

Endless 431

Chapter 431: Dead End

In the silent Great Rift, Aimou extended her hand, gripping the cold railing, inching her way up the cliff. Compared to this dim and strange world, her silhouette seemed incredibly small, yet it was filled with hope.

Aimou couldn't remember how she left the Alchemy Workshop; she only remembered pushing open the door and skillfully preparing what she needed.

As if driven by some force, she blindly moved forward, and when she came to her senses, she had already arrived outside, advancing towards the place she and Bologue had agreed upon.

She no longer thought about superfluous matters, casting all worries aside, focusing solely on moving forward, while the Constant Motion Core operated steadily, emitting a hum like joy.

Continuing to climb upwards, based on her previous Time Reversal experiences, it wouldn't be long before the King's Shield Guard would launch an offensive; they would notice the power of the Fantasy Species and come after her.

Thinking of this, Aimou looked down at the Fantasy Species on her chest, its glow had dimmed, as if it had reached its limit.

If they failed again this time, the power of the Fantasy Species itself would be depleted, and next, it would begin to consume her own strength.

The glowing roots penetrated the Constant Motion Core, entwining around the Philosopher's Stone, and Aimou knew clearly what would happen.

But this time she was not worried, Aimou believed that Bologue could handle everything, as if he were the embodiment of a miracle.

Along the aerial corridor heading upwards, Aimou's pace quickened, and finally, she broke into a run.

Her footsteps echoed crisp and clear on the cold corridor, like a deer strayed into a forest of steel.

Looking back now, Aimou found it all unbelievable, with many doubts emerging in her mind.

Since the King's Shield Guard could detect the fluctuations of the Fantasy Species, why hadn't Teda noticed? If he had been aware, there was no way she could escape from the Alchemy Workshop...

Aimou couldn't continue thinking as a sudden Ether reaction rose up in the distance, alerting her.

Seconds later, thick roots climbed along the cliff, easily snapping the steel and coiling towards Aimou.

Ether's radiance surfaced on Aimou's body. She nimbly leaped, crossing the broken corridor before the roots could reach, and upon landing on the opposite platform, turned to release the Fire-Calling Staff.

Blazing flames swept through the entwined roots, the fire burned the wood, yet failed to hinder its action. The inflamed branches swelled like dancing fire snakes, pressing towards Aimou.

Amidst the flames, the figure of Gold emerged, sending a chill through Aimou's heart.

Since Gold had appeared, the others must be around too.

Aimou couldn't understand. According to the previous five Time Reversals, even though she would be discovered by the King's Shield Guard and chased, they usually took some time to find her. But it was different now, in this sixth Time Reversal, the King's Shield Guard acted much faster.

"Get out of the way!"

Aimou raised her hand, a strong Ethereal Shock released from her ring, sweeping away the approaching roots and branches like a storm clearing obstacles.

In the sky full of debris, without waiting for Aimou to take another step forward, another surge of Ethereal Shock boomed towards Aimou, like the echo of the previous strike.

Aimou raised an Ethereal Barrier, but under the assault of this torrent, her body couldn't help being thrown into the air.

In mid-air, Aimou saw an unfamiliar figure; it wasn't Fast or Gold pursuing her this time.

Kronin watched Aimou from afar, high with Ether surrounding him. He was one of the four Prayer Believers in this action, from the Origin School.

Relying on his sensitivity to Ether, Kronin swiftly identified Aimou's location and coordinated with Gold to pursue.

Aimou began to fall, but before the fall completed, she twisted her body and flung a grappling hook towards the other side of the cliff.

In the Great Rift, the grappling hook was a very convenient tool; to avoid accidents, Aimou had specially equipped it for this action, unexpectedly finding it useful.

After maneuvering to the cliff wall, Aimou leapt upward again, sprinting through the corridors, with roots trailing closely behind her.

An intense feeling of unease struck Aimou's mind. She realized something was off. The King's Shield Guard had sustained five Time Reversals without changing their actions, but now in this sixth Time Reversal, their approach had altered.

Could they have realized the Time Reversal too?

Aimou wasn't sure, nor did she have time to speculate. The main goal now was to protect herself well.

The power of the Fantasy Species was nearly exhausted, making it highly possible it couldn't support another Time Reversal. Aimou had to find a way to last until the rendezvous point.

Aimou had to get it no matter what, for she feared the disappointed look that Bologue would have if she couldn't meet him there.

"Such a bothersome fellow!"

Aimou turned her body and threw an alchemy bomb at the two pursuing figures. After a brief delay, a thunderous explosion erupted.

The cliff shuddered, and the extending corridor quaked violently, collapsing one by one.

Two figures streaked out of the dense smoke, one ahead of the other. This was within Aimou's expectations; she didn't think such a simple explosion could affect two Prayer Believers.

But the fact was that the alchemy bomb was originally prepared for Bologue.

En route, Gold suddenly felt his consciousness clouding; the explosion wasn't its primary lethal force—the truly deadly part was the poisonous smoke that spread afterwards.

Fortunately, the two didn't inhale much of the toxic gas, and its effects on them were minimal.

By this time, Aimou had climbed up to the surface, pushing onwards with all her might. As long as she escaped the veil of the fog, she would be out of the Great Rift's range, and then it would be easy to reach the pastry shop according to her memory.

Behind her came strong Ethereal reactions, roots and Ethereal shocks ceaselessly crashing down like falling artillery shells, exploding beside Aimou and leaving pits on the ground.

Aimou seemed to advance on a battlefield enveloped in smoke, yet she didn't feel frightened. Instead, her mood was extremely relaxed.

The Ethereal Barrier shielded Aimou's body, and the dust and debris that came with the wind struck her, creating ripples that flashed and extinguished constantly.

Aimou's stride became even lighter; she completely ignored the constant din as enormous roots burst forth from the ground, causing the entire surface to begin fragmenting and collapsing.

Numerous branches seemed like countless outstretched hands reaching for Aimou. Just when Gold thought he was about to control Aimou, the ring erupted with a strong Ethereal shock.

Using Aimou as the epicenter, the intense Ethereal shock spread in all directions. This power couldn't entirely defeat the Prayer Believers' assault but could delay them for a while.

Aimou and Gold widened the gap between each other again. Seeing this, Gold was anxious, and Kronin beside him had no solution; as a Condenser from the Origin School, his release of Secret Energy was greatly restricted and not adept at such pursuits.

In the chase of Aimou, Gold was the Hunter, and Kronin was more like a hunting dog pointing out the direction for him.

The prey was gradually escaping, Gold fully unleashed Ether, and countless branches sprang from the soil; he knew the task must not fail.

The action to seize the Immortal Heart had long been planned, but just as the operation was about to start, they suddenly received orders from the Shadow King, bringing Kronin over to Gold's location to pursue Aimou together.

Thinking about these matters left Gold deeply confused; their intelligence had not mentioned the Fantasy Species at all, yet the Shadow King seemed to know everything, issuing the pursuit order as soon as Aimou fled.

The area buffering the Great Rift and the street was dilapidated and bleak; under the separation of fog and fences, bizarre and twisted buildings piled up here, the ground muddy and frozen in winter, bumpy as if running over the spine of a monster.

Aimou dashed out of the fog and onto the streets of Opus, just as she saw in the previous Time Reversal.

The morning Opus was unusually serene; people hadn't woken up yet, only some distant engine noises could be heard, with scattered cars driving on the streets.

After arriving in the city district, Gold and Kronin restrained their aggressive stances; inside the Great Rift, they could attack without scruples, as Order Bureau power rarely regulated that chaotic place, but it was different inside Opus.

This was the Order Bureau's territory, and no one knew if there might be Field Staff living nearby who wake up seeing people fighting—it would be terrible.

Gold had to retrieve Aimou quickly. Preparing to use some unconventional methods, he saw Aimou stopped at a distance.

Aimou glanced at the pastry shop beside her, no disappointment here, she finally reached this point, now she just had to wait for Bologue to appear.

But the two guys behind her didn't seem to want Aimou to wait easily.

"Have you reached a dead end?"

Kronin saw Aimou stop and thought she had given up resisting, mocking aloud.

Aimou turned around; she wasn't prepared to intertwine in words with her opponents. Speaking with Bologue had already proven her point—Aimou wasn't good at convincing opponents verbally.

But in terms of physical persuasion, Aimou could try it out.

Aimou showed no fear, raising her fists like a boxer as the Constant Motion Core operated rapidly, steam venting from behind her.

Chapter 432: Taxi Driver

Looking at Aimou's eager appearance, Kronin took a few seconds to realize what Aimou was doing.

She was declaring war on two people, declaring war on two Prayer Believers?

Kronin almost laughed, not understanding where Aimou's support was from, was it the Fantasy Species? Kronin, a Condenser from the Origin School, could clearly sense the continuous decline of Ether reactions on Aimou.

After six Time Reversals, the Fantasy Species gradually headed towards destruction. This was, after all, a power created by humans, completely incomparable to the Devil's Power.

Gold stood beside Kronin, feeling a strange sensation at this moment, clearly meeting Aimou for the first time, yet he felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity with her.

In a trance, Gold could see vague illusions, all segments of battle, seemingly with Aimou's figure within them, and in more segments, he saw several other people.

Following this were extremely horrifying scenes, first Fast died, then he himself was severely injured, he witnessed Hood dying tragically before him, followed by himself being pierced through the chest by the Staff Sword...

What was going on?

Gold held his head, cold sweat running down his neck. What he saw should be an illusion, yet the feelings brought by this illusion were so real, as if in some timeline, all of this had truly happened.

"Be careful..."

Suppressing his inner anxiety, Gold advised Kronin, who was not disturbed by the illusion and didn't understand what Gold was worrying about.

With vigilance, Aimou watched the two men, as a vessel for the Fantasy Species, she was very aware of the decline of the Fantasy Species. In the continuous collapse, the chaotic temporal sequences affected everyone.

In previous pursuits of Aimou, Gold was very close to contacting the Fantasy Species and naturally was also influenced by this power.

As the Fantasy Species gradually fell out of control and into destruction, memories meant to be obliterated started to flash back, but only as flashes.

