

Endless 441

Chapter 441: Fog Tiger

Bologue found this place easily, without needing Aimou's guidance. The tumultuous roar, like an erupting wildfire, was so palpable that Bologue could distinctly feel its nerve-stinging power.

The further he advanced, the more intense the stinging sensation grew, until it became unbearable, borderline collapsing him.

The blood-colored wolf spiders dominated the entire view, like giants atop a mountain ridge. Bologue was not shocked by the sight before him, as he had already anticipated the outcome of the story.

"Let's go!"

Bologue gestured to Palmer and Aimou.

Golden light flickered, and Bologue and Aimou merged once again.

In the Shared Chord Body state, Bologue felt a peculiar sensation, as if the emptiness within him was filled, no longer cold and vacant, but warm.

Using the hook to swing forward, Palmer was indeed reluctant, but seeing the Blade-Biting Wolf beside him, he gritted his teeth and charged ahead.

Palmer knew very well that if he defected at this critical moment, the Blade-Biting Wolf would undoubtedly fulfill the Battle Commander's duty and give him a slash.

How unlucky! Palmer's mood was without respite, having just been discharged only to plunge into danger again, for a moment he even considered resigning.

"Watch out!"

Bologue's voice came from ahead, and as Palmer heard clearly, a ferocious face rushed towards him.

The gale rose, and Palmer commanded the airflow, altering his trajectory while delivering a heavy punch to the hideous face, sending it plunging into the thick Sea of Mist below.

"What the hell is this!"

Palmer screamed, raising his head to see numerous bizarre creatures on the steep cliff.

They were Ghouls adorned with scarlet flesh, sharp claws piercing into the rock, accompanied by eerie whispers, crawling and searching for fresh blood.

The Great Rift was a Land of Chaos, a garbage bin for the Order Bureau to contain debris; most living here were demons lurking in shadows, but apart from demons, there were still many ordinary people living here.

For instance, Qiushang Town.

The Ghouls smelled the scent of the living, and without giving Bologue and others a second glance, they rushed madly towards Qiushang Town.

"What do we do!"

Palmer shouted to Bologue, realizing the seriousness, whether to block the Ghouls' assault or assist Lebius with the current situation.

Bologue didn't think much, speeding forward, using the hook to jump onto a steep cliffside before the Ghouls, then hammering the rock fiercely.

Listening to the sound of the collapsing cover, a surge of destructive pleasure flashed through Bologue's heart, something he had wanted to do for a long time.

The azure light track swiftly covered the touched rocks, and under the urging of Ether, Bologue commanded all subordinates to collapse.

Cracks spread and shattered all around, collapsing in an instant into a torrent, drawing the crawling Ghouls into its depths, and with cries of agony, plunged into the Sea of Mist's abyss.

Bologue held back nothing; his control of Secret Energy reached its limit, smashing the touched cliffs like a meteor, dragging these frantic derivatives into the abyss continuously.

However, Bologue's strength alone obviously wasn't enough to reverse the battle. These grotesque monsters fled everywhere, twitching stubbornly even with broken spines, their empty minds filled only with ravenous gluttony.

The Ghouls converged into a stream, flowing towards Qiushang Town like a tide, from a distance resembling a swarm of crimson marching ants.

Lebius also noticed these; he could command the wolf pack, but the current situation was beyond what the wolves could handle.

Deafening gunfire erupted, and the Blade-Biting Wolf guarding Lebius swung its blade, easily slicing through rushing bullets.

Lebius opened his tightly closed eyes slightly, seeing the Condensers roaming in the distance.

In this fierce confrontation, the King's Shield Guard's Condenser approached cautiously. Forewarned of Lebius's strength, he wasn't planning to engage Lebius head-on.

Only firing at Lebius from afar, disrupting his control, causing Lebius considerable agitation.

Multi-line combat had already exhausted Lebius; he now lacked the energy to outwit the Condensers.

Previously, Lebius seldom encountered such situations, usually acting alongside Geoffrey; when he focused on commanding the wolf pack, Geoffrey would use him as bait, waiting in the shadows for assassination targets.

The Blade-Biting Wolf raised its blade around Lebius, like a lifted Round Shield protecting Lebius, accompanied by metallic clashes and sparks flying.

Monster roars echoed persistently, alongside rock collapses, quickly revealing a silhouette emerging from the mist.

The wolf spider approached him, heading deeper into the Great Rift.

On the fleshly nest, the conflict between the Delusional and Silver Knight continued, violent Ether brutishly tearing flesh, yet no matter how many times the flesh was slain, it always healed.

Hood and Bucker contended against Blade-Biting Wolf's assaults on the periphery, while Lebius alone significantly engaged them.

The battlefield shifted with the wolf spider's movement, amid conflicts, Fast noticed Lebius's position and saw the Condensers harassing him.

This was a good opportunity.

Such thoughts flashed in Fast's mind, with the Shadowless Barrier surrounding him, gripping the blade and firearm while exchanging a glance with Hood and others, he sprinted towards Lebius.

Fast didn't expect to kill Lebius, but with Lebius in such a passive situation, perhaps a fierce strike could severely wound him.

Thinking this, Ether's brilliance surged, compaction of air reached its pinnacle, and the Shadowless Barrier shielded Fast.

Lebius noticed Fast's arrival, the Prayer Believers' power differed somewhat from Condensers'.

The Blade-Biting Wolf protecting Lebius suddenly moved, attacking Fast actively, Fast swung his sword, compacted air tried overturning Blade-Biting Wolf, but Lebius, utilizing his keen sense of Ether, commanded Blade-Biting Wolf to easily evade the attack.

The icy blade was close at hand, about to strike but was blocked by the Shadowless Barrier.

Fast gazed in shock at the black blade falling on his head, it was incredibly near, even the scratches on the blade were strikingly vivid.

But that's all it was.

The concentrated Shadowless Barrier thwarted the attack, a result Lebius had anticipated.

Now Lebius was constrained by the battlefield; if it were a previous Time Reversal, Fast would've died upon nearing him.

Indeed, one individual's strength remains insufficient to sway the tide.

Lebius thought this, yet had no intention of giving up, sensing Bologue's Ether reaction and hearing the continuous sounds of collapse.

Bologue's group tried halting the Ghouls' escape while continuously nearing the colossal wolf spider...

Cold gunfire interrupted Lebius's thoughts, a shallow blood trail opened along his shoulder, trickling some blood.

From afar, Fast raised the gun and looked at Lebius with teasing eyes.

"How much longer can you hold on?"

Fast felt a bit tense, to him, Lebius had only two choices left: abandon the wolf pack's control to tackle him or allow the attacks for focusing on the main battlefield.

The gun's aim targeted Lebius, as other Condensers disrupted, Blade-Biting Wolf's defense continuously breached; eventually, a bullet would strike Lebius and take his life.

Fast wanted to pull the trigger again, but this time his finger felt frozen, unresponsive.

In his startled gaze, a hint of golden light emerged, visible through the fog, accompanied by terrified growls.

Fast saw a tiger emerge from the mist.

Chapter 442: Found You

Tiger? Appearing within the Great Rift?

This was clearly an impossible occurrence, yet it happened just like that. After a brief panic, Fast broke free from the tumultuous emotions, realizing this was merely a deceitful illusion.

An illusion born out of fear.

