

Endless 461

Chapter 461: The Blessing of Destiny

It was like a nightmare, a nightmare potent enough to destroy both spirit and body, with thousands of birds wailing and crying, swirling into dark clouds, obscuring all light.

At this moment, Teda awoke from the nightmare, only to realize the nightmare had invaded reality, intertwining with it, transforming into a prelude of despair.

Teda's body trembled as indescribable emotions assaulted his heart. Overwhelmed by emotional turmoil, he found himself unable to think, with only his chest rising and falling as he gulped the nauseating air.

"No... something's not right..."

Teda murmured to himself, lifting his head to find a familiar yet grotesque face close at hand, smiling beautifully yet sinisterly, reaching for his Constant Motion Core.

"Father, will you deny me?"

Alice tempted him, her familiar voice disturbing Teda's mind. The deformed mass of flesh before him vanished, replaced by a figure bathed in dawn's light.

She wore a white dress, her hands tucked behind her, and she smiled at him.

"Father, you're just one step away from your wish."

Alice leaned closer, reaching out with a warm palm, gently caressing Teda's bloodstained face.

"Alice..."

Teda whispered, his will wavering slightly. As he slowly raised his hands, about to offer the Constant Motion Core to Alice, a cold Iron Spear fell, piercing Alice's arm from above.

The familiar face was replaced by blood and worms; the smaller body became a deformed flesh mass, with the outreaching arm pierced by the Iron Spear, sprouting crimson fuzz from the wound.

A piercing shriek shattered the warm words, and blood splattered across Teda's face, seeping into his eyes, twisting his vision into a crimson hell.

Alice lifted her head, only to see Bologue, with astonishing life force, not yet dead atop the Bone Spear, throwing the last of the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid at her.

Bologue felt himself physically dead, yet his resilient spirit resisted death. He remained conscious, vowing to burn the monster before him to ashes with the flames of anger.

But this was merely a delusional fantasy, against the cold harsh reality. Bologue's rage changed nothing.

He hadn't died; only the burning Soul Shards were supporting his will, while the broken body could no longer follow his furious commands.

Alice pulled Bologue from the Bone Spear and tossed him heavily into the corner. Soon, the flesh writhed beneath her, once again enveloping him, binding him aside.

No one could stop Alice now. Her sinister eyes brimmed with hunger and a thirst for souls, reflecting Teda's bewildered face.

"You know what to do."

The broken arm healed anew, and Alice extended a hand, lightly resting upon the Constant Motion Core, her slender fingers slowly curling, amidst sinful thoughts of unbearable joy.

"No..."

Teda suddenly rejected Alice, his voice so soft that even she couldn't hear it clearly. Kneading the Constant Motion Core tightly, his voice grew sterner.

"No, you're not Alice!"

Feeling the cold, sticky blood on his cheeks, Teda awoke from that moment, roaring in despair.

All those beautiful illusions shattered, leaving only the cruel, real picture behind. Teda looked at the creature occupying Alice's body, overwhelmed by grief and rage.

In a flash, the remaining Ether rang loudly, conjuring iron arms out of thin air beside Teda, fists clenched, twisting a cold long blade into their hands.

Illusion Creation.

A cold gleam flashed, shattering Alice's arm along with the bone spear growing from it into flying shards. Countless wounds appeared across the deformed flesh, with no blood seeping from the split wounds, only crimson fuzz dancing over the severed edges.

Alice's will slowed for a second, that pretentious gentle smile still lingering on her face. When pain arrived late, Alice understood what occurred, her visage twisted into a terrifying expression, as her head cracked into eerie petals, a deep roar erupting from her black throat.

"It's all your fault!"

Alice whimpered, extending more slender arms from the flesh mass; they stretched meters long, far beyond any human limb.

The arms waved frantically, tearing away flesh from the ground, grabbing broken bodies, sweeping over lifeless rocks and more, embracing them all and stuffing them into the dark throat, devouring greedily.

While feeding, she lunged at Teda, for in her eyes only the Philosopher's Stone within the Constant Motion Core could now satiate her hunger.

"It's all your fault!"

The twisted voice paused, reverting back to the familiar sound in Teda's memory, accompanied by sobbing echoes, almost as if a young girl was wiping her tears before him.

The sinister, frantic power surged, tempting every sentient existence, yet it no longer affected Teda.

At this moment, Teda finally returned to rationality, seeing through his own mad fantasies.

Before him was not Alice, but merely a monster driven entirely by hunger. It had no individual will, only the instinct of hunger, and all its previous disguises and words were merely evolved means for feeding.

Now it was immensely hungry, demanding the last soul.

The illusory arm swung out sharp arcs of blade light, slicing a rain of blood in mid-air, confronting the swinging arms.

Teda paid no attention to the frontal battle; he just slowly retreated, looking down at the Constant Motion Core in his hand.

"It shouldn't be like this..."

Teda muttered, tearing the fur off the metal shell with both hands, stripping away the frantically growing flesh, even though it polluted his hands, gnawing at them until they bled profusely.

The flesh underfoot began to writhe, blood-covered bone spears erupted from the ground, but before they could harm Teda, they were cleaved by the swinging blade.

"It shouldn't be like this..."

Teda continued his mad whispering, then he looked up at Alice.

He looked terrible, skin clinging tightly to his bones, as if no flesh remained between them, only a layer of human skin draped over white bones.

The skull-like face had deeply sunken eye sockets, like deep, dark caves, where, in the lightless depths, a dazzling bright light began to emerge.