These were coming from a Seeker of Glory's last wish, and the lower the tier of Condensers, the more they were affected by it.

To perceive and escape from this chaotic Time Reversal, one needed at least a Defender tier, and even they could only perceive.

Kronin was the first to attack. With the support of Ethereal Amplification, he moved as fast as Thunder, reaching Aimou in the blink of an eye.

He drew two daggers, with sharp edges cutting arcs, weaving a deadly web.

Aimou raised her fists to guard her chest and head, like a tightly sealed shield, blocking all of Kronin's arcs.

Her sleeve shattered, revealing the blackened arm beneath, then sparks burst forth from her arm, shallow scratches covered the metallic surface.

Kronin was somewhat surprised; he initially thought he could easily sever Aimou's hands with this strike, but didn't expect it was just a metallic prosthesis, with an astonishingly high hardness, even his cleaving only left marks.

Aimou wanted to match Kronin's speed, but he was, after all, a Prayer Believer, his eyes' halo constantly flickered, yet she couldn't capture the trajectory of the daggers.

Aimou also tried to counterattack, but all resulted in misses, and every time she countered, Kronin seized the opportunity to deliver fierce heavy blows against her.

With the daggers' trajectory shifting, Kronin spun and landed a direct kick on Aimou's body,

as if hit directly by a cannonball, Aimou was kicked back but didn't fall, her legs seemed welded to the ground, shattering bricks and keeping her standing.

Roots broke through the earth, wrapping Aimou's ankles, then extending towards her torso. Seeing Aimou being controlled, Kronin stepped forward, slashing the daggers towards Aimou's head.

Ripples surged from her chest, the Fantasy Species already deeply embedded in Aimou's chest cavity, leaving clusters of glowing vein-like tendrils on her surface.

To avoid mishaps, Aimou covered her chest with one hand, and with the other, she picked up the Fire-Calling Staff, releasing fierce flames onto the ground below.

The ferocious fires instantly engulfed Aimou, as if she stood at a volcano's mouth. Kronin raised his hand, Ethereal Barrier shielding him, simultaneously breaking through the sea of flames.

His speed didn't slow at all, instead accelerated forward, stabbing towards the core of the blaze.

After the clear sound of metal, the Fire-Calling Staff was slashed in half by Kronin, yet behind the Fire-Calling Staff, Aimou's figure had already vanished, leaving only roots burned to ashes, slowly collapsing.

As flames dissipated behind Kronin, a battered silhouette emerged from the fire.

Aimou was all tattered, her body covered in scorched black, but it was all worthwhile. Relying on Ethereal Concealment, she silently appeared behind Kronin.

In midair, Aimou raised her foot high, then smashed down towards Kronin like a guillotine.

Kronin abruptly turned around, flinging his hand, the dagger clashing with the limb, interrupting Aimou's attack.

Aimou knew it wouldn't be so easy. Upon landing, she flipped aside from Kronin, pressing her hand on the ground for support, her waist and abdomen driving her leg to kick towards Kronin again.

Humans require extensive training to gain muscle capable of releasing power, but Alchemy Puppet doesn't need this and can be considered a natural combat machine.

Under the burst of Ethereal Amplification, Aimou kicked out a shadow, with an extremely fast tail end, as if a Whip Blade fiercely knocked on Kronin's body.

Kronin wanted to retreat, but it was too late. He could only raise an Ethereal Barrier, with pure ether forming a defense line, appearing on his body surface.

After a brief contact, Kronin only felt a tremendous force striking him, and then countless cracks appeared on the Ethereal Barrier.

But that was all.

If Aimou were also a Prayer Believer like him, this strike might have broken the Ethereal Barrier and severely injured Kronin. Unfortunately, Aimou's tier was only the First Stage of Condensation, and she didn't have any directly lethal attack methods.

Aimou was not suited for direct combat with enemies, her Secret Energy had no effect in a solo situation.

Failing in her strike, Aimou tried to leap back to increase the distance, and suddenly the ground supporting her collapsed.

During the skirmish between Aimou and Kronin, Gold had long since taken control of the entire area. Under the drive of Secret Energy·Giant Wood Garden, countless branches broke out from the ground, wrapping around Aimou in layers.

She tried to struggle, but soon all her joints were locked firmly, turning into a wooden cage that trapped Aimou inside.

"Finally caught you."

Kronin toyed with the dagger in his hand, observing Aimou through the wooden cage.

At this moment, he noticed the peculiarity of Aimou's body. Her limbs were all metallic, making Kronin wonder what Aimou really was. This might also be Aimou's Secret Energy since there were indeed too many strange Secret Energies these days.

"Don't waste time, prepare to return, Kronin."

After capturing Aimou, Gold did not feel relieved; the uneasy feeling in his heart grew stronger. He always felt something terrible was about to happen, and he just wanted to hurry back and regroup.

"Alright, alright, don't rush. Let me think about how to disassemble her first."

Kronin examined the joints of Aimou's limbs. He guessed he could use the dagger to pry into them and disassemble these metallic limbs. Without these limbs, Aimou would be essentially non-threatening.

Aimou looked at Kronin coldly, thinking about ways to resist, but just then, a discordant car horn sounded from afar, endlessly echoing.

Soon, the blurry sound gradually became clear; Aimou could even hear the roar of an engine.

Kronin looked around vigilantly. The street was empty, not even a pedestrian, let alone a car. He couldn't figure out where the horn was coming from.

A jet-black shadow enveloped Kronin. He looked up, only to see a bright blue car bursting out of the mist, plummeting from high above.

Behind the car, a bridge extending from the mist was collapsing continuously, and as the car completely left the bridge's surface, it collapsed into a cloud of dust.

A wild wind swirled around the car. This heavy metal construct actually began to glide in an eerie manner.

The car thudded on the ground, shuddering violently several times. The paint was scratched and scarred all over, and there were many dents in the car frame; the driver's door was long gone.

It seemed to have driven out from a battlefield of gunfire and rain of bullets, showing no signs of slowing down after landing, fiercely rubbing against the ground, blazing a trail forward with sparks.

Aimou watched the car make its dramatic entrance in amazement, and then it barreled straight into the side, sending Kronin flying.

With a violent impact, the car came to a stable stop beside the wooden cage, while Kronin was completely sent crashing into a nearby dessert shop.

Even the Ethereal Barrier, under such fatal mass and acceleration, was easily knocked back like a pinball.

"Damn! Did we crash into something?"

"Don't worry, I don't have a driver's license, so it won't be revoked."

"Wait? That's not what I'm concerned about!"

"Anyway, he wasn't on the sidewalk, so he deserved it!"

Black smoke rose from under the hood, and strange conversations sounded from inside.

Gold came to his senses, roaring as he launched an attack on the car, and the people in the car began retaliating.

A gunstock shattered the rear window, followed by explosive rounds pouring out like a torrential rain.

"Good morning! Everyone from Opus!"

A figure wearing a black hood, looking like a bandit, poked out from the rear window, cheering while pulling the trigger of his gun.

A silver-white light flashed, serpentine blades slashed through the wooden cage, then retreated back into the car. Following the path of the serpentine, Aimou saw the person holding the steering wheel with one hand and waving at her like a taxi driver.

"Get in the car!"

Bologue urged Aimou loudly, while repeatedly honking the horn on the steering wheel.

Chapter 433: Chase Scene

Aimou always considered Bologue a peculiar person; he could always pull off actions within his own realm of reason that astonished others, like this damned dramatic entrance.

But now was not the time to complain about Bologue. Aimou freed himself, leaping into the passenger seat as Bologue slammed the accelerator, the tires creating white smoke as they sped off down the street like a warhorse.

"Woohoo! Off we go!"

Palmer fully embraced his role as a bandit, not forgetting to fire a gunshot in greeting to Gold.

After the smoke cleared, thick roots leapt forward like flying fish with the earth as their ocean, Gold positioned at the forefront among the gathered branches.

His eyes flickered with a fiery glow as Gold wiped away the blood-stained bullet marks, glaring angrily at Palmer.

Branches tangled into the ruins of the dessert shop, pulling Kronin out. He coughed painfully a few times, then freed himself from the branches and moved between the rampaging roots, pursuing the car.

"I must kill them!"

Kronin nearly ground his teeth into dust. As a Prayer Believer, he never imagined being knocked into the air by a car.

Palmer's smile abruptly vanished. These two Prayer Believers were truly enraged, rampaging extraordinary chaos down the streets of Opus.

This was no time for hesitation. Palmer grabbed the shotgun, repeatedly pulling the trigger as shots were exchanged back and forth.

Palmer was someone who easily immersed himself in any situation. From the moment he encountered enemies, his complaints ceased, and he merrily embraced role-playing.

He was the bandit who robbed the money, and these guys... Sheriffs?

No way. The King's Shield Guard doesn't fit the title of Sheriff. Essentially, they are just another kind of bandit.

"This is black-on-black!"

Palmer shouted words only he could understand, as he seamlessly switched ammo and fired.

Bologue had no time to care about Palmer's mental musings and paid no mind to his ridiculous antics.

While gripping the steering wheel to control direction, Bologue occasionally reached out to touch the earth, feeling the slight delay in Secret Energy's effectiveness amid the high-speed pursuit.

Walls of dirt rose from the ground as obstacles, attempting to hinder the pursuit of the two Prayer Believers.

Aimou sat in the passenger seat, the scenery rushing towards her only to disappear in an instant, with Palmer's manic laughter and endless taunts echoing from behind.

As Palmer taunted Gold and Kronin, he returned fire in this rare opportunity to press the Prayer Believers.

Bologue maintained a calm demeanor, yet madness lurked in his eyes. Under his violent driving, the car performed one dangerous maneuver after another.

Aimou did not feel she had moved from one dangerous situation to a safer one. On the contrary, she felt she was in a more perilous predicament.

Listening to Palmer's taunts, the two Prayer Believers behind them seemed ready to tear him apart.

This was bad; probably the worst morning ever. Yet Aimou unexpectedly felt a sense of relief, eventually unable to contain her laughter.

"What are you laughing at!"

Hearing Aimou's laughter, Bologue didn't understand.

