

## Endless 411

### Chapter 411: A Better Place

"Theme?"

Aimou tilted her head and looked at Bologue, with scratches scattered across her face, making her resemble a homeless stray cat.

Bologue said, "Just like novels, operas, movies also need a theme."

"I can't think of any theme," Aimou pondered for a moment and said.

"Having no theme is also a theme... like the state we're in now," Bologue's wounds were healing slowly, "I can't quite understand what we're fighting about."

"It's just venting emotions," Aimou defined their brawl.

"After venting our emotions, shouldn't we have a proper talk?"

Bologue couldn't help but relax; he didn't know what Aimou intended in the fourth Time Reversal, but suddenly, Bologue thought it wouldn't be bad for it to end this way, though it did trouble his team leader.

While he was battling wits and courage with a woman, Lebius was truly fighting bloodily.

Aimou stared at Bologue expressionlessly, still having no intention of conversing, rejecting to open her heart to anyone.

Suddenly, Aimou flung herself onto Bologue, pinning his thighs with her legs in an extremely intimate manner, as if embracing him.

"What kind of expression is this?"

Aimou softly wrapped her arms around Bologue's neck, asking quizzically.

"Your eyes seem to be telling me to hurry and leave... I remember those courtship novel plots where the protagonist loves such scenarios, right?"

Bologue tried to struggle but lacked the strength. After being hit by the Forbidden Spirit Bullet, Aimou took advantage of his weakness and administered several bottles of poison, leaving even the Undead struggling to endure.

"That kind of plot is quite good, but I recall this part shouldn't be in the storyline, right?"

Bologue glanced downward, and as Aimou's knee applied pressure, the dagger embedded in his thigh twisted, reopening his barely healed wound.

This isn't a courtship novel anymore, but more like a suspense murder novel.

"Hmm? Literary works certainly have some discrepancies with reality," Aimou said while nodding to herself.

Bologue slowly lifted his head; he couldn't sense Aimou's breath, only the slight trembling from beneath his body, akin to a heartbeat.

"I really don't understand what you intend to do, Aimou."

Bologue spoke sincerely.

Bologue was never good at guessing others' intentions, given his expertise didn't involve such matters; when faced with challenges, he could only crush them with his iron fists.

It's hard enough to guess what ordinary people are thinking, let alone an Alchemy Puppet's inner world.

"If you want me to stay put here, you could just tell me straightforwardly, not achieve it in this manner."

Bologue wasn't sure if he was numb from the pain or losing too much blood; he was hardly able to feel the pain anymore.

"You are the expert after all; surrendering control to an expert makes people uneasy."

Aimou didn't deny her intentions; she controlled Bologue cruelly... merely to have this inexplicable conversation.

"It does resemble here..." Aimou suddenly said.

"Resemble what?"

"The Alchemy Workshop."

The corner of his eye scanned the surroundings; Bologue refuted, "This is entirely different, come on."

"No, I meant the ambiance."

"Ambiance?"

Bologue was even more baffled; does the ambiance here resemble an Alchemy Workshop? This should really be a crime scene.

But then again, how could anyone understand what an Alchemy Puppet is thinking?

Aimou had no plan to elaborate further; although the place indeed wasn't like an Alchemy Workshop, she felt it was cozy despite the dust. The once Alchemy Workshop was as warm as this.

"I recall vividly, when I first met you, the contrast was so stark." Bologue said.

"Was it that time? Actually, I was poorly disguised; I should've been more docile, being overly lively only arouses suspicion."

Aimou remembered her first encounter with Bologue, joking and being playful.

"That wasn't our first meeting... I saw you even before that."

"When?"

Bologue fell silent, revealing a mocking glance; in such a scenario, he could only use this tactic to discomfort Aimou.

Aimou remained silent, curling up to Bologue like a swallow, burying her head in his chest.

The scene should've been quite beautiful, but Bologue was covered in wounds with his chest a mess of blood and flesh, giving a dreadful impression.

"You're right, Bologue."

Aimou's voice carried a sense of relief and ease, seeming to have revealed a heavy secret.

"I long for the teacher's love and approval."

Aimou's mood was serene, solely expressing herself, almost like conversing with Bologue.

"I think just letting the teacher see me, sacrificing for Alice's revival wouldn't matter to me..."

But then I changed, experiencing unknown joy and knowing the horror of death firsthand."

Bologue remained silent; this wasn't the time for jokes.

"I made efforts to suppress my desires and fears, akin to self-imposed asceticism, a form of self-sacrifice; overcoming so many hurdles should've made the teacher glance at me... "

Aimou's words paused for a few seconds; Bologue felt vibrations, unsure if they were body tremors or Aimou shivering.

"Why, Bologue."

Aimou inquired to Bologue.

"Why was I born to be someone's substitute?

Actually, I also want to live, to savor more desserts, listen to more music, watch more films, to see a larger world rather than remain trapped in this dark Great Rift."

Aimou spoke, clenching her fists in resentment.

"Do you despise all this?" Bologue questioned.

Aimou thought for a long time, slowly loosening her fist, "No."

"The teacher wasn't wrong; he just cared too much for Alice. Alice wasn't wrong either, as my existence owes thanks to her... no one was wrong, yet it created this painful hell.

I can't understand all this, humans are incredibly complex."

Aimou felt sorrowful, thinking she should cry, yet without tears; only sadness shown on her face and the dimmed halo in her eyes.

"It's strange, Aimou."

Bologue tried to move his arm, gently wrapping it around Aimou, "Why say these things now?"

Aimou whispered, "You're right, leaving without saying goodbye is terrible. I don't know how you found me, but after seeing you last in the time reversal, I thought I should properly say farewell."

"Time reversal?" Bologue feigned ignorance.

"This is the last goodbye, Bologue."

Aimou didn't explain the time reversal, she simply shared her thoughts.

"Goodbye? Are you going to do something after this?"

"Yes, something very important."

Aimou leaned close to Bologue's ear, sharing this secret carefully.

"Bologue, even though you're certainly not right in the head, to me, you're my only friend.

The first time someone celebrated my birthday with me, the first time I knew what birthday cake tastes like, the first time watching a movie, the first time..."

Aimou's voice gradually weakened, speaking these words was not easy, nearly exhausting all her energy.

"Looking at it this way, all of this is your fault."

Bologue asked, "Why blame me?"

"You showed me the beauty of this world, then let me experience what death means... I've already seen the light, and now I can no longer tolerate the darkness, not for even a second."

Aimou tightened her grip around Bologue's neck, slightly forceful, as if trying to strangle him.

"I can't go back to being that good child, and it's all because of you."

Bologue remained silent, though Aimou's words carried a sense of reproach, he oddly felt somewhat... honored?

"Bologue, I've decided, since the teacher doesn't love me, I will love myself.

I want to become human.

I refuse to be anyone's substitute; I want to live.

I want to eat more sweets, listen to more music, watch more movies, leave the Great Rift, and see the larger world.

Yes, that's right, feel the never-ending storm at Wind Source Highlands, see the great ships and vast oceans at Free Port, and visit the Land of Green Shade, walk in the wild..."

Aimou expressed the secrets from her heart at that moment; this time she wanted to be a selfish child.

"Become human? Previously, you said you never wanted to become human."

"I was lying, you're too easily deceived."

"..."

After a moment of silence, Bologue spoke again.

"I can't understand, Aimou, you were so resistant to interacting with me before, why are you telling me this now? Just for a goodbye?"

"Kind of."

"For the sake of a goodbye, you open your heart so easily?"

"This isn't really opening my heart."

"Isn't it?"

"It's just my self-talk, and you won't remember any of it."

Bologue felt he had grasped something crucial, he asserted cautiously, "I won't remember any of this?"

"It's cumbersome to explain, but even if I do, you'll forget soon after."

