

## Endless 187

Chapter 187: 129 Principles and Axioms\_2

Like a punishment suddenly descending, he came so absurdly, no matter what you asked, he remained silent, only giving you his judgment coldly.

"You've already called me a lunatic; does a lunatic need a reason for anything he does?"

Bologue climbed up from the puddle in embarrassment, staggering as he walked. He was at his limit, the Ether was burnt out, and the Soul Shards had released their glow; his whole body felt as if carrying a thousand pounds, each step was so difficult.

Now he felt like a piece of firewood, constantly burning, constantly burning, and when he was about to go out, he fiercely reignited those few sparks, like hypnotizing himself: You can still burn for a while...

Fighting across levels was harder than Bologue imagined, or maybe he had killed too many people tonight. He started fighting from the midnight bell and kept chopping until near dawn; he had sliced his way from the east route of Opus to the west route, deserving the title Opus Chop King.

Thinking of this, Bologue laughed neurotically.

If he had faced Sandbox at full strength, perhaps he could have killed him in a few rounds... Whatever, killing him now doesn't make much difference.

Bologue approached step by step, and Sandbox looked at this tottering body, seemingly about to fall dead the next second, yet full of strength, able to deliver death at any moment.

Strength and fragility, two contradictory words coexisted in Bologue.

Sandbox tried to mobilize Secret Energy, but severe pain, fatigue, fear, countless negative emotions besieged him, not to mention Bologue had worn him down substantially.

The tendency of the Decree of Rotting Flesh was "blunt and extensive"; he could drive countless Ghouls but had to bear enormous Ether consumption.

The Ghouls and ghostly shadows around began to move slowly; heavily injured, Sandbox's control became much slower.

If only he could act before Bologue, if only... before him...

Sandbox struggled to stand up; the Short Sword had completely pierced his chest by then, and he could only cover the wound as he fled toward the Ghouls.

Sudden acute pain struck Sandbox's ankle, causing him to fall into a water puddle, a Sheep Horn Hammer falling beside him. Looking back, he saw Bologue maintaining a throwing posture and then striding forward.

As Sandbox got up with the sword, the pitch-black figure towered over him, he looked up, seeing only a pair of cyan eyes in the shadow.

Bologue recalled a movie he had seen earlier; the current scenario was similar to it—a killer killing another killer.

It was finally going to end, but Bologue felt something was missing... That's right.

A brutal, cold-blooded declaration; the courtroom executes a criminal in this manner, loudly reading his crimes and then pulling the trigger.

"When I perform that just act, I am the Angel she speaks of."

While speaking, Bologue tore off the necklace from his neck, holding the Cross in his palm, the necklace wrapping around his knuckles like a Finger Tiger.

"In my hand... is the Fire Sword."

Bologue felt his fists were about to ignite, the Fire Sword of judgment was in his hand, and Bologue simply needed to swing it.

Footsteps approached from all around, the Ghouls stretched out fangs and claws; regrettably, the judgment was made, and no one could alter his will, thus Bologue roared and swung his heavy fists.

"I am the truth!"

Sandbox swung his sword at Bologue, but at this moment, it wasn't a swordsmanship duel, but a street brawl; Bologue dashed into Sandbox's arms, swiftly punching his elbow joint.

"I am the iron law!"

In excruciating pain, the Secret Sword slipped from his hand. Bologue fiercely kicked Sandbox's knee, knocking him down, a grinding sensation emanating from the bones, bending at a bizarre angle as ghostly shadows thrust Sharp Swords, piercing Bologue's body, yet it couldn't stop him.

Saying angry, harsh words, but Bologue's actions were like a street thug, indeed, thinking this way wasn't wrong; he was now the Villainous Angel mentioned in the story, relentlessly swinging fists clutching the Fire Sword of the Cross.

Bologue punched one after another, first smashing the brow bone, then shattering the nose bridge; blood covered Sandbox's vision and soon the eyeballs sunk under the heavy punches.

Sandbox tried to resist, raising both fists to counterattack, but Bologue was faster, crueller, despite having palms pierced by the sword, he could still clench tightly as an iron block.

Relentlessly pounding, like lifting a big rock, smashing down, lifting, smashing down, lifting... Nothing elegant or dignified existed, only the most primitive, most bloody violence, only thus could vent the deepest and hottest anger.

Amidst extreme fury, Bologue actually laughed, past memories brushed by alongside the storm.

"Why do you shout... Hallelujah whenever you're happy? What does it mean?" Bologue asked Adelle beside him, lying in a gloomy forest.

Adelle, kneeling next to Bologue, explained while changing the medicine on his wound.

"It means praise; when you're happy, you can shout this phrase, praising those things that make you happy, praising this wonderful world."

She spoke, extending a hand to wipe the cold sweat off Bologue's forehead; she gently said, "For instance, now, we are still alive; this moment is quite suitable for saying words of praise."

"Hallelujah?"

"Yes, Hallelujah!" Adelle said with surprise, "We are still alive! Hallelujah!"