

## Endless 173

### Chapter 173: The Defector\_2

Milasha's expression was somewhat solemn. She always felt something was amiss, but couldn't quite pinpoint what was strange. She glanced at her team members and then put aside these chaotic thoughts, attributing all anomalies to the stress brought by the mission.

Everything was so sudden. This Long Sword Squad was assembled temporarily; the team members were not very familiar with each other, yet they were sent to execute such an important task, and the mission itself was full of mystery.

They had to risk their lives to cover a guy named Ghoul. As for what goods he was transporting, Milasha knew nothing about it.

Like Gray, she felt a deep sense of unease, but as the vice-captain, she had to hide such emotions and not affect the team members.

However... they could finally leave.

Milasha couldn't help but sigh, feeling a wave of relief. This city always brought a deep sense of oppression.

"We can go home, Gray."

Milasha turned her head and spoke to Gray. But for some reason, Gray's gaze gradually became terrified, as if something terrible had happened to her.

Then, a burst of sharp pain hit her abdomen.

Milasha looked down. A sharp short sword had pierced her abdomen from behind, and with a forceful twist of the hilt, the exposed blade tip slowly turned, churning her organs into a bloody mess.

"Milasha!"

Gray shouted loudly as he drew his short knife. Complex light trails blossomed on him, vanishing in an instant, but traces of some power could still be seen surging from his body surface.

"Did you... betray us? Was the Sixth Seat right?"

Milasha slowly turned her head, her peripheral vision glancing at the captain. But his face was still hidden in the darkness, unobservable.

"Not really. From the beginning, we were loyal to different Monarchs, so how can it be called betrayal?"

The captain said coldly, gripping the short sword in his hand, attempting to slash across and completely cut Milasha's body apart. But Milasha grabbed the short sword with one hand, surrounded by brilliance, her strength so great that the captain couldn't budge it at all.

"What are you doing!"

Gray swung his short knife, slashing towards the captain, the dim trail entwining his grip, Ethereal Amplification reaching its peak in an instant.

Gunshots rang out, bullets pierced through Gray's knife-wielding arm, followed by more bullets hitting, piercing his lower leg.

Gray looked puzzled at the others, the comrades who had fought side by side earlier, now all brandished swords and guns, faces hidden in the darkness, like phantoms wandering in the rainy night.

"Why?"

Gray asked, unable to distinguish whether it was tears or rain filling his eyes.

"You guys..."

Milasha growled angrily, raising her fist and smashing the blade piercing her body, accompanied by a harsh metallic sound, the short sword easily broke under Milasha's punch, broken metal remaining inside.

But this wasn't the end. The captain pulled out the Secret Sword he wore, while Milasha reached out trying to grab the captain, but his figure quickly retreated, not giving her any chance.

"Find a way to get rid of her."

The captain ordered. As the vice-captain, Milasha was still very powerful. Even with the advantage of a sneak attack, she wasn't easy to kill.

"The 'Rising Body School' guys are really troublesome." The captain complained, holding the Secret Sword.

The Condensers of the "Rising Body School", their Secret Energy was all aimed at themselves, leading to the difficulty of successful assassination against them, even if successful, they have a certain ability to resist.

For example, now.

Milasha coughed out a large pool of blood, her teammates turned into enemies in an instant, she realized since the formation of the team, she had stepped into a conspiracy, and this conspiracy didn't seem to target her, she was just an unlucky one who fell into it.

She wasn't the only unlucky one.

Gray lay on the ground, blood flowing from the bullet holes, he was just a First Stage Condenser, bullets were extremely lethal to him, and he wasn't a "Rising Body School" Condenser like Milasha, his flesh was fragile.

He raised his hand, still wanting to do something for Milasha, but another gunshot sounded, a blood flower bloomed on his chest.

"Gray!"

Milasha shouted sharply, punching the ground, the next moment the ground split into pieces, the entire building began to collapse under her violent strike.

Others jumped off the building, some still trying to kill Milasha, a trace of gloom flashed in the captain's eyes, intending to quietly resolve the two, yet caused such a stir, not knowing when the Order Bureau Field Staff would arrive.

The swirling dust obscured the view.

The chilling cold invaded Gray's body, he felt he was going to die, just as consciousness plunged into obscurity, a slight sting came from his chest, he opened his eyes.

"Milasha?"

Gray's words were like sleep's murmur.

He barely made out Milasha's face, her complexion deathly pale, seemingly held in her embrace, a potion syringe inserted in his chest.

"Don't die, Gray."

Milasha looked down at him and said, even with such a fatal wound in her abdomen, she could still smile at him at this moment.

Then Gray felt a dizzying spin and his vision plunged into darkness.

Foul odors wafted around him, dirt covering his body, he struggled to lift his head, realizing he seemed to be lying in a trash bin, its lid slightly ajar, allowing him to barely see the outside world.

Intense Ethereal Fluctuation continuously trembled, the sound of destruction echoed, as if a monster was wrecking the street, smashing the road surface, wielding a street lamp as a long staff.

"Don't die, Gray."

Her voice echoed by his ear, Gray bit his tongue, the sharp pain invigorating him, dim paths entwining his body, rolling Ether provided some relief to his injured frame.

The rain washed away the bloodstains, he tried to suppress his breath, until he seemed nonexistent in this world, his body wrapped in Ethereal Concealment.

Soon, the external chaos subsided.

Blood loss and intense pain blurred Gray's consciousness, he vaguely saw a pure white flower battered by the rain, its petals scattered, swept into darkness by the rain, the remaining twig landing in the water.

Lightning flashed, the white color radiating glows.

The imagined scene shattered by a coarse sound, a figure slammed fiercely onto the nearby ground, breaking the fantasy flower into pieces together.

Her body distorted, bearing countless wounds, multiple blades pierced her, firmly pinning her to the ground, head tilted over, her clear gaze looked at him, as if saying something.

Gray's eyes widened, blood veins covering the eyeballs, death's drowsiness vanished, he almost roared out, but reason tightly restrained him, choking all words in his throat.

"Milasha..." He trembled, moaning painfully.

"Such troublesome beings... Where's Gray?" The captain's voice echoed in the rainy night.

"Couldn't find him, he's an 'Origin School' Condenser, and he has Ethereal Concealment. If he wants to escape, we can't locate him for now."

"Damn it! Anyway, this guy's heavily injured, he won't live long, the mission is urgent."

After hesitating for a few seconds, the captain ordered, a few no longer lingered, disappearing into the rainy night quickly.

Gray remained motionless, for a long, long time until he was about to collapse, he released his Secret Energy, crawling clumsily out of the trash bin.

Unable to stand, he crawled through the puddles, not knowing how long it took, arriving beside Milasha's corpse.

"Milasha..."

Gray tremulously cradled the body, his voice emotionless.