He jerked the steering wheel sharply; accompanied by a screeching sound, the car drifted around the bend forcefully, nearly tossing Palmer out from behind.

Aimou said, "Nothing, just suddenly feel happy."

"This is not exactly a time to be happy," Bologue glanced at the rearview mirror, where towering trees closely followed the car, destroying the streets along the way, "We must return to the Great Rift; fighting in the city is too dangerous."

Regarding Opus's population density, Bologue had a clear understanding while riding the metro. Continuing like this would only lead to a large-scale disaster.

Turning right ahead, the road's end transformed into a familiar mist that gathered, rising into the sky like pillars holding up heaven and earth.

Aimou's expression showed delight, "Bologue, you came to find me."

"Yes, you were here waiting for me, that's wonderful."

Bologue said, not forgetting to free up a hand to give Aimou a thumbs-up.

Aimou stared ahead, somewhat dazed, pondering what to say next, then she thought of something.

"In this case, even if the Fantasy Species devours me, I don't think it matters anymore."

Aimou relaxed her body, leaning against the tilted seatback, her voice carrying a rare sense of relief.

It was as if Aimou was not amidst the life-and-death high-speed chase but was lying in a tranquil and peaceful golden meadow.

"Wait a minute, devour? What are you talking about?"

Bologue was completely baffled by Aimou's resignation and was instead scared out of his wits.

"After the Fantasy Species exhausts its own power, it will further consume the host's Ether; either the wish will be fulfilled, or it will burn out..."

Clutching her chest, Aimou explained, "Obviously, the wish to become human is too ridiculous, so my next fate is to exhaust all the Ether."

The shimmering buds had already sunk into the Constant Motion Core and wrapped around the Philosopher's Stone.

"According to my estimation, this should be the last time I can sustain a Time Reversal; once the next Time Reversal begins, the Fantasy Species will completely devour the Philosopher's Stone."

This was the result Aimou was unwilling to see. The Philosopher's Stone not only sustained Aimou's life but also served as proof that Alice had once lived.

Aimou wasn't nervous, nor did she feel sad. Seeing the battered car emerging through the fog, Aimou suddenly felt that nothing mattered anymore.

She was very clear about what she wanted. Aimou didn't care about the outcome; she cared more about the process. As long as there was everything in the process, Aimou could accept any ending calmly.

Bologue's eyes turned dark, "So, this isn't the end of trouble but the beginning of another trouble?"

Regarding this mysterious thing called Fantasy Species, Bologue knew little, but he quickly came up with a countermeasure.

"No matter what, you must survive and ensure this Time Reversal is not interrupted!" Bologue shouted his thoughts, "We will clean up everything in this sixth Time Reversal!"

"As for your issue! As long as you can survive, the Order Bureau will always have a way," at this moment, another figure flashed in Bologue's mind, and he exclaimed joyfully, "Teda! He developed the Constant Motion Core; he surely has a way!"

"Teacher? Teacher has gone completely mad. He's trying to fuse the Immortal Heart with Alice's corpse, attempting to resurrect her this way!"

Mentioning Teda, Aimou only then remembered this fatal intelligence. Soon the Immortal Heart would go out of control, and the scarlet flesh would devour all life within the Great Rift.

"You know? When you possess absolute violence, even a madman will sit down honestly and listen to you."

Bologue was unconcerned with Aimou's worry, as he had long wanted to punch Teda.

Whether it was past grudges or the ambush at the venue where Teda attacked him and Palmer, Bologue intended to repay all in this Time Reversal.

Aimou might have wanted to say something persuasive, but it was more that she didn't want to face Teda, fearing that familiar yet unfamiliar figure.

But this time, the fear vanished in an instant, and Aimou felt it didn't matter anymore, a great sense of fulfillment lingering in her heart, her wish having been promised.

The car rushed through the red light, narrowly missing an unlucky pedestrian.

Bologue had thought about slamming on the brakes, but after a few tries, he realized the brakes were completely broken.

Aimou was laughing endlessly beside him, as if she were at an amusement park, happily riding a roller coaster.

"This reminds me of the world after death," Aimou chuckled.

"Already thinking about the afterlife? You're too pessimistic."

Bologue forced himself to divert some attention and chatted with Aimou.

"No, I remembered what you mentioned before about what Palmer said about the afterlife."

Aimou recalled Bologue's words at that time, watching the fleeting scenery in front of her eyes.

"In the world after death, everyone would sit in a car, playing their favorite music, and amidst the songs, we'd have delightful conversations. The car would never break, the fuel tank never run dry, driving on endless roads.

Always on the road, that's quite romantic."

Bologue was about to comment on Palmer's afterlife world, but at that moment, a black hood appeared between Bologue and Aimou.

Palmer launched into his standard stand-up routine, "First of all, thank you for acknowledging me. Secondly, thank you for remembering to include me while you're flirting, which makes me, the outsider, feel quite involved."

Palmer took a deep breath and nearly shouted in a furious way at Bologue.

"Could you guys care about the pursuers behind us!"

With Palmer's trash talk barrage, now there was nothing in their eyes except this damned black hood.

"We're going to be caught up!"

Palmer's screams echoed endlessly inside the car.

Chapter 434: Interception

Bologue's attention was entirely on driving and communicating with Aimou, completely oblivious to Palmer's actions. However, judging from the extremely furious expressions of Kronin and Gold, Palmer's foul language must have had a strong mental impact on them.

Before Bologue could deal with the pursuers behind, the car emitted a muffled sound, and the body tilted slightly to one side, causing the speed to drop suddenly.

"No way!"

Bologue complained loudly, angrily pounding the steering wheel.

Bad things kept happening one after another, and thinking of this, Bologue turned his head to glare at Palmer, who looked unconcerned.

Forget it, Bologue was already used to such unlucky developments.

Just as Bologue was about to pull over and desperately give it his all, Aimou pushed open the passenger door and leaned out to inspect the car.

"What are you doing?" Bologue asked in confusion.

Aimou turned her head to look at Bologue with a confident smile and said, "I can fix the car!"

"What!"

"Car repair! From changing headlights to engine maintenance, I can do it all!"

Bologue was completely stunned, but recalling Aimou's fighting techniques, it seemed quite normal for her to know car repairs too.

"How do you do it?"

The swarm of snakes crawled towards the interior of the car. Thanks to the meticulous training in Secret Energy, as long as the damage wasn't too severe, Bologue could immediately replace parts.

Aimou reached out, and under the glow of Canyin, her arm merged into Bologue's body, and the swarm of snakes' perception transmitted back to Aimou's mind.

She felt herself rushing between the mechanical crevices, searching for the damaged corner amidst the searing heat.

No words were needed; Bologue understood Aimou's intention. The swarm of snakes solidified and shaped, as the broken metal support was re-erected and reinforced.

Bologue was like a diligent sailor, steering a ship riddled with holes, trying to patch them up while finding a way to escape the storm's chase.

"You drive now!"

Bologue gripped the door frame tightly and flipped up onto the roof, while Palmer seized the opportunity to leap into the driver's seat, taking over the steering wheel from Bologue.

A green light trail spread, and Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid was released like tentacles from Bologue's body, gripping the car roof firmly and allowing Bologue to stand stably on the vehicle.

In front of Bologue, two Prayer Believers sped rapidly, approaching swiftly. Despite the engine's roar, it was momentarily impossible to shake them off.

But as long as they held out a bit longer, their speed was being exchanged for a large consumption of Ether. They couldn't sustain it for long, and just by holding on, Bologue could shake them off.

However, if just one of their attacks hit the car, it would easily be smashed to pieces, intercepting Bologue.

The silver-white swarm of snakes spread out in the gale, the ends solidifying into sharp tail blades. With Bologue's swing, it transformed into a Whip Blade slicing through the howling wind, slashing towards the two.

Gold suddenly halted, then thick roots broke through the ground, blocking the Whip Blade, continuing to extend outward, reaching for the car.

The car's speed and the time needed for Gold's Secret Energy release reached a delicate balance. Whenever Gold summoned the giant wood, the car had already escaped his attack range, but just a slight delay would result in being hit by the giant wood.

"Need my help?"

Aimou poked her head out, asking Bologue.

"Not yet!" Bologue responded loudly.

Now Bologue could clearly feel, even with Palmer's Wind Source support, the car's damage was gradually dragging down the pace.

The swarm of snakes touched the ground, and the Summoning Hand then commanded the earth, causing the solid road to collapse into countless Long Halberds, like a forest of spikes, trying to intercept Gold.

But before Gold could pass through, branches sprouted from the Long Halberds. As a Secret Energy of the Sect of Illusion Creation, the Giant Wood Garden itself required the earth as its foundation. Bologue's every summon of the rocks would be easily neutralized by Gold.

Just as Bologue was thinking of the next move, a strong Ether reaction arose from underground.

Bologue shouted, "Palmer!"

"Don't rush me!"

Palmer jerked the steering wheel, winds gathered on the car roof, pressing the vehicle firmly to the ground to prevent it from losing control and overturning.

The tires carved blackened paths on the ground, and Palmer steered the car in a nearly impossible maneuver, charging towards another junction.

The ground trembled, massive roots with thrashing branches erupted, completely shattering the ground where the car had just been. Had they been one second slower, the car would have collided with the giant wood, turning into a burning fireball.

"I always said I should become a racecar driver!"

Palmer dreamed of his childhood aspiration, suddenly filled with enthusiasm. He slapped the radio, and after a brief crackling of static, a familiar broadcast started.

"Hello, listeners! I am Dudel, your faithful friend, streaming twice a day. Welcome to our channel!"

There was enough absurdity today. Bologue, seated atop the car, wasn't the least bit surprised when he heard Dudel's voice.

"Urgently interrupting with news, currently unknown chaos is occurring around the Great Rift. According to surrounding citizens' calls, this appears to be a robbery incident, a notorious hooded criminal is firing at crowds. Citizens, please move away quickly, protect your safety; the sheriff is on the way."

"Robbery? What a foolish criminal! The bank's not even open at this hour!"

Palmer laughed at the broadcast news and then pounded the radio, trying to switch channels.

Aimou hesitated for a moment, correcting Palmer, "Um... he seems to be talking about us."

