

Endless 177

Chapter 177: Surpassing the Storm

"I think this responsibility should largely be attributed to my 'Blessing,' which means, blame the Devil who took my soul.

Isn't that right, Bologue?

When misfortune befalls someone, it's just like this. It's not like I want it this way, but once the 'Blessing' takes action, it's beyond my control."

Amidst the noisy rain, Palmer kept defending himself, like a hostage trying desperately to earn a shred of mercy from a ruthless bandit.

Bologue ignored him, sitting on the steps, gazing into the distance, watching a beam of light only he could see.

The light was moving away, every passing minute and second increasing the distance between Bologue and it, until it was utterly out of reach. Yet, in this urgent time, Bologue and Palmer were sitting in a gas station, waiting for the just-awoken attendant to refuel their motorcycles.

"I usually remember to refuel, just forgot this one time," Palmer wailed loudly.

Bologue's deadly outfit, drenched and stained dark red with blood, and the numerous scars—God knows how many personal grudges this guy harbors. From Palmer's work experience, Bologue could have probably taken down an entire street's worth of people in just one night.

Yet, after so much carnage, this man showed no signs of stopping, pursuing relentlessly, like he knew exactly where his enemies were.

Palmer even felt that if Bologue got unhappy with his hacking spree, he might chop him up too.

Yeah, Palmer knew from the start that his partner was a lunatic.

Now, this crazy person was looking at the sky, his blood-stained face carrying a deep meaning, as if pondering life, or like a philosopher contemplating the ultimate question of existence.

Honestly, this uncertain feeling was truly unsettling.

"Hurry up!"

Palmer turned around and shouted at the busy attendant, aggressively transferring all the pressure Bologue gave him onto this unlucky soul.

The unfortunate guy let out a piercing scream and sped up his work.

For this ordinary person, today was a disastrously unlucky day. On this dreary rainy night, he was assigned to this shift. Normally, this weather would barely see anyone coming to refuel, but instead, he encountered this pair of calamities.

When Palmer dragged his drowsy self out of the office, he had started fishing out his pocket change, fearing a robbery, only to find out these two were merely here for fuel—they even paid for it.

Chaotic, in a rush.

Palmer sat next to Bologue, patting his chest and promising, "Don't worry, brother, we will definitely catch up with that bastard!"

He didn't know who Bologue was going to kill, but how did that matter to Palmer? He was just the rider here.

Bologue didn't look at him, continuing to gaze into the rain as he slowly spoke.

"I've... been thinking about some things recently, Palmer."

Palmer's heart raced, for these insights from lunatics were often utter gibberish. But nonsense aside, he knew all too well that his partner could turn such nonsense into reality.

"Speaking of which, I used to pursue evildoers, hunt them down, savor their pain, feeling like a punisher, executing justice.

But in reality, there is no justice, I've been using them as an outlet for my twisted desires, to satisfy my hollow soul."

Bologue's grim confession, a maniacal killer's self-reflection, was always chilling to hear.

Reaching for his chest, Bologue felt the cross necklace around his neck, bringing warmth against the cold, rainy night.

"But now, I feel differently."

"How so?" Palmer asked apprehensively.

"I guess... it's no longer my personal desire," Bologue thought carefully, speaking with utmost seriousness, "I'm not hunting these evildoers to satisfy my twisted desires anymore."

Recalling those kind words, there truly existed someone willing to give up everything for this. She was just an ordinary person, yet she did better than anyone, using all her life to try to pass this on.

"I think I've truly adopted this as an ideal.

To kill off all these damned evildoers, to create a better world. I know such a thing is out of reach, but fortunately, I am the Undead, I have enough time to do all this until the world approximates what I desire."

"Man, you sound like a villain from the movies," Palmer commented.

"A villain? I kind of like villains," Bologue surprisingly nodded in agreement, "Dedicated, tenacious, willing to do whatever it takes for their goals... these are amazing qualities."

Palmer fell silent, not knowing what to say, joining Bologue in gazing at the sky.

The dark, profound night sky enveloped all things in the world.

"I guess everyone has such a moment, suddenly realizing what they want to pursue," Palmer suddenly said.

Bologue turned his head, seeing Palmer toning down his usual liveliness, unusually calm.