Teda remained silent, for someone on the brink of death, all words were unnecessary; he needed to use his last strength on something worthwhile.

The Ether was restless, stirring an extraordinary storm, and even the pale flesh beneath him began to tremble.

The battles between them had always taken place in the flesh nest on the back of the Wolf Spider. With Alice's awakening, she drained all the life force of the Wolf Spider, the massive corpse spanning the rift in death.

Driven by Teda, the corpse moved once more, causing the earth to quake.

Alice was unclear about what Teda was doing, but his actions undoubtedly triggered Alice's instinctive vigilance, as scarlet fur rose and danced, sharp, fragmented sounds echoing constantly, like countless teeth clashing.

Driven by hunger, sticky saliva overflowed from the throat. Ultimately, Alice was just a product of the Immortal Heart out of control; it wasn't truly Calamity, hence its power had limits.

The more power it released, the hungrier it became, and the more it needed to feed.

"Food... food..."

Alice's voice turned frantic. Amid attacking, it even thrust an arm into its mouth, petals closing, teeth interlocking, crushing its arm into minced flesh, which it swallowed in big gulps.

With every second that passed, it consumed vast amounts of energy. To satisfy its hunger, Alice began to devour itself.

Teda watched all this expressionlessly; in his current state, he couldn't really muster any expression.

The decrepit figure was extremely emaciated, as if only the piling white bones supported it. His steps were unhurried, like a specter weaving through gaps in the attack, his long blade intersecting, slashing large sections of flesh.

No one knew what Teda was thinking at that moment; he seemed to have regained sanity, returned from the brink, yet also appeared plunged into ultimate madness, feeling nothing.

The Ethereal Radiance on his skin, too, after a burst of intense shine, gradually dimmed, flickering on and off.

The Alchemy Matrix had reached its limit, and Teda's Illusion Creations bore many cracks, soon collapsing. Even if the long blade kept swinging, the sharp edges had acquired many notches.

But for Teda, it was enough, because he had arrived at his destination.

Looking at the metal shell bound in scarlet flesh before him, Teda slowly knelt down, embracing it.

The flesh extended, winding around Teda, taking great bites out of his tinder-like body. Teda showed no sign of pain, made no reaction.

He merely stared blankly at the face that had lost consciousness. Now she truly had become a lifeless puppet.

Observing the curve on Aimou's face, with a resemblance to Belli, Teda remembered his treacherous student, a sliver of curve pulling at his numb lips.

"You... shouldn't have come back."

The light in Teda's eyes dimmed, emitting a final softness in his weary pupils, as his blood-stained hand brushed across the hair.

Taking up the Constant Motion Core, Teda stripped the flesh clean from it. Though some crimson remained festering in the gaps, still struggling to grow, it no longer mattered.

Teda gazed at the withered Fantasy Species on the Constant Motion Core. With the Fade Away of Ether, this figment of imagination was heading towards destruction.

"A Fantasy Species, huh?"

As a Condenser of the Illusion Creation school, Teda recognized the Fantasy Species at a glance. Now, with Aimou's "death," the wish of the Fantasy Species should have ended, yet Teda could distinctly feel the Fantasy Species' power still operating, albeit it was nearly depleted.

"The Grace of Fate..."

Teda murmured softly, reaching out to touch the Fantasy Species, listening to its wish.

Chapter 462: Golden Soul

In this realm of supposed despair and madness, Teda felt no fear of death, nor did he taste unbearable sorrow.

Teda was not entirely indifferent; now absolute tranquility filled his mind. It had been a long time since Teda last felt this; his exhausted will found liberation, eternal rest was near, only waiting for him to handle the last affairs.

He firmly embraced the cold shell and whispered intimately to it, speaking words only Teda could comprehend.

"I was genuinely happy when you escaped; you finally left, escaped this destined fate, and began a new life."

Teda controlled the entire Alchemy Workshop. Aimou thought her escape went unnoticed, but every time she left, Teda realized it, yet he still allowed her to go.

"I don't know how to explain my feelings; it's so complex, and I'm too old, having faced too many setbacks. It's hard for me to understand and handle these matters well."

Teda's tone gradually lightened, confessing to the corpse.

"I cannot sever my connection to Alice, nor dare to form a new connection with you, because life is such that when a connection is established, there always comes a moment of rupture.

I've experienced loss once; to avoid losing again, I accepted no one..."

Teda chuckled self-deprecatingly, as Alice waved countless arms like a deformed spider quickly approaching from afar.

"I suppose this is also my way of shirking responsibility, but I am trying to change..."

Teda was silent for a moment, then continued.

"During my time at the Order Bureau, there was a game called black and white chess that was popular within. There is a term in it, called the forced move dilemma.

The general idea is that no matter how you play, the situation only worsens, and yet it is your turn; you have no choice but to make a move."

Teda displayed a numb smile and shook his head.

"One always has to make a change, regardless of whether it is good or bad, right or wrong. When decisions arrive, we must choose a path.

For instance, to continue down this road until self-destruction, thus fulfilling my desire, and ending my own life.

I've always felt that death is fate's last mercy to humanity, that when you can no longer hold on, you can just end it all through death.

This is also how I've been planning, to use death to end my uncontrollable thoughts and pain."

Teda picked up the Constant Motion Core and placed it back into Aimou's broken chest, but it was not enough to awaken Aimou, for when the Constant Motion Core was removed, flesh devoured the internal mechanical structure.

"Yet you returned, using your death to punish me."

