

## Endless 185

### Chapter 185: Deadly Strike

It was truly strange, they were fighting to the point of exhaustion, yet Bologue still refused to use the potion so close to him. He claimed to be shackled by chains, but now he had transformed into a Silver Lion clad in Iron Armor.

Sandbox didn't understand this kind of person, nor was he inclined to. He just wanted to end it all quickly. The remaining ghouls and ghostly shadows roamed within the mist, surrounding the dying Lion like invisible wolves.

In one-on-one situations, very few could defeat Sandbox. The invisibility mist brought by the Secret Sword was paired with Ethereal Concealment, transforming the Domination Object completely into an invisible wraith. If it weren't for Bologue's Secret Energy being exceedingly variable, other Condensers would find it difficult to break through the defense of Iron-Repelling Paint.

The whistle of metal slicing through air came from the mist.

As a First Stage Condenser, the only moment Bologue could detect the Domination Object was when they initiated an attack. But no matter how quickly he reacted, once the attack was launched, it was too late for Bologue to act.

Sandbox felt confident, yet the sudden overflow of dark blood cooled his heart.

The Armor-piercing Sword caught the fourth ghostly shadow, its sharp tip plunged into its chest, the power of the thrust was so intense that the blade reached the hilt, as if Bologue punched through its heart.

How is this possible?

Bologue was the first to discover the shadow's location and delivered a heavy blow. Immediately followed by an irritating sound of friction, like a dull knife laboriously cutting through flesh and bones, accompanied by splintering and blood oozing.

The shadow struggled forcefully, the sword blade hammered powerlessly at the Silver Lion, but the Silver Lion paid no attention, as if in a genuine hunt. Bologue grabbed another Armor-piercing Sword from the ground, piercing it through the hole left by the first to strike again.

The Armor-piercing Sword itself hardly had the capability to slash, but that was merely the case in general; soldiers couldn't swing it as their strength wasn't great enough.

Once gripped by a Condenser, wielded by Bologue, driven by absolute power, its slightly blunt edges acted like crossed scissors, tearing into the shadow's body. Bologue forcefully pulled out both swords, raising them high in the night sky, shattering bodies spilling dirty blood across the earth.

It was no longer a slash, but more like tearing the body apart with brute force.

"Damn beast!"

Sandbox shouted, raising the Secret Sword, issuing commands like a General, as the lurking ghouls responded to his call.

In his eyes, Bologue suddenly seemed truly like a bizarre beast, a Silver Lion covered with steel manes and Scale Armor, dark red blood stains hanging from his Armor.

"She's watching me here, Sandbox, how could I possibly become a beast."

At such a time, Bologue laughed heartily.

The Armor-piercing Sword pierced along a predetermined trajectory, striking numerous ghouls out of nowhere, the blade sank deeply into flesh, then crudely pulled out and torn open by Bologue.

Such striking was a tremendous depletion to the Armor-piercing Sword, soon the blade in his hand was riddled with cracks. Bologue forcefully discarded them, carving a blood streak in the mist, then once again drew a new Sharp Sword from the ground.

The cold forest of swords covered the entire battlefield; no matter where Bologue stood, there were Sharp Swords awaiting his grip.

Sandbox couldn't comprehend how Bologue discovered the ghouls. The perfect combination of mist and Ethereal Concealment seemed non-existent to him, but clearly, Bologue was indeed restricted by the mist before.

The dense, slender mane dispersed, as if invisible hands stroked them, making a strange ethereal sound as the wind blew.

Sandbox suddenly understood. Those dispersed manes spread like sensor tentacles, filling every corner around Bologue. He might not feel the Ethereal Fluctuation or see the ghouls' shadows, but when they approached and touched the manes, Bologue could sharply locate their positions.

"You are so troublesome!" Sandbox's voice was hoarse; he didn't know how to deal with Bologue now. Every time he thought victory was at hand, this guy always managed to turn the tables.

Retrieving the Liquid Spirit Potion from his pocket, Sandbox prepared to inject it to replenish Ether and continue calling ghouls to entangle Bologue. But an abrupt sword cry almost severed his nerves, a wound cracked open on his waist and abdomen.

Sandbox saw the Armor-piercing Sword that had injured him. It was pulled by some unknown force, along with other Armor-piercing Swords stabbed into the ground, dangling in the air.

Iron-like torrential rain fell.

The sharp tip nearly penetrated every object it touched, whether the stone surface or lurking ghouls, all things were brutally pierced through.

Sandbox swung his sword to chop off several falling Armor-piercing Swords, only then noticing the fine mane at the end of the sword hilt extending to the Silver Lion's back.

He only guessed it halfway right. The flowing mane not only alerted Bologue's surroundings but also connected all the Armor-piercing Swords embedded in the ground, like a web probing everything stepping into the domain, extending Bologue's attacks.

The Silver Lion danced, manes dragging the Armor-piercing Swords, raising a storm of blades like Whip Blades.

