

Endless 186

Chapter 186: Axiom Iron Law

This was Bologue's first encounter with the Prayer Believers. Faced with such an existence above his own, he was fully prepared. He knew that just as he had his own cards to play, so would the opponent. And with the gap in tiers, no one knew how the battle would unfold.

Thus, from the very beginning, Bologue knew he had only one chance, either to severely injure or even kill Sandbox, or to hide his edge and absolutely not arouse his warning.

The Decree of Rotting Flesh was a troublesome Secret Energy; Sandbox was practically as if he commanded a Ghoul army. Under the mist created by the Misty Secret Sword, these stitched-together Ghouls protected him like a Forbidden Guard.

If it were Kedening here, his Secret Energy would be of no use. Kedening's vision couldn't even detect Sandbox, but the Bright Light Blade in his hand was different.

Since becoming a Condenser, this was the most lethal Alchemy Armament Bologue had encountered, and its Ether consumption was also astonishing.

In battles between Condensers and Prayer Believers, the Bright Light Blade was the only Alchemy Weapon capable of playing a key role. As long as it struck the right spot, it could kill even a Prayer Believer.

There was a tier gap between him and Sandbox, but it was not insurmountable.

A torrent of radiance released from his hand; Sandbox thought the Silver Lion's pounce was the final blow, yet it was a feint. The Ethereal Sword at the moment was the true deadly strike.

A kamikaze strike, fueled by burning Soul Shards.

Pure Ethereal Shock corroded the Iron-Repelling Paint, as the black substance began to dissolve under the violent Ether. Sandbox swung the Secret Sword, but its blade had long been firmly grasped by Bologue, even if it sliced into his palm, cutting to the bone.

The fear of death surged through Sandbox. It had been so long since he faced such imminent fear. In the past, he only needed to hide in the shadows, waiting for the ghostly figures to finish the fight. But today, death finally found him out of the shadows.

He had learned how to handle others grabbing his sword, but fear and panic crashed through his heart, only now did Sandbox understand the meaning behind Bologue's words.

Sandbox did not have such a heart, a heart to face death.

How can a coward who fears death defeat a desperado?

"You madman!"

Sandbox roared, stretching out another hand to grab the Ethereal Sword, even though the rampant Ether tore his palm to shreds.

Bologue responded with laughter. Sandbox's focus was entirely on the present; he didn't even have the strength to control the Domination Objects. They stood like spectators in the pouring rain, coldly watching the final duel.

The meager Ether was burned out, the glow of the Ethereal Sword dissipated, reverting to a Short Sword, but the Iron-Repelling Paint had already been scorched into a hole, beneath which lay raw flesh.

Sandbox then grabbed the Short Sword, struggling with Bologue, as the sword's tip gently lodged into his body along the hole.

At this moment, Bologue suddenly roared, as if immune to pain, the sword tip of the Secret Sword pierced his palm, and Bologue forcefully charged into Sandbox.

God knows how much stamina this guy had left. What even puzzled Sandbox was that the Order Bureau had already achieved their goal; they successfully intercepted the cargo, so why continue to confront him?

To capture him? That would also assume they survived first. Now Bologue was dead set on deciding life or death with him, and he couldn't even understand where this damn desperado came from.

The back crashed hard against the stone bridge railing, half of Sandbox's body hung out, below was the deep abyss.

Bologue released the Secret Sword, clenching his blood-soaked fist, pounding like an Iron Hammer to drive the Short Sword into Sandbox's body.

After every hit, the railing dented and trembled, as if it would completely collapse with the next strike, sending both falling into the abyss.

"We will both die!"

Sandbox screamed, wildly swinging the blade, but they were too close, the Secret Sword could only continuously slash at Bologue's back, carving bloody wounds.

"Everyone dies, it's just a question of when."

Bologue shouted, like a depressed philosopher.

The final punch landed, the Short Sword pierced into Sandbox's body with a squelch. He held the sword tightly, thinking he could block it, then Bologue released his hand, letting go of Sandbox.

Sandbox leaned against the railing, supporting himself with the Secret Sword, trying not to collapse. He thought Bologue must also be completely exhausted, and the Short Sword in the struggle had struck the wrong direction, failing to pierce his heart.

Listening to the footsteps retreating, he thought this guy also realized that continuing would only result in mutual destruction.

Sandbox was about to mock Bologue's fake ruthlessness, but the retreating footsteps suddenly quickened, drawing nearer.

Bologue sprinted, delivering a flying kick, striking the exposed sword hilt. The entire hilt sunk completely into the flesh, the chest caved under Bologue's kick, the sharp sword tip protruding from the back, pinned firmly into the railing.

Sandbox vomited a great deal of blood, while that kicking figure appeared exhausted, comically slipping on the wet ground.

"Why? You madman, why go this far?"

Sandbox coughed blood, unable to fathom where Bologue got his drive, that relentless determination.

Everything was so inexplicable, like walking down the street and suddenly being bitten by a dog. And that damn hound was unexpectedly persistent, not only wanting a piece of your flesh but aiming to tear out your throat as well.