A fiery glow rekindled in Teda's eyes, this time with Ether's radiance stronger than ever, as if a blazing sun was embedded within deep sockets.

"I deserve punishment, but not at the cost of your death."

Alice arrived right in front, slender fingers merged into sharp blades, slashing down towards Teda's head, driven by absolute hunger, capable of swallowing even cold rock without hesitation.

The sharp bones could tear through steel, yet they halted inches before Teda, unable to descend.

Alice couldn't comprehend what was happening, clearly Teda should have been exhausted, so how could he still possess the power to resist?

Teda paid no mind to the monster that was so close, only gazing at the cold visage in his arms.

"If you wish to summon a Devil, first you must know his name."

Teda whispered that sinister name, as if uttering a spell.

"Tyrant Mammon."

A grand force descended upon this place, disturbing the workings of the world, stealing brief moments of time, and in an instant, everything stagnated.

In the stagnation, the Sea of Mist boiled, surging upwards like overflowing tides, engulfing the battlefield in the blink of an eye, placing everyone within the mist.

In this dark and blurry world, a sinister and frenzied voice sounded, gently responding.

"Your summons... I heard it."

Teda saw all light fleeing the place, then fell into complete darkness.

In the darkness, one dim light after another illuminated, and a red carpet stretched forth, reaching the end of the darkness where a mountain of Mammon Coins lay, and beneath this endless wealth, a chaotic figure seated behind a desk.

The Tyrant crossed his legs, hands resting on his knees; this time he did not appear through Vika's body but truly, in his own entity, sat before Teda.

This was a domain exclusively for the Tyrant, transcending space and time, harboring endless souls.

"So, what is it that you want, Teda Yazhede?"

The Devil questioned, listening to his wish.

Teda didn't immediately respond but looked at the cold shell in his arms, which had accompanied him into this unusual domain, the Constant Motion Core still within that incomplete chest, with the Fantasy Species emitting a faint glow.

"Resurrect her? That's beyond my capability, even I cannot change what has already happened." The Devil sneered.

"Resurrect? No, she was merely an Alchemy Puppet; she never truly lived, so how could there be death?"

Teda shook his head, unfazed by the Devil's words.

"As for being unable to change what has already happened..." Teda looked at the Fantasy Species entwined around the Constant Motion Core and continued, "None of this has happened yet."

Chapter 463: Golden Soul_2

All that has happened so far remains within the illusory fantasy constructed by the Fantasy Species, yet to connect with reality.

The Fantasy Species is not omnipotent; it merely offers a beautiful possibility to the cold reality, turning hopeless events from zero to one.

Now that the single possibility has appeared, all Teda needs to do is help Aimou grasp that sole opportunity.

"Please fulfill her wish."

Teda pleaded.

The Devil hesitated for a moment, thinking he had misheard, then burst into laughter.

"Wishing for someone else? Such selfless people are indeed rare."

Teda didn't consider himself noble; to him, it was merely atonement.

"No... not enough."

The Devil ruthlessly rejected Teda, mocking his foolishness.

"I've already given you everything!" Teda protested, "Isn't it enough?"

"No, not enough, still not enough," the Devil shook his head, "You don't understand the nature of what you're trading; it's such an exalted soul, what you're offering is far from sufficient."

The Devil never lies; their deals are absolutely equivalent.

"Your soul is worthless to me."

Teda understood the Devil's meaning, laughed self-mockingly; he knew he held no value, yet it still hurt being told so directly by the Devil.

Even sacrificing his soul, Teda couldn't fulfill that tragic wish.

The surrounding darkness retreated; the Devil refused Teda's deal, and the world returned to normalcy with the mist evaporating away.

Alice was right in front of him, the petals filled with sharp teeth, craving a soul's fulfillment; now bound by time's inertia, but soon, with the Devil's departure, it will shatter, and the death Teda longed for will envelope his life.

Yet, in the moment before its collapse, Teda realized, he found the loophole in the rules, escaping cold despair with a joyful face.

"No... you cannot, nor have the right to reject me, Mammon."

Teda called out to the Devil again; this time, the Devil must obey his command.

The power of Illusion Creation surged, but this time it wasn't sketching some meaningless fantasy, but brutally ravaging reality.

The massive remains of the Wolf Spider beneath him began to collapse, and the dead flesh peeled away, revealing the Alchemy Workshop wrapped within layers of flesh, which also began to fall apart.

Bricks mixed with steel were thrown into the Sea of Mist below, like the shore eroded by waves; amidst continual collapse, the Void Realm of the Alchemy Workshop shattered completely, and the hub tower fell from it.

Layer after layer of collapse, sporadic golden lights flashed from the ruins, then increasingly, more Canyin glimmers soared, they were so plentiful, like golden rain sweeping across the Great Rift, all pouring into the Sea of Mist.

These were the Mammon Coins accumulated by Teda over the years; stored in the upper levels of the Alchemy Workshop, they revealed themselves from the shadows amidst its collapse.

It was a stunning sight; in this bleak and bloody Hell, golden raindrops were born through destruction, cascading down, each drop shining with the purest gold, like countless suns illuminating the desolate despair.

"This is a land that can fulfill wishes."

Teda murmured, holding the cold body, as if humming a tender lullaby.

He felt it was a destined moment, within this land of wandering crossroads that fulfill wishes, under the seed of Fantasy Species that creates delusions, in this moment woven by countless intersecting wishes...

No matter what, some wishes will inevitably come true.

This is predetermined.

