

Endless 183

Chapter 183: The Foggy Gathering of Demons

Sandbox never expected that Bologue would find a breakthrough so quickly. Looking at the twisted flesh beneath the dark shell, a speculation in Bologue's heart was further confirmed.

The biggest difference between the Prayer Believers and Condensers is that after advancing to Prayer Believer, they can strengthen the power of their main school and derive a subsidiary school, making Secret Energy more complex.

But no matter how they advance, the foundation laid as a First Stage Condenser doesn't change much; after all, that is the root of the tree. Even if the branches grow in strange ways, the roots remain grounded beneath.

From the moment countless ghouls appeared, Bologue suspected that perhaps these shadows were also ghouls, but unlike ordinary ghouls, these shadows were meticulously armed by Sandbox.

The reeking flesh proves this point. Under the dark shell fighting against Bologue, a horde of ghouls was enclosed.

The headless shadow's body forcefully leaned back, bending its waist to an eerie angle, leaning with its limbs on the ground, like a four-legged spider growing sharp swords.

Previously observed from the soldiers, simple fatal wounds wouldn't kill these ghouls; at least they need to be torn to shreds. Earlier Bologue had no means, but now his assault proved effective.

The tombstone-like giant sword was Bologue's endless supply of iron ore. He held the slaying sword in one hand and drew another armor-piercing sword from the giant sword with the other.

"Guess, Sandbox, which one is the armor-piercing sword, or the slaying sword?"

Bologue leaned against the thick giant sword, using it to shield his exposed back. The armor-piercing sword and slaying sword alternately crossed in front of him, constantly changing their forms driven by Secret Energy-Summoning Hand.

Sandbox stared coldly at Bologue; this Condenser was even more troublesome than he anticipated. He spent a fortune using expensive alchemic material, Iron-Repelling Paint, to arm his Domination Object.

Iron-Repelling Paint is a peculiar alchemic material, in its regular state it flows like mercury, but when attached to other objects, it quickly solidifies and tightly adheres to the surface. It possesses exceptional toughness and ductility, capable of resisting most cold weapon attacks.

In previous battles, Bologue's attacks were all blocked by Iron-Repelling Paint. Even if his brute force could hit the flesh inside through the paint, unless the ghoul is dismembered and sliced, such attacks are meaningless.

The characteristics of Iron-Repelling Paint intertwined with those of the ghoul, making these shadows extremely hard to kill. Yet under Bologue's cunning Secret Energy, he managed to find a method of breakdown.

The armor-piercing sword is slender and sharp, without any cutting ability, made solely for piercing. The slaying sword's head is round and blunt, its blade thin and broad, designed entirely for cutting.

Both weapons follow an extreme path, rarely used even in the cold weapon era from hundreds of years ago, yet ironically, there stands a knight armored, seemingly traversing through time.

Sandbox didn't respond; whether it was the consumption of Ether or the current situation, neither allowed him to probe or engage in a war of attrition with Bologue.

Quick battle, decisive resolution.

Sandbox held nothing back, injecting Ether into the Secret Sword in his hand. Glowing patterns ran across the sword body, and ethereal blue mist seeped from the cold blade, like leaked dry ice, filling the ground in an instant, continuing to rise.

In the blink of an eye, the ethereal blue mist enveloped him and Bologue, extending across half the stone bridge. Strangely, neither gale nor tempest could stir the mist; it quietly spread without interruption.

Soon, Sandbox's figure vanished, along with all the shadows, swallowed by the dense mist.

Alchemy Armament·Mist Concealment Secret Sword.

Ethereal Concealment? Bologue wasn't sure. He cautiously scanned the surroundings. With the Secret Sword triggered, the gleaming beam in his eyes also disappeared, completely losing sight of Sandbox.

A sharp blade descended from the heavens in a flash.

When Bologue realized the attack, it was too late to dodge. He could only narrowly sidestep, yet the blade still sliced along his chest, nearly splitting the entire chest armor.

Amid the sparks of metal, the shadow suddenly appeared, devoid of any Ether fluctuation due to Ethereal Concealment, leaving only the dark silhouette...

After an attack, the shadow quickly withdrew, its body wrapped in mist turning transparent at a visible rate, seemingly merging with the fog.

Is this the ability of the Secret Sword?

As the Order Bureau's chief rival, Bologue had profound knowledge of the King's Secret Sword. Despite being referred to as the King's Secret Sword, only those granted the sword truly achieved the title Secret Sword, all of which are incredibly powerful Alchemy Armaments without exception.

As long as Sandbox and the shadow were within the mist, they remained invisible before launching attacks. Even Ether fluctuations were indiscernible due to Ethereal Concealment.

Just like the combination of Iron-Repelling Paint and Ghouls, the combination of the Secret Sword and Ethereal Concealment created a deadly environment.

