

Endless 114

Chapter 114: Negotiation Methods

Contract Object, a weapon where power and cost coexist.

The moment he donned the mask, Bologue felt its power, that fear which constantly spilled over, rising like mist, continually affecting everyone who gazed at him, much like the Secret Energy of the Void Spirit School.

Horror and dread took root in the depths of their hearts, growing wildly until their bodies burst, bleeding profusely.

The so-called cost also accompanied the power, the moment he put on the mask, strange hallucinations flashed before Bologue's eyes, countless sinister faces gazing at him, obscure and bizarre murmurs whispering beside his ears.

Facing all this, Bologue remained impassive; for an Undying, fear and strangeness had long lost their impact, let alone Bologue had that terrible experience in the Black Prison.

He had personally endured madness and hysteria, when you face Hell directly, so-called hallucinations are merely illusory.

But... is it really so?

To test the limits of this Contract Object, Bologue drove the Ether, injecting it continually into the mask, causing the hazy illusion mist to gradually spread.

At first, it merely obscured Bologue's face, twisting it into an evil, disgusted appearance, but soon this mist began to envelop his whole body.

"Bologue... stop! Bologue!"

Geoffrey watched all of this, as the mist covered, Bologue's form grew increasingly hideous, transforming into a detestable shape, draped and wrapped in tattered rags, a torso entwined with iron wire, along with that sinister laughter and the sound of dripping blood...

The reason Balder wore Protective Clothing, his expression was concealed, but even from just now, he remained silent.

Palmer's face was ghostly pale, influenced by the Face of Horror, instinctively wanting to act, to deal with this dangerous target.

The raised hand trembled slightly, Secret Energy ready to be unleashed at any moment.

Everyone around was affected in this way, Bologue, directly suffering backlash from the Contract Object, had it worse, countless images flashed before his eyes, much like the pain felt during the implantation ritual.

The murmurs and screams vanished, under a bizarre oppressive silence, Bologue saw a desolate scorched land, the scorched land overlapped with the battle chamber, the image shattered, making it impossible to discern between reality and illusion.

At this moment, Bologue's breathing finally became erratic, growing rapid.

Smoke filled the sky, on the burning scorched land, countless soldiers fell, rivers of blood flowed, an endless cry of anguish gathered together, forming a mournful dirge.

The blue eyes trembled, this was a past Bologue thought he had forgotten, now dragged from the depths of memory by the Face of Horror, exposed under the sunlight.

"Are you truly fearless, Bologue Lazarus?"

It seemed a voice questioned himself like this.

Bologue did not respond, he had already lost his voice, throat swallowed saliva, but besides saliva, there was something foul, like hot blood, mixed with pieces of flesh and bone fragments, and that more precious thing, called the soul, they were swallowed together, consumed into the stomach.

Clearly an illusory feeling, yet as if it all really happened, stomach churned, throat made whimpering sounds.

Really terrible...

Bologue always hated that memory of serving in the army, especially this memory, he thought he'd forgotten, who would've thought it was merely buried, buried deep, deep enough that when seeing it again, all Bologue felt was panic and unfamiliarity.

Bologue sighed and reminisced.

Oh that desolate scorched land... such a long time no see...

It was on this countless dead bodies and scorched land, he made a Blood Contract with the Devil, thus owing a heavy debt.

That was the nightmare Bologue could never escape from in his life.

"What's going on?"

Another voice rang out, breaking the pervasive madness.

The other was decisive, without a moment's hesitation, the Void will immediately commanded the surrounding Ether, at his command, restless Ether all paused, everything silenced, forcibly interrupting the effect of the Face of Horror.

Ethereal Silence.

Yas raised his hand, arm glowing with scorching patterns, striding towards here.

The surrounding Ether all fell into silence, as if a large hand choked the throat, bringing an oppressive suffocating sensation, and thanks to this momentary suffocation, Bologue broke free from the chaotic hallucinations, tearing off the mask.

Thus, the hazy evil sensation came to a complete end.

The relieved were not only Bologue, but also the surrounding three people, each appeared exhausted, gasping for breath, sweat streaming down their cheeks.

"Just in time, Yas," Geoffrey commended, glancing at the furious Yas, then looking at the equally pale-faced Bologue, "if you hadn't taken action, I was about to use some violent means to stop Bologue."