"Huh? Is that so?" Palmer glanced at the rearview mirror, reflecting a masked bandit, "Damn it, I forgot about that."

Palmer had grown accustomed to using anything on hand to conceal his face, whether it was black stockings or delivery paper bags.

"So, does that mean we're also wanted? The sheriff is after us?" Palmer asked Aimou.

Aimou seemed a bit at a loss, wondering why this guy wasn't the least bit anxious about being wanted, instead getting a bit excited.

"Get ready!"

Palmer said something cryptic to Aimou before smashing the windshield with a punch, letting a rush of wind sweep in.

Bologue felt the car beneath him jolt, encased in the pressure of the wind as he found it hard to catch his breath.

"How's the situation over there?"

A familiar voice sounded in his mind; it was Lebius.

"Already picked up Aimou, we're being chased by two Prayer Believers, currently heading towards the Great Rift." Bologue responded, pressing the whistle.

"According to Aimou, she can't sustain the Fantasy Species' Time Reversal anymore, meaning this is the last Time Reversal!"

The voice in his mind fell silent for a few seconds and then replied, "I understand, keep in touch, reinforcements are on the way."

Reinforcements?

Will there really be reinforcements in such a scenario? If there were reinforcements, where were they in previous Time Reversals?

Bologue didn't question too much; he trusted Lebius just as Lebius trusted him.

He extended a Silver Hand into the car, opening a suitcase in the back seat and grabbed a handful of weapons.

This was originally support alchemy armament for the tenth squad, the Hunter of Many Nations, who had recently clashed with the Corrupt Sect in the Narrow Countries.

No one expected that while battles broke out in the Narrow Countries, within the Great Rift, the Order Bureau faced Immortal Heart's loss of control, making these alchemy armaments highly utilizable.

This was the alchemy weapon Lebius brought from the warehouse. Since Bologue was only a First Stage Condenser and had limited Ether storage, these alchemy armaments were basically disposable.

Bologue casually toyed with an alchemy grenade in his hand, pulled the pin, waited a few seconds, and then threw it toward Gold.

Gold paid no heed to what Bologue threw, the sprawling giant wood easily swallowed it into darkness, but in an instant, a massive Ether reaction erupted from within the giant wood.

The loud explosion reverberated through the streets, shattering windows along the way, and the wave of impact even pushed the car forward.

As for the entwined giant wood, it fragmented upon the explosion, but this wasn't the most lethal. The daunting part was the raging fire scattered around.

Unlike usual flames, the fire triggered by the alchemy grenade stuck tightly to the surface of matter, even if it burned through it, it lingered for a while before extinguishing entirely.

The giant wood and roots blazed with fierce flames, like rampant fire snakes. Turning her head, Aimou, as an alchemist, instantly recognized the burning material.

Aimou murmured, "Red Mercury..."

Red Mercury, or rather Red Mercury, is an alchemical product transformed from mercury, possessing immense combustibility. It's perfectly suited for dealing with endlessly proliferating flesh.

In the explosive flames, before Bologue could relish it, a familiar figure intercepted them as the wall on the street side burst.

"I've got you!"

Kronin circled around to catch up with Bologue. The Ether impact swept through, the roaring Ether effortlessly lifted vehicles, demolishing the street along the way.

Chapter 435: Battle

As the rising giant trees disrupted the path of the cars, Kronin parted ways with Gold. Near the site of the Great Rift, Kronin finally stopped the vehicle.

The fierce ether shock overturned the vehicle, making this teetering steel creation finally succumb to the pressure, shattering into countless fragments during the roll.

Flames surged from under the hood, with billowing black smoke rising incessantly, exploded into a fireball upon hitting the street corner.

After the initial hit, Kronin did not stop, releasing the ether shock again. The wind pressure dispersed the black smoke and extinguished the flames.

Jagged and charred wreckage lay exposed before him, but in that wreckage, Kronin did not find the body he wished to see.

In the periphery of his vision, a silver-white flash rose. Before Kronin could defend, whip blades broke through the ground, striking towards Kronin. Yet before they hit, roots emerged from the ground like wooden walls, blocking the strike for Kronin.

A gust of wind roared to life, with Palmer standing on the rooftop holding a briefcase. When Kronin looked toward Palmer, Palmer maintained the motion of throwing his arms. Simultaneously, around him, barely perceptible bands of light appeared in the air.

Kronin could only hear the piercing sound hidden in the wind, and in the next second, a fierce killing intent surged forth, prompting him to instinctively dodge sideways. Subsequently, a tiny scratch appeared on his cheek, as if cut by the wind.

This wasn't the wind; Kronin fixated on those blurred trajectories, vaguely seeing the swirling flying knives.

Under the Secret Energy-Wind Source's lift and high-speed rotation, the flying knives merged into the air like invisible blades, yet they were merely invisible blades.

The belated Gold unleashed Secret Energy, with branches swinging wildly like arms in all directions, colliding with the flying knives, the clattering sound reverberating non-stop.

Palmer knew this move would be no threat to the Prayer Believers, so he followed with a massive wind pressure. Though this wouldn't harm the two, even a slight impact was enough; he was never the primary attacker in battle.

The instance the wind pressure arrived, a strong ether reaction rose from the burning wreckage, followed by a silhouette tearing through metal restraints, lunging at Kronin.

Gold loudly warned, "Watch out!"

Kronin's pupils shrunk as an ethereal barrier covered his body's surface, followed by the heavy sheep horn hammer slamming into him.

With a muffled sound, Kronin felt his body sink as the ground beneath him caved a bit. The terrifying force struck the ethereal barrier, spreading tiny cracks across the shield.

Two figures locked in a stalemate, and then Kronin saw the attacker's face clearly.

At the moment of eye contact, Kronin's mind went momentarily blank, confused about what he was actually facing.

Bologue wore a sinister mask, which began to slowly move, the seams of stitching slightly curving up, as if smiling at Kronin.

The eerie fog rushed forth, and within that fog Kronin heard the deep breaths of a monster, cold and ruthless green eyes flashing, as if Death God was examining his soul.

Bologue raised the sheep horn hammer again, striking heavily towards Kronin's head.

The brutal killing intent snapped Kronin back to reality, but it was too late. He now had no space to dodge, with only the falling iron hammer left in sight.

The ground beneath started to shake, roots rising and entwining around Kronin's waist, forcefully dragging him back.

Gold, observing the battlefield, rescued Kronin at this crucial moment.

"Stay alert! Kronin!"

Gold shouted as the Face of Horror took effect, he too was affected by the terrifying aura.

Kronin did not respond; his earlier anger vanished under the permeating fear. Kronin realized he wasn't facing a simple opponent. Even at a tier lower, there existed the potential for a counterkill.

Everyone, before becoming a Condenser, was taught this knowledge. Sometimes tiers don't determine everything; given the right timing and means, even a Prayer Believer of High Tier could fall to a Low Tier.

Regrettably, Kronin realized this too late.

The whistling wind approached, swirling flying knives swiftly cut through, severing the branches pulling at Kronin.

Kronin tried to adjust his stance, firmly landing on the ground. In front of him, Bologue charged forward, but this time Bologue's attack was again obstructed by Gold. Twisted thorns spread across the ground, entwining Bologue, slowing his advance.

Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid moved over the surface, gradually covering Bologue with sharp scale armor. Even a slight shift caused the sharp scales to effortlessly slice open the thorns.

It was only a matter of time before Bologue broke free, but this short moment was enough for Kronin, as he prepared to react. Suddenly, another strong ether shock hit him.

The roaring tide lifted the dust on the ground. In the chaotic view, a shadow enlarged rapidly, with her skillfully accelerating, leaping, and delivering a heavy elbow strike.

Kronin's just-stabilized steps were disrupted again. Aimou collided into him like a cannonball. Even with the protection of the ethereal barrier, under Bologue's intense strike, the barrier was filled with cracks.

Drawing two daggers, Kronin maintained his composure, realizing although he's intercepted Bologue, he was losing ground in the battle.

Upon Aimou getting close, she too flickered with an ethereal barrier, throwing consecutive straight punches at Kronin. As Kronin was about to retaliate, Aimou abruptly withdrew.

This was merely a feint; Aimou intended to delay. Now her goal was achieved as the knight in armor broke free from the thorns, swinging a heavy great sword toward Kronin.

Bologue's speed was rapid. For this strike, he poured all his strength and ether, stretching sword light several meters long, hitting Kronin like a raging thunder.

At the point of contact, the ethereal barrier shattered with a roar. Kronin crossed his daggers over his chest, attempting to block the strike, a piercing friction sound arose, accompanied by dazzling sparks. Kronin was knocked backwards, crashing through walls into the ruins.

"Scored one!"

Palmer, on the rooftop, cheered. Despite the joy, he felt a twinge of fear, surprised that in the dispute with Prayer Believers, they could actually gain the upper hand.

"Technically, I can handle one Prayer Believer, and together with Aimou, we can somewhat manage one, right?"

Recalling Bologue's peculiar calculations in his mind. "Look at this; we're in balance!"

After temporarily repelling Kronin, Bologue did not pause, smashing the ground, raising earthen walls to cover his figure. Gold refused to relent, the rampant branches instantly destroyed the cover, and then the heavy-armored Bologue leapt high, striking towards Gold.

This was not the first clash between Bologue and Gold. Roots filled with thorns were heading towards Bologue. Bologue didn't evade, relying on his iron armor, striking heavily down.

In an instant, the iron armor exploded like a fragmentation grenade, sharp fragments scattering, easily slicing through many branches. Even Gold had to avoid the sharpness, with roots covering his front, countless fragments embedded within.

Without the armor, Bologue continued forward, his figure agilely leaping between branches, closing in on Gold.

Gold sensed severe danger; he rarely allowed an enemy to get so close.

The ground trembled, with successive shakes. Rampant roots twisted, breaking underground pipes, creating an abundance of roots surrounding Gold, protecting him like a wooden cage.

Bologue swung his sword, cleaving through most of the wooden cage, nearly striking Gold. At this point, countless branches wrapped around Bologue, immobilizing him.

