

## Endless 166

### Chapter 166: Personal Grudge

Throughout this battle journey, Bologue kept imagining what the scene would be like when he met Kedening.

Would he loudly shout out Kedening's crimes, cheer while chopping off his head? Or perhaps beat Kedening half to death, say a cool catchphrase, and then shoot a bullet through Kedening's heart?

Bologue had thought of many scenarios, but when he truly reached this moment, he felt an indescribable anger, rendering all words unnecessary under the drive of this fury.

Action alone suffices.

Like in the movies, where knife and sword clash together, destined to decide a winner.

But reality is never like the movies, let alone Bologue never perceived himself as a good person, just a villain opposed to an even greater villain.

Wielding his folding knife and sheep horn hammer, Bologue prepared for a liberating battle like a true warrior, intending to vent all his anger throughout the fight.

Kedening stood on the other side of the rain curtain, his face cold, resolved, gripping a pistol and short sword, standing straight without any stance, yet every muscle was tense.

Kedening knew full well that this was the most important battle of his life; if he died here, Jini would also inevitably perish, something he absolutely couldn't bear.

Both resembled fugitives at their last gasp, with only one having a chance to survive.

Then, should anything be said?

Kedening thought for a moment and swallowed his words; now was not the time for any speech.

The opponent held the same thought as Kedening, within the silent patter of rain, Bologue leapt forward and hurled the sheep horn hammer at Kedening with all his might.

The sound of the air ripping came, Kedening tried to dodge to the side, but at the moment the sheep horn hammer flew past his body, a slender wound opened along his arm. It was then that Kedening realized the object thrown was not a sheep horn hammer but a warped blade.

Had Bologue switched weapons before throwing? No, he had kept a close eye on him, there was simply no time for that.

David's final instructions echoed in his mind, Kedening shouted at Bologue.

"Is it you? Undead!"

David had said, there was an undead who possessed the power to alter matter, at the moment the sheep horn hammer had left Bologue's hand, he shaped it into a warped blade and hurled it.

Bologue did not respond nor did he intend to conceal his secret energy.

After hurling the blade and Kedening dodging, Bologue seized the moment to advance and simultaneously retrieved the shotgun slung from his back.

Holding melee weapons with both hands, he misled Kedening into thinking he was proficient in close combat, but all of this was a ruse.

Experts never let any style constrain them.

Pulling the trigger, the explosive gunshots rung out, Kedening, being a condenser worthy of admiration, realized he had been tricked the instant Bologue raised the gun barrel, swiftly dodging towards a pillar inside the station.

The bullets fell, creating pockmarked dents, Bologue did not pause, kept firing to suppress havoc, taking strides closer towards Kedening, closing the distance between them, and right before the bullets ran out, else pounded his fist against the ground violently.

Secret Energy·Summoning Hand.

Ether surged and poured into the earth, a turquoise light trail flashed across the ground, and in less than a second's delay, the earth beneath Bologue's feet crumbled forward, fanning out.

Bricks shattered, solid dirt turned over, covered with intricate patterns, and as it broke, it was reshaped as if an invisible hand was manipulating it like clay.

One stone long halberd after another split the soil, densely piercing forward, forming a forest of halberds, destroying pillars as well.

Bologue drew the flying knife from his waist; he did not believe that this strike alone could kill Kedening, let alone Kedening having yet unleashed his secret energy.

He awaited, and promptly the swift silhouette leapt from behind the collapsing pillar.

This violent assault was evidently something Kedening couldn't withstand, he attempted to escape the range of the long halberds, and Bologue waited for this exact moment.

The flying knife in his hand darted towards Kedening like a silver snake, layer upon layer of traps left Kedening scrambling to respond.

As a newly-appointed condenser, Bologue's performance had already been extraordinary; sometimes he even thought he might truly be a genius in this aspect.

The clash of metal sounded, Kedening swung the short sword, barely parrying these flying knives, deflecting them one by one, but in the next second, with Bologue forcefully pulling a hand gesture, the flying knives that should've been repelled, as if obeying an order, attacked Kedening again, cutting up his body.

What's going on?

Kedening couldn't fathom, Bologue's secret energy was clearly material alteration, but what explained this remote manipulation?

Within his vision, silver reflected faint glimmers, Kedening saw it.

One fine iron wire after another clung to the flying knives, at the moment they were released, Bologue expanded these fine iron wires from the flying knives, linking them with his wrist.

Forcefully swinging his hand, the fly knives tethered with iron wire, lashed out at Kedening like a whip blade.

A radiance burned, powers beyond the human body were endowed to Kedening.

Ethereal Amplification.

In an instant, Kedening's speed was ghost-like, the short sword slashed fiercely, all iron wires snapped, and the flying knives lost support, embedding into the ground.

Bologue extended his hand and pulled a stone spear from the rubble, stepped and hurled it.

The thunderous collision reverberated, as the smoke cleared, Kedening sidestepped effortlessly to evade the stone spear's destructive path.