The slowing mist was stirred by the storm, dismembered bodies and flesh constantly overflowing, ghouls died in droves, lacking the protection of Iron-Repelling Paint, no matter how grotesque they appeared, they were merely flesh and blood.

Suddenly, the Silver Lion halted its dance, its azure eyes staring at Sandbox, as though his gaze pierced through the mist's concealment.

The frigid stare made Sandbox momentarily panic and uneasy. He didn't understand why; clearly, he hadn't touched those searching manes, and he was protected by the mist and Ethereal Concealment. How could Bologue possibly find him?

A slender, light mane swayed in the wind, its end hooked onto Sandbox's clothes, the other end extending to the Silver Lion's back.

When the Armor-piercing Sword scratched Sandbox, it left behind a single strand of hair, allowing Bologue to pinpoint Sandbox's location.

Sandbox was about to do something when he suddenly calmed down, abandoning all actions. Even if Bologue connected to him, what of it? Hidden in the mist, Bologue couldn't ascertain what the thread was connected to.

"My boss is somewhat like you, an Overlord, but unlike you, he never hides his presence."

A deep voice echoed from beneath the Armor.

"I asked him why he doesn't hide. As an Overlord, he could easily determine the outcome of battles from afar. He replied that hiding in the shadows for too long makes one weak, timid, cowering, and lose the ability to face death and restrain fear."

Gripping both swords tightly, his blue eyes were filled with unwavering resolve, free of hesitation.

"Sandbox, you've been hiding behind the Ghouls for too long."

Sandbox kept calling upon the Ghouls to confront him. In this display of all their cards, it was impossible for Sandbox to leave even a single Ghoul behind.

As for the ghostly figures? The Armor-piercing Sword couldn't cut them, let alone leave iron wires connecting them. Sandbox thought he was smart for staying put, unaware this very act had exposed him.

The hair danced wildly, with the Silver Lion adorned in dense blades, as if wings had spread to overshadow the sky.

Sandbox could no longer retreat as he was forced to the edge of the stone bridge, below lay a deep canyon and facing the torrential sword rain, he couldn't dodge to either side.

He seemed to have reached a dead end, yet the ghostly figure that had long dwelled in the mist suddenly appeared.

While Sandbox could precisely control up to four ghostly figures simultaneously, it didn't mean he only had four. The remaining two had always been lurking, readying a fatal strike.

"How will you counterattack?"

Sandbox taunted, guessing Bologue's Ether was completely exhausted, marking this as his final strike.

The crossing blades struck the Silver Lion, but it didn't stop. This was a desperate attack meant to end with the death of one.

Facing the overpowering sword blades, Sandbox's eyes showed no fear as he gripped something backward, then his chest was rapidly enveloped by a black liquid that solidified to protect vital organs.

Iron-Repelling Paint could be used as armor, but its effectiveness was limited to a single time, requiring special means to remove after the battle. Sandbox wouldn't use such expensive alchemical materials as armor unless in emergencies.

He thought this would thrust Bologue into despair, as the Ether-exhausted one was powerless to breach Iron-Repelling Paint's defense.

Only in such conditions did Sandbox dare to face the Silver Lion head-on, wielding the Secret Sword to cut the Silver Lion into pieces along with the ghostly figures.

Piercing slicing sounds exploded alongside sparks, as the ghostly figures' Sharp Swords penetrated steel, the heavy Armor fell, and the wild sword blades seemed to lose support, clattering to the ground.

He had ultimately won, Sandbox walked towards the enormous remnants of the Armor, intending to turn Bologue into his ghostly figure, the awaited fate of every enemy he slew.

If Bologue had one breath left, he would declare victory, but soon the sense of triumph was washed away. Though he killed Bologue, the mission failed due to the damn Condenser.

Approaching the Armor's remains, he found no trace of the expected mangled corpse beneath it.

Bologue had vanished. After a momentary hesitation, Sandbox looked around cautiously. This guy, along with the Ether exhaustion, had caused the Initial Activation Phenomenon to disappear, now Bologue was just an ordinary person, unable to detect even a flicker of Ether Fluctuation.

What could he do now? Escape? The other end of the stone bridge was swarming with Ghouls, leaving him nowhere to flee.

"People like you use others' swords for so long, you've forgotten the sword in your own hand."

An icy voice sounded from behind, simultaneously unleashing a great wave of Ether.

"Have you ultimate become a beast!"

Sandbox turned and swung the Secret Sword, regretting believing Bologue's words, certain he had secretly saved Liquid Spirit Potion to use it now, but upon turning, he saw a completely different scene.

Azure light points overflowed from Bologue's body, with the remaining Soul Shards blazing fiercely, igniting Ether and setting aflame the anxious void.

Bologue's visage was akin to an angry Celestial God, painlessly gripping the incoming Secret Sword, while thrusting the Short Sword in hand.

Sandbox sneered, uncertain of what occurred in Bologue's body, but how could such a Short Sword pierce the Iron-Repelling Paint's defense?

Azure trajectories infused the Short Sword along his arm, with the dazzling brilliance almost blinding Sandbox.

Bright Light Blade·Ethereal Sword.