

## Endless 174

### Chapter 174: Pack of Wolves

The squad dashed under the rainy night, their gray raincoats blending into the gray-black hues, hiding within the misty rain, their footsteps masked by the sound of rain, like invisible phantoms.

"Captain, where are we heading now?" one member asked, none of them aware of the mission's full scope, except for their captain, Jia Meng.

"The Great Rift, we'll have to lurk there for a long time, it's the only place to evade the Order Bureau's sight."

Jia Meng explained to the members. After dealing with those troublesome two, Milasha and Gray, he could finally unleash his potential.

"The sixth seat has already started suspecting us, otherwise they wouldn't have forcibly inserted those two unlucky souls into our squad," Jia Meng sneered softly.

Others emitted similar mockery. Milasha was indeed strong, perfect for balancing Jia Meng, but ultimately too naive, envisioning everything so beautifully, never contemplating Jia Meng's betrayal at such a crucial moment.

As for Gray, the newbie wasn't worth paying attention to; if not for Milasha's constant vigilance against Jia Meng, Jia Meng would have had numerous opportunities to put Gray to death on the road.

"Everyone should have discarded their communication devices properly, right?" Jia Meng turned and asked.

"After Milasha's death, we've purged them clean, including the emblem representing our identities. Now, the Long Sword Squad is in a state of disconnection."

Hawkins followed Jia Meng closely; before Milasha was assigned, he was the squad's vice-captain, "In this damned place, Opus, a whole squad encountering an accident and going missing is quite normal. The sixth seat, apart from suspecting, can do nothing."

Jia Meng nodded. From now on, they were completely dissociated from the King's Secret Sword; it was betrayal to Milasha, but Jia Meng never saw it that way.

"O King, we are coming to your side."

Jia Meng murmured softly, it was like a belief to him.

With that thought, Jia Meng felt his blood heating up, his expression fiercely excited.

Since the mission began, the sixth seat had focused all attention on the Ghouls; even with suspicions, they only dispatched Milasha and Gray to monitor him.

After waiting for so many years, this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, he had no reason to give it up.

"Drag down the false king from the throne, it belongs to the true king."

Hawkins echoed ghostly, his eyes sharing the same delight as Jia Meng, so did the other members. The betrayal by the Long Sword Squad had been planned long ago.

Crossing the deserted streets, they traversed through alleys, darkness sheltering their figures. Lifting their eyes, the Great Rift was near.

Even with such heavy rain, it couldn't dispel the haze lingering above the Great Rift. Water vapor blended into one, an arc of light surging within the rift, illuminating the mist, twisting into aurora-like ribbons in the night sky.

The squad's pace gradually slowed, beneath the heavy rain, the city plunged into silence, but the Great Rift was different, possessing an entirely different ecosystem from Opus, they needed to proceed cautiously.

Concealing weapons under their wide raincoats, faces shrouded in shadows, they looked like ordinary passersby, trying not to attract any attention, heading toward the dense mist of the Great Rift.

Bleak light spilled from the streetlights on both sides, under the swirling mist, the light carried a few enchanting hues, laying upon the water pools on the ground.

Footsteps fell, shattering the light on the pools.

Jia Meng suddenly raised his hand, halting the squad's advance, his gaze wary towards the front.

As they approached, an indistinct figure gradually emerged in the fog at the end of the street, leaning on a cane with one hand and holding an umbrella with the other. The rain umbrella concealed his upper body, no one could see his features.

"This rain is really heavy, flushing you rats out of the sewers."

The voice slowly came, like the downpour, sending a bone-chilling coldness.

"I knew it wouldn't be that smooth after all..."

Jia Meng ridiculed himself, then drew the Secret Sword from his waist without any concealment, a brilliant light track covering the blade, exuding waves of dangerous aura.

These bestowed Secret Swords were inherently powerful Alchemy Armaments.

Jia Meng didn't worry about the situation ahead; the opponent was alone. He didn't think the opponent could fight against an entire squad single-handedly, let alone every squad member was battle-hardened.

"Don't block the way!"

Jia Meng roared, swinging the blade, but before the Secret Energy could unleash, scorching blood splattered over his face.

He froze; the opponent was still some distance away, and he wasn't injured, so where did the blood come from?

Jia Meng's confusion didn't last long; to be precise, after the blood splashed, piercing wails announced the source of the blood.

He turned his head, the dim blue glow illuminating his face, eerie sharp sounds resonating.

That was undoubtedly the most twisted and piercing sound Jia Meng had ever heard, like thousands of Iron Armors grinding against each other, or iron-scaled serpents entwining, the sharp ends scraping, agonizing everyone's eardrums.

"Polly..."

He uttered a member's name, but the member had no chance to respond.

