

Endless 179

Chapter 179: Ghost of Mercury

The heavy rain made the rooftop smooth and damp. With the train speeding along, powerful winds hit head-on, making it impossible for ordinary people to stand steady in such conditions, yet Bologue stood firm like a rock.

Grasping the last iron spear, intricate patterns spread from his palm to the steel, as if an invisible forge was smelting the metal. The twisted iron spear transformed into a short sword in his right hand, while excess steel crawled along his arm, forging into a rough arm armor.

The light pillar was right ahead, but Bologue's attention was not on the Sandbox at the moment. He started sprinting madly like a hound, racing between train cars, not stopping even when passing Sandbox's car, charging directly toward the train's head.

Killing Sandbox was a secondary target. The primary goal now was to stop the train and leave the transported goods here.

Palmer's cheers were incessant. This guy, like a true bandit, wielded a submachine gun, spraying bullets at the train.

It's unclear where Palmer got this submachine gun from, nor why he brought it while biking at night.

In any case, Palmer alone exuded the aura of an entire army, suppressing everyone with the barrage of bullets, making them too afraid to show themselves.

But soon, the soldiers inside the carriage reacted and fired back. Dense bullets pierced through the curtain of rain continuously, residual gunfire flashing in the azure storm.

Palmer seemed unable to hold on. The sides of the train were barren wilds with no shelter to hide behind, let alone the fact that he had to ride and follow the train closely.

If Palmer's 'Blessing' activated at any moment, he could turn into a fireball along with his bike in the next second.

Bologue immediately made a decision, hammering heavily at the rooftop beneath him, causing the metal structure to rupture instantly. Before the soldiers inside the carriage could react, Bologue descended from above, appearing among them.

Chilling wind rushed through the hole that Bologue had smashed open, releasing a terrifying killing intent from the Face of Horror amid the eerie coldness.

"Anyone want to get off?"

The voice distorted through the mask, turning into a hoarse, low pitch.

"Enemy attack!"

The soldiers noticed Bologue. Some continued firing at Palmer on the wasteland, while others drew short knives, ready to slash Bologue's throat.

"Seems no one wants to get off then."

Bologue said to himself, turning his head to whip up a storm of blood.

The narrow carriage and dense soldiers restricted the use of firearms. Bologue liked to battle in these confined environments; it was like a ring, where he engaged in a chaotic fight.

A short knife slashed at Bologue but was blocked by the arm armor, producing a sharp screech of metal cutting. Then Bologue seized the soldier's arm holding the knife, lifting it high, the soldier's armpit directly exposed in front of him.

With killing intent boiling, Bologue kicked at the soldier's calf, making him kneel in pain, then impaled him with the short sword, piercing sideways through to the heart.

Releasing the dead body, Bologue pressed his hand on the carriage wall, a cyan light track flickering inside.

The approaching soldiers had no idea what was coming. They foolishly imagined hacking Bologue into chunks with their random attacks, but in the next moment, the steel emitted mournful cries.

Secret Energy·Summoning Hand.

An invisible hand tore through the carriage, shredding and twisting the metal structure, morphing into crude spear axes that cut and pierced the interior.

The soldiers were instantly torn into countless fragments, bodies thrown through the carriage's shattered gap, melding with the blood into the heavy rain.

Bologue's eyes showed no mercy, he didn't even glance twice.

He spread his hands, feeling the steel along the way. The cyan light tracks crawled over the carriage like cold venomous snakes, the blood-stained spear axes collapsing and twisting as Bologue approached, seemingly paving the way for a king.

Bologue knew this was the endpoint of the revelry. He held nothing back, releasing Ether freely, the Alchemy Matrix burning wildly. Under its radiant light, the originally hard and stern metals took on a soft, liquid-like mobility.

Like mercury.

The dark metals opened their dancing arms wide, resembling spreading thorns, climbing up Bologue's body like a swarm of serpents until completely covering him.

Amidst the storm and rain, the sound of invisible forging was faintly heard, unseen smiths wielded heavy iron hammers, striking at the unformed steel until it glowed red, almost like it was aflame.

Metals layered over like snake scales, first forming arm armor, then chest armor. Sharp, slender iron feathers extended through the gaps, and with Bologue's advance, the sound of footsteps became heavier, as skirt armors scraped against each other, from the exposed menacing mask came beast-like panting.

The cyan light tracks, resembling blood vessels, spread across every inch of the armor, reaching up to his hands.

Bologue kicked open the train door, the icy rain washing the armor to a gleaming shine.

He summoned a heavy Guardian Axe from the rust-covered metals.

The shiny axe surface reflected Bologue's face, metal snakes crawled over his face, solidifying into a helmet. But the helmet didn't cover the Face of Horror, under the solemnly frightening aura, he seemed like a knight exhuming graves.

Far back in the carriage, Sandbox sensed the intense ether reaction here. After a moment's hesitation, he realized Bologue's purpose — he wanted to stop the train.

"Stop him!"

Sandbox roared; the train must not stop. He tried to chase after Bologue, but at that moment, bullets shot densely from outside the train window, a rain of bullets swept overhead, suppressing everyone inside the carriage.

Cheering filled the air; that madman was fearlessly ignoring the soldiers' counterattack, sprinting across the wilderness.