Immediately, a bone-chilling intent to kill descended upon Fast's mind, blood seeping from between his teeth. The strange sensation of inertia suppressed Fast, but fortunately, it only lasted for a few seconds.

A few seconds later, Fast forcibly escaped from it. He tried to continue pulling the trigger, but after a gunshot, the bullet was slashed down by a Bone-breaking Knife.

The Tiger walked to stand beside Lebius, its gaze sharp as a torch.

Lebius spoke softly, "I thought you would be faster."

"I've been trying to be fast," Geoffrey showed Lebius his attire, "I didn't even have time to change out of my pajamas."

Hearing Geoffrey's words, it was only then that Lebius noticed the absurdity of Geoffrey's clothing.

He wore white pajamas, his feet in cotton slippers, a gun holster hanging at his waist, a Bone-breaking Knife in hand, and a familiar tiger mask on his face.

The pieces together created a sense of absurdity in their incongruity.

"Rather than asking about what's next, let's solve the current situation first."

After making a joke, Geoffrey's voice turned serious, his gaze like a scorching sun, no one dared to meet his eyes.

His gaze turned to Fast, who was not prepared to meet it; even if he were foolish, he now realized who he was up against.

Geoffrey of the Tiger Eye.

"Retreat!"

Fast shouted to the other Condensers, as long as they were cautious enough, they still had a chance to survive under Lebius's hand, but it was different when facing Geoffrey.

Facing those blazing tiger eyes, everyone was like fish on a chopping board.

Unfortunately, Fast's warning came too late. As he retreated, Geoffrey also raised the gun in his hand.

In the instant their eyes met, Geoffrey broke through the Rectangular Soul Critical of the Condensers, gaining complete control over their bodies.

They stood like towering statues, terror-stricken expressions emerging on their faces, hoarse cries squeezing from their throats, desperately trying to utter their final words.

They could say nothing.

Geoffrey executed several light point shots, explosively decapitating these defenseless foes one by one.

In the end, the Condensers at the First Stage were merely ordinary people wielding Extraordinary Power. Apart from the likes of Bologue as the Undead, the majority of Condensers remained equally vulnerable in the face of firearms.

Heads exploded into fragments scattering like rain, the headless bodies stood rigid for a few seconds before collapsing.

Fast didn't dare look back. He could only quicken his pace, distancing himself from these two fiends, regrouping with Hood and others.

"What's the situation?"

After eliminating potential threats around them, Geoffrey inquired.

"It's terrible. The Immortal Heart has already lost control, a large number of monsters are spreading to the surroundings."

Lebius spoke heavily. Even with Geoffrey's addition, they only held a slight advantage on the front line; those fleeing ghouls still needed to be dealt with.

"Those monsters? That's nothing to worry about," Geoffrey murmured.

"Nothing to worry about what?"

Lebius's tone seemed calm, but his heart had long been tense, with consecutive time reversals straining his nerves.

"I said reinforcements have arrived."

Geoffrey patted Lebius on the shoulder, his voice carrying a hint of ease, "Timeline disturbance, right? The Decision Room mentioned this on my way here."

For Geoffrey, this was just a mission to execute after getting up, but for Lebius, it was a cycle of life and death repeatedly, which was always exhausting.

"Look at the time, Lebius, you did very well, you held on until we arrived."

Lebius was slightly distracted, and upon hearing this, his gaze involuntarily fell on his watch, seeing the hand reach the expected position.

In the hidden station of Qiushang Town, the subway silently stopped by the platform, all doors uniformly opened, yet the passengers behind them had long departed and vanished.

The residents curiously observed those who were setting up barricades on the street, though they claimed to be sheriffs, each carried a face unfamiliar to the town of Qiushang.

Weapons hung from their bodies, a murderous aura lingered among them, forming a human wall that blocked every intersection.

Some residents opened their windows and saw, in the distant Great Rift, flashes of crimson thunder.

The people were accustomed to this, but for some reason, many residents felt inexplicable unease today, as the winter chill became fiercer.

"Faster, we cannot let any get away."

Within the mist, a man's urging voice echoed.

No matter what Qiushang Town's residents thought, they could not imagine the town was only a hair's breadth away from disaster.

The subway of the Deep Nest Courtyard was running overloaded, during the time Lebius sought, deploying a large force over, many were not Condensers but controlling weapons was enough, those derivatives of flesh were not much of a threat apart from being hard to kill.

At the position connecting Qiushang Town with the Great Rift, grey-white figures flickered among them, in groups, as the officer in the lead swung the military saber, all proliferating flesh near were crushed to powder.

Blood gushed down, soaking the solid soil, stepping on it felt as if treading on moist soft minced meat.

The soil possessed strong activity, followed by another figure stepping forward, the flamethrower unleashed a long fire tongue, sweeping away obstacles along the path.

"Violence Suppression Action Group has arrived at the Great Rift."

Yas's voice sounded within the Heart Core Net, disrupted by unknown forces, distortion tinged it, yet regardless, hearing his voice now, one couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

Lebius felt somewhat dazed, then understood what it was all about.

In previous times of time reversal, reset nodes were too early, not waiting for the Order Bureau to act, everything would return to square one.

But now it's different, Bologue persuaded Aimou to return to the team, Lebius himself stalled the King's Shield Guard, allowing the Order Bureau's forces to descend.

The spread of the Ghouls was under control, so only one thing remained to be done now.

"Contain the Immortal Heart, kill all those King's Shield Guards."

Coldly, Lebius ordered.

In the next moment, the scarlet wolf spider burst through the obstructing corridor, appearing before Lebius, its target was not Lebius, only Lebius was standing in its way.

Within the Abandoned Land, the Desperate Outpost was filled with wailing, instrument readings were soaring, since they settled here, it was the first time encountering such a situation.

The activity of Calamity was continuously rising, as if about to come alive truly, these matters were unknown to Lebius and others battling, now even handling the current situation felt thorny, let alone the affairs within the Abandoned Land.

Geoffrey's breath involuntarily caught, anyone facing such a colossal creature would feel some tension.

Canyin lights flickered in the eye, Ether gathered, erupted, transforming into countless invisible chains.

The descending spider feet were forcibly stilled by Geoffrey, yet evidently, Geoffrey could not sustain for long, bloodshot eyes.

The brief stagnation was not long, but for Lebius it was enough, a dark phantasm swept by, under the interweaving of several blades, forcibly severed another spider foot.

The wolf spider lost more than half its limbs, its massive body inclined to one side, collapsed heavily against the cliff, triggering successive earthquakes.

Lebius breathed a sigh of relief, after expending such great effort, finally managed to halt the wolf spider's steps.

In the distance, several ether reactions rose, seeing Bologue still racing along the cliff, destroying structures along the way, causing boulders to fall repeatedly, crushing the wolf spider.

Bologue looked quite delighted; he always had a strong destructive urge, now fully released.

Yet before Bologue could rejoice, he sensed an enveloping murderous intent, saw a silver-white figure being knocked out from the meat nest, the Silver Knight slammed into the side of the cliff.

From the bleeding Deep Nest, a broken body crawled out, wearing a damaged mask, his gaze frantically fixed on Bologue.

Or rather... Aimou.

"Found you!"

The Delusional uttered a joyous voice, the fallen wolf spider struggled again, but this time instead of moving toward the Abandoned Land, it swung its tendril at Bologue.

