

Endless 180

Chapter 180: Shadows of Ghosts

As if it were the set of a horror film, the dead soldiers stood up again, transforming into ghouls from a chilling story, craving fresh blood and meat, they extended their fangs and claws towards Bologue.

In films, when it reaches this point, the protagonists are supposed to scream in horror and run for their lives as the ghouls chase them, but Bologue found such movies somewhat cliché and uninspiring.

If Bologue were the director, he would rather shoot a dark horror where monsters meet a chainsaw-wielding maniac.

Unfortunately, Bologue wasn't a director and couldn't make movies, but fortunately, instead of being a mere audience member observing the story unfold, Bologue was now immersed within it.

Cheap blood packs and frantic music, the reanimated ghouls, and the undead brimming with the desire to inflict violence.

This film was full of suspense.

The battle erupted instantly, Bologue swung his Guardian Axe, smashing the emerging ghouls into a pulp.

They kept coming one after another, and Bologue's pace in swinging the Guardian Axe gradually slowed—it wasn't a weapon everybody could easily wield.

Until the ghouls piled up, tightly binding Bologue, the piercing sound of slashing rang out, the iron feathers on the armor emitted a greenish glow, extending like an upright forest of swords, shredding the approaching ghouls to pieces.

Bologue controlled the entire armor from his hands, ready to transform into a porcupine bearing a forest of spears.

As Bologue dealt with the ghouls, two shadowy apparitions moved swiftly, their speed was tremendous, and using their dark coloring, they easily concealed themselves within the pouring rain.

With a serious gaze, Bologue watched as the ethereal glow faded on them while they moved, seemingly crawling swiftly on both sides of the carriage, piercing through the partitions with sharp swords, leaving only faint sounds to trace their whereabouts.

These apparitions were domination objects of Condensers, similar to the Blade-Biting Wolves, they were also clad in Iron Armor—only their armor was of a strange black material, difficult for even the Guardian Axe to penetrate.

The relationship between domination objects and Overlord is quite common among Condensers, and it is not limited to a single school; many schools' Secret Energy can yield such effects.

Once such a relationship is formed, you'll discover that the domination objects are practically like another Overlord, an immortal Overlord.

Moreover, Overlords can hide in safe spaces, entrusting the most perilous battles to the domination objects, but this implies that the Overlord isn't very powerful, becoming quite passive if their true form is discovered.

These insights were the experiences Bologue summarized from his first confrontation with Lebius.

He remembered the night of the assessment test, if he rushed straight to the bedroom before the Blade-Biting Wolf arrived, Lebius would have found himself in an extremely precarious situation.

Similarly, Overlords naturally understand this, so when advancing, they often choose the "Origin School," which strengthens their perception and control over Ether.

Having mastered various Ethereal Skills, even without dominations nearby, Overlords can still fight, and importantly, domination objects are essentially the effects of Secret Energy activation, meaning all the Ethereal Skills released by Overlords can be applied to their dominations.

Bologue's gaze became serious, engaging all his muscles, remaining vigilant of his surroundings.

This meant Bologue was not only battling a single Condenser, but many fully-armed, equipped with Ethereal Skills, immortal Condensers.

The good news was, controlling multiple domination objects for intense combat would result in significant Ether depletion for the Overlord.

The bad news was, the speeding train was packed with Liquid Spirit Potions, each capable of replenishing a massive amount of Ether.

Cold rainwater seeped through the crevices in the armor, calming Bologue's heated nerves as he crushed ghoul after ghoul attempting to approach; Bologue realized tonight's battle would be the toughest he had ever faced.

Bologue hadn't mastered Ethereal Perception, making it impossible to detect subtle Ether fluctuations, yet relying on his own Condenser power, he could still sense traces of active Ether.

But now, as the shadows merged into the rainy night, the Ether fluctuations he previously sensed on them vanished entirely, Ether became utterly silent, achievable only by Ethereal Concealment.

He was fighting with specters.

The gravity of the situation was not limited to this; the train was full of souls, evidenced by the numerous soldiers highlighting its significance, so were those guarding it truly only First Stage Condensers? Or even more advanced Prayer Believers?

