

Endless 181

Chapter 181: Deadly Sprint

After a brief glide, the train came to a complete stop, the rain washing away the bloodstains on the armor, reflecting the ghastly white lightning.

To ensure all the cargo remained, Bologue didn't choose to separate a particular carriage to stop part of the train. Instead, he opted to sever the connection between the locomotive and the carriages, bringing the whole train to a halt here.

Bologue turned around, only to see a motorcycle speeding up, screeching to a halt as Palmer pulled up beside the train, looking up at him.

"Wow, Secret Energy can be used like this."

Palmer was surprised by Bologue's armor; in this day and age, with firearms and cannons, such outdated things were rare. Even Palmer had only seen similar armor carefully preserved in his home's collection room.

But now, such a heavy armor appeared here, blending and confusing the eras.

"Don't be bound by ideas."

Bologue raised his hand to knock on his helmet, producing a crisp sound.

Ever since becoming a Condenser, Bologue's most frequent activity was to manipulate an iron ingot using the Summoning Hand.

In the Special Operations Group's lounge, Bologue could often be seen reading while fiddling with the metal in his hand, training himself to multitask while skillfully operating Secret Energy.

Nowadays, Bologue could replicate a key with just a glance at it, Geoffrey joked that Bologue could go into the locksmith business.

As the perfect replica of the Power of Dominator, Bologue had been exploring the potential of the Summoning Hand, and judging by current results, this Secret Energy still had much development space.

Then his gaze shifted to the end of the train. After such fierce conflict, there was hardly a single intact window on the train, and most of the carriages were dark, void of light.

What felt eerie was that after the train stopped, all the carriages fell silent as well. Apart from the sound of rain, there was a dead quiet, with none of the soldiers inside bursting out to open fire, not even a single groan of pain.

It was as if, in an instant, everyone on the train had perished, leaving only silent corpses at rest.

Bologue thought of the Ghouls, and right then, a hungry howl echoed, countless palms reaching out from the windows, flailing their arms wildly, feeling no pain despite being cut by the glass.

The whole train seemed to morph into a gigantic centipede of steel and flesh, with the extended arms forming densely packed limbs, struggling forcefully, causing the train to wobble slightly.

A chill and fury rose from deep within, as the Ghouls jostled against each other, scrambling to crawl out of the carriages, stepping clumsily on puddles as they surged towards Bologue and Palmer.

Their numbers kept increasing, soon converging into a dark tide, rushing forward.

"This scale... the opponent is a Prayer Believer." Palmer observed the tide of death, judging from experience.

"What a bother."

Bologue murmured, reaching out to press the metal beneath him, drawing another long axe, his left arm's axe hanging down, the right arm's axe resting on his shoulder.

Palmer wasn't affected by the Tyrant, so he couldn't see the light pillar, but it was clear to Bologue.

The light pillar representing Sandbox was inside the rear carriages, and he hadn't moved since the Ghoul tide arose.

Overlords often hid in safe places, letting Domination Objects handle the battle, but Sandbox couldn't have anticipated that tonight, his pursuers were blessed by the Devil. Bologue was the Hell's Cinderella, here for the bloody banquet.

"Regardless of which school he belongs to, just by being a Prayer Believer, he shouldn't be able to accurately control so many Ghouls, right?"

Bologue inquired, the Domination Objects of Overlords usually weren't too many; the more there were, the more Ether consumed, and the manipulation would become more complicated and cumbersome.

"I think so as well, but they should have been given some vague orders, such as killing us, which might be easier." Palmer replied.

"This is a feint."

Bologue recalled those ghostly shadows, unaware of how many such entities were there, perhaps Sandbox had prepared a batch of backups. Bologue killed a shadow, only for another to replace it on the battlefield.

Among the chaotic Ghoul horde, these sinister assassins lurked, ready to attack the two at any moment.

"Shall we try a masterful collaboration?"

Facing such dire circumstances, Palmer appeared eager, and in his eyes, Bologue saw the excitement for danger.

No wonder he was the heir of the Clarks!

"No need, leave him to me."

Bologue rejected, and without waiting for Palmer's response, he started sprinting wildly on the roof of the car, rushing towards the carriage where Sandbox was.

To deal with such a situation, the simplest way is to put pressure on the Overlord. Sandbox, in order to protect himself, will definitely recall all those ghostly figures.