Alice itself didn't possess wisdom, acting purely on instinct, and now the hunger instinct warned of some terrifying occurrence.

It wanted to flee, but under the constraint of some strange power, even Alice couldn't move.

That power surpassed Calamity, the source of all evil dredged together.

Then Alice heard Teda's morbid muttering.

"Master of the wandering crossroads, great Tyrant Mammon!"

Teda roared.

"I pay tribute to you!"

The golden rainstorm swept in, crossing the many obstacles of the Great Rift, into the Sea of Mist, dyeing the gray clouds a radiant gold, as if flames were fiercely burning within the mist.

"This is a land that can fulfill wishes; even a worthless soul will have its moment to shine."

In a daze, Teda heard the Devil's whisper; soon after, he saw a void-like figure approaching him, smiling as its hand easily pierced through his body, grabbing his heart, and then withdrawing something from it.

"I will take your body, mind, soul, everything, and all."

The Devil promised.

"And then, the world will be as you wish."

The Devil's figure dissipated back into emptiness, and the sky full of Canyin light also faded away in the rolling Sea of Mist.

Teda's body started to turn gray, then vanished into nothingness, like a soulless dead thing, returning to dust.

As he disintegrated, the cold body in Teda's embrace warmed up.

Steel twisted into a new skeleton; Alice screamed mournfully, large chunks of flesh peeled from its body, attaching to the steel bones, restoring the broken mechanical structure, blood vessels extended through gaps, entwining around the Constant Motion Core.

The metallic shell was dug out with several holes, blood injected into them, and moments later, the Constant Motion Core began to throb like a real heart.

The Philosopher's Stone was covered in cracks, completely shattered, yet this time the soul within didn't Fade Away, instead it was bound within this body of steel and flesh, seeping into every inch and corner.

Steel bones, flesh body, mechanical core, human soul... with the wish fulfilled, the Fantasy Species dimmed completely and dissipated.

Teda watched the gradually awakening Aimou, her face no longer cold like a doll's mask, but softening with color, upon closer inspection, even the faint veins beneath her skin were visible.

The cold reality was shattered, and the illusory fantasy turned into reality.

The chest slightly rose and fell, Aimou breathed for the first time, like a newborn, painfully coughing.

Aimou opened her eyes to see the gray-white Teda, somewhat unable to comprehend what had transpired, yet inexplicably asked.

"What am I, to you?"

Her voice was dry, pronunciation inaccurate, then she heard Teda's last call.

"You are Aimou..."

Aimou Yazhede."

Chapter 464: Second Launch

The petrified pale face revealed the last traces of tenderness; Teda had so much to say to Aimou, but now he had no time, he could only lift his constantly crumbling hand, and gently place it on Aimou's cheek.

This time her skin was no longer cold, but had the warmth of a human. Teda showed an awkward smile, with no farewell and no sad emotions.

As the breeze swept by, Teda's body crumbled inch by inch, vanishing into scattered dust.

Teda gave everything of himself, all he had, to the Tyrant.

Aimou could vaguely see the greedy Devil, who opened its hands calling to Teda, taking his soul, obliterating his body, until there was no trace of him left in this world.

Aimou wanted to stop all this, but as soon as she stood up, she fell back down, and then new sensations began to emerge from her body.

It was a familiar yet alien feeling; Aimou had only felt it when in Shared Chord Body with Bologue. From their human perspective, this sensation was called... pain.

Aimou looked at her scraped knee; beneath the abraded skin, faint traces of blood were oozing. She stumbled to her feet, and for a moment Aimou felt the world had grown larger.

She could sense the touch of wind against her body, the coldness in the air, the satisfaction in her chest with each breath, and her eyes could capture more light, a dazzling, colorful world reflected in them.

Aimou had never felt the world to be so vast, vast to the point she was at a loss.

Gray-white dust brushed past her body, leaving white marks on her hands, as if a ghost was giving her one last embrace.

No one explained to Aimou what had happened, but she understood everything perfectly. She realized Teda's sacrifice and sensed her own wishes coming true.

Yet, none of this mattered compared to the voice lingering in her ears. That voice echoed incessantly in her mind.

Aimou Yazhede.

That was how he called her.

This was a land where wishes could be fulfilled, where all desires were met, but Aimou wasn't happy now; her chest hurt in a way she had never felt before.

Her eyes became sore, and large, scorching drops overflowed — at first, Aimou thought her oil was leaking, but then she realized these were tears.

These feelings were so unfamiliar, yet so real, Aimou truly didn't know how to deal with them.

"Aimou... Yazhede."

Aimou whispered her own name, wiped her tears, and raised her head.

A rasping scream came from one side; Alice climbed up again, her head splitting into petals, craving Aimou's blood and flesh.

At that same moment, another voice roared.

"Aimou!"

Bologue forced his way out of the entangling flesh; half his body was entwined with wriggling hairs, his face eroded mostly away, with half a human visage and the other half a bloody skull.

Yet he did not stop. To break free, Bologue twisted his own arm off, with the hairs quickly wrapping around it, gnawing Bologue's flesh and blood to nothing.

But this allowed Bologue to stand fully upright; his expression was fierce like a demon, and then he extended his hand towards Aimou.

Aimou hesitated for a second, and behind her, Alice's grotesque figure suddenly appeared, with sharp bone blades and countless arms raised high.

No words were needed now, only action.

Aimou could sense the fierce killing intent behind her, but it couldn't stop her. She was naked, with the patterns of the Alchemy Matrix clearly reflected on her skin, and the Ether roared and rotated, amplifying the Ethereal Amplification on her body.