Chapter 443: Once Again

With the appearance of Bologue and Aimou, the Wolf Spider seemed attracted to a more valuable target, thus changing its course.

This made Lebius breathe a sigh of relief; the situation didn't seem so bad after all, but Bologue and his group didn't think so at all.

"What the hell is that?! Why is it coming this way?!"

Palmer kept screaming. In theory, he had just woken up, and facing such a complex situation right after waking was a harsh penalty for someone with such little brain power.

Bologue was also stunned for a few seconds, but when he saw clearly the tattered mask, and the mad eyes beneath it, a vague sadness rose in Bologue's heart.

Perhaps it was Bologue who was sad, or maybe it was Aimou, but the two emotions mixed together, making it hard even for Bologue to tell them apart.

"Has it really come to this?"

Bologue muttered, shaking his head, his gaze slightly dim.

The target of the Delusional was himself, the Aimou hidden beneath him, and that extremely precious Philosopher's Stone in the Constant Motion Core, wrapped in layers.

Roaring explosions continued, as spilled blood scattered into a scarlet mist, swallowing the sky and the earth.

"Keep moving, lead it to the uninhabited area!"

Lebi's voice echoed in his mind, instructing Bologue, "We need to keep the battlefield under control and in a safe zone."

Bologue understood what Lebius meant, tensing his nerves, and cautiously keeping a safe distance from the Wolf Spider, neither too close nor too far.

"Has Teda gone completely insane?" Palmer cursed.

"What do you think?" Bologue said, "The facts are right before your eyes, aren't they?"

Throwing out a grappling hook, Bologue moved with the agility of a flying swallow avoiding rain. From the moment he faced the Delusional, Aimou had remained silent and speechless.

Aimou said nothing, but Bologue could feel the emotions growing from his heart, like wild weeds, impossible to completely suppress.

They filled the heart, stretching out the skin, growing out of the mouth and nose, with sticky, fresh blood.

"Want to say something? Don't suppress yourself," Bologue said softly.

"I... I'm just a bit sad."

After a while, Aimou's voice finally came through.

"It's not your fault."

Bologue wanted to say something comforting, but when the words left his mouth, they seemed extremely powerless. Bologue was never someone skilled at comforting others.

Everyone has their own reasons, nobody is wrong, yet it created the current situation.

Bologue said again, "We have to do this."

"I understand... just do what you need to."

Aimou's words carried determination, but Bologue understood she was only pretending to be strong. He could sense her emotions, the immense sorrow lingering in his heart, even affecting Bologue, bringing a trace of hesitation and compassion towards that scarlet figure.

"We can separate," Bologue said, "if you don't want to face this."

Aimou remained silent for a while, then said, "I've come this far, I have to face it all, don't I?"

This time, Bologue believed Aimou had made up her mind. He was somewhat happy that Aimou had taken that step, but also somewhat sad about the father-daughter enmity narrative, even if Teda never saw it that way—they were supposed to be father and daughter.

The struggling forward Wolf Spider, like a collapsing meat wall, Bucker had tried using Secret Energy to repel it, but it was so massive that the Secret Energy's range couldn't encompass the Wolf Spider, merely carving out a huge bloody hole that would then swallow Bucker whole.

The Blade-Biting Wolves followed the Wolf Spider, occasionally swinging blades to sever frenzied limbs. The attacks of the wolves were lethal but mere scratches to the Wolf Spider.

Its size was too massive, and it possessed powerful regenerative abilities, making conventional attacks difficult to affect it.

Palmer rode the wind, throwing Red Mercury Grenades at the sprawling mass of flesh and blood. The blazing firelight spread wantonly, dealing significant damage to the flesh creatures, but they didn't have enough of these weapons to influence the course of the battle.

Bologue looked at the maniacal figure in the bloody nest, knowing full well that to resolve it all, he had to kill the Delusional and retrieve the Immortal Heart.

"Leader..."

Bologue was about to discuss the next move with Lebius, but he was interrupted by a roaring explosion.

Below the Great Rift, smoke and dust billowed; dark shadows mixed with Canyin's light swept the dust away with roaring sound waves. As the dust settled, four figures stood confronting each other.

Bucker frowned, looking deeply at Lebius and Geoffrey, never expecting to encounter the wolf-tiger duo again after so many years.

"We can't let them disrupt the operation."

Bucker said softly to Hood. The two abandoned their attack on the Wolf Spider, turning to intercept Lebius and Geoffrey, leaving the critical battle to the Silver Knight behind them.

"The situation is really ever-changing..."

Hood sighed wearily. He thought the power of the King's Shield Guards was strong enough, but with all these setbacks, everything seemed to return to square one, with the situation worsening over time.

The Blade-Biting Wolves charged at the two, Bucker raised his hand, refusing anyone's approach. The wolves' attack stopped in place, with Geoffrey stepping forward, Canyin's gaze fixed on Bucker.

"Don't make eye contact with him!" Hood warned.

"I know!"

Bucker responded loudly, having fought the wolf-tiger duo before, clearly aware of their strength.

From a distance, Bologue watched the battle below. It was clearly impossible to seek Lebius's assistance; the two were held back by the King's Shield Guards.

Ether ripples flickered in the air; at other times, Bologue wouldn't notice these subtle changes, but now he was in a Shared Chord Body state, with Aimou's Perception of Ether transferred to him.

With a light sidestep in mid-air, an invisible force seemed to hit the rock wall behind Bologue, causing bursts of loud noise.

Following the Ether reaction, Fast launched an offensive against Bologue.

Now everyone was engaged in battle, and Fast couldn't remain idle. However, due to his Prayer Believer Tier, he couldn't join the fight against Lebius or cooperate with the Silver Knight in hunting the Delusional... he couldn't even get near the bloody nest.

Thus, Fast focused on Bologue; although a Condenser could not play a pivotal role in the battle, he intended to eliminate these nuisances.

Seeing that approaching figure, Bologue's eyes revealed a strange joy.

"I remember you!"

Bologue pulled out a shotgun, firing at Fast. The scorching stream of fire crossed the battlefield, but before it could hit Fast, it was easily deflected by the Shadowless Barrier.

"What?"

Fast didn't understand Bologue's words. Palmer didn't quite get it either.

"You brat!" Palmer shouted. If it weren't for their long-term partnership, he would have pointed his gun at Bologue's head. "How do you know people from the King's Shield Guards?"

Bologue couldn't be bothered to deal with Palmer's madness. The scorching flow of fire outlined the contours of the Shadowless Barrier, stacking around Fast to protect him securely.

"I not only remember you..."

Bologue said, as the distance between him and Fast grew closer. Bologue could clearly sense the air around him solidifying, like hardening cement, trying to smother him within.

Uttering words as cold as ice, from Bologue's mouth came the formation of slender Dual Blades from Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid in his hands.

"I've also killed you."

Bologue said words that others didn't understand, his blue eyes emotionlessly gazing at Fast as if looking at a corpse.

To fight a Prayer Believer one tier above him, others might feel pressured or panicked, but not Bologue. During the previous Time Reversal, he had already fought Fast.

Not only that, Bologue had personally killed Fast once. If he could kill Fast once, he could kill him a second time, a third time, countless times.

The scarlet Wolf Spider swung its limbs clumsily towards Bologue. Against this scarlet backdrop, Bologue swung his Dual Blades, drawing out trails of blazing white light.

