

Endless 184

Chapter 184: Silver Lion [Thanks to the Alliance Leader Han Zhang Miao for the additional Chapter]

The storm carried echoes of terrifying screams, as if invisible monsters were battling within the tempest, tearing at flesh, snapping bones, and ravenously devouring blood, until only one survived victorious.

But in reality, they were not dueling each other; instead, they banded together, hunting their sole enemy.

Tattered and broken armor swung back and forth in the ethereal blue mist like fishing boats tossed in angry waves, with each move sending sparks flying from the armor, new dents layering over old ones, pockmarked like a meteor.

Earlier ghoul attacks were cautious, but now, hordes of ghouls melded into the mist, their numerical advantage turning their assault into a relentless tide, with sharp, twisted claws perpetually reaching from the mist, attempting to tear at Bologue's flesh.

Bologue gripped his slaying sword, battling the elusive ghouls, and quickly realized it was a war of attrition, one that sought a swift resolution through exhaustion.

The ghouls' attacks were swift and dense, leaving no room to breathe, rapidly depleting both stamina and ether. Even though he took advantage of moments when they appeared briefly, hacking one ghoul after another, there were still too many, in swarms.

The worst part was that these creatures seemed unending, with severed limbs picked up by other ghouls, sewn onto their bodies, nearly covering the surroundings in dark red blood until his armor was dyed a deeper crimson.

This must be the further enhancement of secret energy after Sandbox ascended to a Prayer Believer, where ordinary corpses are twisted by illusion creation into abominable beings for command and control.

Bologue guessed that achieving such effects must consume immense ether, otherwise Sandbox wouldn't inject liquid spirit potion to unleash it.

He recalled David's appearance when injecting liquid spirit potion; this potion fortified strength and replenished ether, but excessive injections harmed the user, and Sandbox couldn't repeatedly use such a potion for replenishment.

Wear down Sandbox until he couldn't hold on? How unlikely. It was Bologue himself who was struggling now.

"Let's take a gamble, Bologue," he muttered to himself. "Let's hope you're not as unlucky as Palmer."

Mobilizing the last of his ether, Bologue gave his all.

His fist pounded the ground, blue trails of light raced over the dark red stone bridge, instantly causing the ground beneath to crack and fracture, sinking the train straight down midst intense shaking, with gaps expanding voraciously, consuming everything around Bologue.

Heavy armor pulled Bologue downward, along with the ghouls clawing frenziedly; they lost ground support, falling out from the mist to reveal their forms.

Sandbox hadn't expected Bologue to possess such a move, nor did Bologue anticipate this strike to drag so many ghouls down with him.

There were simply too many ghouls, constantly relying on a steady supply of ether to keep sewing limbs, and Sandbox couldn't control them as finely as he did phantom shadows,

This collapse took away numerous ghouls, and even if they didn't die from the fall, climbing back up would take time.

While descending, Bologue cast out a hook, ignoring the ghoul's monstrous forms reminiscent of demon gods, brushing past them and letting them fall back into the abyss. He then leapt from the collapse back onto the stone bridge.

Bologue didn't return directly to the battlefield. Instead, using the hook to swing high, his slaying sword extended into a scimitar, with his figure twirling in the air like a spinning top, slicing toward the ground.

It was as though a meat grinder had crashed into the mist, countless severed limbs and blood splattering onward, as ghoul after ghoul emerged from the mist, with Bologue's war chariot-like stride scattering their mangled bodies.

Sandbox's intent was easy to guess; he wanted to exploit the opportunity during Bologue's descent to deliver a heavy blow.

The mist was originally to conceal their forms, but once Bologue understood Sandbox's plan and deduced the positioning of the ghouls, the mist lost its purpose.

Although he swung his blade into emptiness, corpses were cut down from the mist as the blade passed.

Slashing a gap open, Bologue couldn't see Sandbox's location but knew where he was, racing toward the carriage crumbled into the gap.

Sandbox could use liquid spirit potion to replenish ether, so could he. Thus, Sandbox must be nearby, aiming to stop him from using liquid spirit potion, or to strike him when doing so.

Bologue was certain Sandbox wouldn't dare ambush him.

Through continuous encounters, Bologue gradually figured out Sandbox's personality; this guy always hid behind domination objects, despite wielding a sharp secret sword, avoiding direct confrontation as much as possible.

Sandbox was a timid and cautious fellow, only daring to command domination objects to fight him, not daring to gamble.

While acquiring and injecting liquid spirit potion, Bologue was indeed vulnerable to ambush, but if the ambush failed to kill him? Once ether was replenished, the battle would reset.