Bologue leaned on the Giant Sword, released the Slaying Sword in his hand, and inserted it into the ground. With his now free hand, he pressed against the Giant Sword behind him, which cracked and forged into a rough shield covering most of Bologue's figure. Ghostly figures emerged around him, the blade scraping repeatedly, sparking brilliant flames.

The dense sound of slashing merged into a piercing storm, as if Bologue was inside a small house ravaged by a storm, about to collapse. Sword-marked cracks appeared around, and these ghostly figures were eager to rush in and tear Bologue to pieces.

A normal person facing such a desperate situation might have already despaired, but Bologue remained calm, the azure eyes showing not a trace of panic.

Face of Horror, fully unleashed.

Blades need a target to cut, but the Face of Horror does not. This chilling fear would indiscriminately devour everyone nearby, no matter where Sandbox hid, he would be impacted.

Bologue didn't expect this fear to shake Sandbox, after all, he was a Prayer Believer, but as long as he could gain a momentary opportunity for himself.

Indeed, after the wave of horror spread, the movements of the ghostly figures paused for a moment, giving Bologue the chance to tear open the shield wall.

He reached out to grab the nearest ghostly figure; during the moment Sandbox was affected, the actions of these ghostly figures noticeably slowed.

The Armor-piercing Sword, under Ethereal Amplification, easily pierced through its heart. Letting go, a hook on the Arm of Adaptation was released, grabbing another ghostly figure, Bologue forcefully pulled it over, and the Armor-piercing Sword seamlessly pierced the second ghostly figure.

At this moment, Sandbox had already broken free from the fear, and the ghostly figures on the Armor-piercing Sword started to become restless, wildly waving their claws, shredding the armor. The already battered armor was hard to maintain, and several blades even slashed Bologue, but none of that mattered now.

Once the Iron-Repelling Paint was pierced, its defensive power would be greatly reduced. Bologue turned the Armor-piercing Sword within the ghostly figure, evolving it into a Slaying Sword, and swung horizontally, slicing them in half at the waist.

The decaying blood was washed away by the cold rain, and another ghostly figure attacked at this moment, the same one whose head had been cleaved open by Bologue previously.

Its surface defense was already breached by Bologue, leaving nothing to be concerned about. With a fierce hack of the Slaying Sword, following the cut of the head down, it split the ghostly figure in two.

In the blink of an exchange, Bologue slaughtered three ghostly figures, further depleting the Ether and nearing a precarious condition; he had to use it sparingly.

But just then, those ghostly figures that were supposed to be dead became restless again, their remaining limbs scratching the ground, as if unwilling to die.

The Ethereal Concealment dissipated, and Bologue clearly sensed a vast amount of Ether surging around. In the ghostly blue mist, one silhouette after another appeared undisguisedly.

Countless Ghouls surrounded Bologue. They had all been slain by him, their bodies ragged, missing limbs, practically a mass of moving rotten flesh, yet now they acted again, gathering together.

Bologue suddenly realized his mistake. He thought Sandbox's primary school was the "Commanding School," controlling these Ghouls with a derivative secondary school as the "Origin School," thus mastering Ethereal Concealment.

But there never were Ghouls in this world; the existence of Ghouls was created by Sandbox as Illusion Creation using corpses as a medium. Now, he was conjuring even more terrifying grotesqueries.

Turning his head, Bologue detected another powerful ethereal fluctuation. He also knew he could hardly conceal such power, so he simply exposed it completely.

Sandbox stood by the open wagon, injecting a needle into his thigh, with a dark red Liquid Spirit Potion flowing into his body, bringing a tidal wave of Ether.

"Sorry, I'm getting impatient."

Light rolled in Sandbox's eyes, the previously consumed Ether replenished through these Liquid Spirit Potions. Then his figure began to blur and fade, while the majestic authority was unleashed.

Secret Energy·Order of Rotting Flesh.

In fact, Sandbox's primary school was the "Commanding School," capable of controlling dead bodies, using them as Domination Objects in battle, with a derivative secondary school as "Illusion Creation," forging these corpses into near-immortal Ghouls.

The Ethereal Concealment was an Ethereal Skill personally mastered by Sandbox, who was recognized by the King, thus endowed with the Secret Sword. His command over Ether inherently matched anyone.

The Ghouls started picking up the remnants of ghostly limbs, inserting them into their bodies' wounds. After a stench of blood and minced flesh that was nauseating, they astonishingly merged with these remnants, and this process continued to occur endlessly.

With the power of Illusion Creation coupled with Command, one after another increasingly hideous and ugly monsters emerged from the false illusions. Some were tiny as infants, others enormous as hills, each carrying an aura of hateful hostility, as if calamities crawled from the depths of Hell.

The ghostly blue mist rose, and in a flash, these ghastly grotesqueries were again entirely shrouded by the mist, vanishing from sight. Yet Bologue could clearly hear the endless howling sounds, as if he were standing amidst the Demon Hall.