"Do you know why it's called 'Leica'?" Palmer pointed to the motorcycle behind him.

"Why?"

"I had a dog named Leica when I was a kid. It was a very big dog, and I always suspected my family fed it some kind of alchemy potion. I used to ride on its back, letting it carry me around."

Palmer started rambling about his childhood.

"Our Clarks family is an extraordinary clan, and extraordinary clans naturally have some strange rules, like how our coming-of-age ceremony is set at twelve, and from then on we have to start learning extraordinary knowledge.

As a child, I had no idea about these things. I played wildly with Leica every day until my twelve-year-old coming-of-age ceremony, when my old man told me all this messy stuff, saying I was the heir of the Clarks family and the first to step onto the glory path."

Palmer's expression turned peculiar, full of complaints and accusations.

"Can you understand, Bologue? You're just a twelve-year-old kid, thinking only about what to eat and play today, and suddenly your old man pats you on the shoulder and tells you these things."

Palmer imitated a solemn tone, "Palmer, there will be a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood waiting for you; you must face it like a man!"

"Damn! I almost broke down at that time. I cried and asked my old man if he understood what gradual acceptance meant; couldn't he just let me accept it bit by bit?"

My old man said he originally thought of doing that, but then he believed that in everyone's life, there's only one chance for a coming-of-age ceremony, which is extremely important and sacred.

So, to make me forever remember this sacred moment, he decided to turn it into a surprise on the day of the ceremony."

In the memory, that damned old man opened his arms to him with a pleased face and said, "Happy coming-of-age ceremony, son."

Palmer took a deep breath.

"It wasn't a surprise; it was a shock!"

Bologue's expression turned awkward; Palmer's childhood was a real mess, leaving him unsure how to react to Palmer.

It's no wonder this guy is always so optimistic; he has been living in a turbulent and intense environment since he was a child.

"After that, I became somewhat rebellious. To be accurate, I didn't like my family's arrangements and wanted to live freely. So, I let Leica carry me, running wildly over the vast green fields, but the Wind Source Highlands was too large to run out from dawn to dusk.

Every time nightfall came, I'd be caught and brought back, but after many attempts, Leica and I ran further each time. I thought, if this continues, one day, I could escape."

Palmer's voice lowered, with a trace of wistfulness.

"I grew up day by day, and Leica grew old day by day. One day, Leica couldn't move anymore, and I walked out of Wind Source Highlands to go to school as the old men instructed... I left Wind Source Highlands so simply.

But did I really leave?"

"Do you want freedom?" Bologue asked.

"Who knows? I'm quite free now, doing whatever I want, but am I really free?" Palmer didn't continue the topic, but switched to talking about the motorcycle, "Then I named it 'Leica', running wildly every day."

"Oil's filled up!"

During the chat, the unlucky guy already completed his task, filling up the tank.

"Thanks!" Palmer waved to the unlucky guy, the engine roared, and the motorcycle charged onto the street.

Racing against the stormy wind, the iron roars echoed through the deserted streets.

"Bologue, I've been racing in Opus for so long, and I've never been caught. Do you know why?" Palmer shouted.

"Why?" Bologue continued.

"Because I'm fast enough. If you're fast enough, you can outrun thunder and storm, outrun those seeking to catch you."

A radiant glow appeared on Palmer's body, and he gripped the handle tightly, twisting the accelerator to the limit.

"Hold on tight, Bologue!"

In an instant, the wind whipped around the motorcycle, and Bologue felt a suffocation, as if an invisible sharp knife cut through the air in front of the motorcycle, easily slicing apart all obstructing airflow, which streaked along the motorcycle edges.

A vague air shield enveloped the motorcycle, minimizing wind resistance under the drive of secret energy, completely isolating the endless rain threads, which streaked along the edges, outlining graceful arcs.

Palmer let out a cheer, having long missed such indulgence, and Bologue, overwhelmed by the speed, joined him in cheering.

"Let's catch up with those bastards!"

Palmer fully unleashed Secret Energy-Wind Source, and the motorcycle beneath him seemed to transform into some kind of monster, roaring, easily slicing through all attempts to obstruct its airflow.

The two of them advanced like riding the wind and thunder. From that moment on, nothing in this world could catch up with them, neither time nor life and death.