Chapter 444: Iron-Cutting Steel

Fast heard the sharp noise that tore through the air, then the sharp blade light suddenly appeared before his eyes. By the time he came to his senses, the Shadowless Barrier had already been slashed into countless cracks, with the Ether interweaving, bursting into dazzling sparks.

Bologue's onslaught was like a violent storm, as if he were the Prayer Believer of the hunt, and Fast was the Condenser waiting to be slaughtered. Their roles reversed in an instant of confrontation.

Fast couldn't understand where Bologue's confidence came from. He tried to strangle Bologue; the solidified air compressed Bologue's body, causing it to emit bursts of wails, but it still couldn't stop Bologue's movements.

If the body was bound, the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid still had extremely strong extensibility. They flowed like water through the gaps, transforming into spinning blades repeatedly cutting the enemy in front.

If it were just a counterattack, Fast could still withstand it. But the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid adhered to the Shadowless Barrier, continuously extending, blocking Fast's vision.

The vision plunged into darkness, making Fast panic for a moment. Then the boiling fear erupted in his heart.

The Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid dispersed, revealing the ghostly figure standing before him, blue pupils like burning ghost flames reflecting Fast's tormented soul.

The Face of Horror struck Fast's thoughts heavily. Bologue liked this Contract Object very much. After using it for so long, Bologue realized that the true function of the Face of Horror was not to instill fear in the opponent but to interrupt the opponent's Secret Energy by relying on the opponent's fleeting daze during fear.

Bologue broke free of his restraints and swung a downward blow at Fast. At this moment, Fast had already regained his senses. He raised his hand, and the solidified air gathered in front of him, forcibly blocking the blow. But then the Ether's onslaught transmitted, causing Fast to plummet downward.

His body slammed against the rock wall, and the overgrown flesh and blood, as if it smelled prey, became active, reaching out tendrils toward Fast. The blood-red seaweed swayed, and in the blink of an eye, it wrapped Fast layer by layer.

The Ether was restless, the spreading Shadowless Barrier crushed the flesh and blood. Thanks to the power of the Secret Energy, Fast kept a safe distance from these flesh and blood.

He looked up, and the shadow attacked again. Bologue gave him no chance to breathe, like a vengeful wild dog, determined to bite Fast dead before stopping.

The sharp long blade fell again, no different than before, and Fast blocked it again.

"Didn't learn your lesson!"

Fast mocked loudly. Bologue, like a powerless rage, all his slashes were easily blocked. Aside from consuming his power, Fast couldn't see the point of what Bologue was doing.

But then he saw that something appeared in Bologue's hand—a fuse.

The Silver Hand grasped a Red Mercury Grenade, firmly pressing it against the Shadowless Barrier. Bologue looked at Fast indifferently, layers of armor stacked together, protecting his body. In the next second, a deafening roar erupted.

The grenade exploded, and the expanding Red Mercury stirred a fiery storm in midair. Bologue and Fast had no room to evade, engulfed the moment it detonated.

In the searing firelight, two silhouettes could vaguely be seen. The explosive blaze vanished instantly, like dissipating fireworks.

Bologue freed himself from the armor, thrusting the long blade into the rock wall, hanging himself steadily on it.

He looked a bit of a mess. Even with prior defenses, the explosion of Red Mercury had scorched Bologue's body. But with the blessing of the Undying Body, such injuries had no effect.

But it was different for Fast. After the flames scattered, his body front was burned, chest bloody and mangled, face smeared with filthy blood.

One eye barely opened, the other completely fused with the charred skin.

Just as Bologue thought, the Shadowless Barrier could block physical attacks but couldn't isolate high temperatures. Fast blocked the blast impact, but the ensuing heat wave still dealt him a heavy blow, nearly taking his life.

Fast breathed painfully as if there were a hole in his throat. His breathing sounded like the rasp of a ghostly specter.

Bologue seemed to have fully grasped the nature of his Secret Energy. This both frightened and astonished Fast, especially since they had just sparred face-to-face.

The Shadowless Barrier stacked in front, Air Bullets fired continuously. Now Fast no longer wanted to compete with Bologue; he just wanted to escape the place quickly.

A string of setbacks shattered Fast's inner resolve. He even felt that the action was wrong from the start, destined for failure.

The bulky figure landed on a precarious platform. Fast's vision was tainted with filthy blood, stained with scarlet hues all around.

As he prepared to move, a slight pain came from his ankle, followed by a thin Flying Knife stained with blood swiping past.

Fast couldn't understand what was happening, and then his body collapsed uncontrollably.

Palmer raised his hand to catch the returning Flying Knife. The earlier battle avoidance vanished from his eyes. He was like a skilled assassin, severing Fast's Achilles tendon at this critical moment.

The platform began to tremble, the crimson fungal carpet sniffed the living aroma, rapidly spreading here. Fast struggled to rise, with the Shadowless Barrier trying to repel the flesh and blood, but one after another, Iron Spears descended from the sky.

Chapter 445: Iron-Cutting Steel_2

Their target was not Fast, but the broken platform. The Iron Spear pierced through the hard rock, causing the platform to lose support and tilt entirely.

Fast's body slid uncontrollably toward the Sea of Mist. He swung his blade to anchor himself in place, but at that moment, more flesh spread over, attempting to consume him completely.

Bologue merely watched from afar. He held absolute control, gripping the Iron Spear while poised to deliver a fatal blow to Fast at any moment.

Fast also understood Bologue's intentions as he struggled to sustain the defense of the Shadowless Barrier, resisting the encroaching flesh.

In this mortal combat, deep sonic waves emanated, but it wasn't Hood's Secret Energy; the sonic surge came from the Wolf Spider.

While Bologue and Fast battled, it had already smashed the narrow cliff, forcibly squeezing its body into the rift.

The spider-leg pillars swung at Bologue like a heaven-splitting great sword. Bologue followed the grappling hook, his body pressed against the rock wall. Even though he dodged the swing, the wind pressure from the movement made it difficult for Bologue to breathe.

Below him, Fast wasn't faring any better. The collapsing rocks crashed down, burying Fast in an instant, with crimson sprouts rolling through the crevices. If Fast's Shadowless Barrier failed, only death awaited him.

Of course, that wasn't Bologue's concern.

Claps of thunder resounded, but Bologue knew they were not true thunder, rather sonic booms produced when the Silver Knight broke the sound barrier.

His speed was terrifyingly fast, each strike lethally precise. Even the Delusional could only edge towards defeat under the Silver Knight's assault.

Bologue looked at the silver-white figure, now clearly understanding one thing: his opponent was no ordinary Negative Power User.

The silver-white armor was stained with scarlet blood. He held the sword with one hand, gazing at the battle-worn Delusional, no longer concealing the high-pitched Ether, releasing it completely.

Everyone felt that unnerving wave, momentarily shaken.

It was power beyond that of a Negative Power User, originating from the Fourth Stage, the Defensive War Chariot.

Lebius suddenly raised his head, staring at that silver-white figure. He was not shocked by his opponent's Tier, having vaguely guessed during their clashes. His true shock lay in the familiarity of this Ether response.

He needed almost no thought to confirm the opponent's identity.

"Third Seat..."

After the Fall of the Holy City, the nations experienced a false peace, beneath which constant conflicts lurked in the shadows, most terrifyingly the secret war seven years ago between the King's Secret Sword and the Order Bureau.

