

## Endless 142

### Chapter 142: Shadow Devouring Beast

Bologue leapt onto the high corridor, joyfully releasing the chains, the heavy iron locks falling to the ground in a heap.

The raid was already half-won, now they just needed to kill these two guys to secure the other half.

As his first mission execution, tonight's raid was exceptionally significant for Bologue.

Like some of those twisted killers often mentioned in the newspapers, each time they succeeded, they would take something from their target as a keepsake, sometimes hair, sometimes teeth, and even a section of finger bone.

For a fleeting moment, Bologue really considered whether he should pick up something to take back as a souvenir.

Of course, this thought lasted only a few seconds; as an expert, he wouldn't let his focus drift to other places before finishing the job, especially not on such inexplicable things.

Looking at the writhing darkness on the other end, the Shadow Beast was coiling around David like the armor of shadows.

The armor could only protect him but couldn't heal him; amidst the furious winds stirred by Palmer, Bologue could faintly hear the sound of blood flowing.

David was injured, his neck was continually bleeding, coupled with Palmer's precise follow-shot, and the bullet holes on his body kept oozing blood.

Such injuries would likely cause an ordinary person to faint from blood loss, but David was a Condenser, and strong combat will and Extraordinary Power supported him, preventing him from passing out.

"Hurts a lot, doesn't it, friend? Why not take a rest?"

Bologue dragged the iron lock, flinging out a folding knife with his other hand, walking towards David.

David ignored Bologue's words, not even asking why Bologue had come back to life.

Questions were meaningless, as they would not change the current situation. It was better to conserve energy and find a way to escape.

A glow lit up within the writhing darkness, and the next moment, Bologue felt the entire corridor distort, the floors and walls starting to twist... Not the corridor, but the omnipresent darkness was being commanded, transforming into a living beast, rushing at Bologue.

No longer the tentative attacks from before, but David's full release, Ether surged between the Alchemy Matrices as if another heart were pounding vigorously, compressing the Ether forcefully, transmitting this Extraordinary Power to various veins within the Alchemy Matrix.

Ether surged, like waves crashing against a levee.

Secret Energy·Shadow Devouring Beast.

It was a scene too bizarre for Bologue to describe, under absolute darkness, he couldn't see any precise outlines, only the brilliance shimmering from David within the dark, guiding Bologue like a morning star in the night.

It was all so simple; if Bologue could just send the blade into that brilliance, everything would end, but the path to the brilliance was riddled with suffering and death.

Long, slender, pitch-black arms reached out from the darkness, sharp claws sprouting from their palms, infinite in number, like a vast sea of people, waving arms in revelry, transforming into black thorns, angrily tearing through everything in their path.

This was an invisible darkness entity; Bologue should not have been able to see them, yet under David's glow, the weak light cast eerie silhouettes.

At this moment, Bologue seemed not to be standing in a corridor but inside the throat of some monster, with meat arms growing sharp barbs all around.

The monster was swallowing.

Vision plunged into darkness, Bologue swung the heavy chains, under the drive of Summoning Hand, they transformed into a Round Shield blocking in front.

The sharp metal scraping sounds almost pierced Bologue's eardrums.

The thorns whipped against the shield, sparking layers of flames, thousands upon thousands, whipping like a roaring storm, the smooth shield surface instantly engraved with countless scratches, like wind-eroded rocks, teetering.

Sharp pain kept hitting, from the back, shoulder, thigh, ankle... darkness was omnipresent, Bologue's shield could only block frontal assaults, incapable of defending against the claws' attacks from behind.

He was about to be torn apart.

"One out of commission!"

In the crucial moment, Palmer's voice rose in the mind.

The sound of violent burning erupted, followed by daylight-like brightness exploding inside the factory, completely dispelling the writhing, chaotic darkness.

Flares traced an incandescent trajectory, accurately hitting the corridor where Bologue stood, and as for those entwining dark entities, upon first contact with the light, they melted and vanished like snow under a blazing sun.

Thousands of degrees of burning torches fell between Bologue and David, the roaring Shadow Beasts all perished, including the dark armor on David, all together withered away.

"Looks like today's my lucky day."

Palmer directly said this time, his voice echoing in the factory, Bologue's peripheral vision glanced down, Bill's corpse lying behind Palmer.

"Bill..."

David also looked at the familiar corpse, his voice devoid of joy or sorrow.

"Surprised?"

Bologue questioned, the burning glow blazing in front, the strong light causing his vision to blur into a pallid whiteness, presumably David was the same, neither could clearly see the other's figure.

"Surprised."

This time David finally responded to Bologue.