No one could see the thing's movements, it was too fast and too sharp, flesh, bone, rain threads, all matter was severed instantly by that slender steel, the cuts smooth and clear, the slashed perhaps didn't even feel pain.

Just like the live dissections seen in medical school classes, a gash extended from Boris's throat, his entire head was decapitated, immediately followed by his limbs shattering in an instant. Blood and viscera entangled and crashed onto the ground.

Torn apart in an instant, without even a chance to retaliate.

Reflected in Jia Meng's terrified eyes was the monster that committed such brutality.

It was something Jia Meng found hard to describe, layers of pitch-black mane draped over its body, but their texture was not of soft fur, rather coarse metal, resembling dense iron armor, or perhaps blades covering its entire form.

The black wolf head looked towards him, yet beneath that helmet was not a human, but a rising ominous blue glow.

"Disperse!"

Jia Meng shouted and thrust out his Secret Sword, clashing with that sharp buzzing, erupting with sparks.

"Take down that Condenser!"

Jia Meng ordered. As the Prayer Believer in the team, his rich experience allowed him to immediately discern the opponent's ability. This was merely the Domination Object of the rival, no matter how powerful the Domination Object was, as long as the Condenser releasing the Secret Energy was killed, everything could be easily ended.

He gritted his teeth, contending with the Blade-Biting Wolf, holding it at bay, while Hawkins boldly stepped forward, intricate patterns spread across his body as his muscles swelled, along with his body beginning to undergo transformation, brutal power surging amidst the Alchemy Matrix.

Under the influence of Secret Energy, Hawkins transformed into a fierce Barbaric Beast. His strength and speed, and even his Recovery Power, were greatly enhanced, possessing the strong instincts and keen senses of a wild beast.

Relying on past experience, once Hawkins got close, flesh and blood would be easily torn apart by him, and even when hit by firearms, his strong physique could ignore these pains.

Now, the Domination Object was held off by Jia Meng; the opponent was doomed.

In a furious rush, the raincoat was torn by the swollen muscles, and Hawkins's nails hardened like steel, transformed into Sharp Swords slashing towards the opponent.

A dull glimmer streaked past, a pitch-black blade was raised high, large swathes of blood splattered onto the umbrella, then washed clean by the heavy rain.

Hawkins looked in disbelief at the scene before him. The claws that should have shredded the enemy were lying in the pool of water, a smooth cut appearing at his arm, the blood vessels, bones, muscles, all the tissue structures clearly visible.

His proud formidable physique, under this sharp sword, was as fragile as paper.

"How is this possible?"

Hawkins looked at the man ahead, he had made a fatal mistake, the opponent never mentioned having only one Domination Object.

Beside the man, yet another Blade-Biting Wolf walked out of the rain mist, silently.

There was no Ether reaction, these Blade-Biting Wolves were true phantoms, each strike quick and powerful, as if covered by strong Ethereal Amplification.

"First warning, you are surrounded, relinquish Secret Energy, cease resistance."

The man lifted his umbrella, and beneath it was not a human face, but a wolf head mask made entirely of countless metal manes.

Cold eyes gazed through the mask, watching everyone present.

Under the cold declaration, Hawkins did not want to give up, gathering all his power, Ether roared and surged.

Having lost an arm, but at this moment he and Lebius were already close enough, this short distance, as long as he lightly touched Lebius, he could severely wound the other, leaving the rest to his teammates.

All of his Ether injected into his arm, Hawkins felt this would be the most powerful Ethereal Amplification of his life, capable of cracking the earth and shattering stones, like wielding a Giant Sword.

"To sacrifice for my King!"

Hawkins displayed a fervent expression, his Ether rising high, but at the moment it reached its peak, it all fell into silence.

What happened?

Hawkins didn't understand, the second Blade-Biting Wolf was in his view, it never even attacked him...

A sharp pain from the chest interrupted his thoughts, a slender blade pierced through his heart from the back, blood emitted along the grooves on the blade, dripping into the watery pool.

At some unknown time, a third Blade-Biting Wolf appeared behind Hawkins, striking this fatal blow.

A violent gust arose, the glint rolling in Hawkins's eyes had yet to fade when his head crashed heavily, and then the entire headless corpse collapsed, drowning in the accumulated water.

Lebius stood in place, having not moved from the beginning to the end, looking at the remaining enemies, he spoke again.

"Second warning, you are surrounded, relinquish Secret Energy, cease resistance."

Before the words dissipated, they were torn apart by the dense buzzing sound.

The sharp ringing came from all directions, dark masses emerged from behind the rain mist, as if dense crowds silently approached here.

Soon after, one after another, Blade-Biting Wolves stepped out from the rain mist, the pitch-black silence of steel brought oppressive death, cold blades cutting through rain, they were as numerous as sands in the sea, they resented evil and strange.

The pack of wolves encircled this place, leaving no escape for anyone.