

Endless 136

Chapter 136: Raid

In the dimly lit factory, a battle erupted, countless shell casings fell to the ground, accompanied by gunfire transforming into a metallic symphony.

Bologue sprinted through the hail of bullets, dodging between cover, the beam of the flashlight falling behind, unable to catch up with Bologue's figure.

As seen in Church's report, for some unknown reason, this factory remained dark at night, relying entirely on patrolling flashlights for illumination, which made Bologue's movements extremely convenient in such a gloomy environment.

The heavy stench of corruption, like a series of bright beacons, though the darkness limited Bologue's vision, he could easily determine the general position of the Demons by following the scent.

Suddenly halting, Bologue slid out of the darkness, swinging the Sheep Horn Hammer towards the Demon's knee with a blow, bones shattered, the armed figure immediately reeling back, but this was not the end, another Sheep Horn Hammer followed closely, striking the joint from behind.

The Demon fell to the ground howling, not allowing it to make any resistance, the Iron Hammer crushed its throat, twisted flesh and broken bones mingled together, blood and gore.

"He's here!"

The Demons spotted Bologue's figure, their light following his movements, in an instant, countless bullets were fired towards him.

Clangs and countless sparks burst forth, along with nearby cargo boxes being pierced, the sound of shattering glass was constant, blood-like liquid seeping from the boxes.

"Be careful! Don't damage the goods!"

Someone shouted again, clearly these goods were worth more than their lives.

Bologue glanced quickly, easily guessing what was inside, these kinds of cargo boxes piled up like mountains in the factory, if each contained Philosopher's Stones and Potions, it's unimaginable how many lives were lost here.

"It's less stressful to smash them up like this."

Bologue murmured, moving along the nearby cargo boxes, these Demons dared not fire recklessly, instead they drew Long Swords and Sharp Swords, rushing out from the other side, swinging fiercely towards Bologue.

If it were a gunfight, Bologue would really struggle, he needed to painstakingly rush to these people's faces, smash their skulls, but in close combat, everything became simpler, in Bologue's eyes, their actions now undoubtedly seemed like lining up to die.

The Sheep Horn Hammer easily broke the incoming Short Knife, Bologue gripped the heavy hammer handle tightly, further swinging the Sheep Horn Hammer backwards, its sharp horn once again striking the Demon, deeply embedding into its flesh.

Bologue favored this Sheep Horn Hammer, typically the horn at the back was used to pry out nails, but now Bologue used it to pry open the enemies' bones.

He pulled forcefully, the Demon was directly dragged to its knees, bones protruding abnormally, stepping onto its shoulder, with a powerful leap, prying open a splash of blood.

The body rolled in the air, Demons surged from all directions, as Bologue regained his footing, countless figures had already surrounded him closely.

A chaotic flurry of blades rose, determined to hack Bologue into pieces.

In the chaos, Bologue threw the Sheep Horn Hammer with all his strength, knocking over a Demon, who was holding a handgun aimed at Bologue.

In such a surrounded situation, Bologue didn't think he could dodge gunfire, more importantly, he was not only facing Demons, but Condensers lurking in the dark.

Bologue didn't want to expose his "Resurrection".

In battles between Condensers, intelligence was extremely important, this was why Bologue hadn't used Secret Energy so far.

Bologue believed that the Condensers were watching him from the darkness, these Demons were merely cannon fodder, used to probe his Secret Energy capabilities.

Outside the factory, Palmer clung to the outer wall, eyes fixed on Bologue's figure, while being vigilant against potential enemies in the darkness.

Bologue's plan was perfect, his separation from Palmer was part of the plan, for Palmer, Bologue himself was a sacrificial piece, used to probe the enemy's Secret Energy, paving the way for Palmer's assassination.

This sounded somewhat tragic, sacrificing himself to probe the enemy's abilities, but fortunately, Bologue wouldn't die, this sacrificial piece could be used repeatedly.

"Truly making the most out of it, expert."

Palmer sighed, ever since he started working, Bologue seemed to no longer consider himself human, rather some unbreakable tool, perfectly utilizing his "Resurrection", thus crafting such a plan.

He set up his firearm, aiming into the darkness, ready to pull the trigger at any moment, delivering a lethal blow to the enemy.

Apart from Bologue, this kind of Undead, the Condensers were actually quite fragile, everyone wielded various extraordinary powers, but essentially, they were still weak flesh and blood humans.

A small bullet could easily take their lives.

Bologue maintained his throwing posture, and in the next second, swiftly spun around, swinging another Sheep Horn Hammer, blocking the descending chaos of blades, unfortunately some slashes came from all directions, prevented some lethal blows from Short Knives, but still left some marks on Bologue's body, luckily such injuries weren't fatal.

He considered himself a death-defier, perhaps the enemy could sense his regenerative ability, but often couldn't guess his "Resurrection".

Undead like him were rare these days.

