

Endless 137

Chapter 137: Chaos Battle Champion

The influence of the Contract Object is bidirectional; while gaining power, one must also pay the corresponding price. The power and cost of the "Face of Horror" is fear; the enemy will feel a fear that cuts to the bone, and such fear will also arise in the heart of Bologue.

The iron wires stitching the mask are twisted, as if they have come to life. The wires writhe, piercing the leather and injuring Bologue's cheek, burrowing vigorously under his flesh like maggots, feasting greatly.

Pain and fear.

The eerie mist spills over, spreading fear and madness. In a fleeting moment, Bologue seems no longer human but some sinister and deceitful thing, distorted and filthy, wearing the skin of a human.

Demons crowded the narrow corridor; Bologue paused for a few seconds, then advanced again, swinging the Sheep Horn Hammer and folding knife at them.

Amid frenzied roars and bloodshed, Bologue drove a knife through the heart of a demon, pressing his body closely to use it as a shield.

Bullets bloomed into bloody flowers on the corpse, and Bologue pushed against the body like a moving wall of flesh, attacking the enemies at the corridor's end.

"Fire! Fire!"

The demons bellowed; they sensed endless terror from the Evil Spirit before them, yet the evaporating Liquid Spirit Potion scattered a sweet fragrance.

They were both terrified and delighted, as if caught between Hell and the Celestial Kingdom.

The trigger was repeatedly pulled, and the bright gunfire flickered incessantly like a camera shutter. Each flash captured a frame, and on that frame were bloodstains and dismembered limbs.

It was unknown how many bullets were stored in the corpse. Bologue pushed the body forcefully, toppling the lead demon, and immediately stepped on the corpse, leaping over the heads of the demons.

In the darkness, Bologue moved like a spectral apparition, each movement trailed by copious blood.

As if a notorious artist were painting there, the gray-white walls were smeared with patterns outlined in crimson.

"You'd better stay in my sight, Bologue."

The voice rang out in his mind; Palmer, outside the wall, could no longer see Bologue, as he had charged headlong into the deepest shadows.

"Don't worry, I feel something's not right."

After a while, Bologue's voice emerged, but he did not continue.

Palmer kept a close eye on the dim factory; all he could see was the flickering gunfire and the roars of demons.

In close combat, firearms became a hindrance; the demons drew their short knives to slash at Bologue. The folding knife first blocked a short knife, then pressed down the knife-wielding arm, pinning it against the throat of the first demon.

It was pinned by Bologue with one hand against the wall, only able to hold back the folding knife desperately to prevent its sharp blade from slicing its throat. Immediately, Bologue released the first demon, and as he bent to roll to the side, he swung the Sheep Horn Hammer, shattering the knee of the second demon.

It had been swinging its knife at Bologue; however, with the intense pain in its knee, it collapsed powerlessly. In the narrow corridor, its short knife slashed the body of the first demon, which Bologue had released.

Before a wail could resound, Bologue, rising from the ground, stabbed with the folding knife, piercing the first demon's throat, then swung the Sheep Horn Hammer to crush the head of the second demon.

After dispatching these two demons, setting down the folding knife, Bologue heard the sound of quick steps approaching. Turning, he grabbed a demon's wrist; the demon growled, knife in both hands, aiming to cleave Bologue's head.

Bologue was momentarily suppressed, pinned to the wall by the demon, barely supporting the descending short knife with one hand and gripping the Sheep Horn Hammer with the other in reverse.

Holding the short knife aloft with both hands, the demon exerted tremendous strength, temporarily overpowering Bologue, not noticing its entire abdomen was exposed, unguarded.

The sharp sheep horn, like a chisel, pounded fiercely at the abdomen: once, twice, thrice. In an instant, blood had stained the demon's abdomen red, mixing flesh and bone.

Bologue's final strike fully embedded the hammerhead; with a strong yank, blood gushed forth like a ruptured water bag.

The demon's body went limp, slumping against Bologue, its viscera mixed with blood slurry splattering all over him before spilling onto the ground with a crash.

"Ha... ha..."

He pushed the corpse away, panting heavily; such was indeed strenuous work.

Drawing the folding knife from the corpse, drenched in blood, he headed toward another hallway.

"Kill him!"

In the gloom, a glint shimmered with a cold metallic hue.

Seeing the demon running toward him, Bologue stepped out boldly, delivering a direct kick that sent the demon sprawling.

Gunfire erupted, and a blood flower burst from Bologue's shoulder as a demon in the darkness across raised its pistol, laughing.

The air was filled with a sweet scent, an intoxicating aroma that, even upon inhaling, bestowed immense satisfaction; every demon's eyes were blood-red.

"Damn it."

Bologue cursed, the demon tried to fire again, but before it could pull the trigger, Bologue hurled the Sheep Horn Hammer fiercely.

