gesturing with his hands.

"And then the protagonist is moved, yes, the dead are already dead, and the villain in front of them is sincerely repenting, he did it for his lover, he was originally kind.'

So the protagonist forgives him, ending with a happy reunion."

Breathing in the cold rain vapor, the dampness and coldness diminished Bologue's fury quite a bit.

"He is the protagonist, he is righteous and forthright, he is the moral exemplar, at such times he should forgive his enemy, that is the protagonist's victory."

The voice paused for a few seconds, anger breaking through the cold.

"Kedening, I really hate that kind of ending, I think it's stupid, very stupid."

The Bologue laughed again, sounding much like a mentally disturbed patient.

"Fortunately, I am not the protagonist, I am not righteous and forthright, I will not be bound by these damned norms.

This is not the protagonist defeating the villain, but the villain being defeated by another bigger villain, it's black against black! It's the villain's victory!"

In the cheer, he gripped the folding knife tightly, almost crushing the steel, plunging it into the ground, hands overlapping on the handle, feet slightly apart, Bologue stood straight, looking solemn like a judge of sin.

"The main point is... if I forgive you just like that, who will forgive Adelle? And besides, do I really have the right to make decisions for those who died because of you?"

Bologue laughed, even without wearing the Face of Horror, he still emitted an overwhelming sense of dread at that moment.

"This isn't quite right, Kedening, what do you think?"

Kedening didn't respond, he was speechless under Bologue's reprimand.

Some things don't require words to apologize, just need to be repaid with blood.

Bologue slowly raised the folding knife, its sharp edge hanging over Kedening's head, just waiting for the moment to strike like thunder.

"We are all adults, and adults have to be responsible for their wrongdoings.

No need for forgiveness, no need for repentance, or remorse, what's needed is to acknowledge one's mistakes and then bear the cost of those mistakes."

In the sinister blue eyes filled with uncontainable killing intent.

"Beheading for those who should be beheaded, hanging for those who should be hanged."

The sharp blade came slashing down, Kedening mustering his last bit of strength, raised his hand trying to block.

He didn't want to die; if he died, who would take care of Jini? If he died, Jini would also surely be killed by Bologue.

But he could do nothing else, his raised hand was split, the sharp blade pierced through the chest.

Taking Jini with it.

"You... what are you doing?"

Kedening looked at Jini who pounced onto him, under that pale smile, he felt a fear more intense than death.

Kedening was in agony, Jini was about to die, she was about to die...

"If you truly love me, then you should understand," Jini whispered.

Jini vaguely guessed all of this but chose to forget, not to interfere, now it was time to repay the price, then she held Kedening tightly, whispering in his ear.

"We will meet again in that eternal dream."

Words dissipated in the rain.

Suddenly, Kedening felt relieved. He gazed at the pitch-black night sky and lifted his hand, attempting to embrace the woman in front of him.

"I... I'm just so afraid of losing you."

He won't lose her now, and the long-lost tranquility emerged in Kedening's eyes. Bologue then withdrew the folding knife, slicing through the rain into a splash of crimson.

He raised the blade level, the heavy rain washing away the traces of blood and leaving it spotless. Bologue was about to turn and leave but stopped, turning back to watch Kedening's extinguishing glow.

"By the way, what is the ending of 'Wandering Rat'?" Bologue asked.

"Haven't you already seen it?"

Kedening held the woman in his arms, allowing the rain to engulf them both.

Bologue paused for two seconds, helplessly commenting.

"What a boring ending, Bart."

...

Bologue rummaged through his pocket and pulled out a pack of cigarettes, protecting it from the rain with his hand. He lit one, leaning his head towards the blazing flames, within which the remnants of a car lay, its noise occasionally accompanied by the arcing sound of electrical currents.

The rolling flames danced, igniting the cigarette. Bologue took a large inhalation then let out a long sigh.

He had killed Kedening, yet Bologue felt no sense of triumph or revenge; instead, it was diluted.

Darkness still lingered within him, not completely unleashed, making Bologue feel displeased.

Everything was so terrible, not a complicated matter, nor a convoluted purpose.

