

Endless 176

Chapter 176: Tiger Eye_2

It was only when he got close enough that Jia Meng could see the mask worn by Lebius. It was a wolf-head mask similar to the Blade-Biting Wolf, with metallic mane reflecting the glow of Ether.

Jia Meng suddenly recalled a casual conversation with the Sixth Seat a long time ago, where the Sixth Seat mentioned that during the secret war, he encountered an extremely tricky opponent. He wore a wolf mask and led a pack of wolves, and said he almost died in the hands of this opponent.

At the time, Jia Meng thought the Sixth Seat was joking. How could someone so powerful be easily killed? But the Sixth Seat shook his head.

"The Order Bureau's structure is different from ours. They subdivided into multiple action groups, and each action group further split into pairs. So, when you encounter a field staff, there's usually another person hidden in the shadows."

The Sixth Seat, feeling a lingering fear, added, "To be precise, I was almost killed by 'them.'"

Just as the shadow behind him was about to solidify and as the long blade was about to cleave Lebius, a thunderous roar shook everyone's hearts, momentarily freezing the surging Ether, thereby freezing the Secret Energy as well.

It was as if some monster was emerging from the rain and fog behind Lebius, a deep roar dispersing the fog, making the misty street clear.

Jia Meng saw a fierce tiger coming to dispel the mist.

Unlike Lebius' stern, gray-white mask, this tiger mask was vivid and lively, with each strand of fur seeming to come alive, swaying with the wind. Its golden eyes watched everyone, transmitting authority and anger through its gaze.

It felt as if, beneath the mask, it was no longer a man but a tiger from the mountains and forests, grasping a serrated bone-breaking knife covered with scars and stains of blood that were hard to clean from previous killings.

The tiger moved toward the crowd, each step seeming to tread on their hearts, bringing a heavy oppression.

"The wolf... and the tiger."

A massive fear engulfed Jia Meng. Only now did he realize what he was truly up against. This couldn't merely be described as bad luck anymore.

The opponent was the one who almost killed the Sixth Seat, and yet he had foolishly thought he could assassinate such a being.

Right, the assassination.

At this moment, Jia Meng realized he couldn't move. Not only was his motion stilled, but the release of Secret Energy was also halted, and even his gaze could not shift. He stared intently at those golden tiger eyes, as if genuinely facing a fierce tiger.

It wasn't just Jia Meng; everyone's eyes were fixed on those golden tiger eyes, then they seemed to be frozen, unable to move an inch.

The humming sound around them drew closer, and the pack of wolves truly surrounded them.

"Wolves and tigers always move together."

The words of the Sixth Seat echoed in his mind. With the prolonged gaze, tears spilled from the corner of Jia Meng's eyes.

"Can you really awe so many people?" Perhaps it had been too long since they acted together, Lebius looked at the frozen crowd, puzzled.

"Not really, it's just that most of these guys are First Stage Condensers. Breaking through their 'Rectangular Soul Critical' is relatively easy."

Geoffrey replied casually, his primary focus was still on meeting Jia Meng's eyes, while the others were merely intimidated by peripheral glances.

The "Rectangular Soul Critical" that protected their Ether stability had been breached. These people were, in effect, fish on the chopping board.

"Quite a big group, huh," Geoffrey halted, standing next to Lebius, gazing directly at everyone, "I'll handle this Secret Sword, the rest is on you."

There was no reply, only action.

The launch of Secret Energy was halted, but its inherent effects persisted. With the time Geoffrey gained, the Blade-Biting Wolves had already crossed the mire, their sharp blades slicing through the air.

Geoffrey took a deep breath, the next second he lunged forward, swinging the bone-breaking knife.

As the distance closed, Geoffrey's line of sight could no longer afford others. They each slipped from the daze of Secret Energy, regaining control of their bodies, but before they could move, the incoming sword blade pierced through their bodies.

Jia Meng could only watch as Geoffrey advanced, unable to do anything under the tiger's gaze, when suddenly sharp pain shot through his arm.

It wasn't even a slash; it felt more like a heavy smash using the weight of the blade.

His body was forced back by the impact, breaking eye contact with Geoffrey, giving Jia Meng a moment to gasp for breath.

He realized the opponent wanted a captive. Otherwise, Geoffrey could have easily crushed his neck with that strike.

But he couldn't be captured; Jia Meng's mission was not yet complete.

The shadow behind him suddenly dissipated, Jia Meng released his Secret Energy, but this wouldn't trigger mercy in Geoffrey. From his experience, whether or not the opponent wanted to surrender, he'd first get beaten half to death.

The bone-breaking knife swung down again, but this time, Jia Meng's figure twisted, he grabbed the sharp Secret Sword barehanded. As blood flowed, crimson thorns extended from the sword body, piercing through his arm while Ether surged.

This Secret Sword was not an Alchemy Armament but a Contract Object.

"For the true King."

Jia Meng roared in agony, while Geoffrey silently brought down the bone-breaking knife, this time targeting his skull.

In a burst of vibration and flashes, a crimson curtain unfurled from the wound, enveloping Jia Meng in an instant, compressing until it collapsed into a crimson point. The bone-breaking knife then sank deep into the ground, but Jia Meng, who should have been smashed, disappeared.

"Did he escape? Seems like a space-transfer type Contract Object." Lebius glanced at the spot where Jia Meng vanished, evaluating.

"Judging by the Ether intensity, he won't have gone far."

Geoffrey sensed the Ether residue; Jia Meng paid a great price to activate this Contract Object.

Thinking of this, Geoffrey looked toward the distant Great Rift, where dim lights were rising. It wasn't hard to guess where Jia Meng fled to.

"Ah..." Geoffrey sighed deeply, "Forget it, in that damned place of the Great Rift, let's leave the pursuit mission to Bologue."

Geoffrey stretched his body, loosened his muscles. To the Long Sword Squad, this was a life-and-death battle, but to the two of them, it was just a warm-up before getting back to work.

"Things will get busy again afterwards," Geoffrey looked at the enemies lying on the ground, controlled by the Blade-Biting Wolves, he muttered softly, "You know how the Director is, always working people to death. We probably won't have any downtime."

Lebius seemed okay with it, appearing calm but inside already excited, the feeling of returning to the battlefield making him feel his life reigniting.

"What about you? How do you feel?" Lebius asked his partner.

Geoffrey thought for a moment, took out eye drops from his pocket, and replied.

"My eyes are really sore."