But this wasn't enough; the flesh and blood body could bring Aimou a more real sense and make her understand this world better, but ultimately the flesh and blood body was too weak.

So radiant light spread along her feet, searing light passing over, transforming her flesh and blood into cold metal, and she dashed out like a gust of wind, leaped towards Bologue.

The ground trembled, with one slender arm after another rising from it, intercepting between Aimou and Bologue; Aimou's hands transformed into metallic shells, her heavy fists easily smashing these obstructing arms, but this also slowed Aimou down. Alice caught up with her.

The condensed killing intent was like sharp iron needles, pricking Aimou's body, high rising fear spreading in her heart — this was a Forbidden Power from the Devil, not something a personal will could withstand.

In an instant, a roaring wind swept past, swallowing Alice with a howling gale, and myriad sharp blades embedded in the wind repeatedly slicing this grotesque monster.

Severing arms, shattering bone spears, leaving deep and shallow wounds on the crimson skin, and driving up swirling metal fragments, like a Sharp Sword, piercing within.

A familiar figure appeared beside Aimou unknown from where; he was facing away from Aimou, eyes ablaze.

"Keep running!"

Palmer shouted, pushing Aimou along, and immediately slender arms broke through the storm, smashing down towards Palmer.

His figure was as nimble as a flying swallow, deftly evading numerous attacks, with sharp Flying Knives accompanying him, leaving many scars on the arms while dodging.

Palmer's attacks weren't enough to kill Alice, but a short skirmish was all that was needed.

Blood sprayed everywhere, some splattering on Palmer. Subsequently, maggots from the writhing blood bit through Palmer's skin, burrowing into his flesh, consuming it while continually proliferating.

Palmer remained expressionless, completely ignoring the existence of this pain. He wasn't an Undying Body, nor was he like Aimou, able to use the Shared Chord Body to mitigate damage.

The only things that followed Palmer's commands were the omnipresent storm and the "gambler" manipulated by destiny.

"To be honest, I've always thought I've had pretty good luck."

Palmer comforted himself, tossing out a hook rope. Dragged by the wind, he flew high, circling above Alice's head, unleashing a storm mixed with steel feathers.

Having had enough of this pesky little bird Palmer, Alice summoned the forbidden flesh, scarlet fur broke away Palmer's body, spreading like a virus.

Palmer slashed at the fur with a knife, but it kept proliferating, nourished by Palmer's flesh, entangling him like thousands of mosquitoes.

Palmer now regretted helping Aimou. In this madman's battlefield, as a miserable soul, he was just courting death, yet if given another choice, Palmer felt he'd make the same decision.

After all, no matter how inadequate he was, he was still a Clarks. Even Palmer's dad, let alone his fiancée, would be disappointed if Palmer ever acted cowardly.

Luckily, Palmer had achieved his purpose. It's now up to the experts.

"Kill it! Bologue!"

Palmer shouted, crashing into a cliffside, while Aimou below stretched out his hand forcefully, touching the scarred hand.

The gleam of Canyin flickered, Aimou's figure disappeared, replaced by an Evil Spirit breaking free of bindings.

One leg was gnawed clean, the other covered in scars, with one arm missing. The remaining arm drew the sole folding knife from his waist, using it like a cane to support himself, allowing him to stagger forward instead of collapsing.

Bologue seemed like a specter digging out of a tomb, the halo of Canyin appearing in the azure pupils. His steps staggered initially, then stabilized as a large amount of Ether infused his body, reconstructing his bones, reviving flesh upon them, before his skin enveloped it.

When Bologue returned to the battlefield of struggle, he reverted to his powerful stance, clutching a stained folding knife with his bloodied arm, while the newly grown arm drew a Sheep Horn Shock Hammer, surrounded by azure light trails.

Taking a deep breath, the fog of shock spread around Bologue as he savored the extreme terror, feeling a long-lost joy from it.

Now, Bologue was going to return this fear to the monster before him, no matter if it could perceive fear or whether it was willing.

The halo of Canyin churned in Bologue's eyes, swirling into golden whirlpools, the pupil color melting together into regal blue gold.

Bologue spread his arms, crossing the Sword Hammer, speaking to himself first.

"Welcome back, and then..."

Bologue crouched, then suddenly pounced, his roar arriving with the sword's glare.

"Come on! The second half of the counterattack!"

Slender arms raised one after another, grasping at the Bone Spears standing upright on the deformed mass of flesh, snapping them forcefully, transforming them into sharp Bone Blades held in hand.

Alice let out a shrill scream, then swung the Bone Blades, as if a thousand Blades swept across.

The trajectory of the slashes crisscrossed, sealing off all of Bologue's escape routes, yet Bologue moved forward without hesitation, followed by the roar of Ethereal Shock across the battlefield.

The powerful wave mixed with Ether slammed into Alice like a heavy punch, the raised Bone Blade hindered, suspended mid-air in struggle, disturbing the attack trajectory.

This was a piece of Alchemy Armament gifted by Belli to Aimou. As Aimou's Shared Chord Body state released his clothes and equipment, she handed these armaments to Bologue. Luckily, amid flesh consumption, these Alchemy Armaments weren't completely damaged.

Alice's defense was breached, Bologue leapt high, some arms tried to defend, only to be mercilessly sliced apart by Blade, shattered into chunks of flesh and bone fragments.

Bologue glared at the twisted petals, suddenly they contracted together, transforming back into Alice's face calling out longingly to him.