In that shadowy war, the struggle between two giants nearly shattered the binds of oaths, dragging the flames of war into the mortal realm's present condition.

The secret war ultimately ended with the Order Bureau's difficult victory. Thereafter, the Order Bureau gained control over Oubos, while the King's Secret Sword was expelled from the city, losing even their Overlord Xilin.

In truth, Overlord Xilin was merely one of the many powers they lost; the official records state that the Third Seat of the King's Secret Sword also died in the secret war.

The Third Seat was Overlord Xilin's most loyal subordinate. Upon learning Overlord Xilin was slain within the Cultivation Room, he summoned his forces, launching wave after wave of ferocious assaults against the Order Bureau.

Judging from the records of the time, the Third Seat did not seem intent on winning the war, rather to reclaim Overlord Xilin's body, seeking revenge and venting anger.

Ultimately, the Third Seat met the same fate as Overlord Xilin, assassinated by the Seventh Group in a battle within the Great Rift.

These opponents with seats were hard for Lebius to forget, especially since he had once fought the Third Seat. Yet now, the Third Seat, who should have been dead, had been revived, his power openly manifesting as he served the Shadow King.

Lebius could not help but connect this to some affairs.

"Geoffrey..."

Looking at his colleague beside him, Geoffrey knew what Lebius was thinking, but now was not the time to discuss these things. "We'll talk after solving these affairs."

Canyin's eyes fixed on the frenzied battlefield; Geoffrey too sensed those unnerving possibilities.

Lebius said no more, directing the Blade-Biting Wolf to accelerate and close in as a pitch-black phantom.

Now the Delusional had been severely wounded by the Silver Knight, significantly weakening the Wolf Spider's combat power. Its aggression was not as intense as before, yet it was still driven by an unrelievable hunger.

The flesh lost the form binding it, spreading out like a collapsing water balloon, crimson flesh weaving webs in its wake.

From the beginning to the end, the Silver Knight displayed no peculiar Secret Energy, relying solely on the frightening strength of his Ether, along with his armor and blade.

The Delusional guarded the nest fiercely. His body had become assimilated with the frenzied flesh. Even if the Silver Knight cut off his arm, it would regenerate in mere seconds.

A fracture appeared on the bone-like puppet mask, revealing the decayed face beneath. His eyes, filled fully with scarlet, tugged his lips upwards, exposing a set of sharp, fine teeth.

The Silver Knight could see the lady standing behind the Delusional, her untraceable visage sending the sensation of being watched.

Chapter 446: Iron-Cutting Steel_3

"That's why I really hate the Devil..."

The Silver Knight murmured. Like many others, he hated the Devil, but beneath that absolute hatred, he also felt a sense of helplessness.

When you are in dire straits, only the Devil will extend a helping hand to you. It was like this in the past, and it will be in the future as well.

No matter how much you hate them, you will eventually kiss the back of their hands...

The Silver Knight raised his long sword, holding it upright before him. The bright sword body reflected the icy helmet, and beneath the armor, those burning, scorching eyes.

Despite the intensity of the battles fought, the sword remained pristine. Its smooth blade bore no scratches, the edges sharp and neat, without even a notch, as if it were freshly forged from a craftsman's hands.

This was the Silver Knight's most beloved companion sword, one of the few items he carried with him after leaving the King's Secret Sword.

If it weren't known in advance, few would realize such an unadorned blade would be an Alchemy Armament, a Secret Sword.

The Silver Knight strode towards the Delusional, swirling his sword in a cascade of floral patterns, infusing it with Ether, its terrifying force billowing outward.

"Don't block the way."

He said softly, then swung his sword towards the Delusional.

Illusory fantasies descended, layers of shield walls appeared out of nowhere, trying to impede the Silver Knight's strike. But similar to earlier confrontations, no defense could stop the Silver Knight.

The defensive lines were instantly breached. The Silver Knight no longer withheld his power, releasing the Defender's might further, with Ether fiercely overflowing and gaining a certain material form, erupting like fireworks through the gaps in his armor.

The blade approached in an instant. Just as it was about to strike the Delusional again, the Blade-Biting Wolf pierced through layers of obstructions, arriving with countless sharp blades.

Lebius didn't think he could assassinate the Silver Knight, but he wanted to confirm something.

Dense blades scraped against each other, emitting a piercing, buzzing noise, like the screams of a thousand birds. The Silver Knight's forward swing halted, wrist twisting, using his waist and abdomen with force.

The blade slashed across the Delusional's chest, breaking flesh and shattering countless bones. The sword light broke free from the flesh but did not stop, aligning in a complete crescent moon, slicing towards the Blade-Biting Wolf behind him.

Metal collided with metal. Then the blade forcibly tore through the Blade-Biting Wolf's weaponry, breaking through all metallic resistance, thrusting the edge into the very body of the Blade-Biting Wolf.

The Silver Knight sensed a hesitation at his wrist, but this sensation was only temporary. In the next second, the resistance vanished, and along with the faint glow from the sword, the sweeping crescent moon completely enveloped the Blade-Biting Wolf.

After a brief delay, the ghostly blue glow within the Blade-Biting Wolf dissipated. Then the steel body, as if lifeless, shattered into scattered metal debris, leaving only a rough humanoid skeletal frame kneeling in place, quickly snapping with a fatal sword mark severing the spine.

"So it really is you? The Third Seat."

Lebius' eyes grew heavy. Since the secret war ended... no, since the beginning of the battle, this was Lebius's first loss of a Blade-Biting Wolf.

Entirely constructed from alchemical alloy, the Blade-Biting Wolf had excellent Ether conductivity and was incredibly durable, but before the fully-powered Silver Knight, it couldn't withstand even a single strike.

This outcome was due not only to the Silver Knight's strength but also to the Secret Sword in his hand.

The Iron-Cutting Sword.

In the Order Bureau's records, it's noted that this weapon underwent a Triple Transformation, reaching "Yellowing" as an Alchemy Armament. Its Alchemy Matrix effect wasn't complex or deceitful, being purely of the Commanding School, its effect commanding all contacted materials to "dismantle."

This is an Iron-Cutting Sword, reducing all armament it touches to dust upon contact.

"Be careful, never let him get close!"

Lebius's voice echoed over the Heart Core Net, reaching Bologue on the other side of the battlefield, leaving him deeply shocked.

As time went on, this timeline disorder event grew more insane, involving not only the Defender's power but also being a continuation of the secret war from seven years ago.

Bologue felt a moment of disorientation, imagining himself on ice, with a vast black shadow slowly drifting beneath the thin frost.

The Silver Knight contemptuously glanced at the conflicts behind him. From beginning to end, these matters never caught his eye, as his goal was only the Immortal Heart.

Lebius attempted to interfere with the Silver Knight, but Hood and Bucker had already closed in again. These Negative Power Users weren't particularly aggressive, but due to the unique nature of their Secret Energy, even with Geoffrey's cooperation, Lebius found no quick way to defeat them.

Faced alone, Lebius had already killed Hood once, but this time the unyielding Bucker was there. As long as Bucker focused on defense, few could break through his line.

"Bologue! Stop him!"

Lebius ordered Bologue. With the intense skirmishes, the King's Shield Guard had suffered heavy casualties. If Hood and Bucker intercepted him and Geoffrey, no one would be left to handle Bologue.

