

Endless 135

Chapter 135: Calling

"What do you think the boss needs so many Philosopher's Stones for?"

The man asked his colleague beside him with a hint of greed and confusion.

He was well aware of how many Philosopher's Stones were hidden in the factory behind them—it was practically a treasure trove that could drive anyone mad. Every time he thought about it, his blood boiled, wanting to devour them all. But at the thought of the boss's cruelty, the excitement instantly turned icy cold.

Another man stood on the other side; the two of them were the night sentries, guarding the gate, vigilantly watching for anyone's approach.

"Who knows? Isn't this stuff really valuable? Maybe it's for money?" The other person said uncertainly.

"Money?"

The mention of money brought a sneer to the man's face, which quickly turned to pain.

"It's because of money that I sold my soul, and I ended up losing everything, left with nothing." He whispered.

"Aren't we all the same?" the other man said, "But at least now we have enough Philosopher's Stones as payment."

They might have once felt tormented inside, but now only numbness remained, tortured by Bulimia Nervosa.

"To think, I never imagined there would be so many people who sold their souls to the Devil, and here we are together."

Originally, he thought that soul-selling demons like themselves, reduced to mere shells, were few. But in Opus, countless demons like himself existed.

As they talked, he asked curiously.

"You're a stranger here too, aren't you? Why did you come to Opus?"

The other man was puzzled for a few seconds, hesitating, he said, "I'm not sure either, it's like something was attracting me, and after many twists and turns, I ended up here. What about you?"

"Me? It was about the same, back in my hometown, I killed several people, and my wanted poster was everywhere. I thought I was doomed, but then I found a train ticket to Opus... I boarded that train as if possessed, and arrived here safely, without anything happening."

The man's eyes grew distant, reflecting on it now, it all seemed so incredible.

"It's like a force was guiding me here, leading me to Oubos."

The other man did not reply; he too had experienced this strange sense of guidance.

As if there were whispers in their ears, urging them to come here, as if some grand banquet were to be held, and everyone must attend in their finest attire.

"It's truly peculiar," the other man murmured.

"It's like something is calling us... It's here in this city."

The man gazed at the vast city, countless skyscrapers looming, hiding all mysteries in the deepest shadows.

"Speaking of which, I've heard a saying," the man continued.

"What is it?"

The other man glanced over, curious.

"They say demons like us, who've lost their souls, sometimes feel inexplicable calls, and the reason for this feeling is that our souls are calling us, urging us to reclaim them from the Devil."

The conversation between the two fell silent, and after a while, the other man slowly spoke.

"Are you saying... that we came to this city because our souls are here too," the other man's voice turned hoarse, "and those damned devils are here as well?"

"Who knows? I heard this from another group of demons, who were on the verge of losing their human form, turning completely into monsters," the man said, "I suppose now they've either died or descended into madness."

The man sighed, wanting to say more, but at some point, on the deserted street, a stranger appeared. He stood under the dim streetlamp in silence, his face hidden in darkness, resembling a faceless ghost.

"Friend, don't cause yourself trouble."

Suddenly, an immense sense of unease rose in the man's heart, his hand reaching for the gun at his waist, and he shouted loudly.

He wasn't a good person; his hands were stained with the blood of many, a vicious thug... every person working here was a ruthless villain.

Yet now, facing that shadowy figure, an inexplicable fear rose from within, with emotions baring fangs and claws, clawing at his insides and nerves.

His peripheral vision caught sight of his colleague beside him, his face pale, sweat beading on his forehead, unable to utter a word.

What was going on?

They couldn't understand, or comprehend the source of this fear.

The stranger showed no sign of retreat, as a Sheep Horn Hammer slipped from his sleeve, clenched tightly in his hand, he strode toward them.

"You..."

The man wanted to utter some threatening words, but as footsteps stepped into the darkness, the Evil Spirit slipped out of the light's embrace, like smoke dissipating into the void, and if not for the sound of footsteps echoing from the darkness, he might have believed it was all just an illusion.

The alarm rang in his mind, like sharp knives slicing through his eardrums, stabbing and urging him.

Instinct drove the man to raise the gun in his hand. Although there was no target, he still chose to pull the trigger. But he was still too late. A dull thud came from the darkness, followed by the sound of bones breaking.