"It's me..."

Alice tried to beguile Bologue, disrupting his mind, twisting his cognition.

"Shut up!"

The Heavy Hammer descended unwaveringly, smashing this repulsive face into fragments and blood stains.

Chapter 465: Iron Fist

Without a moment's hesitation, nor needing any mercy, the hateful head was shattered in its wails, disintegrating into menacing petals, the scarlet tendrils entwining towards Bologue.

The Ether's glow suddenly appeared, a milky white barrier enveloped Bologue, and as it came into contact, electric arcs and sparks erupted on the surface.

One of the three Alchemy Armament gifts from Belli, intended for Aimou to protect herself, now utilized by Bologue in combat.

Bologue thought it made little difference; eliminating threats is a form of self-preservation itself.

In the state of Ether exhaustion, the reborn Aimou became Bologue's backup energy source, enabling Bologue to restart.

The electric arcs and sparks lasted for several seconds before the Ethereal Barrier shattered violently; it wasn't Alice who broke the Ethereal Barrier but Bologue who voluntarily lifted the defense.

He couldn't vent his anger through a barrier.

After continuous chaotic battles and heavy inflictions from the Silver Knight, Alice was far from as powerful as before. In Bologue's perception, its strength should be between the Prayer Believers and the Negative Power Users.

This doesn't mean Alice is easy to deal with; after all, it possesses the Immortal Heart, a force capable of breaking Tier limitations.

But Bologue is no ordinary Condenser.

The folding knife cuts off several petals, the foul-smelling blood splattering, corroding the mundane metal, quickly covering the knife in rust before breaking apart. Before it completely collapsed, Bologue reversed the sharp broken edge and stabbed it into Alice's body.

This wouldn't kill it, but it sufficed to vent anger and inflict pain.

Amid the piercing screeches, arms swung with Bone Blades, but Bologue was quicker. Under the Ethereal Amplification, the cumbersome Sheep Horn Shock Hammer became incredibly light, and with the roaring shock bellowing, the Bone Blade shattered, and the arm broke with a sound.

Similarly, the Sheep Horn Shock Hammer in Bologue's hand was corroded into powder.

Alice's soul-devouring nature perfectly countered Bologue's Secret Energy-Summoning Hand. Bologue needed a medium to initiate the Secret Energy, but it devoured all media, leaving only Bologue himself.

More Bone Blades unfolded like interlocking fangs, ready to slaughter and consume Bologue, yet he wasn't afraid. Instead, he advanced once more, preparing for hand-to-hand combat relying on his fists.

Evidently, this was suicidal; even if Bologue's fists were strong, he would be slain by the Bone Blades before crushing Alice.

Alice thought so too, but then something appeared in its sight.

A flash of dazzling golden light.

The chaotic oncoming Bone Blades slashed down in unison, yet just as they were about to penetrate Bologue's body, they froze mid-air, unable to advance.

At the edge of the massive battlefield of pale flesh and blood, Geoffrey removed his blood-stained nightwear, one hand resting on his forehead, the golden eyes staring at Alice, restraining its actions.

"You're too slow!"

Bologue roared, throwing relentless heavy punches, crushing the disgustingly horrifying petals into lumps of rotten mud.

"Do you think combat between Negative Power Users is easy? We've been quick already."

Geoffrey complained, taking off the nightwear, revealing numerous wounds of various sizes, with the most severe on the chest, bleeding continuously.

Bologue originally wanted to ask where Lebius was; at such a critical moment, this formidable leader conferred an incomparably comforting sense of security.

But before Bologue could shout, he sensed the surging Ether reaction.

The blurry mist was disturbed, mesmerizing dark shadows emitting spectral blue glows ran ceaselessly behind the fog, as though returning specters breaking through the mist.

One after another, Blade-Biting Wolves arrived with chilling blades and resounding hums. Unlike before, these Blade-Biting Wolves carried varying degrees of damage, some even missing arms.

Yet like sword blades, even filled with gaps and fractures, they remain sword blades.

The dark graces severing all the swinging arms, amidst the pack's biting, Alice instantly lost its means of retorting, but the arrival of the pack provided it ample sustenance.

Scarlet fuzz steeped with the spreading blood stained the cold metal, rapidly corroding the material and consuming the Ether flowing within.

"Quick!"

Geoffrey yelled, his eyes bloodshot, blue veins around his corners standing out.

Alice's Ether strength was between the Negative Power Users and Prayer Believers, and with the consumption of Ether, its Ether strength was recovering, with Calamity's power swirling around.

In terms of Tier, it matched Geoffrey, potentially even slightly stronger. Geoffrey to hold Alice in stasis required immense costs, and the duration couldn't last long.

Not to mention the previous battle with Hood and Bucker had drained Geoffrey immensely; everyone on the battlefield had already fought to exhaustion, this being the final strife.

Amid the mist, another silhouette broke through, seemingly another Blade-Biting Wolf, but beneath the cold black Armor, filled not by spectral blue glow but flesh and blood.

"Lebius..."

Bologue whispered, but evidently, Lebius didn't hear Bologue's words, with uncoagulated blood flowing from his ears. To resist Hood's Secret Energy, he pierced his eardrums, shutting out the disturbing sounds.

A vast wound cascaded from a black blade upon the deformed mass, exploding wild crimson fuzz grabbing the surrounding material, seeking Ether.

None of the Secret Energy among those present possessed direct lethal capabilities, making it challenging to target this monster capable of endless revival.