Unlike Bill who emphasized strength, Kedening's ethereal amplification leaned towards speed, if not for Bologue's overly cunning offensive; these ranged thrown weapons would seldom hit him.

Although he said so, under Bologue's successive fierce attacks, Kedening also felt a wave of exhaustion. He hadn't expected the opponent to be so formidable; from beginning to end, he had been suppressed, the offensive akin to a storm.

The corner of his eye glanced at Jini on the bench. Although the two had not communicated, under a certain tacit understanding, Bologue did not involve Jini in the battle, which made Kedening feel slightly relieved.

But only slightly relieved, as he still remembered David's warning; besides Bologue, there should be another person, that Condenser manipulating the storm.

Now he was completely constrained by Bologue, maybe that guy was hiding in the shadows, ready to strike a deadly blow at any moment and slit his throat open.

This worry made Kedening unable to let loose in combat. Bologue also seemed to notice this, and he said.

"Who are you wary of?"

"Your partner?" Kedening retorted.

"He's not here, tonight there's only me, one-on-one, very fair."

A dull voice sounded from behind the sinister mask, twisting Bologue's entire aura, concealing Bologue's identity.

In battle, Bologue didn't activate the Face of Horror, a contract object that could impact the mind, which he intended to use as his ultimate move against Kedening at a critical moment.

"One-on-one? That's not the style of the Order Bureau."

Kedening did not believe Bologue, his ears attentive to any disturbance around. Unfortunately, the noise of raindrops mixed with the sound of the wind made it difficult to judge when the storm might come.

"This has nothing to do with the Order Bureau."

Bologue gave an unexpected response.

"This is not official duty, just some personal grievances," Bologue raised the folding knife, pointing at Kedening, "between you and me."

"Personal grievances?"

Kedening laughed, trying to peer into Bologue's face to find some familiarity, but under the influence of the Face of Horror, all he sensed was a chilling fear from deep within.

"I thought you would be prepared. After all, someone like you is bound to have some enemies, isn't it?"

Bologue wasn't just chatting with Kedening. From Kedening knowing his Undead nature and the presence of Palmer, Kedening had grasped part of the information about him, likely from David.

At that time, David's Secret Energy hadn't gone out of control. He was trying to buy time to relay the information.

This was an ominous sign for Bologue. In terms of information disparity, Bologue had lost from the beginning.

"So that's your wife, Kedening, a hungry Demon."

Bologue said again, relaxing all his muscles as if chatting casually, glancing at Kedening and then at the sleeping Jini, letting out a mocking laugh.

"So, you did all this for your wife? You're actually keeping a Demon."

Bologue tried hard to stir Kedening's emotions, but Kedening remained unmoved, eyes filled with hatred, staying silent.

"Forget it, you are beyond redemption."

Bologue sighed; Kedening had already reached the end of the road. Provocative words couldn't affect him a bit; ultimately, everything must be resolved with blood and swords.

Without any warning, the Ether around suddenly boiled.

Bologue rushed forward, lowering his body to summon the ground underfoot at any moment. He stretched out his hand to touch the earth while stepping forward, a motion that to Kedening seemed like a beast running, making even the mask on his face appear fierce.

Like a bloodthirsty wolf, it relentlessly pursued its enemy.

The ground collapsed, dense Long Halberds rose, Kedening swung the Short Sword, Ether coiled around the blade, solidifying into tangible light, extending the blade by tens of centimeters.

Bologue borrowed the "Secret Energy School Characteristics and Distinctions" from the Order Bureau, a book summarized by a senior of the bureau based on Field Operations Department combat records, detailing the characteristics of different schools, ways to distinguish them, and records of known Secret Energy types.

This book is extremely valuable but only circulates within the Order Bureau, considered a kind of employee benefit.

Bologue read about a similar Secret Energy in it, capable of forging pure Ether into an Ethereal Weapon. Bologue was unsure whether Kedening's usage belonged to the "Origin School" or the "Illusion Creation School."

The Ethereal Sword rose, cutting down the rising Long Halberds, with coarse sections as if by serrated cuts.

Rather than severing, it would be better to say that the violent Ether destroyed the material it touched; pure Ether is brutal energy.

Kedening leaped back, slicing downward upon landing to carve a deep groove into the ground.

Seeing that groove, Bologue's gaze became serious.

Kedening stood behind the groove, raising the Ethereal Sword before him, surrounded by dense Long Halberds, yet he was unafraid, knowing the Long Halberds could no longer advance.

"Ten meters."

Kedening estimated the distance between the groove and Bologue, recalling the distances in previous fights, and said.

"That's the limit of your Secret Energy's influence, isn't it?"

As a First Stage Condenser, Bologue possessed Extraordinary Power, yet it wasn't without restrictions; it had a limit to its range. During previous exchanges, Kedening roughly determined the influence range of the Summoning Hand, and he knew that as long as he was outside that range, he was safe.

Bologue didn't speak, just gradually straightened up, removing the chain wrapped around his waist.