Gold sighed in relief, finally stopping this madman at the last moment. Then Gold noticed something seemed off.

Bologue's blue eyes revealed a golden halo. The light from the halo grew increasingly intense, seemingly an illusion, another visage overlapping with Bologue.

This was no illusion. Aimou disengaged the Shared Chord Body, breaking away from Bologue, leaping forward and swinging a heavy punch, precisely hitting Gold's face, smashing it into a bloody mess.

Chapter 436: Teleportation

Gold was directly hit by Aimou's heavy punch, breaking his nose, with blood smeared all over his face.

After landing his strike, Aimou immediately retreated, merging once again with Bologue. With the power of the Shared Chord Body, Bologue's strength reached its peak, as Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid condensed into a sharp Fist Blade in his hand.

His vision turned crimson as Gold raised his hand, causing the wooden cage around him to writhe, with branches reaching out to Bologue, attempting to intercept his movements.

"Too late!"

Bologue shouted, having already discerned Gold's weakness during the previous time reversals.

The Secret Energy·Giant Wood Garden seemed terrifying, capable of wide-range attacks, but its Secret Energy release came with a certain delay. At a normal distance, this wasn't noticeable, but up close, Bologue exploited this weakness to its fullest.

Faced with Bologue's swift assault, he had no time to defend himself.

The Fist Blade left behind afterimages, pounding against Gold's chest, the sharp blade easily piercing flesh and shattering bones, and this was just the first punch.

Bologue let out low growls, the terror induced by the Face of Horror reaching its peak, as horrifying illusions flickered before Gold's eyes, with Bologue's figure transforming into a Demon God.

Punch after punch, even as the approaching branches pierced through Bologue's body, tearing his flesh, Bologue showed no intention of stopping.

Bologue was undead, and his greatest advantage was the reckless exchange of blood for blood. Seizing this rare opportunity, even if he couldn't kill Gold, Bologue aimed to severely wound him, preventing interference in future actions.

From the ruins on the other side arose a strong Ether reaction as Kronin pushed aside the debris, disregarding his injuries, attacking Bologue.

In their brief clash, Kronin realized that Bologue among these Condensers was no ordinary Condenser, one slight misstep could lead to reversal and death.

In this situation, Gold must not fall. If Gold were killed, Kronin would be placed in an extremely passive position.

Kronin attacked Bologue with full force, evidently forgetting there was another person on the battlefield.

The morning light glistened on the cold blade, its dazzling brilliance stinging Kronin's eyes, as a gust of wind seemed to claw fiercely towards him.

The Ethereal Barrier protected Kronin's body, with the chaotic Flying Knives scraping against the shield, unable to affect Kronin in the slightest.

In Kronin's perception, among these Condensers, the least threatening was the one playing with Flying Knives. Besides provoking their ire with foul insults, he seemed useless. But soon, Palmer proved his capability through action.

A Flying Knife embedded itself in the ground near Kronin. In the rush, he caught a glimpse of the knife, just ready to mock Palmer for missing, when he saw a thread attached to the knife's end, a fuse entwined with it.

And then he saw the Alchemy Grenade falling mid-air, metallic fragments bursting out, with blazing Red Mercury raining down like a fiery storm, spreading across the street.

The explosion's impact and ensuing fire indeed hindered Kronin's movement, and this brief obstruction was enough for Bologue.

Bologue raised his fist, with the Fist Blade extending and transforming into a slender Short Sword.

At that moment, Bologue felt in excellent condition, possibly influenced by Aimou. For some reason, she felt happy even as the Fantasy Species were about to devour her.

No need to overthink it, Bologue aimed to take down the person in front of him.

With both hands gripping the Short Sword, Bologue viciously stabbed down, trying to pierce through Gold's heart.

Gold's body emitted a strong light. Bologue wasn't the only one with Alchemy Armament. Ether coagulated in mid-air, forming Kite Shields, with metal and ether clashing, sparking bursts of flames.

Gold coughed up large amounts of blood, clots nearly choking his throat. He thought Bologue was mad, as Bologue attacked him, the branches whipped Bologue, rendering him a bloody mess.

But Bologue seemed immune to pain, with eyes fixated on Gold, an anger in his gaze as if he wanted to devour him whole.

Gold struggled, pulling out a Dagger from his waist. Bologue thought Gold was going to attack him, but Gold instead reversed to throw the Dagger away.

The Dagger pierced through the gaps in the wooden cage, embedding in the distant ground, with Ether's luminescence flickering on the Dagger's surface.

As Bologue prepared to swing his sword again, to penetrate the Kite Shield's defense, Gold's figure blurred and then vanished.

The Short Sword struck nothing but air, embedding into the wood, as Gold reappeared at the location where the Dagger landed, while in front of Bologue, where Gold originally stood, that thrown Dagger materialized in mid-air.

Gold looked at Bologue with venomous resentment, aware of his own weaknesses, which is why the Alchemy Armament he carried leaned towards defense.

First, the Ethereal Kite Shield that hindered Bologue's attack, and then this Phantom Dagger with space-swapping abilities.

The Phantom Dagger is Gold's most cherished Alchemy Armament. It allows a Condenser to switch places with it, but its flaw is also evident: if used to escape from an enemy, it will fall directly into their hands.

Just like what's happening now, Bologue grabbed the Phantom Dagger, examined this Alchemy Armament, and then looked at Gold. A look of joy appeared on Bologue's face, though masked, and he wasn't sure if Gold could sense it.

Alchemy Armaments capable of spatial teleportation are extremely precious. Bologue didn't expect to obtain one so easily here.

Kronin extricated himself from the sea of fire and leaped to Gold's side. Both were exhausted, bearing wounds of various sizes. No one anticipated that what was supposed to be a smooth operation would turn into such a situation.

They thought they would have a moment's respite, but Bologue had no intention of letting them go. Bologue's style was always relentless, like a violent storm.

Gripping the Phantom Dagger, he injected a large amount of Ether into it. Although Bologue wasn't as knowledgeable about the exact effects of the Phantom Dagger as Gold was, he felt he would eventually become familiar with it.

Bologue suddenly flung the Phantom Dagger out, not aiming at the ground, but directly at Gold, as if he intended to return it to him.

Gold had no intention of catching the Phantom Dagger. He knew very well what Bologue was up to. Thorns danced wildly around him, whipping towards the Phantom Dagger.

He gambled, betting on whether Bologue would risk attacking or feign an attack and return the Phantom Dagger to him.

The two drew closer, and suddenly Bologue pulled on his wrist. The trajectory of the Phantom Dagger halted, and only then did Gold notice a fine thread wrapped around the handle of the dagger.

Bologue had never intended to use the Phantom Dagger; the thread tugged it, slashing in another direction.

Ether surged, the speeding Phantom Dagger disappeared, replaced by Bologue who leaped into the air. Kronin watched helplessly as Bologue breached their defenses and appeared before him.

"Gold!"

Kronin shouted his comrade's name, then raised his hand as if about to strangle Bologue, gripping tightly.

Bologue's movements stalled, and he immediately felt a suffocating pressure. His ether response rapidly declined, no longer obeying his commands, falling from an extraordinary Condenser to a common person.

Landing on the ground, Bologue's assault was forcibly halted. In front of him, Kronin glared angrily, his eyes reddened and blood trickling down his chin.

For Kronin now, using such a move was not easy, but he had no other way to stop Bologue and could only try this.

Ethereal Prohibition.

Under Kronin's gaze, Bologue's Alchemy Matrix was uncontrollably suppressed. However, compared to Yas's strength, Kronin was undoubtedly much weaker.

The feeling of being restrained was unpleasant, but it did not surprise Bologue. As a Prayer Level Condenser from the Origin School, if Kronin could be killed so easily by Bologue, he would have been disappointed.

Kronin thought Bologue would halt his advance and look for another strategy, but Bologue had no intention of stopping and continued charging towards him.

What confused Kronin the most was that even though he had prohibited Bologue's Alchemy Matrix, Ether still shimmered around Bologue.

In his blue eyes, golden halos lit up. Bologue sidestepped to block the incoming branches with his body while, at the same time, Aimou detached from his body and launched another powerful strike.

Reusing the same trick!

Kronin had to maintain focus to barely keep Ethereal Prohibition in effect. Aimou's punch directly disrupted Kronin's offense.

A slight gap appeared in Ethereal Prohibition, and Bologue seized this opportunity to awaken Ether and shatter the shackles.

Gold created countless branches that bloomed beneath the three's feet, and Kronin swung his dagger to counterattack Aimou.

In an instant, a swarm of snakes danced wildly, thin lines connecting Aimou and Bologue. Aimou, like a puppet, was forcibly pulled away by Bologue under the line's control.

Bologue stepped forward, the swarm of snakes twisted into a spear in his hand. He raised it, twisted his waist, and concentrated all his strength into the spear, hurling the searing Thunder.

Kronin saw only a flash of light burst out, and then his chest was struck, pierced. The spear broke through his fragile Ethereal Barrier, advancing all the way, finally pinning Kronin to the street.

As his vision gradually cleared from chaos, Kronin looked at the blood-stained spear, then at Bologue. He still wanted to say something, but Bologue's voice interrupted him.

"This should be our last encounter."

Kronin didn't understand Bologue's meaning. Immediately, the spear shattered, and the swarm of snakes burrowed into Kronin's body, repeatedly biting and entangling until his organs turned into a mass of blood and filth, completely snuffing out his life.

Chapter 437: Observation Tower

The swarm of serpents devoured Kronin's innards and crawled out from the dense wounds on his body, returning to Bologue's hand with heavy traces of blood.

Having dealt with Kronin, Bologue turned to look at Gold. The moment their eyes met, Gold made a decision. One towering tree after another rose, forming a high wall that separated the people.

Aimou retreated, leaning in front of Bologue, and the two merged into one. With the blessing of the Shared Chord Body, Bologue's speed increased rapidly, and with a jump slash, he cut through the obstructing trees.

By the time Bologue broke through the trees, Gold had already turned to flee. He knew well that the difference in tier could no longer turn the battle around, and now avoiding the fight was the best solution.

Gold had barely taken a few steps when a piercing whistle sounded. Flying Knives brushed past Gold, creating bloody wounds one after another on his body.