Sandbox wouldn't allow this to happen; although they had moved away from Opus, they were still too close, and Order Bureau's field staff might arrive anytime, sealing Sandbox's fate.

His cowardice and impatience were Bologue's hope for victory.

"There you are!"

Bologue shouted, swinging his scimitar while lunging toward the carriage.

He had no intention of picking up the Liquid Spirit Potion; instead, he seemed ready to split the carriage in two.

The anticipated sound of friction rang out as the sharp Secret Sword emerged from the mist. Sandbox gritted his teeth and glared at Bologue, blocking him in front of the carriage.

Looking at the blue-eyed Evil Spirit before him, Sandbox, for the first time, felt the immense pressure that even a First Stage Condenser could bring him.

The situation had clearly dragged Bologue into a dead end, yet he counterattacked again, shattering his own cage.

Sandbox had a strange feeling all along, as if all his plans were seen through by Bologue. Even when he tried new tricks, Bologue quickly unraveled them, making him feel a persistent suppression.

Scimitar and Secret Sword crisscrossed repeatedly, yet Sandbox found himself trapped here by Bologue due to the Liquid Spirit Potion.

"I'll kill you with my own hands!"

Bologue roared lowly, the scimitar suddenly whirling, delivering powerful slashes, with the blade constantly extending. It was unclear whether the power of the Face of Horror or Bologue's fierce killing intent made Sandbox momentarily unsure how to fight back.

All around, the mist rolled and the blade cut through the fog.

The fourth phantom launched a ghostly ambush at this moment; Bologue was beset from front and back, unable to swiftly deal with Sandbox. The continuous night battle made his ether unable to support his quick "Resurrection."

He couldn't afford to be hit by this strike.

The whirling scimitar swung again, twisting in a motion to shake off the attacking phantom, its movement now appearing more frantic than its previous swift and deadly actions.

These domination objects were directly affected by the Overlord, with Bologue's fury pressing on Sandbox, even slowing his manipulation of the objects.

The scimitar's whirling continued, as Bologue whipped up a beautiful crescent moon, turning nearby raindrops into mist, and after shaking off the phantom, it slashed forward like a thunderbolt.

The Secret Sword was close, long before Bologue countered the phantom, Sandbox had already thrust the Secret Sword towards Bologue, with the scimitar carrying a gust as it approached, while the Secret Sword was poised to pierce Bologue's heart.

"Wanna take a gamble?"

Bologue shouted, even if Sandbox could pierce through his heart, he still had the strength to swing the scimitar and slice him in two, and more importantly, he wouldn't die. Sandbox didn't know this.

The Secret Sword, advancing straight, hesitated for a moment, then switched to an upward thrust and collided with the scimitar, the great force sending Sandbox flying into the carriage, with Bologue following right behind.

As expected, Sandbox lacked such courage.

"Madman!"

Sandbox continued to retreat, leaping out from the window, evading Bologue's pursuit.

Combat between Condensers was deceitful and treacherous; Sandbox had long been accustomed to a wary and suspicious fighting style. But Bologue's combat style was entirely different, like a violent maniac, fearless of death, willing to strike again and again at the cost of his life.

Sandbox was safe now, but looking at the split-open carriage, he knew he was once again at a disadvantage.

Countless Liquid Spirit Potions were placed at Bologue's feet; the depleted ether would soon be replenished, returning the battle to its starting point.

Sandbox's mood had become somewhat numb, but surprisingly, Bologue didn't look at those Liquid Spirit Potions; his blue pupils remained fixedly on Sandbox.

"Aren't you going to use these potions?"

Sandbox tried to buy time with words, amidst the rolling mist, invisible figures rushed wildly, ready to attack the moment Bologue picked up a potion.

"I always wondered about the difference between humans and beasts."

Bologue didn't answer Sandbox but spoke to himself instead, reaching out to press the carriage, twisting and stretching the steel, letting it crawl over his body, filling the damaged armor.

"Now I've figured it out; humans are restricted by their own shackles, distinguishing us from beasts."

Bologue didn't even glance at those Liquid Spirit Potions, striding towards Sandbox.

Raising his hands, he hurled the steel enlisted from the carriage. As they fell, they transformed into dozens of armor-piercing swords embedded in the earth.

Across the dense sword forest, Bologue casually picked up one, as rolling azure light burst from his body, armor bulging and transforming, gentle slender iron wire fluttered in the wind, extending from the nape down the back, like the mane of a silver lion dancing wildly.