

Endless 164

Chapter 164: Cinderella

The shotgun fired repeatedly, piercing one body after another, leaving shredded flesh and blood evenly smeared on the walls.

Bologue hummed a strange melody, and the struggling mask on his face seemed to come alive. Sharp teeth and angry eyes completely covered his face, transforming him into a living ghost god.

A sense of terror devoured the guards in an instant. In extreme fear, they scattered and fled, but on this night of revelry, before dawn, the Evil Spirit allowed no one to leave the party.

"This man is standing up!"

Bologue raised his gun and shouted joyfully.

The power bestowed by the Devil roamed through his body, a burning pain felt in his palm. Meanwhile, countless beams of light appeared in Bologue's eyes, rising into the dark night.

Each beam represented a name on the list, and when Bologue fired and crushed a life, the glorious pillar of light would dim and shatter.

This reminded Bologue of a "past life's" game, where beneath each pillar lay a target to be eliminated, and under the power of the Devil, they had nowhere to hide.

"He can't endure it anymore!"

Bologue emptied his ammo, stepped over the ground littered with corpses, and pursued the remaining guards. In terror, they hid inside a building, shutting the doors tightly, thinking it would stop Bologue.

"Damn it, where did this guy come from!"

Inside the dark building, the guards cried out in fear.

They couldn't understand, and no one could. They were just an ordinary group of gangsters, and while violence was common in gangs, it was strange to be attacked by a lone assassin today.

The gang leader also couldn't comprehend it all. He was in his office gathering money, preparing to escape.

The gang had been quiet lately, supposedly having not provoked anyone. Why the sudden attack? The leader tried to communicate with Bologue, picking up the microphone and calling out through the broadcast.

But Bologue didn't respond at all. He simply hummed a song, repeatedly pulling the trigger. If the bullets ran out, he would draw out a Sheep Horn Hammer and folding knife, continuing to crush one life after another.

Silent and wordless, he was like the reaping Death God, refusing all communication and faithfully performing his duties.

Compared to him, the gang seemed more reasonable.

The guards raised their guns, warily watching the large door ahead, locking the Evil Spirit outside. But a few seconds later, violent bangs came from the door, as the Sheep Horn Hammer repeatedly slammed at the lock.

"Open fire!"

The guards shouted, and gunfire flashed and extinguished, bullets repeatedly piercing the door, leaving one hole after another in the steel. Dim light shone through the holes into the room, like light spears piercing steel.

Tense nerves slightly relaxed. To the guards, the dense rain of bullets would surely kill anyone. The shocking hammering sound also ceased, and everyone watched the door with anticipation.

The next moment, a shadow rose from the ground, covering all the holes, and all the light.

"Open fire!"

The guards shouted once more, already unclear about what they were facing.

Bullets repeatedly pierced the door, yet the hammering sound didn't stop. The door began to cave in until a fierce blow shattered the lock, and the door collapsed with a crash.

"He's going to stand up! Stand up against all this evil!"

Amid cheers, a throwing axe swung down, splitting a person's skull in half, splattering blood on White's face. Enormous fear shattered his mind, leaving him too weak even to pull the trigger.

White, coming from a poor background, had joined a gang at a young age, always living as a street thug. Recently, he finally joined this powerful gang and was given firearms. He thought his legendary life was about to begin, but tonight's nightmare crushed it all.

He watched in horror as that figure like an Evil Spirit charged in, dragging the fallen door slab to shield against several gunshots. Then, he strode forward and smashed several skulls with the Sheep Horn Hammer. Someone attempted to swing a short knife but got shot through by a short-barreled shotgun before getting close.

It no longer counted as shooting; the Evil Spirit pressed the gun barrel directly against the man's chest, then pulled the trigger, as if the man's body was hit by a Heavy Hammer, spraying blood as he staggered back.

Death, blood, pain, but no need for remorse.

Bologue felt terrific at this moment. One beam of light after another quenched, one name after another was crossed off the list.

He pulled the axe from the skull of a corpse, while beside him, White trembled and wailed. Death approached, yet Bologue didn't swing the axe to cut off his head.

The grotesquely growing mask made Bologue's face appear like an Evil Spirit. His azure eyes stared intensely at White, and a slightly mad voice then echoed.

"You're not on the list."

Bologue didn't kill White, yet the extreme cold fear released from the mask struck White's mind. He saw a far more terrifying sight than death.

The Evil Spirit let out bursts of laughter, painting graffiti with blood on White's ghastly pale face, then walked toward the depths of the building, leaving White alone, collapsing into madness among a mountain of corpses and an ocean of blood. The mad murmurs continuously echoed by his ears, dragging White into a fantasy hell.

"Damn it, what the hell is wrong with that lunatic?"

In a narrow, dim passageway, the leader whispered to his lieutenant.

A bizarre time faced by a bizarre killer. He didn't even give a reason, yet one life after another was lost just like that.

The leader thought, at life's end, the worst thing was this—to not even understand how you died and to perish so meaninglessly.