With Bologue's assault, the ghoul horde below was in chaos for a few seconds. It's as if they were hesitating about which target to pursue. Clearly, even the Prayer Believers found it difficult to control such a large group of Domination Objects.

After a brief commotion, the ghoul horde continued forward. Amidst Palmer's screams of terror, a dark mass loomed overwhelmingly.

Bologue didn't look back. He believed Palmer wouldn't die so easily. Thinking of this, he even somewhat understood Palmer's elders. If Palmer were to die miserably in the ghoul horde, it could only be said that he indeed wasn't worthy of the Clarks' name.

If Palmer knew what Bologue was thinking right now, he would surely curse out loud, saying something about fighting together or jumping at the chance, merely because Palmer thought it was cool.

Isn't this kind of plot common in stories? The protagonists face a deadly situation with calm composure. Palmer thought this was so cool, so he blended into the atmosphere on his own, but he really didn't expect Bologue to just leave him like that, with a sense of "I know you can handle it alone."

Wow, you really trust your partner too much, maybe a bit excessively!

The cool feeling on his face was no more, replaced by desperate panic.

"Good brother, I consider myself to have done my utmost to help you here!" Palmer said as he twisted the throttle.

He didn't have the ability to directly harm enemies. The cutting wind and suffocation had little effect on these ghouls. Even fatal injuries were hard to affect them. Only by doing like Bologue, cutting them into pieces, could he effectively render them powerless.

Palmer considered himself not to be an exceptionally strong man, nor did he possess Bologue's mighty Undying Body. Although he felt a bit unworthy of Bologue's trust, there was no other choice. This was the limit of an ordinary mortal.

With the throttle twisted to the maximum, the expected galloping escape didn't happen. Instead, with a roar, Palmer and the motorcycle fell to the side.

He got up in a sorry state, only to find the front tire of the motorcycle was punctured. High-speed off-roading in such harsh weather was a huge drain on the tire's lifespan.

"No way!" Palmer screamed as he rushed over and pounded the motorcycle hard, "Leica, move a bit!"

The motorcycle's front wheel spun blankly, as if responding to Palmer, while the black mass of the ghoulish horde was already within arm's reach.

"Damn you, Bologue! Damn this life!"

Palmer cursed loudly, as if making up his mind about something, and stood in the wind and rain like a real man.

Then he turned and ran...

He was running in front, with the ghoulish horde chasing behind. They were happily chasing each other on the bridge.

A part of the ghoulish horde went to pursue Palmer, while the rest climbed onto the car roof, trying to block Bologue. From Bologue's large strides forward, Sandbox vaguely realized he had been discovered. Unclear how Bologue found him, Sandbox still tried to obstruct as much as possible.

But this couldn't stop Bologue.

He was like an iron rhino, crashing and smashing. The obstructive ghouls were either knocked over or cut in half by the swinging long axe. Amidst the chaotic wails, blood and innards were washed everywhere by the heavy rain.

For a moment, Bologue felt very much like a battlefield warrior, slaying countless enemies with a mere wave of his hand.

Layers of blood painted the Iron Armor, so much so that the heavy rain couldn't wash it away, transforming him into a blazing Red Knight.

Wielding the long axe, he cleaved the ghouls in front, the axe embedded deeply into the car roof. But instead of attempting to pull the axe out, he used it as a pivot to prop himself up.

Jumping, spinning, the long axe was violently pulled out, the two flashes of the axe whirling rapidly, then chopping down like falling thunder.

The two bolts of Thunder erupted almost simultaneously. After the dazzling spark and sharp cutting sound, the crossed twin axes cleaved through all the ghouls in front, with the car roof beneath also splitting with cross-shaped gashes amidst the shattered flesh.

The Red Knight landed on the gashes; the car roof underneath was a crumbling wreck.

Bologue plummeted into the wagon with storm and rain, a faint blue light shimmering on him as if a ghost possessed the Iron Armor beneath. On the other end of the wagon, Sandbox slowly placed his hand on the Secret Sword at his waist, his body arching like a knight prepared for a duel.

"Sandbox Devitt."

A chilling voice echoed from beneath the Armor, announcing from the shadows where an Evil Spirit resided.

"The time has come to receive your punishment."

The twin axes joined together, metal interweaving with the sound reminiscent of a blacksmith's hammering. Then Bologue strode forward, wielding a Dragon-slaying Greatsword to smash the wagon to pieces.