Having finally spoken all this, Aimou felt much more relieved, a rare hint of laughter in her voice.

"You really are a coward," Bologue said, "only daring to reveal your heart to me when I won't remember any of it."

"I'm a coward, I admit it, so what? Anyway, you won't remember."



Aimou, obstinate as a stubborn child.

"I don't care about the result, I only care about the process; since I have said goodbye to you, even if you forget, I am satisfied, like a hollow tree, I don't need your echo."

"I won't remember any of this? That sounds quite selfish."

"At a time like this, who cares about whether it's selfish or not."

Aimou straightened up from Bologue's embrace, the two stared into each other's eyes, then Aimou kissed Bologue's forehead.

"I'm going to a better place."

Aimou placed one hand on Bologue's chest, feeling his heartbeat, and with the other hand on her own chest, extinguished the glow of the Fantasy Species.

She hummed a familiar tune, Bologue had heard this song; it was from the records he had recently collected.

"My body is my cage, my thoughts are the key to unlock the confinement..."

"Goodbye, Bologue Lazarus."

The light went out, and then a more dazzling light burst forth, transforming into a blazing white tide, engulfing all.

...

Scarlet blood splattered across the cliff, thick veins crept like vines over the rocks, in those large tumors, breeding crazed life, many tendrils curled up, greedily consuming the surrounding beings.

"This isn't Illusion Creation," Lebius looked at the wildly expanding flesh, "the Immortal Heart lost control, didn't it?"

The bizarre flesh devoured the surrounding matter, Alchemy Workshop had been entirely engulfed by it, suspending like a nest at the center.

Waves of astonishing Ether reactions emanated from within, it must be the core of the battlefield.

Lebius prepared to move forward, he turned back, seeing the blazing light tide rising from beneath the Great Rift.

The Fantasy Species had been destroyed, the fourth time reversal was about to end.

"Well, at least, during this time reversal, plenty of information was gathered."

Lebius murmured, then he looked beside him, at the figure who had been following him all along.

Hood, Gold, Fast, the three people were covered in terrifying injuries, pupils dilated, within them drifted with eerie blue light.

"See you next time reversal."

Lebius waved, bidding farewell to the three deceased.

The fourth time reversal ended.

The fifth time reversal began.

Chapter 412: Savior

When Bologue's vision returned to normal, he was already back inside the Undying Club, with Serey's heart-shaped breakfast and a glass of orange juice placed in front of him.

Bologue frowned, every time he woke up he would see Serey's tired appearance, and seeing it too much made him somewhat uncomfortable.

Then Bologue felt a bit distressed, and in the bitterness, he actually wanted to laugh, and eventually his expression got out of control, and he covered his face.

"What are you doing?"

Serey scrutinized Bologue's strange reaction, whenever this brute laughed, it usually wasn't a good thing.

"Ah... how should I put it?"

Bologue looked troubled, took a sip of the orange juice, and then fell silent again.

Aimou finally opened her heart, confiding her pain and her desires to him, venting out these pent-up emotions.

Bologue understood that Aimou still harbored an indefinable wariness towards everyone, and the only reason she could tell him these things was that after each Time Reversal, he'd forget it all.

Aimou sees Bologue as an empty vessel who remembers nothing, but what she doesn't know is that this vessel is not as simple as it seems. In this crazy Time Reversal, Bologue, like Aimou, can retain his memories in the torrents of time.

God, this feels terrible, Bologue was about to lose control and burst into laughter.

If Aimou knew he could retain memories in Time Reversal, she'd probably go mad.

Her wishes and vulnerabilities are all laid bare before him, just like a childhood diary being loudly read in public after many years.

And what's worse is that in such an important and serious time, Bologue finds a twisted pleasure in it.

Bologue murmured, "Serey, I'm gradually understanding what twisted pleasure is."

Serey looked at him suspiciously, unable to comprehend what Bologue was saying, but anyway, he didn't care, now Serey just wanted to sleep properly.

Bologue left the Undying Club and came to the parking lot outside the Order Bureau, turning the key to start the car.

A few minutes later, Lebius opened the rear car door, placed a few suitcases inside, and then sat in the front passenger seat, buckling his seatbelt with no expression.

"I know what Aimou's wish is. She couldn't get Teda's love and recognition, so she was disheartened and wanted to give it all up, to become human, escape the shackles, and start a new life."

"To transform into a human?" Lebius thought for a moment, "It's not unusual for an Alchemy Puppet to have such a wish."

Lebius has dealt with many similar incidents and has some experience in this area, "These beings created by Alchemists often face such identity crises."

"They possess the same consciousness as humans but become entirely different existences due to the constraints of their shells.

The split in their consciousness gradually becomes severe, and they doubt their place in the world, extremely lacking in a sense of identity..."

"Like a reclusive and eccentric child," Bologue said softly, "such things happen often, don't they? The children who recognize each other play together, while the most bizarre child hides in a corner, all alone."

"What do you plan to do in this Time Reversal?" Lebius asked about Bologue's plan.

Bologue's voice was mixed with anger, "I'm going to save Aimou, she's like a child who hasn't been educated and doesn't know how to handle her issues except by using the most extreme means, damn it, Teda, as her guardian, is also extreme!"

"Most importantly... she's a member of our team!"

Lebius looked at Bologue confused, his mind was a bit stuck for a moment, "I remember we didn't recruit Aimou."

There are only a few members in the Special Operations Group, Lebius doesn't remember when there was an addition of Aimou.

"I know, but I recruited Aimou, I know I don't have the authority, but there's always some internal referral, right?"

Bologue gave Lebius a thumbs-up, "Though she's just a reserve member, I think you'll like her!"

"Previously, I didn't know what she wanted to do, so I was at a loss, but now it's different, I feel I have the ability to persuade her."

Maybe talking to Lebius diverted his attention, this time Bologue drove without as much irritation, but the speed was still fast.

"She wants to transform into a human through a Fantasy Species, but looking at her actions, it doesn't seem like she's capable of succeeding."

"You mean..." Lebius realized something.

"When even a Fantasy Species can't redeem Aimou, what do you think her options remain?" Bologue's voice turned severe, "This is a trap, a trap Aimou can't refuse."

"I guess that Devil is watching all this from somewhere, letting out harsh laughter at our foolish actions. I know these bastards too well."

Lebius didn't speak, he glanced at the rear-view mirror of the car, where Lebius' cold face was reflected.

The car rolled over gravel, with a slight tremor, the rear-view mirror shook, and for a moment Lebius saw another blurred figure.

He was wearing pajamas, holding popcorn, watching everyone like an audience in a theater.

"You're right," Lebius said in a low voice, looking at the empty back seat, "They're watching all of this."

"And what about you? What are you planning to do, Captain?"

Normally, Bologue likes to call Lebius boss since he is indeed his boss, but when at work, to emphasize professionalism, he prefers to call Lebius captain.

Lebius said, "Going to delve deeper into the Alchemy Workshop. In the last Time Reversal, the Immortal Heart went out of control, with flesh covering the cliffs, spreading towards the surrounding buildings.

The King's Shield Guard's primary objective is the Immortal Heart, and we need to stop them, not letting them get the Immortal Heart."

"Split up? Seems like I need to find a way to buy you some time then."

Bologue drove onto the straight road, floored the gas as if a rocket launched, breaking through one red light after another.

If Lebius went to explore the Alchemy Workshop, no one would be there to aid him against Hood and the others regarding Aimou, which for Bologue, was quite a pressure.

"No, I'll first help you deal with them and then leave," Lebius said.

Bologue turned to look at him, "Are you sure? Will you make it in time?"

"No problem. In the last Time Reversal, I fully understood their Secret Energy. In this Time Reversal, they can't stop me."

Lebius's voice was full of confidence as if it was some iron-clad fact, indubitable.

An ethereal blue light floated and swayed over his body, Lebius continued speaking.