"Where do you think you're going!"

Palmer arrogantly shouted from the rooftop.

While Palmer intercepted Gold, Bologue also charged forward. Relying on the Arm of Adaptation's grappling hook, Bologue sped through the streets, easily dodging the incoming branches.

At this moment, Bologue couldn't help but marvel at Palmer's peculiarity. Though he seemed to play no role in the battle, he somehow became effective at critical moments.

Gold was overwhelmed by a sense of helplessness; he had never encountered a foe as troublesome as Bologue.

Bologue reached the wall, picked up one Stone Spear after another, and hurled them at Gold with all his might. As a Condenser of the Illusion Creation school, Gold's strong phase couldn't last long. Once his Ether was depleted to a certain extent, Bologue could easily kill him.

The pursuit now reversed. Just as Bologue was about to throw the Phantom Dagger to close the distance between them, a chilling intent to kill descended upon the battlefield.

A bone-chilling coldness washed over Bologue's heart and then dissipated. This killing intent was not directed at him but at Gold.

Gold also sensed the malice and immediately unfolded his Ethereal Kite Shield, but he still couldn't evade the fatal attack.

A dark shadow silently appeared behind Gold. By the time he sensed the killing intent, the attack had already been completed.

A slender, black blade brushed over Gold's body, two figures crossing paths like a dance. The dark wolf landed steadily, while Gold left a bright red trail in the air, falling to the ground like a marionette whose strings had been cut.

Gold lay on the ground, gazing at the sky. A scarlet bloodstain stretched across his neck, with blood gushing out. He raised his hand in a futile attempt to cover the wound, desperately trying to cling to life until his pupils dilated and faded into chaos.

The chase stopped. Bologue looked at the familiar figure and thought it must be the reinforcement Lebius had mentioned.

An ethereal blue glow rose between the armor of the Blade-Biting Wolf, which turned its head as if looking at Bologue.

...

A few minutes earlier.

Lebius stood on the aerial corridor, watching the makeshift Long Bridge being built continuously and the cars advancing rapidly on it.

As with previous times, the two groups acted separately, with Bologue going to find Aimou and Lebius delving into the Great Rift to confront the King's Shield Guard.

Having gathered enough intelligence, both Bologue and Lebius were determined to end everything in this sixth Time Reversal.

For this reason, Lebius was not as impatient as before. He walked and stopped on the aerial corridor, as if looking for a good spot.

Lebius finally stopped at the edge of the wandering crossroads. He gently pressed a whistle and conversed with Yuriel.

"How are things at the Observation Tower?"

"Don't rush! Don't rush!"

Lebius didn't hear Yuriel's voice but another female voice. It had been so long since he'd heard it, Lebius didn't recognize her at first.

After a brief thought, Lebius asked, "Hafsi?"

"Good morning, Lebius. It's been a while, and you sure know how to stir things up."

Hafsi's voice carried the warmth of an old acquaintance. Hearing her voice, Lebius felt much more at ease, knowing that with her present, there shouldn't be any unexpected events.

"Just wait a moment, you've got so many things, we're trying to pile them together."

Inside the Observation Tower, Hafsi was conversing with Lebius while directing others.

Beside Hafsi, many staff members were busy. They wore uniforms of various styles, but each bore a common emblem.

Vortex Gate.

This is the logistics department of the Curved Path, also known externally as the Observation Tower, as for why it is called the Observation Tower...

Blinding light fell from above, and Hafsi moved into the shadows, avoiding the direct glare, looking in the direction from where the light descended.

Slender steel frames were stacked like a nest, covering everyone's heads, with panes of glass set within them, through which one could clearly see the azure sky.

Deep blue hues filled the entire sky, gradually deepening into a profound navy blue, beneath which the blazing sun hung unshielded.

Most of the staff within the Order Bureau believed that it was a completely enclosed environment, with only a few exits communicating with the outside, lacking any so-called "windows."

They could never have imagined such a massive viewing structure atop the Order Bureau, reaching into the clouds.

The pure white Sea of Mist churned between the towering High Towers, cascading slowly forward, appearing as an isolated island amidst the world of pure white and blue.

"Move faster!"

Hafsi urged the others as heavy iron boxes were hauled along tracks and piled at the center of the Observation Tower.

This was a high platform similar to the Courtyard of Curved Path, etched with intricate Alchemy Matrices, which, viewed from above, amazingly matched the departmental emblem of the Vortex Gate.

Accordingly, this platform was also known as the Vortex Gate, though unlike regular gates, this gate was parallel to the ground.

The entire department began to operate, as the Ether concentrations climbed, more Ether condensed into tangible golden droplets, pouring into the crevices and gradually filling the Alchemy Matrix.

The high platform was encircled by massive frames, each bearing a concave mirror to focus light. As couriers piled goods on the platform, these light-concentrating frames began to activate as well.

They adjusted the angles of the light focus, converging numerous beams into one, the searing heat merged with the Ether, saturating every corner of the high platform until the goods were completely covered.

"Preparation complete."

"Begin search for field staff Lebius Lovisa's location."

Light converged, rushing upward, constructing a burning monocular eye within the vast glass mirrors of the Observation Tower. Its gaze effortlessly pierced the Sea of Mist, tearing through the fog of the Great Rift, reaching the location of Lebius.

"Field staff Lebius Lovisa location confirmed."

"Inputting coordinates."

"Commence Curved Path Breakthrough."

One after another, commands were issued, amidst the glaring light, space began to distort, sharp and narrow lines turned curvy, crossing with large arc lines, the light repeatedly flickered and in a split second, extinguished.

The liquid Ether within the Vortex Gate was depleted, and the goods piled on the platform vanished.

Within the Great Rift, Lebius looked up, the violent Ether reaction rose above him, intense fluctuations twisted the surrounding space, and blinding flames continually erupted.

At the peak moment of the Ether's arrival, a twisted black hole appeared out of nowhere, its existence lasted less than a few seconds before collapsing and vanishing.

Leaving behind iron coffins, suspended in mid-air.

The iron coffins lingered for a few seconds, then broke free from constraint, descending towards Lebius, just as they were about to plummet into the dense Sea of Mist within the Great Rift.

A piercing radiance emanated from Lebius's eyes, the Alchemy Matrix spread across his body like luminous tattoos, waves of jarring vibrations expanded.

Ripples swept through the iron coffins, causing them to stir, as if the dead confined inside were about to return to the living world.

Harsh and raspy friction noises continued as the dead awakened, scraping the inside walls of the coffins until they shattered completely.

The iron coffins fragmented into countless pieces, an eerie blue light pursued dark figures, accompanied by howling winds, and in the once-empty aerial corridor, it was suddenly filled with people.

People forged of cold armor.

Lebius glanced at these familiar figures beside him, iron manes gently swayed in the wind, with an ominous blue glow beneath the ferocious wolf heads.

Lebius closed his eyes, the connection was established, and when he reopened them, the pack of wolves kicked up a gust and vanished from Lebius's side, while in the distance, the resounding howls of wolves echoed.

Chapter 438: Stepping into Madness

Lebius wandered through the mist-filled Great Rift, his pace unhurried as the Ethereal Concealment enveloped his body, constantly suppressing his Ether reaction, and even the light in his eyes gradually faded away, leaving only a faint azure hue.

Few knew of Lebius's mastery over Secret Energy, whether the precision of control or the vastness of its impact, it had already reached an astonishing degree.

The pack of wolves gradually moved away from Lebius, yet they remained under his Command, relying on these Domination Objects, Lebius could see countless scenes, using the wolves to weave a web, searching for every prey that mistakenly entered its midst.

Soon, Lebius found it.

Amidst the chaos, a Blade-Biting Wolf was the first to break the Seal, reaching the frenetic battlefield.

Upon seeing the scene before him, Lebius's heart sank. Unlike the fifth Time Reversal he witnessed, the Void Realm of the Alchemy Workshop had now been shattered, Teda had conjured crimson touch tendrils, engaging the King's Shield Guard in battle.

Lebius quickened his pace, the scattered Blade-Biting Wolves also turned direction, advancing towards the Alchemy Workshop.

This time, the King's Shield Guard's attack was much quicker. Lebius was unclear why this was happening, in previous Time Reversals, they had clearly shown no abnormalities.

No time to ponder those matters, the King's Shield Guard had accelerated their actions, and Lebius must catch up with them to prevent the ensuing events.

Lebius still remembered the scene from the fifth Time Reversal, those pale hands tearing apart the crimson flesh.

He was unsure what it was, but judging from the oppressive, maddening intent, it was definitely not something good and must be nipped in the bud ahead of time.

Outside the Alchemy Workshop, following the Shadow King's coordination, the main force gathered here. After several focused attacks, the protection of the Void Realm was easily demolished, even the Silver Knight chose to strike to achieve this goal.

The terrifying Ether reaction surged beneath the silver Armor, each slash of the Silver Knight's sword was exceedingly sharp. Though Teda's Illusion Creation was terrifying, it couldn't withstand the Silver Knight's sword strikes.

Within the shaky structure, Teda's eyes were bloodshot. Given his Tier as a Negative Power User, to perfectly create the power of Calamity was obviously a far-fetched dream.

Yet to fulfill his desire, Teda had fallen into madness. As the King's Shield Guard was about to break through the defenses of the Void Realm, Teda drank the pre-prepared Alchemy Potion.

Though these potions couldn't allow him to surpass Tier limitations, they enabled Teda to gain power far beyond the ordinary, releasing massive amounts of Ether recklessly.

Phantasmal flesh intertwined with real flesh, transforming this area into a hell of flesh.

In an instant, it was as if the Abandoned Land had overlapped with this place, fleshy tendrils of Calamity grew and spread, touch tendrils consumed all swallowable substances.

This was not a realm where ordinary people could live. Even a First Stage Condenser, facing these frantic flesh, would find themselves surrounded by grave threats.

Light as red as blood lingered, from above it appeared as though a crimson thunderstorm had descended within the Great Rift.