Though his shooting was terrible, his aim in throwing was surprisingly accurate; the sharp horn embedded directly into the demon's eye socket, lodged in its skull.

As it shrieked, Bologue strode toward it; at the same time, more footsteps sounded as blood-eyed demons began pulling their triggers at Bologue.

Amid the chaotic gunfire, Bologue tackled the demon, using its body as a shield.

The speeding bullets killed the demon, and Bologue seized its pistol, firing blindly into the darkness, unconcerned with hitting his target, emptying all his bullets.

Before he could make another move, a grotesque visage abruptly appeared from the darkness behind him, another demon having crept up unnoticed.

From behind, it pounced on Bologue, the two of them grappling on the ground. Bologue felt something was awry; in the brief moment he was held, more Demons surrounded them, like a drunken brawl, a group of people crashing into each other in the darkness.

Half of Bologue's body was pinned down. He wanted to swing his folding knife but had no room for leverage. The Sheep Horn Hammer was stuck on a corpse, and in the darkness, Bologue couldn't be sure where it was.

Frantically groping, Bologue didn't care what he grabbed, using it directly as a weapon to smash at the nearest head.

The skull caved in, blood splattering.

Ignoring the number of knife wounds on him, Bologue was murderous in his rage, letting go of the folding knife, struggling among the Demons, clamping a Demon's throat with his elbow, choking it tightly. In an instant, its face turned red.

He raised the weapon in his hand and slammed it down hard on the face, flesh torn and teeth flying. It was only then that Bologue saw clearly what he was holding.

A bloodied wrench.

"Ahahaha!"

Bologue laughed maniacally.

Screams, collisions, sounds of bleeding, a group wrestling on the ground.

The bloated, clumsy fight lasted several minutes, the ground littered with bodies. Some Demons weren't dead, but were close, bodies with multiple fractures, limbs twisted.

It was like someone had knocked over a large tub of tomato sauce, the ground reddish and thick, and among the sprawling bodies, a ragged silhouette slowly stood up.

"The last winner!"

He raised the wrench high, declaring himself the victor of this melee.

The conscious Demons looked at that figure, not understanding why it was this way. They had stabbed this guy countless times, yet he always managed to stand back up.

Bologue breathed deeply; his body felt sticky and warm blood still emitted steam, like an overloaded machine spewing white smoke.

"You alright?"

Palmer's voice rang out; he couldn't see Bologue's situation, but he just heard Bologue's shouts, not knowing what he'd been through.

"Fine, just finished a wrestling match."

Bologue raised his hand to look at the wrench, not knowing how many bones it had broken. The wrench seemed a bit bent.

Fumbling on the ground, Bologue retrieved his folding knife and Sheep Horn Hammer. This time he didn't attack immediately, but suppressed his breathing, minimizing his presence, hiding in the shadows.

"I was thinking about something earlier, Palmer. The Church's report says it's dark here every night, even though there's lighting, it's not used."

Bologue analyzed.

The Church's report was comprehensive, drawing Bologue's attention was the note that the factory remained dark at night, patrols relying solely on flashlights.

Bologue found this unreasonable. If he were the opponent, as a specialist, Bologue wouldn't do something unnecessary unless it served a purpose.

"Like how you like hardware stores, maybe the darkness here is because that Condenser likes it," Palmer said.

"Firstly, I never said I liked hardware stores. Secondly, this has nothing to do with liking," Bologue corrected.

"It's an 'environment,' like Hunters hiding in the jungle. For that Condenser, this dark environment is his jungle. That's the only explanation for why he doesn't turn on the lights," Bologue said.

"He could easily wait for us to invade and then cut the lights," Palmer didn't understand. "This darkness limits these Demons' combat."

"Maybe from the start, he didn't care about the Demons?"

Bologue's words startled Palmer.

"Like my feint attack is to probe the opponent's Secret Energy, to him, these terrified Demons dying in the dark are also his sacrifices, used to feint against us,"

Bologue continued.

"As I guessed earlier, he likes this dark environment; it's his jungle... his Secret Energy can align with the darkness."

"I get it, like you in a hardware store, right?" Palmer still clung to the hardware store, "There's metal everywhere; you could grab a Sharp Sword anywhere... At this rate, a steel mill is best for you!"

Bologue directly ignored Palmer's words, realizing something at that moment.

"Maybe I'm already under the influence of his Secret Energy; he's watching me."

"Then what's he going to do next?" Palmer got serious.

"Isn't that obvious?" Bologue glanced at the corpses around him, "His feint failed; at most, he could guess I'm quite tough."

"Then..."

A shattering sound interrupted Bologue's words; a thick arm suddenly broke through the wall, reaching for Bologue.

"Then we see how tough I really am!"

Bologue quickly stepped back; the thick arm withdrew, followed by booming sounds, as Bill punched his way through the wall.

Deep blue tracks crawled over him, forming a magnificent glowing tattoo.