As an expert, Bologue never underestimated his opponent. He regarded Sandbox as a Prayer Believer; given the shadow's reactions and his judgment, Bologue suspected that Sandbox's derivative sub-school was indeed the "Origin School."

Yes, if the ghostly presence is the Domination Object of Sandbox, then how do we explain these soldiers turning into ghouls? Another Condenser? That's unlikely; there are only two names left on the list now, one of which is Sandbox, and as for the other name...

Recalling that ominous name, Bologue decided he wouldn't show up here.

"Is it really the Prayer Believers?"

Bologue whispered, as only the Prayer Believers could complicate their Secret Energy to create such a bizarre scene.

More and more ghouls crawled onto the roof of the train; from afar, it looked like a gigantic tumor had grown here, teeming with deformed creatures.

This was no longer an anomaly caused by a First Stage Condenser, let alone with that swift ghost presence lurking in the shadows.

Bologue hesitated for a moment and directly abandoned fighting with the ghouls. There were so many of them, like a swarm of ants, that even if Bologue cut down each one individually, it would take considerable time, so he turned and continued to sprint towards the front of the train.

The ghouls were scattered all over behind him, trying to block Bologue, yet they were easily knocked aside by Heavy Armor. Amidst the lamenting howls, one by one, figures were knocked off the train.

In the running state, Bologue's back was completely exposed, and the ghostly presence tore through the rain fog, with a sharp sword tip aimed directly at the flesh beneath the gaps in his Armor.

"So easy to mislead indeed."

Bologue abruptly stopped, twisted his body, and swung a roaring gust of wind.

The black material on the ghostly presence could effectively block slices but could not block the kinetic energy carried by those slices. Bologue's strike was enough to send it flying, knocked off the train.

Another ghostly presence appeared, reaching out to grab the ankle of the second ghostly presence, trying to pull it to dodge Bologue's slice. It truly did, delaying the first ghostly presence's pouncing posture, but at this moment, the axe handle of the slice extended section by section, bridging the pulled-apart distance.

Driven by the Summoning Hand, never trust the shape of Bologue's weapon.

The long axe smashed hard, the ghostly presence was like a kite with a broken string, thrown high, disappearing into the storm, and faintly, the sound of collision with the ground could be heard.

The second ghostly presence still wanted to do something, but Bologue was faster, striking the roof of the train.

"Cage!"

The cyan light trail instantly spread, the train roof collapsed, steel plates warped and tore into twisted hands, binding the ghostly presence like thorns while spawning countless spikes attempting to pierce the black material on its surface.

With hands pressed tightly against the roof of the train, Bologue made a clenched fist motion, as if to strangle the life of the ghostly presence in his hand.

In an instant, Iron Thorns dragged the ghostly presence, pulling it into the compartment below, as if the entire compartment were being tightly clenched by Bologue, collapsing, shrinking, like a crushed can, some ghouls unable to escape were directly smashed into pulp, with blood and minced flesh seeping from the gaps in the steel.

"You should be watching me, shouldn't you, Sandbox?"

A hoarse rumble sounded from beneath the Armor, Bologue exhaled deeply, with white steam billowing out, as if under the Armor was an overloaded machine.

"See you in a while."

For the time being, no one could disturb Bologue, he casually swung his long axe, slicing the ghouls climbing onto the train roof into pieces like mowing grass.

Sandbox in the rear compartment noticed this, he shouted and unleashed Secret Energy to its fullest.

"Awaken!"

Ether surged, and the body bags placed in different compartments violently agitated, from which ghostly presences revived, the sharp swords tearing through the body bags and the compartments.

The ghostly presences crawled swiftly on the outside of the compartments like four-legged spiders, trying to catch up with Bologue, but it was all too late.

They could only see that figure leaping high in the storm; as thunder slashed through the night sky, he cleaved through the connecting train hook with a single axe strike. After intense vibrations, dense sparks burst forth from between the wheels and the rails.

The speeding train crashed through the storm, slowly halting on the stone bridge spanning the deep valley.