Faced with this scene, Hood and Bucker quickened their offensive pace. As Negative Power Users, they were the backbone of this hunt, in the roaring sound waves and resisting forces, the advancing flesh was easily crushed into a rain of blood, pouring down in torrents.

Blood stained the surrounding substances, filling every corner with a crimson hue.

The air churned with a smell of coagulated blood, everyone felt as if they were within a colossal slaughterhouse, an ancient evil god was struggling mightily, crawling out from the forgotten Abyss.

The sturdy touch tendrils were covered with sharp orifices, like serrated blades, each time they struck, they left countless scratches on the surface of rocks, and these orifices would also gulp down the stones.

A Condenser failed to evade in time, and was fiercely struck by a touch tendril, a bloody scratch instantly appeared on his body, parts of his flesh were bitten away, exposing the bare white bones.

Amidst the oppressive wails, he attempted to distance himself, retreating to a safe area, but before he could move, the Condenser's wound bizarrely began to squirm.

Tender flesh buds twisted and grew within blurred flesh, like seeds blooming and bearing fruit, growing into large flesh tumors within moments.

This was the seed left by the touch tendrils striking the Condenser. He decisively swung his blade, attempting to cut off the flesh tumors, but it was already too late.

The flesh tumor burst, and newborn touch tendrils wound around the Condenser's neck, tightening gradually, snapping his neck, yet his figure didn't fall, standing like a living corpse, and the Ether reaction within him persisted.

Seeing this, Hood swiftly formulated a response, roaring furiously, the sound waves shattered the flesh along the path, converging at the Condenser at the end of the path.

His figure was smashed into the gravel, yet seconds later, the sound of rocks scraping rang out, and the dead corpse stood up once more.

The scarlet flesh had corrupted his shell, making him part of this Bloody Land. The Alchemy Matrix served as a nursery, nurturing more flesh.

"Is this also an Illusion Creation?"

Bucker felt a slight pressure, if this was also conjured by Teda, then his imitation of Calamity's power is simply too exquisite.

In the center of the crimson lair, Teda's face was decrepit, yet his body emitted a formidable life force.

The Shadow King had discovered the existence of Time Reversal and, during this Time Reversal, accelerated the attack on the Alchemy Workshop. This decision was wise, as the power of the Order Bureau has yet to descend.

Yet the forceful assault from the Shadow King also pressured Teda into a desperate situation, now Teda was not any different from a madman in a dead-end.

As the Void Realm collapsed, the architecture also showed damage, occasional light pierced the shadows, illuminating Teda's decrepit visage.

At this moment, he appeared like a dying man, his body emaciated, skin like dried-out bark clinging tight to his jagged bones, yet equally fierce life force surged within him.

Slender tendrils coiled around Teda's spine, easily penetrating flesh and connecting with nerves.

In the apocalyptic downfall, the Silver Knight brandished his long sword, like swift Thunder, cleaving through all that stood in his path with ease.

The Illusion Creation suffered an injury, which also impacted Teda himself. He coughed painfully, spewing fresh blood, forming a pool beneath him.

Teda wearily lowered his head, in the blood-red mirror beneath him, he saw a strange face.

That visage was so sinister, terrifying, akin to the Devil's servant, a hateful demon devouring lava, emanating a repulsive madness, with scalding tar flowing through every vein.

For a moment, Teda felt immense terror, but this fear quickly subsided as he recognized the person in the mirror: it was himself.

His muddled gaze was lost for a while, then became more resolute.

"There's nothing worth caring about anymore."

Teda murmured.

He looked ahead at the scarlet Hell he had shaped himself. He felt no repentance, nor did he want to make any excuses, within Teda's heart lay only numbness.

Teda was too sorrowful.

The seed of sorrow was planted the day the Overlord descended, and over time grew and sprouted in the shadow of Teda's heart.

Teda could always see Alice's figure, hear her voice, over time, as if he wandered in two worlds.

His mind gradually descended into collapse, Teda didn't know how to heal his pain, alleviate his sorrow.

Teda couldn't find a way to reconcile with himself.

His mind in a daze, beneath his dilapidated shattered spirit, was left but one mad thought.

Like the folly of a believer.

"I will buy you time."

Teda turned around, softly speaking to the viscous mass of flesh behind him.

Rings of silver-bell-like laughter rang out, this laugh sounded utterly unfitting for the Hellish scenery, yet Teda heard it clearly, like an illusion.

Illusion?

Such a thought flashed through Teda's heart, but he didn't ponder over it much; he had already stopped wanting to think about anything. Now, he's like a walking corpse, with no room for more thoughts.

Teda turned and walked out of the tottering Alchemy Workshop, at this time, the Silver Knight had also broken through the layers of tendrils, about to reach him.

He leisurely took out a pale mask from his bosom, and steadily put it on his face, at this moment he was no longer Teda Yazhede, but a Delusional driven by desire.

Faced with the white Thunder charging forth, the Delusional simply raised his hand, in an instant, illusion and reality converged, Hell shattered the boundary between them, descending here.

Chapter 439: Flesh Hell

Unlike many illusionist Condensers, the path of the Delusional is the purest and most ancient.

Primitive, full of possibilities, unrestricted, reaching straight to the core.

Illusion Creation.

The Delusional uses reality as paper, Ether as ink, freely depicting the frenzied world in his mind, easily shattering the boundary between illusion and reality, allowing fantasy to reach reality.

Before the Silver Knight could get close, piles of white bones stacked up, intertwining like rising gates, with scarlet blood pooling within the bone gates, and then ugly, grotesque figures tore through the bloody membranes, descending upon the world.

Countless Ghouls were illusioned into being, advancing like an army; no matter how sharp the Silver Knight's blade was, it couldn't eradicate them entirely.

The advance was thus slowed by the Ghouls, and the worst part was, these Ghouls were not entirely Illusion Creations.

The Silver Knight could sense this. Each time he slew a Ghoul, a large amount of scarlet tendrils would ooze from the broken flesh, trying to sew the severed limbs together.

If the bodies were shattered severely enough, they would pile together, becoming twisted scarlet tumors, or merge with the ground's fungal blanket.

The Silver Knight tore through the obstacle before him, and through the blood, he saw the Delusional resembling a commander, with scarlet roots extending from his spine, connecting all the way to the fleshy nest behind him.

The Delusional seemed to be under the control of the Immortal Heart, or perhaps he was borrowing its power... but that no longer mattered.

Now, the Silver Knight faced not only the Delusional's Illusion Creations but also the power of the Immortal Heart, under whose undying power, the mad fantasies could destroy anyone.

Resilient flesh slowly sank into the cliffs, rooting deep underground, then expanding, growing; in a series of tremors, the rifts broke one by one, bones slowly constructed amidst the fresh meat, like spider legs fixed upon the cliffs.

The Silver Knight's advance slowed not only him but all actions halted simultaneously, gazing up at the constantly writhing monster.

It struggled mightily, its flesh fully merged with the architecture, and in quaking tremors, it tore the Alchemy Workshop out of the rocks alive.

Like a colossal blood-red wolf spider, its sturdy spider legs crushed buildings on its path, beginning to crawl slowly through the narrow cliffs.

The Ghouls illusioned by the Delusional also broke free of their bonds, spreading in all directions like a scarlet plague.

Teda had disappeared, leaving only the Delusional, ruled by maliciousness.

The giant wolf spider lifted its fleshy nest, casting a great shadow over everyone, blinding every inch of light.

Even the Silver Knight felt a moment of daze, helpless against the massive monster.

Yet soon after, the Silver Knight moved again, becoming as swift as lightning, attempting to sever the spider legs.

The spider legs, like Long Bridges spanning rifts, were still easily severed by the slender steel, the roaring sound waves and repulsive force incessant.

Bucker and Hood cooperated with the Silver Knight, restricting the wolf spider's movement and trying to break into the nest.

The behavior of the monster seemed chaotic and disordered, but the Silver Knight knew very well what it intended to do.

Teda's personal will had nearly vanished; now the Immortal Heart controlled everything, and it most desired to return to its original body.

The wolf spider began advancing towards the depths of the Great Rift.

"Stop it, we must not involve those people!"

The usually silent and calm Silver Knight now seemed somewhat frantic. He wasn't worried about the fusion of the Immortal Heart and the Calamity, as the defense mechanism of the Abandoned Land wouldn't allow such a thing to happen.

What the Silver Knight feared was that if the battlefield shifted to the depths of the Great Rift, touching the control range of the Desperate Outpost, the scales of victory would instantly be tipped.

He knew very well that deep in the Great Rift, within the Abandoned Land, a Defender was stationed there.

The existing power was not incapable of confronting the Defender, but it would expose the King's Shield Guard's power prematurely, greatly impacting the forthcoming plans.

"Quick battle!"

At the command of the Silver Knight, Hood and Bucker, both Negative Power Users, unleashed their firepower, destroying several spider legs in an instant.

But that only slowed its pace; to completely resolve this, they needed to remove the Immortal Heart, which was their original plan.

With their assistance, the wolf spider's defenses were significantly reduced, and most of the crimson tendrils in the air were destroyed, allowing a path for the Silver Knight to proceed.

He advanced towards the gap, slaughtering his way to the Delusional in an instant, and as he got closer, the Delusional's resistance grew more intense.

Flesh wrapped around him, woven like red silk, tightening on the surface, and then layers of rugged Bone Armor emerged.

A white puppet mask hung on his face, resembling a distorted skull.

Faced with this scene, the Silver Knight thought the Delusional would engage in close combat with him, but in the blood-hued nest behind the Delusional, waves of unsettling pulses were released, attempting to shake the Silver Knight's mind.

Along with them came thousands of blood threads, trying to cage the Silver Knight like a net, attempting to seep beneath his Armor, but before they could propagate and multiply, violent Ether shattered the foul blood into fragments.

The Silver Knight first revealed his own Ether intensity, his restrained power overflowing, exuding a terrifying aura.

He pushed forward again, when suddenly an anomaly appeared.

While the King's Shield Guard focused on resisting the Delusional, dark specters roamed the edge of the battlefield without aim, and after a brief judgment, they chose to launch an attack on the King's Shield Guard.

Just as the Silver Knight feared, the dark specters relied on controlling the battlefield within the Great Rift to perfectly resolve everything.