"Besides, I need some people to form a wolf pack."

Bologue looked at the road conditions, thinking carefully that he knew very little about Lebius, not even aware of the kind of Secret Energy Lebius possessed.

But such things were no longer important, since Lebius said so, all he needed to do was trust him.

"Alright, then let's do it again!"

Bologue adjusted his posture, focusing his entire being and becoming engaged.

Accompanied by cheers, a familiar scene replayed as Bologue kicked open the car door, the ground rose into a launching platform, and azure arrows crashed into the thick fog of the Great Rift.

## Chapter 413: Self-Deception

The azure car carried two death gods, plunging toward the Great Rift, like raindrops merging into the sea, without causing the slightest ripple.

Pressing a button, the screen switched, showing a dark room on the television screen. Shortly, the door was pushed open, and Teda entered in the dim light.

Teda appeared much older, his skin like withered bark tightly clinging to his bones, his face grim as a corpse, enveloped in a thick aura of death. Yet, in the sunken, black hole-like eye sockets, there was a bright gleam.

In the Alchemy Workshop, tremors continuously shook the place; dust flew and settled in every corner. Flesh entwined with every inch of the building, scarlet blood oozed from it, forming pools of blood on the ground.

The intense scent of blood filled every corner, resembling the stomach cavity of some massive beast, where the hard walls turned soft like stomach walls lined with viscous substances.

Thin blood-colored filaments gently swayed, like seaweed in the ocean, but upon closer inspection, one would find the fuzzy surface was actually countless tiny mouths, craving fresh flesh and blood.

The King's Shield Guard's attack had begun, bombarding the Alchemy Workshop, attempting to break open the tightly shut doors. Teda clearly had no ability to resist so many enemies, but fortunately, the Alchemy Workshop possessed the Void Realm, and under its protection, they couldn't break in for now.

Teda walked to the center of the room, then slowly knelt by the bedside, bowing his head as he took the pale, bloodless hand in his.

"She still betrayed me and left with your soul."

Teda pressed the cold hand against his forehead, his voice devoid of emotion.



"I don't know why, but upon realizing she had escaped, I actually felt... somewhat relieved."

Teda gently rubbed the hand, hoping to bring warmth to it.

"It's good, she finally left, she should have done so long ago."

Aimou's figure gradually dissipated in his mind; from now on, Teda wouldn't need to think about anything concerning her. Teda knew Aimou was a strong child, and during her time as the Delusional, he had taught her everything he could. He believed she would live well on her own.

Now, he only needed to focus on his own matters.

"I know this is wrong, but I just can't stop. If I don't do this, I will regret it for the rest of my life."

Teda fell silent. He wished to forget everything and start anew, but whenever he closed his eyes, he always saw that scene.

In the raging sea of fire, Alice stared at that Celestial God-like figure, her lively eyes turning numb, hollow...

Teda's desires, like a boulder rolling down a hill, could not be stopped from the start. Either he achieved his dreams, or he would crash into dust.

So, Teda knew his fate from the beginning, yet he still willingly forged ahead.

Looking at Alice lying in bed, in the silence, ideals gradually crumbled. His demeanor became increasingly frenzied and deranged, as if another mad will was devouring his rational soul entirely, rendering control impossible.

"Damn it!"

Teda cursed softly, his eyes red.

"Aimou escaped with your soul; I should have taken out the Constant Motion Core first!"

Like a split personality, intense hatred ruled Teda's mind. His face twisted, hands clenched forcefully, as if he wanted to grasp an Iron Hammer to smash Aimou's skull and pry open her heart.

Teda soon regained clarity, panic seizing him as he looked at his own hands, seeing Alice's hands bruised from his grip.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

Frantically, Teda rubbed Alice's hands, panic thick in his voice, rough skin repeatedly irritating the pale hands until they bore many abrasions.

"No, no, no..."

Holding his head firmly, Teda stood up shakily, expressions of agony shown clearly.

Though only he and Alice were inside the room, Teda felt it crowded, teeming with faces flashing before his eyes, shouting or whispering loudly at him.

Eerie mutterings rose and fell in his mind.

"Shut up, damn it, I told you to shut up!"

Under Teda's angry shouts, the surrounding whispers quieted at last, but he knew this was only temporary. They hadn't left; they still lingered close by.

Bloodshot filled the hazy eye sockets, no longer resembling human eyes, but a beast's gaze.

Glancing at the suitcase beside him, though tightly latched, a chill seeped out from it.

"It's you..."

Teda knew the source of the disturbance.

He gently opened the suitcase, undoing the sealed closure, and in that instant, even the air became restless.

They started again, roaring, whispering, laughing, mourning...

A cacophony buzzed around Teda's ears, yet he seemed not to hear, reaching out trembling hands to cradle that heart.

It had clearly separated from the flesh, losing all its blood, yet it continued to beat on its own, as if the concept of death were meaningless to it.

"Immortal Heart..."

Teda's gaze was as if looking at a glistening gem; he reached out and gently caressed its sticky, warm surface, treating it like an infant, whispering strange words to it.

He stepped forward, moving slowly, until he stopped by Alice's bedside.

Teda gazed deeply at the sleeping Alice, knowing she was about to awaken...

"Humans are truly complex beings, it's hard for me to understand their behavior of self-deception."

Sai Zong leaned on one side of the sofa, watching Teda spiraling into madness on the screen, his tone indifferent, coldly evaluating from the absolute perspective of an observer.

"He knows very clearly that this is wrong, that his actions will never lead to a good outcome... yet he does it anyway, stubborn beyond words."

Sai Zong's words paused for a few seconds, followed by an uncontrollable delight, "From sanity to madness, I love this despairing process."

"In the human mind, throughout their lives, there are always these wishes they strive for even if it costs their lives. If they can't achieve their purpose by sacrificing everything, they fall into hysterical madness and then self-deception, continuously hypnotizing themselves..."

The Tyrant's tone was filled with sympathy, followed by uncontrollable laughter, "Therefore, they are so easy to manipulate, just a little bit of charity, a little hint of hope, and they'll risk everything for it."

"Your target shouldn't be this old thing, right? He's already crushed by his own desires, seeming to have no value whatsoever."

Sai Zong picked up the remote control, pressed a button, and the scene switched again, focusing on Aimou.

Aimou had already said goodbye to Bologue again, as if severing a connection, she felt a sense of relief, her steps quickening.

To avoid meeting Bologue again, this time Aimou chose a brand new route, instead of heading deep into the Great Rift, she turned the other direction and ran towards the streets of Opus.

Her eyes were filled with hope, as if a new life was right in front of her.

"She's another self-deceiving child; she doesn't really think the Fantasy Species can fulfill her wishes, does she?"

Sai Zong thought of something and continued to laugh, "Ultimately, the Fantasy Species itself is a kind of self-deceptive product."

"To fulfill a wish, the imaginary fruit is created, which cannot directly realize a specific desire but instead grants it a sort of possibility," the Tyrant softly said, "turning a definite zero into a minuscule one."

"How naive, even with such a tiny chance, so what? Do you really think this tiny possibility means realizing a wish?"

The Tyrant let out a series of mocking laughs, "Even after paying such a great price, unable to reach fulfillment, will just plunge her into deeper despair..."

Sai Zong followed up, saying, "By then, you'll be the only one reaching out to help her."

The Tyrant nodded with a smile; it's a trap Aimou cannot reject, if she wishes to fulfill her desires, she will eventually kiss the Tyrant's palm.

"But your plan is not perfect, there are still many variables."

Hearing Sai Zong's words, the Tyrant asked, "Such as?"

"Such as, if she really uses the Fantasy Species to fulfill her wish?"

"Are you serious, Sai Zong?"

Sai Zong was silent for a few seconds, amused even by himself, self-mockingly said, "Yeah, how could that be possible?"