No matter how they cleaved, it was futile. As the flesh sprawled, all weapons faced erosion and consumption, turning into nutrients for Alice, the battle would gradually deadlock, becoming hard to escape.

No... someone can still do it, gravely injure Alice and strip away the Immortal Heart.

As Bologue considered this possibility, a mutation occurred again, and the hope he placed on that possibility appeared.

The icy blade touched the viscous flesh, and the moment it made contact, the flesh disintegrated, bones crushed into dust, as if at the command of this blade, nothing could hinder his path.

The shattered Silver Knight crawled out from the entanglement of flesh, the armor almost entirely destroyed, resembling a walking skeleton, yet strong Ether still swirled inside.

The chest armor was completely shattered, filled with crimson flesh, but beneath the flesh was a pitch-black mirror.

The mirror slowly rotated, writhing, devouring all flesh it touched.

That was not a mirror, but a miniature Curved Path Gate.

Bologue suddenly realized, he said, "The King's Shield Guards never intended to return alive from the start."

Everyone was a sacrifice; once the Silver Knight seized the Immortal Heart, it would be sent back to the Fog Abyss Fortress through this Curved Path Gate.

"We must not... we must not let the Devil win again!"

The Silver Knight let out deep growls, raising the Iron-Cutting Sword with one hand, using its authoritative might to crush Alice.

The few factions on the battlefield completed their encirclement of Alice at this moment; Geoffrey stilled Alice's movements, Lebius severed all the arms poised to counterattack, Bologue smashed its skull.

The Silver Knight surged forward, using all its strength to summon the Steel-Breaking Power.

In an instant, a crimson storm descended, countless blood and flesh exploded outward, and at the brink of life and death, Alice unleashed the Red Tide again.

It tried to use this desperate counterattack to gain a moment to breathe, but unfortunately, Alice underestimated human desires.

The desire for slaughter, the desire for revenge, the desire for nation restoration, the desire for loyalty...

Bologue ignored the pain, allowing his body to be continually consumed, punching through the petals and forcibly tearing them apart, leaving only a black throat and the tendrils extending from it.

The tendril shot swiftly, trying to pierce Bologue's body, but Bologue grabbed it, tearing it off with Ether amplification, causing a large amount of blood to gush from the black throat.

"My favorite part!"

Bologue shouted, gripping the black throat with both hands, then clenched the flesh, gradually applying strength, tearing it apart bit by bit.

Every time the flesh ripped, the ravenous beast let out shrill cries.

These cries could intimidate anyone, but in Bologue's ears, they made him even more jubilant.

Blood soaked his eyes, turning his vision into a crimson hell, and Bologue sternly questioned, "So are you afraid too?"

Beneath the flesh, sharp bone spears extended, penetrating Bologue's body, his body barely healed had returned to the brink of death.

Bologue showed no sign of dying, instead fueled by boundless rage.

"So do you feel pain too?"

With another question, fine cracks covered every part of the misshapen flesh, then shattered into fragments, intertwining with the surging Red Tide.

The Silver Knight pierced the misshapen flesh, under its command the flesh splintered, yet they did not completely vanish, but seemed to be pulled by countless fine red strands, as if needing just a few more minutes to reassemble.

Beneath the broken shell, behind countless white bones, the Silver Knight saw the pulsating deformed heart, easily cutting away the obstacles, approaching the Immortal Heart, needing only to store it in the chest's Curved Path Gate to complete his mission.

"Stop him!"

Lebius roared, everyone in the surging Red Tide struggled to move, the rushing Blade-Biting Wolf was also severely corroded, some had lost their lower bodies, crawling with only their hands.

The Silver Knight got closer and closer to the Immortal Heart, relying on the Iron-Cutting Sword, the Red Tide could barely impede him.

"The winner takes all!"

Suddenly, a deep voice sounded beside the Silver Knight's ear, he sensed something detaching from his body, followed by the appearance of an unknown entity.

Then the Silver Knight saw, within the crimson net, Bologue had disappeared not far away, and in the place of his disappearance, a dagger was falling.

During the previous battle, Bologue had struck the Phantom Dagger into the Silver Knight's shoulder armor, after continuous battle, the Phantom Dagger still retained some of its power, not fully corroded and destroyed.

The Silver Knight angrily swung his blade, more than Alice, he hated Bologue who had usurped the Power of Dominator.

Bologue was unable to avoid or retaliate, the Iron-Cutting Sword precisely hit Bologue, then cut through half of his body, from left shoulder to abdomen, blood dripping.

Strangely, Bologue was full of smiles at this moment, even having the energy to greet the Silver Knight, placing two fingers together lightly on his temple, then pointing at the Silver Knight.

"It's a feint!"

Azure eyes stared at the Silver Knight, the golden halo within had long disappeared, and then a shadow loomed over the Silver Knight's head.

Aimou's body began to transform, reversing from flesh to a resilient steel body, all mechanical structures locking, exerting power, hot steam seeped from the gaps.

Five fingers clenched, accompanied by the covering of Canyin textures, the iron fist descended.

Chapter 466: Eternal End

The machine body running in overload, Ethereal Amplification completely covering it, the heavy iron fist swept through the air, creating a whistling wind, and then precisely hitting the Silver Knight's battered helmet.

Under the continuous corrosion, the Silver Knight's armor was no longer as resilient as before, riddled with cracks and rust.

Metal collided, rubbed, and compressed against metal, the Silver Knight's armor began to deform, the cracks continuously widened, and the rust collapsed, scattering as metallic dust.