Fast lay buried in rubble and flesh, even if not dead, lacked combat capability. At this desperate moment, Bologue and his men became an unexpected force.

Yet this force faced the Silver Knight and his Iron-Cutting Sword.

Bologue said nothing, responding to Lebius with action. He pulled the trigger, a storm of fire descending, engulfing both the Delusional and the Silver Knight into a sea of fire.

"For heaven's sake! Are experts always this dedicated!" Palmer continued his complaints, as always.

"I just think it's a good opportunity."

Bologue watched the figures within the flames, Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid forming dense Iron Armor over him.

"What opportunity?"

Facing Palmer's question, Bologue remained silent for a few seconds. He could feel Aimou's restless emotions, suppressed yet sorrowful.

Bologue pondered, then half-jokingly replied, "An opportunity for the Newcomer of the Year award?"

Palmer looked at him like he was insane. Bologue simply laughed, saying, "If we win this, the award is surely mine, right?"

Bologue dreamed of such a future.

"Then we'd truly be the ace duo!"

Chapter 447: The Devils' Conspiracy

For a long time, Palmer always regarded the so-called trump card combination as a joke to lighten up the mood occasionally, but seeing Bologue actually eager to give it a try, Palmer was truly worried.

There was no time to stop Bologue now. This guy has always been quicker in action than in words. By the time Bologue mentioned that unfunny joke, he had already leapt into the air, hurling the Iron Spear towards the Silver Knight.

Facing a Defender with the body of a Condenser seemed utterly nonsensical, but for Bologue, it was worth a gamble.

This is the advantage of the Undead: even when confronting the Death God, Bologue can calmly engage in a duel with confidence.

After the endless rain of fire, the Iron Spear crashed towards the Silver Knight, yet the Silver Knight hardly glanced at it, relying on the Ether surrounding his body to effortlessly deflect the Iron Spear.

"Is it really like this?"

Bologue muttered to himself, he had been watching the Silver Knight's power all along. This guy's Ether intensity is terrifyingly high, easily crushing even flesh that grows abundantly, let alone dealing with regular throwing attacks.

Luckily, Bologue's offense bought the Delusional some time, though brief, it was enough for him to weave his fantasies.

Injuries began to heal on his body, layers of white bone overlapping, then blazing fires ignited from thin air, engulfing the Silver Knight.

The scales of the battle were constantly shifting. If the Delusional died, the Silver Knight's purpose would succeed. Similarly, if the Silver Knight was defeated, with the existing power, no one could stop the Delusional.

Bologue was striving to control the direction of the battle, which for him as a berserker, was not an easy task, let alone the sad heart hidden beneath that broken mask.

Bologue wanted to help Aimou escape from her inner cage; she must make a decision here with Teda, and Teda must not die before the decision is made.

One cannot get answers from the mouth of the dead. If Teda dies, Aimou will never know the deeply buried secrets.

Bologue commanded, "Palmer, assist me from afar!"

"Exactly what I wanted!"

Palmer threw out the hook line, and his descending figure quickly came to a halt.

Unlike Bologue, who was indifferent about life and death, Palmer was just a poor soul traversing between fortune and misfortune.

Palmer never expected good luck but was rather terrified of his misfortune. Facing a Defender was already a bad omen, and Palmer didn't want to pin his life on unpredictable luck.

Ether roared ahead, and the Silver Knight, gripping the Secret Sword, remained unaffected by the sea of fire, calmly emerged, like an unstoppable Death God.

Palmer picked up a firearm, pulled the trigger, and dense bullets splashed layers of blood flowers on the fungal carpet, landing on the Silver Knight, sparking fiercely.

To the Defender, hot weapons were obviously ineffective, but Palmer still bit open a fuse, hurling grenades toward the Silver Knight. Carried by the whirlwinds, the grenades shot forth like cannons, crashing down in an instant, exploding into a blinding ocean of fire.

Red Mercury had strong combustibility, quickly burning through flesh and leaving hideous scars on the ground. But when it hit the Silver Knight's Armor, it only lingered briefly before being repelled by the Ether.

"Do we really have a chance to win?" Palmer doubted.

"Yes, although the hope is slim...I suspect the opponent is just a Domination Object."

Lebius's voice echoed in his mind. Even amidst fierce combat with the opponent, he managed to free up some mind to converse with a few others.

"The Secret Energy of the Third Seat is far more terrifying than what's shown now. If he unleashed the Secret Energy, the battle would've ended already. Yet, he's only been relying on pure Ether to fight all this time, along with the Secret Sword in his hand."

"He's not here; this Armor is merely a Domination Object similar to the Blade-Biting Wolf."

Palmer exclaimed in shock, then his voice turned into a scream as Palmer watched Bologue fall into the battleground below.

The Delusional lifted his head, now his vision was engulfed in darkness, and in this endless, deep gloom, the only light came from the front, from within Bologue.

That light was so intense, it made him overlook the presence of the Silver Knight, reaching out his hand, as if to grasp Bologue.

The Silver Knight did not care about Bologue's arrival, just a First Stage Condenser. If he wished to come and die, the Silver Knight didn't mind sending him off.

Today's situation had spiraled a bit out of control. The Silver Knight had to end all this before everything completely escaped control and retrieve the Immortal Heart.

The Silver Knight was already very irritated, yet there were still some endless mosquitoes interfering with him.

From the sky came the sharp howl of ripping storms; the cold Iron Spear hit the Silver Knight's back, but upon contact with the Armor, it bounced off and bent, shattering into a pile of iron scraps.

The Silver Knight slowly turned his head; Bologue took a deep breath. Even though he was Undead, facing a Defender's Domination Object still felt overwhelmingly pressuring.

Bologue whispered, "Are you still okay, Aimou?"

Aimou didn't respond, she had been silent since not long ago. But soon Ether filled Bologue's body, and the Alchemy Matrix radiated scorching brilliance. Bologue felt stronger than ever.

Chapter 448: The Devils' Conspiracy_2

Under Aimou's blessing, the only difference between Bologue himself and the Prayer Believers is that his Secret Energy has yet to be ascended. But even if it had, Bologue feels it would be of no use facing the current situation.

"Leader, it's not something that can be glossed over with triple salary anymore."

Bologue muttered, a mad gleam flashing in his eyes.

Flesh spread across the earth; Secret Energy-Summoning Hand cannot command them. For now, the only summonable items Bologue can utilize are the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid, which fortunately can self-proliferate. Bologue thinks that's not bad.

The cold Iron Armor covered his torso, Bologue gripped the Dual Blades, with Ethereal Amplification enhancing his body. He charged like a gale, aiming for the Silver Knight.

The Silver Knight was running out of patience. He gripped the Secret Sword, Ether infusing it. Theoretically, the Iron-Cutting Sword could sever all things with material form, even slicing the rushing gale into a vacuum.

The figures of both continuously diminished, drawing closer. With indifference, the Silver Knight watched Bologue coming to meet his fate. Just as the Secret Sword was about to descend, a deadly Flying Knife came from above.

Palmer's tricks were utterly boring. They might have some effect on others, but for the Silver Knight, he easily repelled it by merely releasing Ether.

Bologue reached there at this moment. He remembered what Lebius had said, the most deadly thing was not the Silver Knight himself but that Triple Transformation Secret Sword in his hand.