The man could smell the scent of blood drifting in the air, the warm liquid splashing on his face. The intense pain arrived belatedly, making him scream in agony.

"Run!"

He raised his limp and broken arm, only having time to issue this warning.

A sharp piece of metal assaulted him from the darkness, striking his neck and cutting off the sound in his throat, breaking his cervical vertebrae along with it.

Another watched as the man's head twisted to the side, leaving a large smear of blood as he leaned against the wall before finally collapsing, dying pathetically like a wild dog.

Everything happened too fast.

The heart throbbed violently, like an overheated engine. The man had bought time for a counterattack. Despite the darkness's depth, he could discern the approaching figure within it.

The gun aimed at the Evil Spirit. The distance between them was very close, and due to this proximity, the man saw the cold gleam shining in the darkness.

A simple Sheep Horn Hammer, marked with mottled scratches and fresh blood, the Evil Spirit held it aloft and used it to brutally kill his comrade.

"Die!"

The man shouted in terror, pulling the trigger. The deafening gunshots shattered the night's tranquility, the muzzle flashes illuminating the ghost rushing at him.

A blurred image flashed before his eyes for an instant, then was swallowed by the darkness.

Only a brief moment, but that monstrous face, like a carving knife, was deeply etched into the man's pupils.

A face that only existed in nightmares, blood-stained iron wires and sharp scars, dry blood beginning to twist anew, like a mummy reviving with fresh blood.

He couldn't believe what he had seen.

After the gunshots, he could hear the impact from the darkness, the man had hit the Evil Spirit, steel piercing through flesh, deeply embedding in the body, splattering the searing liquid on the wall.

The firelight continuously flashed and extinguished, he fired multiple shots, at such close range, even a fierce beast would be turned into a corpse.

Repeatedly pulling the trigger, the bullets emptied, and the roaring gunfire gradually faded away.

Cold sweat flowed continuously, the night was silent, only leaving his rapid heartbeat.

Is it over...?

The man was uncertain, then he heard it, the breathing rising from the darkness, the returning footsteps, and the strange, cheerful singing.

The Evil Spirit seemed to be chanting something, humming an unknown tune, taking casual steps, bringing with him freezing death.

The suffocating pain came from his chest as the Evil Spirit twisted the hammer handle, using the sharp horn to fiercely strike the man's chest. The instant pain almost knocked him unconscious, his chest caved in, and crimson blood stained the inside of his white shirt.

He was going to die, powerless on the ground, in his final consciousness, seeing the Evil Spirit walking out of the darkness.

The Evil Spirit holding a Sheep Horn Hammer in one hand, a briefcase in the other, his body and the case riddled with bullet holes, some still oozing blood, but he seemed to feel no pain, nor could he die.

Indeed, how could the Evil Spirit die?

Bologue hummed a cheerful tune, and in the man's dying gaze, he raised the Sheep Horn Hammer, smashing the door lock repeatedly, until the iron door shook and was kicked open by him.

The battle here caught the enemy's attention within the factory, the shouting and footsteps were clearly audible, countless figures were running within the dark factory, bright flashlights shining everywhere.

Bologue had alarmed everyone, and this was exactly what he wanted.

Opening the briefcase, he wrapped heavy chains around his waist, the Sheep Horn Hammer and wrench, and various awls, all clumsily hung on the chains, jingling as he walked.

"I've entered the factory," Bologue murmured to himself, "Just as expected, these people don't like turning on lights."

"Alright, alright, I'm in position too, just waiting to see when you alarm that big fish."

Palmer responded, silently, he had already reached the factory rooftop, shooting a grappling hook from his arm guard, hanging himself by the wall, seeing clearly through the dusty and grimy glass the light and figures inside the factory.

Both remained silent, neither activating their Secret Energy, waiting for the appearance of the hostile Condensers.

The stench was pungent, the Demons searching for Bologue's figure. Soon, they saw Bologue, who seemed never to have intended to hide. Bologue stood openly before everyone, beams of light shining on him like the protagonist on stage.

Silence, followed by roars.

"Good evening, everyone!"

Bologue laughed heartily in response to the Demons' cheers, amidst the deafening gunfire, wielding two Sheep Horn Hammers, weaving through knives, swords, and gunfire, breaking one bone after another.