You think the other side harbors a deep grudge against you, but actually, the other side just appears to find crushing ants amusing.

"Could it be a previous incident?" The lieutenant thought of something, "Before, we helped those people traffic quite a few individuals..."

"That was ages ago!"

"But..."

...

The deputy wanted to say something, but he couldn't utter a word; a sharp blade pierced through the partition of the secret passage, slicing his throat.

The leader hadn't noticed any of this yet. The light in the secret passage was dim and narrow, he couldn't see clearly, but then a blast echoed, dust flying.

Bologue stared at the wall on one side, two beams of light rising from within. As he thrust his knife, one of the light beams gradually dimmed, meanwhile, blood trickled down along the folding knife.

"A secret passage, huh?"

Just like discovering hidden objects, Bologue swung the Sheep Horn Hammer and smashed the wall, like a renovator, easily breaking it open. The surface wasn't solid concrete but wood and a bit of mud and stone.

Extending his hand, he dragged the leader out of it.

"Jackpot!"

Bologue saw that panicked face clearly, a line of glowing names appeared beside the man. The Devil had considerably labeled everyone with names, and Bologue almost liked this Tyrant a bit.

Staring at that horrified mask, tons of fear were poured into the leader's mind, akin to a mental torture. He wailed and cried.

"Why, at least tell me why?"

From start to finish, he couldn't understand why it turned out this way, just inexplicably encountering misfortune, just inexplicably dying.

The leader thought, no matter what... at least he deserved a reason for his death.

Bologue glanced at his tie and said with a smile.

"I don't like your tie."

The Sheep Horn Hammer came down, and the wailing ceased.

Exiting the building that resembled a slaughterhouse, Bologue glanced at the pile of corpses, lifted the shotgun, and squeezed the trigger on the pile of bodies.

Flesh and blood exploded, and one dim beam was completely extinguished.

Glancing around, all the light beams here had disappeared, cleared by Bologue, like playing a game, finally clearing all the question marks in a region.

He sat back in the car, revved the engine, crushed the fence, and continued rampaging through Opus's streets.

The night was short, but Bologue had a lot more people to kill, never letting up on the gas pedal, resembling a time-pressed desperado.

He rolled down the window, letting the night breeze flood in and dissipate the scorching stench of blood. Bologue suddenly recalled a fairy tale he read before.

Cinderella received help from a Witch, gaining a set of beautiful clothes and Crystal Shoes, with mice transforming into coachmen and a pumpkin turning into a carriage. This ugly duckling of a girl turned into a beautiful swan, but regrettably, it would only last until midnight.

Bologue felt he was much like Cinderella, or rather, a Cinderella who stumbled into a gory action film.

The workwear studded with weapons was his dress, and the rumbling, pitted iron beast beneath him was his pumpkin carriage.

Framed that way, Bologue thought of Dudel in the radio as his coachman, though this radio host had no clue of the happenings, continually cheering in the radio.

God knows why this guy was so happy tonight... Actually, Bologue was quite happy too, perhaps it really was a night of revelry.

As for the Crystal Shoes, they were in Bologue's eyes, the burning list pointing out everyone's locations, and Bologue was wearing them, attending everyone's funerals.

What was more delightful was that Cinderella would lose everything at midnight, but midnight for Bologue was just the beginning.

"Sounds like a fairy tale of slaughter."

Bologue liked his whimsical imagination, and if he had the chance, he might as well make this into a movie.

Fairy tales remain fairy tales, movies remain movies. Tonight's rush isn't of a Cinderella falling in love, but an Evil Spirit desiring the sufferings of villains.

The screeching sound of brakes pierced the night, and Bologue, not waiting for the car to stop, pushed the door open, holding a shotgun in one hand and a Sheep Horn Hammer in the other to knock on the door.

He smashed open the man's door, interrupting his screams by breaking his knees, tore down electric wires, wrapping them around his neck, and with his powerless struggle, kicked him out the window.

"Do you want money? I'll give you all the money!"

Turning around, another man screamed in terror.

"Sorry, I'm not here for money." Bologue actually had the leisure for small talk.

"Then what do you want? I'll give you anything I can!"

A wailing came from the window, the sound agitating the man, who rambled incoherently.

"Ah... I want love and peace!" Bologue replied.

The man hesitated, unable to reconcile Bologue's blood-stained appearance with "love and peace", but Bologue spoke with extreme sincerity, which made him serious.

"Can't help it, for love and peace, I must trouble you a bit."

Bologue said helplessly, smashing his knee with one blow, then drowning him in the toilet.

One fell swoop, utterly smooth. Bologue checked the time and praised himself as a true expert with increasing efficiency.

Came downstairs, the silver car loyally awaited in place, its body covered in filth and scars from Bologue's violence, brimming with aggression and wildness.

"Next, next, next!"

Bologue shouted, pressing down the gas pedal, heading to another hunting ground for the night. Behind him, on the tall building, the man no longer struggled, hanging dead outside as a corpse shattered into pieces upon the ground after a brief pause from snapped wires.