

Endless 170

Chapter 170: Peace_2

The short sword deflected Bologue's folding knife, and taking advantage of the opening, Kedening kicked Bologue in the chest, knocking him against the stone pillar before stepping forward and jumping to chop down.

Bologue rolled on the ground, dodging the chop. He slammed his palm to the earth, causing sections of the ground to rise and strike Kedening, but amid the surging ether, Kedening instead leapt onto the protruding rock, using it to spring through the air.

Such a drastic move strained Kedening's body, but it was as if he couldn't feel any of it. As he descended, Bologue threw a flying knife at him. However, as anticipated, under the influence of the secret energy, the flying knife just brushed past Kedening.

Kedening was growing impatient. He could endure the unending pain, but ultimately his body couldn't withstand it. No matter how strong his will, fractured bones wouldn't heal. Kedening could no longer fight Bologue; he had to decide the outcome quickly.

Bologue held the same resolve as Kedening. Since midnight, Bologue had seemed in a hurry, even in battle, as if he wanted to finish off Kedening quickly to move on to his next engagement.

"Stop running, Kedening!" Bologue shouted.

"I never intended to run!" Kedening yelled back just as loudly.

Both of them simultaneously swung their weapons and charged at each other, resorting to their trump cards. This would be the final blow.

The blades clashed repeatedly, with the clanking sounds constant, as if the two were either battling to the death or dancing together.

Kedening unleashed a fatal strike, only this time the ethereal sword did not slash at Bologue but aimed at the air by his side.

Was it a mistake?

Bologue didn't miss the opportunity. The round shield meant for blocking instantly transformed into a lance, its pointed tip thrusting at Kedening.

No... something's not right.

The moment he thrust, an expert's instinct warned Bologue. This was a life-and-death battle. How could a cunning guy like Kedening reveal a flaw now?

It was a trap, so from where would the danger come?

Did Kedening have another alchemy armament yet to be activated, or was there hidden reinforcements lurking nearby?

Countless thoughts flashed through Bologue's mind, but in that brief moment of consideration, the lance thrust down hard. Just as Bologue expected, the lance missed; with Kedening's secret energy and his own speed, such a cumbersome attack was hard to land a hit.

His own senses were disrupted, making the attack's direction shift slightly, shattering the ground.

Just as Bologue was about to continue his pursuit, a cold chill crept into his heart, and a flash of a sword appeared in Bologue's vision.

The ethereal sword, which should have slashed at the air, now hovered above Bologue's head.

What was going on?

Bologue was sure that the sword had swung into empty space...

No, it wasn't that the ethereal sword had suddenly moved above his head; rather, it was under the influence of Secret Energy·Wandering that he had actively brought his head under the blade.

Kedening's face showed slyness and ferocity. Bologue was indeed very strong, gradually grasping the essence of his secret energy after several engagements. But secret energy was deceptive; the same power held different strengths in different people.

In previous battles, Kedening had constantly lulled Bologue, trapping him in habitual thinking, making Bologue believe he could only deflect the direction of attacks or cause loss of self-control.

But Bologue didn't consider that sometimes misleading could also become body control. The ethereal sword cutting through the air, this harmless move, led Bologue into the preset trap.

Like a condemned prisoner, Bologue willingly placed his head under the guillotine.

This move could only be used once. If it couldn't kill Bologue in one strike, he would maintain a safe distance until his own blood ran out.

He had won.

The blinding radiance was about to behead Bologue, and in an instant, an overwhelming sense of terror surged like a breaking tide, dragging Kedening into a sea filled with fear.

Face of Horror, erupting completely.

The wailing of countless vengeful spirits echoed in the ears of Bologue and Kedening, and the most terrifying things buried in the deepest recesses of their hearts revealed their true face this time.

The dense smell of sulfur and smoke flooded their noses. Everywhere they looked was a devastated land, with the ground beneath turning a vibrant crimson under the soaking of infinite blood.

Bologue gazed at all this expressionlessly. Having seen it so many times, he no longer found it so terrifying, just somewhat sorrowful.

Kedening found himself back in that alley, the dying man crawling on the ground, while David stood indifferently by, the man whimpering as he reached out, covering Kedening in filthy blood.

The sound of a roar broke the silence as Kedening stabbed the man, sealing away his soul from that moment.

The terrifying mist enveloped both of them, and under extreme fear, their actions came to a halt, but soon Bologue broke free from the influence of the Contract Object.

He had been using the Face of Horror all along, and each breath he took was filled with the aura of fear. Bologue had long since developed a resistance to this mental assault, while Kedening could no longer hold on.

Kedening ultimately couldn't harden his heart. He merely sealed his heart away, numb and unfeeling.

The lost eyes gradually regained their focus, and Kedening felt his entire body turn cold, as if a winter had invaded his body, freezing all his boiling blood.

A surging green light illuminated Kedening's face. He lowered his head and saw a familiar shadow in those blue eyes.

Bologue pressed against the ground, roaring.

"Punished when due, judged when deserved!"

This is the iron law of justice.

The ground shattered into countless long halberds, resembling a blooming lotus, its deadly beauty intimidating all living beings.

Initially, Kedening could still wield the ethereal sword, trying to cut down the long halberds, but at this moment, he was too close to Bologue. He couldn't escape.

The long halberds moved like living serpents, biting at Kedening from all sides, piercing through his flesh and blood. Bologue stepped upon the serpents, leaping high and bringing down his folding knife.

This was the guillotine of execution, cutting life and death, good and evil, from above.

After a series of thunderous roars, the pale white light illuminated the earth, sketching a menacing figure in the pool of water, covered in long halberds like a monster burdened with heavy injuries.

Kedening fell to the ground, staring up at the pitch-black night sky, he could no longer stand again this time.

At this moment, countless holes appeared on his body, under each hole were pierced flesh, shattered bones, and organs torn to pieces, only the Alchemy Matrix on his body persisted in burning obstinately, keeping him alive.

Bologue stepped over, standing beside Kedening. He removed the Face of Horror, though he was used to the fear, the full release just now made him feel a bit of a headache, with whispers and hallucinations constantly disturbing him.

His face was shrouded in shadows, leaving only the cold, blue eyes staring down emotionlessly.

"What a dramatic reunion, Bologue."

Kedening struggled to smile, but alas, he had little strength left.

"Did you find peace?" Bologue asked curiously.

"Peace? Perhaps."

Kedening looked at the pitch-black night sky. Its depth was terrifying, yet after the fear came a sense of void—nothing remained, absolute emptiness.

"It feels as if everything is over, finally able to stop."

"Do you want to stop?"

Bologue asked again, the cold folding knife hanging down, emanating waves of chill.

"Stop..."

Kedening softly murmured, turning his head. He looked at the woman on the bench. She had awoken at some point, eyes filled with terror and tears.

A strange emotion welled up inside him. Kedening didn't know how to describe it all, just that it felt very complicated, complex beyond his understanding, difficult to comprehend.

"No... I really want to live on."