Hearing Geoffrey say this, others noticed that, unknowingly, Geoffrey had already placed his hand on his gun pouch, like a poised shooter, ready to turn the enemy into a sieve.

"Crazy... crazy!"

Palmer recovered, yelling out in anger, the power of the Face of Horror, not enough to crush these Condensers, but anyone suddenly dragged into a fearful hallucination would feel a sense of unease and panic.

"What's going on?"

Yas walked over, and as the group emerged from the illusion, the radiance spiraling on Yas's arm also waned. He looked at Bologue with vigilant eyes, as if ready to suppress him at any moment.

This was no joke; Yas, skilled in "Ethereal Silence" and "Ethereal Prohibition," often found himself suppressing and incapacitating enemies.

"It's nothing, just testing a Contract Object, and Bologue, it seems, was a bit too confident, nearly losing control," Balder said slowly, his voice trembling slightly, indicating he was also significantly affected.

At such close range, with an unanticipated eruption, it was hard for anyone to react.

"Why did you Sublimation Furnace Core people bring this thing out?"

Yas asked coldly; besides suppressing and incapacitating enemies, Yas also frequently collaborated with the Safety Containment Department to contain dangerous Contract Objects.

"It's the Minister's idea; she wants to give this to Bologue."

After Balder finished speaking, he also asked Bologue,

"How do you find this gift?"

Bologue sat on the elevated pillar, his head lowered, holding the mask in his hand. At first, he retched a few times, spitting saliva all over the ground, but now he was silent, lost in thought.

"Bologue, why did you suddenly do this?" Geoffrey asked at this moment, "Although you're a bit crazy, I know you have reason. You must have more than a fleeting interest in doing this, right?"

"This guy is definitely on a whim!" Palmer shrieked from the side, "I saw those old folks from my home, endlessly chattering around me, and a few standing on the other side of the river, waving for me to come over! It was too terrifying!"

Everyone tacitly ignored Palmer's words, except Bologue, who lifted his pale face and responded with a laugh to his partner.

"So, your deepest fear is actually those old folks at home?"

Bologue was truly amused by Palmer's reaction, his words without their previous respect.

Coughing a couple of times, Bologue gathered his thoughts, finally easing out of the terrible feeling, and said to Geoffrey.

"I was just curious about what I feared the most in my heart."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes, I saw it, it's indeed awful."

Bologue, in contrast to his previous liveliness, looked solemn with a hint of sadness.

"Interested in talking about it? I'm curious about what could frighten someone like you," Geoffrey, instead of rebuking Bologue's recklessness, cared to ask.

"It's nothing, just memories from my military past, on the mad battlefield, where people died every moment, artillery fire baptized the earth, and blood seeped into the soil."

Bologue paused before continuing his speech.

"The earth felt alive, warm, and bloody to the touch..."

Although I can't remember the specifics of my deal with the Devil, I roughly know why I made the deal back then."

Bologue raised his head, sighing slightly wistfully.

"It was a hellish battlefield, and I wanted to survive, so it granted me the Undying Body."

Once more, the urge to swallow rose in his throat--not just swallowing flesh but devouring something called the soul, followed by a wave of nausea. Bologue retched, trying to vomit, but nothing came out.

"Ah... terrible memories."

Bologue smiled sadly, then looked at Balder, raising the mask with one hand.

"As for this gift... I like it very much."

Fear, fear that pierces the heart, fear that is irresistible.

Roughly dragging out the most fragile things in your heart, exposing them unguardedly under the sunlight, battered and bruised.

Bologue put the mask back on, but this time the fear was restrained, turning Bologue once more into an Evil Spirit, his azure eyes scrutinizing everyone else.

"When I was in the military, my officer once said something to me, he said... war, in fact, is a diplomatic means."

Bologue stood up, the mist of fear swirling around him, like needle points lightly piercing everyone's skin, but the pain was slight, not enough to make them scream in fear.

"So... I think fear is the same."

Bologue could sense the fear of others, swirling around his nostrils like a sweet scent.

"Fear is also a means."

Underneath the mask, his face displayed a sinister smile.

"A means of negotiation between people."