They all knew, the Fantasy Species was merely a beautiful hope, merely imparting a possibility to the cruel reality, rather than completely achieving a wish.

The Tyrant scrutinized Sai Zong, who still wore the costume playing the dog, with a dog mask on his face, big ears drooping down the sides of his cheeks, an inexplicable absurdity in this situation.

"Ultimately, whether it's humans, or you, or me, or the so-called Devils... aren't we all deceiving ourselves?"

The Tyrant's words carried an uncommon sense of sadness.

Sai Zong didn't intend to discuss this topic with the Tyrant, he looked at Aimou on the screen and asked something else.

"Why her?"

The Tyrant watched Aimou's silhouette; she was so beautiful, captivating.

"We're all bound by our own Original Sin," the Tyrant gazed at that dazzling soul, "drawn by its inclination."

"Just like that lazy fellow, he loves to observe others' lives, so he chooses the one who can bring him a spectacular scene..."

Sai Zong understood the Tyrant's implication and asked, "Is Aimou very greedy?"

"She's incredibly greedy; she yearns for everything that comes with being human..."

The Tyrant's voice softened.

"Of course, greed alone isn't enough; she is so unique, one of a kind in the world."

Chapter 414: A Brand New Life

Aimou felt she had made a wrong decision, yet she didn't regret it. On the contrary, she was even a little pleased.

In the fourth time reversal, confiding in Bologue was like untying a knot in her heart. She could finally speak her mind without reservations, even if Bologue wouldn't remember any of it.

Now, Aimou abandoned the experience accumulated from previous time reversals and chose a new escape route.

In this fifth time reversal, Aimou would face completely unknown situations. She didn't know when the King's Shield Guard's pursuit would come, nor if Bologue would find her again.

But Aimou no longer cared about those things. From the moment she gained consciousness, she lived in the Great Rift, accompanied by fog day and night.

She had enough of it now.

Aimou no longer wanted to be the obedient child manipulated by others. She no longer anticipated decisions from others, but held everything firmly in her own hands.

She knew that in her confessions to Bologue, she was actually harboring some beautiful vision. But now, Aimou could feel the power of the Fantasy Species gradually weakening. It couldn't withstand many more time reversals.

Aimou didn't have many chances left, but she didn't care!

Her gaze was firm, paying no heed to the Fantasy Species on her chest.

After five time reversals, the Fantasy Species had grown considerably from its original state. Like a luminous seed, it thrived, using Aimou's body as its foundation.

Its roots easily penetrated the hard machinery, entwining the internal mechanical structures, even reaching the Constant Motion Core.

Aimou was being slowly consumed by the Fantasy Species, a scenario she had anticipated long ago.

When the Fantasy Species exhausted its own Ether, it would continue to drain Aimou's Ether until the wish was fulfilled.

For an ordinary Condenser, once their own Ether was exhausted, everything would stop. But Aimou was different; she was an Alchemy Puppet. In a sense, Ether was like the oxygen sustaining her life.

The Fantasy Species had already touched the Constant Motion Core. Aimou knew what would happen if the time reversals continued...

Aimou no longer thought about these matters; she only felt that such a deal was worth it.

Like a stone rolling down a mountain, from the moment it started, it would either fulfill the wish or be shattered to pieces. This was the price required by the Fantasy Species.

But could Aimou's wish really come true?

She knew.

Aimou had known from the start.

The Fantasy Species didn't possess the ability to transform into a human; it only granted a possibility.

To make what was absolutely impossible, have a sliver of possibility, like allowing a "miracle" to be born in this world bound by the iron law.

If she had initiated the Fantasy Species with a wish, Aimou believed it was the wish to "survive".



At the beginning of this time reversal, it was when Teda prepared to resurrect Alice, and the King's Shield Guard also launched an assault on the Alchemy Workshop.

Aimou, isolated and helpless, used the Fantasy Species with a mindset of giving it a try, just to survive the pincer attack. Then it came to now, when Aimou successfully escaped.

"What a clumsy imitation..." With this thought, Aimou felt a wave of sadness.

What kind of thoughts did the first person who researched the Fantasy Species hold? To fulfill a wish, he sacrificed himself, creating such a clumsy fruit.

But Aimou didn't remain sad for long. She imitated Bologue, trying to fill her spirit with other emotions.

Like anger at the current situation, or expectation for a new life.

"Your wish, his wish, everyone's wishes, yet no one cares about Aimou's wish."

Aimou learned quickly, climbing the iron ladder while berating.

She knew she was actually an insecure person. No matter how she tried to please Teda, all she got was cold rejection. Disappointment gradually filled Aimou's heart, making her skeptical of so-called relationships.

Aimou's steps halted, recalling Bologue. In her interactions with others, Aimou always wore a mask, but with Bologue, she rarely showed her true self.

Bologue was special to Aimou, but the more special he was, the less Aimou dared to hope, fearing another outcome like Teda's.

Recalling everything triggered by the time reversal, Aimou clapped her head in self-reproach.

"I really screwed it all up..."

Aimou muttered to herself.

Some spend their whole lives healing from childhood, while Aimou was still in its shadow. She distrusted any relationship. If not for her plan, Aimou wouldn't even want the slightest contact with anyone.

As long as there's no expectation, there's no disappointment.

She knew she should have traveled alone from the start, this way no one would see her, and no one would be hurt. Even if there was a price, it would be hers alone to bear.

This time, Aimou's determination was extremely firm, even if she couldn't become human, Aimou was going to do what she wanted.

That's right, there's no need to become human, even if she can't taste the flavor of desserts, feel the breeze caressing her skin, or understand what a so-called dream really is...

Aimou didn't care; she never cared about the outcome, the only thing she cared about was the process.

As long as she had done it, it counted as achieving it!

Aimou quickly ran to the edge of the Great Rift, and compared to humans, she still had many advantages. For example, Aimou never tired. As long as her body wasn't damaged, she could run for an entire day.

She had already thought of the next plan. Aimou had read many novels and knew there was a place in Opus called a train station. As long as you spend money on a ticket, the train would take you to any place with tracks.

Oh no, Aimou suddenly realized she didn't have any money, but this wasn't a problem. Aimou's fighting technique was very refined; she just needed to find an unlucky passerby and borrow a little.

Next, Aimou realized she didn't know how much the ticket cost, so she could only borrow as much as she could.

Then Aimou thought she could do something else while waiting for the train, like eating some desserts...

Thinking this, Aimou traversed layers of fog and arrived on the streets of Opus.

It was still early morning, and the sky above Opus was filled with clouds, with some light piercing through the gaps, naturally drawing one's attention to these beams of light, as if behind the clouds lay the sacred Celestial Kingdom.

The city was quiet, with only a few cars and pedestrians on the streets. Even the most prosperous city seemed to carry a tinge of decay under the winter's chill.

Aimou was on the run, yet she slowed down her pace, as if savoring the moment.

After repairs by Belli, from afar Aimou looked no different from a human, and she no longer needed to hide from others' gazes.

Aimou walked confidently down the street, curiously examining every detail.

From the previous instances of time reversal, it seemed the King's Shield Guard would still need some time to find her, allowing her to slightly waste this precious time.

Aimou's mood relaxed; it was her first time strolling the streets of Opus openly and alone.

In a moment of daze, she felt as though she was truly human, able to feel things she had never felt before.

Aimou slowly came to a stop; she stood at a crossroads, not knowing where to go.

A sudden sadness overcame Aimou. She knew there were many beautiful places in the world she had yet to see, but she didn't even know where they were.

Aimou didn't even know where the Opus train station was.

She felt like a hamster that had lived in a cage for many years, released into this vast world, clueless before the endless horizon.

Aimou believed she could adapt; she was a quick learner and, given time, could solve any problem.

She walked up to a storefront, its glass window displaying a rack full of pastries. The store was clearly locked. It was morning, and most stores had not yet opened for business.

