

Endless 188

Chapter 188: Iron Law of Axioms_3

Bologue imitated what Adelle said at that time, grabbing Sandbox's head with both hands and laughing at the bloody face.

"Friend! Smile! This is a moment worth cheering for!"

"Hallelujah!"

Bologue praised loudly, feeling an unprecedented exhilaration in the fusion of fists and blood. The storm roared around them like the fury of demons, yet amidst it, there was an ethereal melody, like a choir softly singing.

"Hallelujah!"

"Hallelujah!"

Each exclamation of praise was a heavy punch, each heavy punch accompanied by intense pain, smashing collarbones, breaking necks, crushing faces, and even caving in the chest.

Smash all the hatred and anger to pieces!

Until there was no more sound!

Bologue didn't know how many punches he had thrown or how long he had been pummeling. When he stopped, Sandbox's head was already flattened, blood gushing, mingling with the blurred flesh.

Grabbing the collar, Bologue roared at the twisted face as if to unleash all the pent-up anger from his heart, now like a true lion, roaring in rage, bathed in blood.

After the roar, all things settled into quiet.

After a long time, Bologue held onto the railing and stood up from the indistinguishable mass of the corpse, steam rising from his entire body.

Pushing away the stagnant ghostly shadows, he pulled out the Sharp Sword piercing his body. Turning back, the fog had dissipated; the oddly shaped Ghouls lay dead beside him, almost turning him into minced meat.

Leaning powerlessly against the railing, Bologue's vision blurred. Turning his head, he saw Palmer not far away, waving at him.

Like him, Palmer was resting against the railing. In front of Palmer, bodies piled up like mountains, washed by rain, forming dark red rivulets flowing down.

Releasing his hand, Bologue put the blood-stained Cross necklace back around his neck, and in that instant, an unprecedented tranquility enveloped his only soul.

"How does it feel? Bologue, you look now like a tragically philosophical character, crushed by stones," Palmer came over and remarked to the mud-blood-covered Bologue.

"Why a tragic philosopher?"

"Hm? Just feel like your face would fit well in an oil painting right now," Palmer thought aloud. "I have quite a few of such oil paintings at home; those folks in them have expressions much like yours."

"How should I put it? It feels like something major has concluded, and what's next is death... luckily, you won't die."

Hearing Palmer's words, Bologue couldn't help but laugh. His serious yet slightly nonsensical tone really felt like seeing ghosts now.

"So, Mr. Lazarus, any thoughts on the matter at this point?" Palmer kicked Sandbox's corpse, its head caved and flesh blurred; he seemed to be the one crushed to death.

Bologue thought for a moment and took out a key from his pocket, "Right now, I want to have a drink."

"No, no, I'm not asking what you're going to do next, I'm asking what you're thinking right now?"

Palmer was like a journalist constantly interviewing Bologue, very curious about his partner's mental state.

"What I'm thinking now is, I want to have a good drink at the Undying Club later,"

Bologue firmly repeated, looking at Palmer.

"So, coming along?"

A gentle glow rose on the horizon, illuminating the scarred stone bridge and the mountain of corpses. The raging storm gradually subsided, turning into a gentle drizzle, washing the bloodstained earth clean.

The misty morning light wrapped around the two of them. Among the murmuring water, the filthy blood mixed with rainwater, sweeping the corpses, plunging into the deep valley, disappearing without a trace.