Sandbox couldn't quite understand this guy. He looked like he had just escaped from an asylum, yet such a person had successfully suppressed them.

No time to hesitate, glowing patterns emerged from Sandbox's skin as he decisively unleashed Secret Energy. While releasing his power, he also attempted to pursue Bologue, taking advantage of Palmer's reload time, Sandbox reached the next carriage.

Suddenly, a howling wind mixed with icy rain surged into the carriage through the window gaps. In an instant, the wind became several times stronger, the precarious windows shattered, and sharp edges cut Sandbox's cheek.

Everyone was blown so hard they couldn't lift their heads; even breathing became extremely difficult as if they were being ravaged by a storm.

Palmer's cheers sounded again, seemingly mocking everyone.

In fact, Palmer loved stormy weather for another reason: in such a windy day, the strength of Secret Energy-Wind Source was multiplied.

The environment also determines the strength of a Condenser; the effect of Secret Energy-Wind Source is to command the air flow around, and now, a storm is at Palmer's disposal.

Strong winds battered the train, sending intense vibrations all the way to Bologue. Such high-spirited ether emanating from behind must be Palmer clashing with Sandbox.

Raising the Guardian Axe high, Bologue was doing what he should — he hacked open the train door with one axe.

Suddenly, gunshots erupted; the soldiers in the carriage had been waiting for a long time, pulling the trigger, powerful firepower instantly covered Bologue's figure.

Even an undying body, facing such dense firepower, would be shattered in an instant, but the anticipated bloodbath didn't occur; behind the shattered rain mist, what approached them was cold iron armor.

This was truly a scene enough to make one scream. The heavy and grim armor hacked open the train door, striding towards the soldiers as if something out of a knight movie; items that should have been displayed in a museum now approached as the Death God.

Chaotic fire flashed across the armor, but it couldn't stop his stride. The Guardian Axe swung forcefully, cleaving through one flesh-and-blood body after another.

Blood and death, coupled with a violent will.

Everyone facing the armor was overwhelmed by the power of Face of Horror; some soldiers couldn't bear such madness and turned to open the train door, dropped their weapons, and jumped straight into the wet wilderness, their figures crashed harshly onto the ground and rolled several times before disappearing into the mist.

Some soldiers screamed, pulling the grenade pin. After a brief delay, scorching explosions swept through the carriage.

The train shook violently again, a hole blasted in the side of the carriage, dense smoke billowing from it, trailing a gray-black tail.

Soldiers in the next carriage poked their heads out, seeing that steel Evil Spirit also being blasted out. Joy surged from the depths of their heart, dispelling the oppressive anxiety.

The piercing wind above sounded as if something extremely sharp was slicing all obstacles in its path, be it the fierce wind or the pouring rain.

The Guardian Axe hacked into the train roof, firmly wedged into the framework, with a hook rope tied to the end of its haft. As ether surged into the Arm of Adaptation, the Evil Spirit tore through the rain mist, stepping onto the train once again.

The explosion had left the armor pitted and some of the armor shattered, the flesh underneath bloodied, but within a few breaths, the flesh healed rapidly; meanwhile, the broken armor was replenished under the drive of Secret Energy, as if proliferating, smoothing out all damages.

Bologue pulled out the Guardian Axe, striding forward, leaving only a few carriages between him and the train's head. His gaze followed the tracks ahead; further ahead lay a stone bridge spanning a deep valley, its figure appeared extremely vague under the rain mist, looking like a monster climbing up from the abyss.

Amid the noisy wind, slight abnormal sounds came from behind. Turning to swing the Guardian Axe, Bologue could confirm he'd hit the target, but from the feel of the strike, it seemed he didn't hit flesh but rather something tougher and stronger than human body.

A ghostly figure's faceless mask met his eyes. Struck by the Guardian Axe's blow, its body twisted in a bizarre manner. Ordinarily, such a hit would break its spine, yet it could still move, raising the sharp sword slicing along its arm, leaving a deep indentation on the Armor.

The opponent's slender body was covered in some kind of black substance, extremely tough, easily resisting his strikes, moving on all fours, which combined with its abnormal large-angle movements, resembled a ghostly shadow from a nightmare.

From beneath Bologue's feet, the carriage suddenly emitted wails, followed by two Blades tearing open the roof. Another slender shadow leapt out, attempting to surprise Bologue, but Bologue was faster, the Guardian Axe fiercely smashing down, and during the blow, it was clear to see the ghostly shadow's back bending.

It thrust the Sharp Sword, anchoring itself firmly on the roof; after the unnerving sound of misaligned bones, it somehow corrected its severed bones, straightening its body again.

The two ghostly shadows held Sharp Swords, standing silent amid the wind and rain, with ether's fluorescence swimming across their blackened form.

Bologue didn't believe the opponent was a Condenser; he suspected they were domination objects similar to the Blade-Biting Wolf.

Is it Sandbox's Secret Energy? Just as Bologue was pondering, boiling growls erupted from the hole beneath.

Soldiers supposed to be dead came back, their eyes ghostly white, each extending bloodstained palms, mouths opening wide like starving beasts, craving flesh beneath the Armor.

Amidst the speeding train, chaos reigned.