Sometimes Bologue thought, without the Devil, perhaps the two could have become good friends. Sadly, there would never be a moment to verify such a thing.

He shook his head; Bologue had no time to lament or ponder these matters.

He raised his palm; after the massacre, names were crossed off one by one from the list. With Kedening's death, only a few were left.

Looking up into the deep night sky, several beams rose from the horizon, obscured by towering buildings, making it hard for Bologue to judge their distance.

But Bologue could roughly sense the beams were moving away, the rats from the list fleeing the city, taking all their goods with them.

Kedening's death wasn't the end of tonight; he might have been the leader of the Man-eaters, but the true master behind everything was the King's Secret Sword hidden in the shadows.

Judging from the luggage Kedening carried, he was also running for his life, yet had no goods on him. Surely these goods had already reached the King's Secret Sword, and they were taking the goods and leaving the city.

Bologue couldn't let them escape.

So how was he going to catch up with them?

He glanced at the charred wreckage, admitting he had gone overboard, the car crashing into a ball of fire, making it impossible for him to catch up with these people on foot.

While pondering his next move, at the end of the dark street, an engine's roar suddenly sounded.

The bright white headlights tore through the darkness, the steel contraption smashing through countless raindrops, with water mist rising behind it. The man on the motorbike wore a raincoat, yelling with excitement.

He loved speeding on rainy nights; the terrible road conditions made it impossible for the Sheriff to catch this fugitive. Thunder would drown out the engine's rumble, preventing citizens from opening their windows and cursing this nuisance, and the cold, damp air, with the gusting winds, gave him a sense of being home.

The feeling was wonderful, so he twisted the throttle, pushing his speed even faster, chasing the darkness and the Thunder.

Bologue looked at the bursting light from afar, spat his cigarette butt into a puddle.

He suddenly laughed out loud.

Checking his gear, after killing so many people, his ammunition had been depleted long ago. He simply tossed the shotgun aside, making himself lighter, then gripped the folding knife, stepping into the middle of the road.

The headlights approached, and Bologue couldn't help but murmur Vincent's blessing softly.

"Mountains give way, the ocean will part narrow paths."

Dawn was yet to break; this "Cinderella's" blessing upon Bologue was still in effect, making the whole world helpful to him tonight, be it gods or Devils, anyone would extend a hand.

Even if they didn't, Bologue would find and grab their hand, like a rogue, but he didn't mind.

You can't reason with a madman, right?

The rider saw Bologue blocking the road and pressed the horn, but Bologue had no intention of stepping aside, so the rider chose not to slow down, intent on gambling courage with Bologue.

The gap shrunk continuously, reaching the critical moment, Bologue's body ignited with the glow of the Alchemy Matrix, instantly lighting up the darkness.

The rider cursed loudly as if he had seen a ghost, twisting the brake wildly. On the slippery road, he spun several times before barely stopping. Before he could react, a foot stomped on the front wheel of the motorcycle, and the rider saw the person blocking his way.

"Y-Yo... Bologue," Palmer stammered.

"Yo! Palmer, good evening."



Bologue was delighted, for once finding his partner awesome.

Palmer looked at Bologue's blood-stained clothes and those tightly bound weapons, and he glanced at the burning car wreck and the station turning into ruins beyond the flames.

"O-Overtime?"

"No, just some personal business," Bologue shook his head, staring at "Leica," then added, "Palmer, you're free tonight, aren't you."

This wasn't a question; it was a statement. Bologue's gaze was sharp, not as if he was asking but intimidating.

"Though... but..."

Palmer's expression became peculiar, hesitating.

"Since you're free, lend a hand," Bologue settled into the sidecar, his tone unyielding, "Drive."

"But... wait a minute, something seems not right!"

Palmer shrieked; he was only looking to enjoy a rainy night ride, yet inadvertently stumbled into a murder scene alongside this lunatic who was coercing him into joining.

To this, Bologue merely flashed a gentle smile, slightly leaned forward with a hand on Palmer's shoulder, and a tone full of camaraderie.

"Palmer, we are the ace team, after all!"