Aimou hesitated for a few seconds; she felt she couldn't wait that long, and after a silent apology, she punched open the lock and strutted inside.

"Good morning."

Aimou greeted the empty store, took the upside-down chairs off the tables, and set them aside.

"I want this one, and that one too."

Aimou muttered to herself, taking dessert after dessert from the display rack and placing them on the table. Then she walked up to the counter, rummaging through her pockets.

Aimou had no money and hadn't run into any unfortunate soul to rob, so after much thought, she left her Fire-Calling Staff on the counter, as if to use it to settle her debt.

Back in her seat, Aimou picked up a fork, randomly skewered a dessert, and stuffed it into her mouth. She chewed a few times but tasted nothing.

Picking up another plate, Aimou spat out what was in her mouth. Unlike humans, she had no digestive organs and couldn't swallow these things.

Yet Aimou stubbornly skewered dessert after dessert, chewing and then spitting them out to the side, as if performing some kind of ritual, as if merely going through the motions meant she had eaten, even if they were tasteless.

In the shop, it was just Aimou alone, engaging in this absurd dining experience.

Aimou didn't feel sad; she knew that in the future, it would also just be her. She needed to adapt to everything quickly.

But soon, the shop door was pushed open again, a series of clear bells jingling as another person stepped inside.

He was panting, looking like he had rushed over from a great distance, and dragged over another chair to plop down.

"You know, those pastries on the display rack are specially made for show and are not edible."

The newcomer looked at Aimou's ridiculous behavior, a hint of amusement in his voice.

"Bologue, you really are like a stray dog that can't be driven away."

Aimou wiped her mouth, the slight sadness she felt vanished without a trace, and she looked expressionlessly at this unwelcome guest.

Chapter 415: The Lethal Dose of Sincerity and Care

In the morning of Oubos, on the empty streets, inside a pastry shop that seemed to have been looted by thugs...

The Undead and the Alchemy Puppet stared at each other across the table, finding brief peace in this bizarre current of time.

Bologue slumped in his chair, jokingly said, "Come on, I traveled a long way to find you, saying that would make me sad."

"Bologue, you're not suited to say such things," Aimou spat out the chewed pastry, "It sounds disgusting coming from you."

"I have to say, if you really want to eat sweets, you can ask for my help. I don't mind getting a bit fatter myself, and, your eating manner is too unsightly."

Bologue glanced at the nearby plate, Aimou couldn't consume food, so she chewed it into a mush-like consistency. It must be quite embarrassing for her to be seen by Bologue doing this.

Aimou put down her fork, gazing at the leisurely-looking Bologue. In this repeated Time Reversal, Bologue always managed to find her. She had sensed something amiss.

"How do you always manage to find me?"

"After all, we are brothers in arms, is it too much to say we have a special bond?"

Bologue wanted to resolve Aimou's matter in this fifth Time Reversal, so he simply gave up the disguise, unfazed by the trap in Aimou's words.

Aimou's expression turned cold; Bologue's answer was just brushing her off, and someone as professional as Bologue didn't even point out the error in her phrase "always."

Yes, from Bologue's perspective, this was their first meeting after the Time Reversal began, but from Aimou's perspective, this was already the third time. Aimou didn't believe this was a coincidence.

"Alright, alright."

Bologue raised his hand, showcasing his unique gloves.

The gloves were wrapped in cables with some intricate mechanical structures on them, and there was a pointer on the back of the glove, which was now firmly pointing at Aimou.

"Tracker?"

Aimou instantly understood what was going on. Her current body was crafted by Belli, and it was all too easy for her to do some tinkering.

"Uh-huh."

Bologue fiddled with his palm, admiring the exquisite structure, "Didn't expect Belli to have some use after all."

In the fourth Time Reversal, after meeting with Lebius, Bologue informed Lebius about the intelligence he gathered from Belli in the previous reversals.

To prevent accidents and optimize actions, Bologue requested Lebius to go to Belli immediately after the Time Reversal to obtain the tracker and support from the Alchemy Armament.

Honestly, Bologue anticipated that scene quite a lot, the sleepy-eyed Belli would open the door to find the grim-faced Lebius standing behind it... Surely, that would have scared her stiff.

For Lebius of the Wolf Pack to visit her so early in the morning, how could she not feel uneasy?

Then, in this fifth Time Reversal, after Bologue inserted the key and started the car in the parking lot, Lebius sat in the passenger seat with the required Alchemy Armament and tracker.

Bologue was grateful for his intuition; in the fourth Time Reversal, Aimou considered him a confidant, sharing her unbearable pain and crazy thoughts.

Bologue thought Aimou would make completely different choices thereafter, and indeed, she did.

When Bologue drove Lebius into the battlefield, the original plans were altered, Aimou didn't appear there, nor did the King's Shield Guard.

The car exploded into a ball of fire, releasing a fierce black smoke as it burned. Bologue stood by the fire, using the flames from the car wreckage to light a cigarette for himself.

Lebius glanced at Bologue, "I remember you don't smoke."

"I rarely smoke, only when the pressure gets a bit intense, I might want some... It's a bad habit I picked up during military service; I thought the experiences in Black Prison would make me forget them, but clearly, it's ingrained in my instincts."

Bologue bought this pack of cigarettes half a year ago and only smoked one or two. He took big drags, tasting nothing.

"You probably haven't fought in trench warfare, right? I feel it's no different than battling in Hell."

Perhaps to alleviate the inner agitation, Bologue unusually mentioned his past to Lebius.

"Usually, trench warfare lasts for several months, you can only hide in that cramped trench. Such a small place becomes your battlefield.

You can't see where the enemy is or how they're attacking, it feels like fighting against a swarm of phantoms.



Bullets occasionally whiz over your head, shells explode meters away from you, and besides praying, there's nothing you can do.

Your comrades will die without warning, and you have to carry their bodies out of the trench, stacking them like sandbags, then fire back at the enemy from their bodies."

Bologue took a simple drag of the cigarette and stopped, silently watching it burn, bit by bit turning into ash-white dust.

"Everywhere there's scorching smoke, you think the rainy days would save your heated spirit, but the rain washes over the dead bodies, blood mixes with the rainwater flooding into the trench, and it will mix with your excrement.

In the stench, rats gnaw at the corpses in the shadows, spreading disease, your skin will inflame, swell, and some might even rot away.

Chapter 416: The Lethal Dose of Sincerity and Care\_2

You can only watch yourself gradually stepping into decay, but besides sitting back and watching it all happen, you can do nothing.

That place is Hell, and you are firmly trapped within it."

The cigarette burns halfway, ash scattering in the wind.

"Cigarettes and alcohol are the only consolations in Hell. We use them to escape the harsh reality, numbing our own nerves."

Lebius does not understand trench warfare. Since the Fall of the Holy City, there has not been any war between nations as fierce as the Scorched Earth Rage. Plus, with the advance in modern technology, trench warfare has become outdated, buried in history.

Looking at it this way, aside from Undead like Bologue, there are few veterans left in this world who have personally experienced trench warfare.

Lebius understands what Bologue implies, so he asks, "Are the pressures of the Time Axis Disorder Event comparable to trench warfare?"

"More or less, in terms of pressure, it's quite similar."

Lebius remains silent, he has read Bologue's file, but some experiences cannot be fully encapsulated in words.

Bologue asks suddenly, "Team Leader, was your childhood happy?"

"Sort of. I was born into a moderately well-off family. My mother was a teacher, my father, a doctor,"  
Lebius replied openly to Bologue's question without concealing anything, "Why bring this up?"

Lebius gradually falls into Bologue's channel; he feels that discussing childhood feels quite out of place in this serious and oppressive environment.

"So, do you think Aimou's childhood was happy?"

"Aimou?"