Bologue was performing, he could get injured but not die, the only time he could die was when the enemy unleashed Secret Energy on him, Bologue's death would expose the opponent's Secret Energy, allowing Palmer to deliver that lethal shot.

Drawing out a long spike from the chain on his waist, he reversed it and stabbed fiercely towards the Demon in front of him, the sharp metal easily piercing through flesh, as Bologue withdrew the spike, blood spurted out like a burst water pipe.

Bologue turned to smash the cargo crate, and a dark red liquid gushed out, instantly filling the air with a maddening, delicious aroma that hit the nostrils. Even Bologue was briefly dazed, let alone the Demons.

Tormented by Bulimia Nervosa, they were always hungry, never satisfied, usually able to maintain their sanity. But in this sudden situation, every Demon hesitated, some even wanting to bend down to lick the Potion.

It was this brief moment that gave Bologue the chance. Ether burst forth, a grappling hook shot out from his Arm Guard, and Bologue soared into the air. As he broke free from the encirclement, he didn't forget to fling a few Flying Knives from under his robe, hitting the bodies of the Demons with precision.

Bologue leaped onto the second floor, recalling Church's report about the guy suspected of being a Condenser, who was in the top office from where he could overlook the entire factory. That guy must be watching him right now.

He lifted his head to look into the darkness above and could sense eyes watching.

"People from the Order Bureau?"

Bill and David stood side by side in the dark, able to observe everything directly from the office window. The earlier battle hadn't been unexpected at all, and they had witnessed it entirely.

"It should be them. It looks like we're the ones being watched," David said with an expressionless face.

The arrival of the Order Bureau's people made it very clear to the two what this meant.

Even if they successfully resolved tonight's crisis, this place would no longer be safe. Considering the treacherous nature of the "Ghoul," there's no telling this guy wouldn't choose Kedening again, sacrificing the two of them.

After all, Kedening had yet to be exposed, while David and Bill were entirely under the surveillance of the Order Bureau.

"Should we retreat and give up these goods?" Bill asked.

"I would like to, but can we really escape?" David turned around and sat back down in his chair.

"Besides, even if we escape, will the King's Secret Sword let us go? There's quite a lot of goods here."

"Caught between a rock and a hard place."

Bill sighed, wrapping his fists with bandages like a boxer preparing for the match.

"No choice, that's what being a mercenary is like. It's a tough job, that's why it pays well."

David's voice was relaxed, not sounding tense at all, as he lit a cigarette, puffing smoke.

"If it were daytime, we might only be able to flee in panic, but it's night now, it's my arena."

"Like before?" Bill asked.

"Exactly. Sorry to trouble you, Bill," David smiled as he said this. "Anyhow, you're physically fit. Taking a few hits shouldn't be a problem, right?"

"Who knows?"

Bill flexed his fists and walked out of the office, while David closed his eyes, his breathing calm. A faint light floated over his body, and in the next second, he opened his eyes, countless eyes opening in the darkness of the factory.

In an instant, the endless darkness seemed to come alive, with thousands of maggots squirming in it, like viscous tar, silently spreading and swallowing everyone.

Bologue wasn't aware of these. At this moment, he was still fighting on the second floor, trapped in a narrow corridor, with Demons blocking both ends, and the floor below was full of enemies.

The Potion was already starting to evaporate, and Bologue was breathing deeply, feeling the air flowing like honey. For a Debtor, it was like vaporized excitant.

Of course, it was the same for the Demons. They raised their guns but no longer advanced recklessly. In this narrow corridor, Bologue had no room to dodge. In their eyes, Bologue was doomed.

Gunshots rang out, and Bologue turned his head to smash open the door beside him, rushing inside, narrowly avoiding the hail of bullets.

Clambering to his feet from the floor, Bologue got up and tightly shut the door again, hearing hurried footsteps approaching outside.

"Four, three, two..."

Bologue counted down, reinserting the long spike back into his waist, and took a foldable knife from his harness.

At "one," Bologue reversed his grip on the foldable knife and stabbed it down into the door, a piercing scream sounded from the other side. He kicked the door hard, forcefully knocking it down, crushing several Demons beneath it, while the foldable knife was pulled out, leaving bloodstains on the metal blade.

Stepping boldly onto the door, the foldable knife repeatedly stabbed through it, creating countless holes until the Demons below it ceased struggling, and blood gushed out from the openings.

"Aha..."

Bologue panted, clouds of white vapor rising from his body.

With blood and sweat soaking him, the mask on his face seemed to come alive, twisting and writhing, sticking firmly to his face, creating a madly terrifying impression.

In an instant, the Demons ceased their advance, staring at Bologue as if he was some kind of terrifying anomaly far beyond their understanding, a feeling of fear rising in their hearts.

Bologue noticed this too and smiled, his eyes swirling with the same thing the Demons saw.

Ghastly and terrifying, strange whispers echoed ceaselessly in his ears.