But no matter how deadly a blade is, if it can't hit, then it's meaningless.

Bologue's focus was unprecedented. His azure eyes closely observed the trajectory of the Secret Sword. He could see the floating gleam, the texture on the metallic surface, and the traces etched by the Alchemy Matrix...

Excruciating pain erupted from his chest. Bologue gazed as a blood mark was torn across his chest, his Armor and flesh pierced instantly, his heart nearly shattered.

Maintaining a posture of holding the sword with one hand, unlike Bologue's shock, the Silver Knight was somewhat surprised. He thought Bologue couldn't match his speed, but just seconds before the strike was completed, Bologue instinctively dodged, merely having his chest sliced instead of being cleaved in half.

Whatever, both outcomes are the same, just need to swing one more time.

Bologue's body tilted backward, as the Silver Knight twisted his wrist, preparing to bring down the death edge once more.

In an instant, Ether thundered with a high pitch.

Bologue did not fall; on the contrary, he maintained an eerie balance, the shattered Iron Armor not entirely dispersing but instead writhing crazily, transforming into a deceitful mass of snakes that entwined towards the Silver Knight.

The two were so close, close enough for the serpents to swallow the Silver Knight in an instant like a monster's open maw.

Powerful Ether reverberated on the Silver Knight's surface, yet it did not entirely expel the serpents while bitter cold enveloped him.

Frost generated from thin air, freezing his feet, swiftly spreading upwards, sealing half of his body in ice.

The Delusional raised his hand, gazing at this with a fanatical look.

The Silver Knight ignored the Delusional. He simply stared straight at Bologue, the crimson glow in the gaps of his faceplate becoming ever brighter.

Vast Ether was released, relying on pure impact to blast away the frost and serpents, causing Bologue to be pushed back several steps.

Bologue staggered to steady himself, with Aimou's supportive Ether entering his body, speeding up his self-healing. Seeing the composed Silver Knight, Bologue couldn't think of what advantage he had.

But this time, the Silver Knight did not pursue him. He seemed somewhat puzzled, quickly figuring something out, and asked.

"Who are you?"

Today's bizarre occurrences already felt abundant to Bologue, his taut nerves becoming numb and weary, so when the Silver Knight asked his identity, Bologue was not surprised. He merely felt it wasn't a good time to engage in conversation with an enemy.

While retreating, Bologue raised his hand, the serpents crawling forward along his arm, twisting and intertwining with each other, soon solidifying into a frigid entity.

In a flash, massive iron thorn branches erupted, icy thorns rapidly grew forward, piercing and shredding flesh along the way, completely enveloping the Silver Knight, placing him amid the thorny woods.

Behind the Silver Knight, the Delusional also launched an attack once more, amid the three-way conflict, both Bologue and the Delusional simultaneously targeted the Silver Knight because he was the strongest among the three sides.

One by one, metallic arms created through Illusion Creation, gripping the long dreadful blades tightly.

As if a hundred-armed giant fought here, falling chaotic blades smashed like a thunderstorm towards the Silver Knight.

Bologue did not believe it could wound the Silver Knight, he never believed so from the start. All of Bologue's efforts now were merely to delay time. The longer he delayed, the greater their chance of success.

Faced with these heavy blows, the Silver Knight appeared very calm, still maintaining the composure of a strongman, a peculiar scrutiny emanating from beneath the faceplate, fixing on Bologue.

The Silver Knight observed Bologue's figure, the face hidden beneath the mask, the azure eyes reminiscent of ghost flames, and his deceitful Secret Energy, precisely commanding and manipulating matter, shaping them according to his wishes...

Chapter 449: The Devils' Conspiracy_3

All of this was extremely familiar to the Silver Knight, so familiar that he seemed to see another figure upon Bologue.

After many years, that figure dug up the grave of memories and stood before him once again. If not for Bologue's weak Ether strength, the Silver Knight might have mistaken Bologue for him.

This distraction lasted only a few seconds; the Silver Knight knew clearly that Bologue was not him, nor would ever be him.

"Xilin..."

The Silver Knight murmured.

After a moment of hesitation, the Silver Knight tightened his grip on the Secret Sword. As one of the most loyal subordinates of Overlord Xilin, he was among the few in this world who knew the true inside story of that secret war.

Boundless anger rose from the Silver Knight's heart. He glared at the man before him who had usurped the Power of Dominator, and the roaring Ether whipped up a storm.

"So it's you?"

The Silver Knight roared at Bologue, the sharp light of the blade flickered, and the dense iron branches were easily shattered by him, breaking into countless iron shreds.

Bologue was at a loss by the Silver Knight's furious reaction; though they were enemies, it was merely a conflict of standpoints. But in this instant, it was as if a deep-seated feud had been assigned between them.

The Silver Knight's power was fully unleashed; he had always been loyal, executing every command absolutely. But now the surging fury brought a temporary change in thinking—he wanted to destroy Bologue.

The familiar figure vanished from Bologue, replaced by another frenzied presence, extending a hand toward people with bursts of scornful laughter.

Under his promises, even the noble King would kneel respectfully and kiss his hand.

"What's going on!"

Bologue was caught off guard by the violent offense, now he couldn't even think about buying time, self-preservation was the real issue.

The hook embedded in flesh, Bologue, like a kite battered by a storm, dodged the impact, intending to pull back the hook, yet the Silver Knight leaped fiercely to his front and swung sharp sword light.

There's no way to avoid it anymore; a swarm of snakes clustered at his chest, forming a thick round shield. Alas, no matter how thick or hard the shield, facing that Secret Sword, which could cut through anything, was still utterly futile.

"I've always been pondering how exactly to foil your conspiracy."

The Silver Knight spoke words Bologue didn't understand, slashing the round shield along with Bologue's chest, this time releasing full power, giving Bologue no chance to evade.

The blade tore through flesh, cutting bone, relying on the Defender's tier, the Silver Knight even, to some extent, broke through Bologue's own Rectangular Soul Critical, delivering the command of "cut" upon Bologue's flesh.

"I just need to kill you, kill you, and the Devil's conspiracy won't realize!"

The Silver Knight's words were filled with hatred and venom.

Increasingly dense blood marks ruptured on Bologue's surface, his body was "cut," the Defender's power was so domineering, indisputable.

Bologue didn't even have the strength to resist; immediately the Secret Sword drew back, casting blood spray through the air.

Sever the life.

Bologue's heart shattered; spine was severed, eyes lost their shine, body turned cold, plummeting straight down, only the hook in hand still connected to the Wolf Spider.

At this moment, Bologue was like a hanged criminal, suspended below the Wolf Spider, crimson flesh gradually enveloping him, swaying gently in the air.

The Silver Knight slew Bologue, and as Bologue fell, he himself felt somewhat surprised, not expecting everything to go so smoothly, though his tier was far above Bologue.

No... The Silver Knight didn't even expect to encounter Bologue, the fellow caught in the Devil's scheme, usurping the Power of Dominator.

Quickly, the uncontrolled emotions settled down, the Silver Knight knew it wasn't time to ponder these matters, his primary goal still was the Immortal Heart.

Behind came the Delusional's long blade, in his crazy fantasy, thunder, rain, and lightning rang out, dragging the Silver Knight into a maelstrom of chaos.

But none of this could disturb him; he moved resolutely forward, yet couldn't stop thinking about everything that just happened.