"Yes, Aimou. Don't just regard her as an Alchemy Puppet, consider her as a human, think about her experiences."

Lebius follows Bologue's narration and begins to think, he imagines a poor picture.

"Yes, quite terrible," Bologue continues, "I know Aimou's experiences, and I can probably infer her thoughts."

"She can't figure out who she really is, human or Alchemy Puppet?"

This divide inevitably leads her thoughts into pathology, and she's just a child. Children need emotional support from relatives, but her emotional demands from Teda... You know Teda's response, such a repressive life, even humans would go insane, let alone Alchemy Puppets."

Bologue is like a veteran psychologist, precisely grasping Aimou's inner thoughts, and Lebius's perception of Bologue changes further; He gradually realizes that he might never have truly understood this team member.

"I remember books mentioning this condition, called childhood emotional neglect. Of course, Aimou's situation might be more complicated."

Feeling Lebius's surprised gaze, Bologue continues, "This can cause many individual problems, like inferiority, lack of confidence, suspicion of others, a psychological barrier as solid as an iron wall."

Bologue agrees with the point about the "psychological barrier like an iron wall." Look at Aimou; she only dares to reveal her feelings when she is sure she won't retain memories.

"Doesn't know how to interact with people, can't grasp distances, constantly self-doubting, unable to clarify her own feelings and needs, pleasing others for a little sense of security..."

Bologue mutters a slew of symptoms like reciting, and after finishing, Bologue remains silent for a second or two before summarizing.

"In other words, we are dealing with a rebellious Alchemy Puppet suffering from severe psychological illness, linked to the Devil, and possessing Fantasy Species along with excellent Fighting Techniques."

Lebius thought about it and nodded in agreement. "I didn't expect you to be a psychology expert after all."

In Lebius's eyes, Bologue's title as an expert has become somewhat close to omnipotent.

"Psychology expert? No, no, no, I'm not. I just understand this thing a little bit," Bologue explained, "When I first got out of prison, Geoffrey found me a psychologist who asked me to attend psychological counseling once a week."

"Later, confirmed my mental state was stable, so we chatted about conditions, academic problems sometimes. I always felt that learning more skills would surely be useful someday. See, it's getting used now."

For a moment, Lebius didn't know how to evaluate Bologue, then the topic returned to the Time Axis Disorder.

"So you know how to deal with Aimou, right?"

"Yes, luckily Aimou is still a child, which means her childhood is not over yet, and everything has the possibility of remedy."

Bologue stared directly at the burning fireball, letting the splendid light fill his entire pupil, and then looked at the cigarette in his hand.

The burning of the cigarette is like a timer, and now it has burned out, it's time to start the next step.

"To remedy a terrible childhood is actually quite simple.

Sufficient patience, mostly recognition from others, wholehearted sincerity, and love..."

Bologue added immediately.

"By the way, it also requires absolute violence to make her honestly listen to me."

Bologue took a deep breath, threw the cigarette butt into the fire, and shouted.

"Let's begin! The doctor is going out for a visit!"

Aimou made up her mind to embrace a new life, so the plot's direction was changed accordingly.

Lebius chose to venture into the Alchemy Workshop, facing Teda and the King's Shield Guard directly, while Bologue followed the tracker's guidance to search for Aimou.

And here they are now, Bologue and Aimou maintain a fragile peace, still bickering like friends, but in the next second, they might just start fighting.

#### Chapter 417: The Lethal Dose of Sincerity and Care\_3

Bologue had seen Aimou's fighting technique before. He didn't know where she learned it from, but combined with her tough armor, she was incredibly fierce.

"Senior sister, maybe? Sounds like something she could do."

Aimou showed extreme indifference to being tracked. She still had chances to rectify it. As long as she could find a way to cancel the tracking during the next time reversal.

Silence fell between the two of them. Aimou had already made her point clear during the fourth time reversal. What she needed now was action, while Bologue was pondering some complex matters.

If he wanted to convince and save Aimou, he would surely expose the fact that his memory was unaffected by time reversal.

Recalling Aimou's candid confession during the fourth time reversal, if she knew he would remember it all, she would probably be so ashamed she'd strike him directly.

Thoughts of this brought a smile to Bologue's face. He surprisingly anticipated Aimou's ashamed look. Even thinking about it brought a twisted pleasure.

Aimou looked at Bologue in confusion. She had long noticed that Bologue had some problems in his head, but she didn't expect him to act up at such a moment.

Based on what happened during the fourth time reversal, Bologue should have tried to persuade her, failed, and then fought her, right? Why was he smiling to himself instead?

Aimou felt something was amiss, but she couldn't pinpoint what it was. She couldn't help but ask.

"What are you smiling about?"

"I thought of something happy."

At this point, Bologue tried hard to control his emotions, to avoid bursting out in laughter.

"Bologue you..."

Aimou no longer wanted to entangle with Bologue. Her mind finally solidified, allowing no interference from anyone.

A faint light emerged around Aimou's body. She suddenly stood up and assumed a fighting pose, preparing to smash Bologue's head with a punch.

But at that moment, Bologue crossed his hands and spoke leisurely.

"Hold on!"

Bologue showed a troubled expression as he advised Aimou, "We've fought enough in the last time reversal. Can't we just sit down and talk peacefully?"

As Bologue continued speaking, the atmosphere shifted from surviving the time reversal to revealing dark secrets.

"Didn't we end up having a good talk?"

Bologue quickly mimicked Aimou's words, "Ahem, I'm going to a better place."

Aimou froze, the halo in her eyes slightly expanding. It took her more than ten seconds to react, and for some unknown reason, the bastard in front of her could also retain memory during time reversal.

After a brief panic, Aimou remembered her farewell to Bologue, her exposed heart, unreserved emotions, and Bologue's now annoying expression.

"You..."

Aimou became incoherent, clearly showing that she couldn't maintain a composed enough state to finish a complete sentence.

"You... You..."

She stammered, pointing a finger at Bologue, her face showing an expression of anger mixed with delight.

Perhaps it was because her body was exerting too much force, or because Aimou's emotions were too intense.

Intricate light glimmered on her body surface, her pupils flashed a melting gold-like fire just like the dazzling ribbons during a festival, flickering incessantly.

"Ahhhh!"

Aimou covered her face and squatted down immediately.

Her body couldn't stop trembling, making the frequency of the flickering light speed up, like a bomb about to explode.

Aimou's chest heaved continuously. She wrapped her hands around her chest, trying to suppress her volcanic emotions. But controlling them seemed too difficult.

Mind Projection overloaded, Constant Motion Core running at full capacity, scorching steam erupted, filling the shop instantaneously.

After a short delay, Bologue saw a shimmering figure floating amidst the steam. Immediately, a hard fist broke through the steam and landed on his face.

With a dull thud, a figure smashed through the glass window, flying out of the dessert shop, breaking a roadside lamppost and exploding a fire hydrant in the process.

Water jets erupted amidst the rain, making Bologue appear as if embedded in the wall.

Aimou's face was full of shame and resentment, gritting her teeth, her whole body emitting overloaded scorching steam, exuding a murderous aura.

For a split second, Bologue admitted that he realized he had messed up.

#### Chapter 418: Kill Kill Kill!

Bologue Lazarus, a debtor known as an expert, but sadly, even though Bologue is an expert, this so-called "expert" has its limitations.

Bologue is a violence expert, adept at handling all violent incidents and resolving them with even greater violence. However, when it comes to matters other than violence, one could say Bologue is completely clueless.

In this current situation, a negotiation expert is needed to calm Aimou down and persuade her, but clearly, Bologue's negotiation skills are terrible, leading to a disastrous outcome.



Looking at Bologue embedded in the wall, Aimou couldn't help but feel a deep sense of shame as she recalled those words she had whispered to him, words that required immense courage and were not meant to be remembered.