"Sometimes the dark environment isn't just your jungle; perhaps it signifies what you're afraid of... Just like how I'd absolutely despise pools."

The Round Shield in his hand started to reshape, transforming into a distorted Long Spear as Bologue lifted it.

"The 'Commanding School' can only manipulate matter that exists in reality, but cannot warp them deeper, like giving form to non-existent darkness... You're from the 'Illusion Creation School', although I don't know whether you are 'Broad and Dull' or 'Narrow and Sharp', it seems your illusion creations require darkness as a medium."

Sometimes, a medium is also a constraint.

Regrettably, the intense light obstructed the view; otherwise, Bologue would have loved to see David's expression at this moment.

"You guessed so much with just this bit of information?"

David never expected he would lose here in the end. The Shadow Beast was born out of darkness, and when the darkness that served as its foundation was expelled, the Shadow Beast would naturally fade away.

The light enveloped him and Bologue, creating an incredibly sharp border between light and shadow. Beyond that edge, darkness still writhed, countless hands rising up, pounding against the barrier of light, longing to tear through the obstruction.

"Not really, just made a lot of preparations. After all, plans can't keep up with changes; making more preparations is never wrong."

Bologue replied.

This was not a combat intermission. Experts never do anything extra in their work. Bologue was lulling David.

While keeping the conversation with David, he quietly raised the Long Spear, preparing to throw it.

The light in front of him gradually weakened and was about to extinguish, and based on the direction of David's voice, Bologue roughly judged his position.

At the moment the intense light extinguished, there would be residual brightness in one's eye, affecting Bologue's judgment, just as it would affect David.

When the light faded, the Shadow Beasts roared forward.

Surrounded by wolves, Bologue hurled a bolt of Thunder.

The Long Spear was so thin and sharp that it emitted a faint shrill whistling sound when thrown. Immediately, another flare rose, but this time it was shot toward the collapsed roof, and the descending light helped Bologue disperse the wolves again.

A dull thud sounded in the darkness.

Bologue's vision gradually cleared. Looking ahead, the Long Spear pierced through the Shadow Beasts one by one, their remaining bodies still writhing as if they were creatures molded from tar.

The suspending umbrella of the flare opened, hanging like a burning torch, descending slowly like a dying meteor, prolonging the stay of light for a moment.

Illuminating the scarred land.

At the end of the darkness, David still stood in place, but this time his left arm was empty; the Iron Spear easily penetrated and shattered his arm.

Blood pooled at his feet, forming a shallow puddle, soaking several empty injectors. The dark red liquid inside was already gone.

David looked at Bologue, a smile emerging on his blood-drained, pallid face.

"To think, this is my first time using such a thing."

Forbidden power was bestowed upon David, Ether erupted within him like a raging tsunami, rampaging through the veins of the Alchemy Matrix.

The intense pain almost made David faint, but the power that followed made him feel reborn.

The patterns forged by light burst into an unimaginable brilliance, eventually eclipsing the burning torch descending from above.

The Alchemy Matrix could not withstand any of this. The intricate patterns filled with cracks as they burned brilliantly, with currents flickering across them, like a damaged machine on the verge of collapse.

"Dammit, what's with this Ether intensity!"

Palmer screamed, not hesitating in the slightest as he threw out his grapple, with the whirlwind lifting him.

Bologue touched one side of the wall, bricks and stones crumbling, extending into a sharp rocky spike. As Bologue charged toward David, the spike moved along the wall, advancing together.

I don't know what David did, but both knew that they absolutely couldn't let David unleash Secret Energy.

It was too late.

David smiled, extending his only remaining right arm, like a commanding General, softly whispering.

"Attack."

Endless darkness writhed, and even as Palmer fired all remaining flares, the intense light barely restrained the growth of darkness.

David overcame the constraints of his own Secret Energy and at this moment reached a higher Tier. Though it lasted just a moment, and although he would die after this, David did not regret it.

The Condensed Guard advanced, seizing that fleeting power of Prayer Believers.

The entire factory came alive, all the darkness converging into a giant beast.

It howled, seizing all light and completely engulfing the ruins.

"He can't hold on for much longer!" Bologue shouted. "Find a way to survive!"

This level of Secret Energy wasn't something a Condenser could control, difficult even for Prayer Believers. Combined with David's injuries, this was his final counterattack before death. If the two survived, they would achieve victory.

"I know! I know!"

Palmer also shouted back. When his vision fully plunged into darkness, he called upon the whirlwind, releasing all his remaining Ether, soaring like a hawk, attempting to escape the range of darkness.

Pursuing was up to Bologue. He could die, but Palmer needed to watch out for his own safety.

In David's sigh, the dead stillness of darkness swallowed everything.