The Silver Knight felt a sincere fear, a panic and helplessness in the face of pure unknown.

This was a gamble between humans and devils; they had lost many times, and could he truly win this time?

He should win; he had slain Bologue, under the Iron-Cutting Sword's execution; no life could refuse that rupturing will.

The Silver Knight thought thus, yet the chill within his heart didn't ease at all, instead becoming more intense.

"The devils always win... always win, seemingly no one could defeat them except themselves."

Those were the words Xilin once said to the Silver Knight many years ago.

Crazy fantasizing descended before him, after thunder, rain, and lightning came the frenzied murderous intent, from the power of the Crimson Queen, yet unaffected by the Silver Knight as the Defender.

The Delusional exhausted every means to hinder the Silver Knight, yet he was like a relentlessly approaching wall, crushing every enemy and corpse along the way into foul blood.

The Secret Sword swung repeatedly, slicing through layer upon layer of obstructions until the Silver Knight reached the Delusional again.

Staring at that broken puppet mask, the Silver Knight decided to reclaim the Immortal Heart and then leave this place with the Shadow King, having shattered the Devil's conspiracy, they surely wouldn't let such matter rest.

As for the Delusional's current resistance, he scarcely paid any attention, the Secret Sword mercilessly swung down, severing the Delusional's hands, the long gash along the neck sprayed out large smears of blood, soaking the Silver Knight.

The Delusional clutched his throat and fell; under the influence of the Immortal Heart, he didn't die, but to recover from such injuries required time.

The continual fight with the Silver Knight had exhausted the Delusional; gravely wounded.

The Silver Knight glanced at the fallen Delusional, the Secret Sword fell again, cutting the blood vessel extending from the spine, seemingly severing the connection between the Delusional and the Immortal Heart, now broken, the Delusional vomited more blood, the manic gaze gradually hollowing.

Without another Defender appearing, the Silver Knight with the Secret Sword undergoing Triple Transformation, he was the Sovereign on the battlefield; no one could defy his judgment.

Heading toward the Deep Nest of flesh, the Silver Knight could sense the gradually clear frenzied force, the Immortal Heart hidden amongst, waiting for him to recover.

Yet as the Silver Knight stepped forward, consecutive Iron Spears launched at him, intercepted right before him, forming barrier spikes.

The Silver Knight turned his head, a figure supposed to be dead stood again, staggering, wiping blood on his face, gaze revealing provocation.

Looking at Bologue who revived again, a trace of helplessness and sorrow flashed in the Silver Knight's heart; he whispered.

"The devils have won again."

Chapter 450: Return to the Mortal World

"Undead?"

A deep voice sounded from beneath the armor, the Silver Knight observing Bologue for a long time.

"Pretty much," Bologue moved his body, the feeling of being killed wasn't pleasant, "You don't seem too surprised... a lot of people would be quite shocked."

Every time he revived, one of Bologue's pleasures was to watch his opponents' reactions, to see what expressions they would show to his resurrection.

Unfortunately, Bologue rarely encountered opponents who could kill him, and most of those people reacted with shock to his resurrection, few as calm as the Silver Knight.

Perhaps the Silver Knight had already seen many undead; after all, as a Defender, his combat experience was certainly higher than Bologue's.

Bologue took a deep breath, he had suffered quite a few injuries in the previous battles; if he died a few more times, he would fall into a coma and be unable to do anything.

Taking life as the cost of trial and error was indeed high, but leaning on this, Bologue got a preliminary understanding of the Silver Knight's power.

This was truly a powerful enemy; not to mention killing him, Bologue couldn't harm him even if he used all his skills.

Fortunately, Lebius's instruction for him was just to buy time; once Lebius and Geoffrey's battle ended, the scales of victory would tilt back towards them.

Using life to buy time? It indeed seemed a task only Bologue could achieve.

The Silver Knight spoke leisurely, "What exactly is your purpose? To disrupt the world's progression and seize more souls?"

"If that were the case, wouldn't it be unnecessary to be so troublesome?"

The Silver Knight said things Bologue couldn't understand, and he wasn't bothered to comprehend them. He rarely seriously listened to his enemies' words; he wasn't a Priest, he didn't need to hear their confessions.

Snakes crawled over his body, constructing layers of strong armor. This couldn't stop the Iron-Cutting Sword's attack, but at least it could delay it enough to prevent the blade from rapidly reaching and tearing him apart.

"You seem uninformed," the Silver Knight said to the unresponsive Bologue.

"Informed? I can't even understand what you're saying."

Bologue shook his head. If he could, he'd rather chat with the Silver Knight; after all, talking was better than fighting when it came to buying time.

The Silver Knight fell into silence. He knew destroying the Devil's conspiracy wasn't as easy as he imagined, but regardless, he didn't anticipate Bologue was an undead.

If Bologue continues to grow unchecked, he will eventually become another Overlord Xilin, and an Overlord Xilin who wouldn't die.

The Silver Knight couldn't fathom the next steps; even understanding the layers of conspiracy would require considerable thought, and now wasn't the time to think.

After a brief hesitation, the Silver Knight made a decision. The anticipated battle didn't occur; he completely ignored Bologue and directly turned his head to rush towards the flesh nest.

He moved swiftly, the strong Ethereal Amplification making his steps exceedingly heavy; each step was like a giant stomping on the ground, bringing thunderous sounds while crushing the ground beneath.

The massive Wolf Spider tilted sideways under his stampede, as if a collapsing building.

"Stop him, Palmer!"

Bologue shouted; the situation he least wanted to see appeared, with the Silver Knight completely ignoring him.

The sound of wind whistled from high above; Palmer wasn't on the front lines, but now he felt immense pressure.

"I'm already having trouble distinguishing who's fighting whom!"

Palmer took the remaining Alchemy Grenades from his body, throwing them into the wind all at once, not forgetting to mutter while he tossed.

"Boss! Now I'm somewhat helping you fight! Make some impact!"

Bologue thought that the boss Palmer referred to this time wasn't Lebius, but the lady who took part of Palmer's soul.

The Crimson Queen.

By this calculation, Palmer protecting the Immortal Heart from being snatched by the Silver Knight was, to a certain extent, fighting for the Crimson Queen.

The lady of insatiable hunger seemed to really hear Palmer's call, making a response to it.

The Alchemy Grenades were swept into the wind, exploding after a few seconds of delay. They detonated above the battlefield, releasing fire rain everywhere like a collapsing apocalypse.

Bologue raised a Round Shield, blocking his body as he sprinted and advanced through the fire rain.

The explosions stirred the winds, the air currents squeezed and accelerated within the narrow rift, eventually converging into a tornado crashing through the Great Rift.

The raging fire rain was drawn into it, forming a burning storm that fully engulfed the Wolf Spider, with scorching flames interspersed throughout.

Seeing this, Palmer was a bit dazed. He could indeed enhance his Secret Energy using meteorological phenomena, but he never expected to inadvertently trigger a storm.

The crimson flame storm couldn't destroy the Silver Knight, but it could heavily damage the Wolf Spider. The flesh collapsed in the heat, causing the ground beneath to crumble, hindering the Silver Knight's advance.

In the heat, the Delusional wailed with sadness, the scorching fire devouring his scarce life, followed by a mass of flesh surging towards him, enveloping him layer by layer like a flesh cocoon, resisting the burning.