This bastard not only remembers everything but also pretends to be completely oblivious.

Thinking of her ridiculous reactions, Bologue had seen through it all long ago!

Humiliation, anger, confusion... various emotions mixed together, nearly causing Aimou to lose her sanity.

"Killkillkillkillkill..."

Aimou was completely out of control, with violent words escaping from between her teeth. Various brutal fighting techniques flashed through her mind. Today, she was determined to show Bologue what a rebellion of alchemy puppets looked like.

"Stay calm! Aimou! Stay calm! Control yourself!"

Bologue was also a bit panicked, realizing he had made things too serious.

"Bologue! I'm going to kill you!"

Aimou ignored Bologue's words, raised her fist, and charged towards him.

Forget about escaping Opus and starting a new life. If she could make another wish now, Aimou would wish to beat Bologue to death.

"Everybody dies!"

The Constant Motion Core roared to life. If the alchemy puppet had a heart rate like a human, Aimou's rate would have certainly exceeded the limit, flashing incessantly in the red zone.

Hearing Aimou's words full of anger, Bologue felt a chill in his heart.

It was certain that Aimou had indeed lost her reason; after all, he was an Undead! She actually wanted to kill an Undead, what was she thinking?

Bologue struggled to climb out of the wall and grabbed a streetlight post he had knocked over, swinging it at Aimou before her punches could reach.

A loud crash was heard as Aimou bent the streetlight post with a punch. But that wasn't the end; she quickly approached Bologue.

Secret Energy·Summoning Hand.

A cyan trail of light appeared on the streetlight post, which then began to bend and twist, shattering into several chains in Bologue's hands, winding towards Aimou.

Aimou crouched, sliding under the sweeping chains, then leaped up, throwing a heavy punch towards Bologue.

Bologue barely dodged the fist, which slammed into the ground, leaving a deep dent.

Seeing this, Bologue exclaimed in his heart, Aimou really wasn't holding back!

Aimou lifted her head, casting a fierce glance at Bologue. After the punch, surging steam was released from her body, like scorching anger.

Bologue swallowed, with no hesitation, kicked Aimou hard, pushing her away forcefully.

He had anticipated that this kick could send Aimou several meters away, but she merely took a few steps back. A layer of Ethereal Barrier had already formed on her surface.

Aimou infused a large amount of Ether into the armor given by Belli, first using the Ethereal Barrier to block Bologue's kick, then releasing a powerful impact from her hands.

This time, Bologue didn't even have time to curse. The storm swept through the street, shattering all the glass windows along the way. The shattered shards, sharp like scattered blades, also targeted Bologue.

During a quick roll, Bologue tightly gripped the snake-like chains, threw a long spear into the ground to stabilize himself, swaying in the wind like a flag, then the ground cracked, and a wall rose up.

But soon, Aimou rode the wind, punched through the wall, and hit Bologue by the way.

With a wail, Bologue fell to the ground, Aimou pinned him down, ready to strike while the iron was hot.

"What are you doing so early in the morning!"

Their battle had obviously reached a level of public disturbance, with a fearless guy standing at the window, yelling at the two on the street.

Aimou straddled Bologue, grabbing his collar with one hand and holding a fist in the air with the other. She frowned and glanced back at the fearless guy.

The man was intimidated by Aimou's cold gaze, and then another hand stretched out from beside the window, pulling him back in.

"Don't go looking for trouble when people are arguing!"

"But this is too much!"

"Young people are under a lot of pressure nowadays, try to understand!"

The absurd conversation ended, and Bologue gave Aimou an awkward smile, still reaching out a thumb, agreeing, "Everyone seems pretty stressed."

Aimou responded expressionlessly, "Yeah."

With that, she swung her fist to slam into Bologue's face. Bologue turned his head so that the heavy punch hit the ground, then he choked Aimou with one hand and banged the ground with the other.

The ground bulged, and Bologue flipped, pinning Aimou beneath him. Bologue now desperately wished he had a copy of the "Aimou Operation Manual," which he would read thoroughly to learn how to disassemble Aimou.

Bologue intended to scold Aimou with a reprimanding tone, but hesitated when the words came to his mouth, "Calm down! Aimou! We've fought so many times! Aren't you tired of it yet?"

Chapter 419: Kill, Kill, Kill! \_2

"Bologue! I'm going to kill you! You bastard!"

"Well, things have already happened, why not just accept them calmly? How about we have a nice chat?"

The Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid forged into sharp Fist Blades, and Bologue punched Aimou on the shoulder, trying to dismantle her limbs.

Metal clashed against metal, igniting dazzling sparks. Aimou raised her hands with difficulty, tussling with Bologue, like two wild cats fighting fiercely. When punching wasn't effective, she used her claws to scratch at Bologue.

Bologue screamed miserably, but seemed joyful in his cries. Yet, after a few rounds, it was evident Bologue had the upper hand.

Aimou was fierce, but both of her hands were tightly locked by Bologue using the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid. After several struggles, she simply couldn't break free from the restraints.

How infuriating! Aimou's teeth gnawed in anger, her body trembling, but she couldn't do anything. Without the help of traps, facing Bologue's seal, she was just in a state of impotent rage.

Bologue's expression was also complicated. It was clear Aimou was about to explode. Once he let her go... he definitely couldn't let Aimou go.

"Calm down! Calm down!"

"How can you expect me to be calm!"

Aimou was firmly controlled by Bologue, pressed to the ground in humiliation.

Aimou shouted, "Let go of me!"

"If I let go, would you calm down?"

"Let go of me first!"

"No way, if I let go, what if you attack me again?"

Emotions welled up, and Aimou let out a hysterical wail. What's wrong with Bologue?

In utter desperation, Canyon's radiant glow shone, causing Bologue's vision to blur.

Aimou's arm began to shift and flicker. Caught completely off guard, Bologue allowed Aimou's Shared Chord Body to penetrate the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid and his own body.

It was over.

"You said you'd calm down..."

Bologue hadn't finished speaking when a straight punch landed on his face, sending blood flying, followed closely by Aimou's voice.

"Feeling much calmer now!"

Aimou calmed down, looking at Bologue lying on top of her. Suddenly, she lifted her knee, slamming it into Bologue's back.

Bologue lost his balance and fell forward. Aimou seized the opportunity to roll up and get back on her feet, intending to pursue the advantage.

But upon thinking of her wishes, Aimou held back her emotions.

Indeed, there's no need to clash with this lunatic as long as he doesn't interfere with her.

Aimou's fury subsided considerably, and she turned to crawl away into the alley.

However, after just a few steps, a hook-shot flew through the air, snagging Aimou's ankle. Her center of gravity faltered, and she fell face-first onto the ground.

Bologue slowly stood up, wiped his nosebleed, and started walking towards Aimou while retracting the hook-shot.

He seemed like a fisherman battling with a shark, finally reeling in the big fish after much peril.

Yet, this journey wasn't over until he safely returned to the dock.

Aimou seemed to give up resisting, but just as Bologue dragged her close, Aimou leapt like a cat, pouncing onto Bologue.

Bologue was too familiar with this move; in the last Time Reversal, Aimou had used this trick to hit him.

"You never stop, do you!"

Aimou cursed; Bologue was truly exasperating. How could the world have such a person? Or maybe, when Undead live too long, they end up bizarre like this?

Wrapping her thighs around Bologue's waist, hooking her calves behind, Aimou unleashed a series of combo punches onto Bologue's face.

Bologue reached out and caught Aimou's fists outright, locking the two in a stalemate like wrestling.

To ensure she wasn't overpowered by Bologue, Aimou squeezed her thighs tightly; Bologue felt some pressure in his chest, followed by pain, realizing his ribs had been crushed.

Damn it, how is this Alchemy Puppet so strong? Belli, what's your secret behind this?

"Aimou, I know you're upset, but can we deal with the current issue first?"