The King's Shield Guard was held back by the Delusional, making it the perfect timing to strike.

Without any warning, a chilling killing intent descended instantly, and several Condensers focused on defense didn't notice the arrival of the Death God at all, as they fought against the Delusional, the dark figures emerged behind them.

The Blade-Biting Wolves burst out of the shadows, and deadly blades easily pierced their hearts; the blades churned, forcefully pulling to one side, completely ending their lives, their bodies cut into pieces.

Blood splashed on the cold Armor, and with the Blade-Biting Wolves' charge, it was easily shaken off, scattered like a broken rain curtain.

By now, the Silver Knight had keenly sensed the arrival of the Blade-Biting Wolves; logically, he should have detected it earlier, but the Ether Concealment surrounding the Wolves made them like mundane steel, observable only through sight.

"Hold them off!"

The Silver Knight ordered.

Bucker immediately turned to face the oncoming pack of wolves. As a survivor of the secret war, he knew all too well about these cold predators.

"The pack of Lebius..."

He uttered in a suppressed tone, raising his hand, as a powerful repulsive force formed an invisible wall, isolating the wolves outside.

The wolves tried to cross the line, but no matter which path they took, the powerful repulsive force segmented the battlefield, and each impact was pushed back by immense force.

"Let them go!"

Following the Silver Knight's command, Hood ceased fire on the Ghouls, letting them flee in all directions, spreading endless death.

With the appearance of Lebius, the Order Bureau would undoubtedly take notice of this, leaving the Silver Knight with no choice but to stir the situation into more chaos.

The Great Rift was a containment dump for impurities, but just beyond the fog of this dump lay the Oubos.

For the safety of the citizens, the Order Bureau would have to allocate significant resources to deal with these Ghouls, and if even one entered the city, it would cause a dreadful spread, triggering an Extraordinary Disaster.

The Order Bureau would never allow such a thing to happen.

On the edge of the battlefield, a blurry figure was gradually approaching. Wearing a wolf-headed mask, he watched the battlefield with cold eyes, like a silent Death God wandering between illusion and reality.

Chapter 440: Convergence

"What a terrible situation..."

Lebius watched the chaotic battlefield. What troubled him was not the King's Shield Guard, but the massive Wolf Spider adorned with a flesh nest.

Its spider legs crawled like long bridges across the cliffs, moving forward, as wisps of mist swept through the spider legs, stirring the wolf hairs attached.

They weren't wolf hairs but slender crimson shoots, exuding thick blood scent while craving more feast.

In a daze, Lebius heard a woman's laughter; some sinister presence had arrived, separated by only a thin membrane from this world. Just a little force and it could breach this boundary.

"Yuriel, where are the others?"

Lebius questioned, but the familiar voice did not echo in his mind; replaced instead by chaotic, noisy electrical sounds.

Normal power was disrupted by sinister interference, and fragile reality was tilting toward a mad illusion.

After calling several times without response, Lebius felt his heart sinking, realizing it was the sinister power interfering.

Everything happening now seemed like a grand performance, with those filthy beings sitting in the shadows, laughing incessantly at the happenings on the stage.

Lebius didn't hesitate for long, soon devising his next strategy.

He didn't launch an attack but chose to retreat. This action caught the eyes of the King's Shield Guard; some sighed with relief, as it seemed Lebius didn't want to join this chaotic fight just yet, but others furrowed their brows, believing Lebius wouldn't leave so easily.

The truth was indeed as such.

Lebius stood in a safe zone, flanked by two Blade-Biting Wolves, protecting himself, eyes tightly shut, as chaotic images flooded his vision.

In an instant, Lebius sensed sharp pain in his mind, as though a sharp scalpel had forcibly split his will into countless fragments, each fragment beginning to think independently.

Taking deep breaths to suppress the pain, Lebius also worked hard to adapt to this state, gradually grasping the wolf pack.

Simultaneously controlling so many Blade-Biting Wolves and issuing different commands to them was no easy task for Lebius as an Overlord.

To describe it, it was like drawing a circle with the left hand and a square with the right hand, but the shapes he had to draw this time were much more complex and abundant.

Fortunately, this wasn't difficult for Lebius, though in such a focused state, he found it hard to ensure his own safety.

Usually, Geoffrey would be by his side, but the situation was urgent; Lebius sent Geoffrey a message, uncertain how long he would take to arrive.

Lebius had no time to wait; he could only make such a risky decision.

The wolves hunted the King's Shield Guards under Lebius' command, even though Bucker's Repulsive Force Barrier defended them, the wolf pack still exerted immense pressure.

"He's not retreating but rather seeking a more suitable position to launch his attack!" Bucker well understood this old rival Lebius.

The Blade-Biting Wolves attacked relentlessly, each charge repelled by Secret Energy·Refuse; some crashed into rocks, others were pushed into the Great Rift, yet they returned each time, like undead spirits.

Constant booming echoed as Bucker caught sight of that towering figure; with the Wolf Spider's advance, every step created a tremor.

The intense tremors impacted the Great Rift, making everyone feel as though the apocalypse was upon them.

Within the flesh nest, the Delusional continued weaving his insane fantasies. Beside him, a blurred silhouette was faintly visible, seemingly a woman, lingering around him, savoring his offerings.

"Crimson Queen?"

The Silver Knight noticed this; the disaster triggered by the loss of control of the Immortal Heart destroyed everything in its path, while the endless sacrifices awakened that gluttonous presence.

This was the inferno where mortals struggled, yet paradise where devils indulged.

Dodging the piercing limbs, the Silver Knight steadily landed on a spider leg, and upon contact, rampant tentacles rushed toward him, yet before nearing, they were shattered entirely by explosive Ether.

These scattered attacks were ineffective against the Silver Knight; bracing himself, he raced up the spider leg at full speed. In this battlefield, he was the only one with the potential to threaten the Delusional, the only one who could seize the Immortal Heart.

Grasping the blade tightly, after a cold flash, the sturdy spider leg was effortlessly severed, with its cut surface neat, torrents of blood fell like rain, and the aberrant buds grew crazily unrestrained.

The Silver Knight watched as the spider leg collapsed, standing erect amidst the cliffs. Even after detaching from the main body, it retained its terrible vitality, quickly spawning yet another realm of crimson hell between the rock faces, coating the rift with blood-colored moss.

Regardless of the success or failure of the action today, after this day, the Great Rift would become even more perilous and insane, and the Order Bureau would need to spend considerable effort to handle the battlefield.

The Silver Knight cleaved through all obstacles, boldly confronting the Delusional. As he approached, the vague silhouette lingering by the Delusional dissipated into the air, leaving the Silver Knight with faint echoes of laughter.

"I've never liked her, but I have to admit, she has a lot more chips on the table than we do."

In front of the television, the Tyrant looked at the dissipating figure and commented helplessly.

"It's just because she joined the game earlier... Who could have imagined that the coward who feared death would actually build such a vast Empire?"

Sai Zong didn't have any fondness for the Crimson Queen; to be precise, he didn't have fondness for anyone.

The only reason he could chat amicably with the Tyrant was that, compared to others, the Tyrant was more tolerant of Sai Zong's existence.

"Don't worry, her arrogance won't last long."

The Tyrant sneered, as if he could already foresee the Crimson Queen's bleak future.

Sai Zong asked, puzzled, "What have you seen?"

"Nothing in this world is eternal, even a vast Empire will have its day of collapse, and that day is coming soon."

The Tyrant put on a façade of profundity, like a Divination Master, prophesying that ominous future.

Sai Zong's tone was icy, "I hate it when you speak in such vague terms."

To this, the Tyrant laughed heartily, "You know, language has Magic Power, some things can't be said out loud, they'll be detected by sharp ones."

Sai Zong was silent for a while, seemingly acquiescing to the Tyrant's words, and soon he asked again, "Even so, I don't see any signs of the Empire collapsing, she will not allow such a thing to happen."

The Tyrant looked at Sai Zong with an intriguing gaze, tempting him, "Would you like to make a bet, Sai Zong?"

"No need."

Sai Zong shook his head, he knew very well the Tyrant's character, this guy would never suffer a loss, since he was willing to bet with him, then the Tyrant's prophecy...

"Interesting..." Sai Zong said, "I have a strange premonition, this world is developing in directions I can't see."

"Hasn't the world always been like this?"

The Tyrant said indifferently, "Chaos is eternal, order is just a short-lived miracle."

Sai Zong silently agreed with the Tyrant's words, thinking about this made him feel a little uneasy... and an unstoppable excitement.

"Another great reshuffle is coming, Mammon."

Sai Zong called out the Tyrant's real name, with a voice devoid of any emotion, like cold metal.

"Looking forward to you and me still drinking and enjoying ourselves at the table."

The Tyrant, confident in his demeanor, raised a nearby bottle in salute to Sai Zong.

The image on the television began to blur, then was covered by large swathes of static, the chaos lasted for several seconds before gradually becoming clear again.

The Wolf Spider stubbornly moved forward, numerous disorderly spider legs were broken, it resembled a living cloud, spilling large patches of bloody rain as it advanced.

On the Wolf Spider's body, a terrifying scar emerged amidst the nest of flesh and blood, as if a giant had wielded a Great Sword and cleaved through the obstacles in its path.

For the first time, the noble Silver Knight's body bore mottled bloodstains; in front of him, the Delusional gasped, tiny cracks formed along the edge of the mask, revealing a corner of a decayed face.

The chaotic battle never ceased, in this extremely dire moment, several sporadic figures appeared at the edge of the battlefield, shouting with a touch of despair.

"Wait a minute! Are we actually going to face this ghostly thing?" The unlucky one looked at the massive Wolf Spider and held his head in collapse.

"We're already here... wouldn't you agree?"

The figure beside the unlucky one consoled, but despite his words, he still grabbed hold of the unlucky one to prevent him from fleeing at the last moment.

Aimou ignored the conversation between the two, knowing nothing nutritious would come from their mouths.

She reached the edge of the Cliff, her gaze penetrating layers of obstruction, spotting the figure confronting the Silver Knight, a slightly sorrowful voice echoed.

"Teacher..."