Bologue's voice was a bit rigid. He had enough patience for Aimou, but thinking about his recent words and actions, he felt terrible.

"After we've sorted this out, we can battle in the combat room for three days and nights!"

"Do you think the main issue is that?"

Aimou was about to go crazy; every explanation from Bologue just poured fuel onto the fire.

At this point, Aimou could confirm that Bologue's claim of never being deceived by a woman was true. Who would bother trying to deceive him, anyway?

Facing Bologue, people wouldn't deceive him; instead, they'd end up infuriated themselves.

Thinking more about it angered Aimou further; at this moment, Bologue hesitated and recklessly asked.

"Is that not the point?"

"Ahhh! Bologue, you bastard! Almost a hundred years old, yet no improvement at all!"

In anger, Aimou broke free from the restraints.

Despite being a child eager to learn, Aimou had no teacher for Fighting Techniques; she gained all her skills from books.

Bologue might find it hard to believe; Aimou even knew how to repair cars, not out of interest for cars but simply because there was a car repair book on the bookshelf.

The daily life of an Alchemy Puppet was boring, so she read through all the books she could.

The two wrestled, stumbling into the alley. Aimou punched Bologue down with each hit, but no matter how hard Aimou tried, Bologue remained standing.

She knew that while Bologue seemed to be overshadowed by her, he was actually taking it easy.

Bologue was a violence expert; in terms of using violence, how could he be weaker than herself?



Thinking of these things, the hatred in Aimou's heart surged even more fiercely; despite her utmost efforts, others still refused to take her seriously, even in life-or-death combat.

In Bologue's eyes, her angry appearance was nothing more than childish impotent rage, perhaps the entire duel was just a child's tantrum.

"Take this seriously! Bologue! We're fighting here!"

Aimou shouted angrily, but as soon as she spoke, the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid surged like tides, engulfing her.

Metal solidified, locking Aimou's limbs tightly. She tried to increase her power output and use Ethereal Amplification to break free, but this time, the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid's restraint was far stronger than usual... no, this was Bologue's true power.

Aimou became like a solid stone statue; her fists gradually ceased moving. Blue light glimmered in Bologue's eyes, and Aimou's fists were forcibly lowered.

It was the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid; the snakes crawled over her arms, forcing her to retract her fists.

A vast feeling of helplessness swept over Aimou's mind. So even after trying so hard, she remained so fragile? Thinking of this, Aimou angrily delivered a strong headbutt to Bologue.

With her limbs restrained, Aimou bit down on Bologue's shoulder, retaliating like a wild dog. Blood seeped into her throat and spilled out.

Aimou kept struggling, causing Bologue's steps to stagger, the two tumbling and finally falling into the trash bin.

Bologue let go of Aimou, the snakes retreated back under his sleeves. He staggered to the side, sitting against a damp cliff wall, accompanied by spilling trash.

Aimou lay in the trash bin, black trash bags piled beneath her like a black sea of flowers.

The fight came to a halt, both understood it was halftime break.

Mechanical sounds slowly calmed inside the trash bin; Bologue's breathing became steadier. He fumbled in his pocket, took out a crumpled box of cigarettes, then thought better and tossed it aside.

Bologue called out tentatively, "Aimou?"

"Don't bother me."

Aimou crouched in the corner of the trash heap.

She couldn't win in argument or fight; this time Aimou lost utterly, an all-around defeat.

Chapter 420: Come Out!

A lovely morning found the two of them collapsed awkwardly in a dark alley, one sitting beside a garbage bin, the other inside it.

Bologue mimicked Aimou's motion, gazing skyward.

Cumulus clouds spread over Opus, blocking the light behind their gloom, yet countless gaps between clouds hinted at a golden glow, like a streak of hope cast into absolute darkness.

"I remember Palmer. He said if Secret Energy-Wind Source continued to advance, he could also gain some ability to fly... I really want to fly into the sky to see if there's such a place called the Celestial Kingdom."

Recalling this, Bologue continued, "I mentioned this to Palmer, and he laughed at me for being a fool. Humans have already developed planes and conquered the skies; there's nothing above the clouds."

"But I think, maybe they haven't flown high enough? If only we could break through the clouds, beyond the sky... I believe something must be waiting for us there."

Finished speaking, Bologue looked at Aimou in the trash bin, where strange-colored liquids seeped from garbage bags, emitting a nauseatingly acrid smell.

Aimou lacked a sense of smell and was unfazed by it, while Bologue had encountered worse scents in trenches, tolerable for him as well.

"Can you be quiet for a moment?"

The voice came from inside the garbage bin; Aimou was currently annoyed with Bologue.

Bologue let out a laughter that begged for a beating; he couldn't help it, the whole scene was just too dramatic.

Unsteadily standing up, Bologue reached for the edge of the garbage bin and flipped himself inside.

With the addition of Bologue, the bin became suddenly cramped.

"Scoot over, make some room for me."

Bologue nudged Aimou, and the two were like quarreling over a couch, though the garbage bin was so small there was no room to move, leaving them pressed closely together.

"This is such a terrible feeling. I thought I could control my own fate, but even with control, I can't defy anyone."

Aimou spoke desolately; everything she relied on was based on the resets of time reversal, but now, besides herself, there was Bologue, a wanderer in the crevices of time.

Like a false identity she had once used, it all ultimately returned to nothingness.

"You know my wish, so what about you, Bologue? What do you want to do?"

Aimou turned her head to look at Bologue next to her, who found her in every time reversal, tirelessly like a dog chasing a Frisbee.

Bologue said, "If I told you I came to save you, would you believe me?"

"Save me? Bologue, you sound like a hopelessly good person, completely unlike the impression I have of you."

"Well, after so much fighting and killing, I do want to try something different," Bologue reminisced, "It was a suggestion from a friend of mine; she said my power could be used not only for destruction but maybe to save others as well."

"So you've come to save me? Do you think I'm so lowly that I need your salvation?"

"Isn't that the case? Look at your pathetic state."

Bologue surveyed Aimou lying in the garbage heap; she looked pretty bad, covered in scratches and dents, which of course were all marks he left.

"This sounds too arrogant."

Aimou shook her head, sarcastically saying, "There's a lot of people in the world who need saving, no need to waste your time on me."

Bologue retorted, "But that's different. I don't know them."

"What are you trying to prove, Bologue? Prove that because I know you, I will be saved? How conceited."

Aimou racked her brains for words she could wield as weapons, "Oh, poor Aimou, thank goodness you know a Savior, or you wouldn't be worthy of rescue!"

Bologue smiled, putting an arm around Aimou's shoulder, and Aimou didn't resist. She knew resistance was futile; she couldn't defeat or drive away this damned Undead, even after time reversal, he'd stubbornly follow her.

Aimou had never been so troubled by anyone.

"Someone once asked me a similar question: there are so many bad guys out there, I can't beat them all. My answer was, I'll first knock down the ones I can see, then go after the invisible."

Bologue spoke with firm resolve.

"It's the same for you. Yes, knowing me, Bologue, makes you worthy of rescue, it's a miracle. I've come from afar to save you because I see you. So what if it's arrogant, so what if it's conceited, do you think I care about these things?

And you're discussing such an issue with an Undead? You must be the one with the problem!"

Bologue's impudent remarks left Aimou at a loss for words, and he continued.

"This is a vast world where individual fate means nothing in the face of it; be it you, or I, it's the same, cold and ruthless.

But with a prefix, it's different. In Bologue's world, individual fate still means nothing, except for you... You are different; you are worthy of being saved."

Aimou hugged her knees, curling up, looking at the sky, saying nothing.

"Aimou, you are... a fragile, curious, quirky, self-abased life form.

You need something to make you believe you are loved, recognized, you even crave a trial that, once passed, would grant you some kind of qualification, and this qualification would sustain you through all the hardships.