In the brief spark that flashed, the shattered helmet was smashed down more than half by Aimou's punch, revealing its complex structure, as the crimson Ethereal Radiance flickered.

The Third Seat sought perfect synchronization with the Silver Knight; although the Silver Knight was an Alchemy Armor, its design was compared against humans, and as the helmet was mostly destroyed, the Third Seat had his vision largely plunged into darkness, making it difficult to observe the movements of several figures.

Another heavy punch landed, this time attacking from the Silver Knight's back, Aimou completely dented the armor inward, with the edges of the joints curling up like a machine on the verge of destruction.

The Silver Knight gripped the Secret Sword tightly in his hand; his vision was obstructed, yet he could still sense Aimou's position, just about to swing the sword for a horizontal slash, but suddenly he found himself unable to wield the blade, turning his head, a grim face was close at hand.

Bologue clasped the Silver Knight's single arm that was swinging the sword, a blue light trail appeared on Bologue's arm, and it broke through the confines of flesh, gradually spreading to the Silver Knight's body.

"You must be tired by now!"

Bologue shouted at the staggering Silver Knight, under Alice's relentless corrosion, no matter how powerful the Alchemy Armor was, it was heading towards collapse, and the Ether contained within was spilling and fleeing.

From unparalleled strength at first sight to now a dwindling presence, Bologue had witnessed the Silver Knight's transformation with his own eyes.

His own armor was full of holes, and the attached Alchemy Matrix also showed damage. Bologue was unsure whether the Alchemy Armor possessed the defense mechanism of Rectangular Soul Critical, but in such peril, he chose to give it a try.

Touching the mottled armor, the Summoning Hand forcefully summoned the Silver Knight's armor. Upon contact, Bologue felt a strong resistance; this was not Rectangular Soul Critical, but rather the Silver Knight's Ether resisting him.

Bologue remembered this trait, Ethereum Mutual Exclusion.

Ethers belonging to different entities would repel each other, which is why in combat, the Condenser cannot forcibly summon the ether emitted by the opponent.

The battered Silver Knight resisted Bologue's intrusion, but now he was no longer at his peak state. Bologue intercepted the Secret Sword, making it impossible for him to swing it, while Aimou unleashed a series of heavy punches at him.

The already broken and collapsing shell was accelerated by external force, no matter how hard the Silver Knight thought, he could not have imagined the battle would reach this point.

Red threads surged around, pulling at the shattered flesh, attempting to draw them back to the vicinity of the Immortal Heart, to reorganize them together, thereby protecting this vital heart.

A faint metallic ringing sounded, the blue light trails resisted the Ethereum Mutual Exclusion, spreading to the armor, Bologue's eyes were filled with frenzy and then he ordered.

"Collapse!"

In an instant, densely packed cracks appeared on the Arm Armor, disintegrating into fine dust, first peeling off the outer armor, then the steel bones and structure beneath the armor.

Just like when corroded by the Red Tide, the entire sword-wielding arm of the Silver Knight rapidly disintegrated into dust until the fatal Iron-Cutting Sword slipped from his hand, the blade firmly embedding into the ground.

The Silver Knight looked at Bologue, with half of his face left, the scarlet singular eye resembling a burning ghost fire.

"You were never meant to exist..."

A great sorrow swept over the Silver Knight's mind, he didn't expect he would still fail in the end, but he didn't react with any hysteria, that would be a bit too indiscreet.

The Silver Knight just felt very sad, watching the Devil's conspiracy gradually coming to fruition with his own eyes, yet he was powerless to stop it all.

No... nothing is settled yet, before the true showdown arrives, they all have a chance to rebel.

The iron fist pierced through the Silver Knight's chest, and the Curved Path Gate swirling in the chest also crumbled along with it, Aimou embraced the wounded Bologue tightly, overlapping with him again.

Ether was replenished in every inch of the body, Bologue staggeredly stood up, and effortlessly lifted the Secret Sword that was embedded in the ground.

Bologue was just a First Stage Condenser, fundamentally lacking the ability to command this lethal Iron-Cutting Sword, but after all, it was just a weapon, and even without its terrifying power, that couldn't change the fact of it being a blade.

"Tell that Devil, we will stop him."

The Silver Knight said this last.

Bologue responded with a slight smile, retorting, "Funny enough, I'm also looking for that bastard, if you have information, we could share it."

"But before that!"

Bologue mercilessly swung the Secret Sword, the blade slashed into the armor, and the sharp edge easily shattered the layers of mottled metal, splitting it in two.

"I'll still kill you!"

The cold gleam flashed by, and the remains of the Silver Knight completely collapsed, turning into a pile of debris and dust.

Bologue gasped for breath, finally dealing with a strong enemy; now only the final task remained.

Thousands of red lines around began to stir, pulling the fragments of flesh into a frenzied dance. Clearly soft flesh, yet it easily sliced through matter as it passed, like scarlet blades.

"Hurry!"

Geoffrey shouted, his eyes bloodshot and red, with traces of blood even oozing from the corners.

The prolonged stagnation had pushed Geoffrey to his limit, the Alchemy Matrix covering his body like an overloaded machine, bursting with dangerous sparks.

The stagnation of the Tiger Eye began to loosen, Alice regained the ability to move, and the Red Tide continued to surge, trying to annihilate all enemies closing in.

The wolves on the periphery were covered in corrosive scars, and Lebius was also riddled with injuries; no matter how sharp his Blade of Pitch Black was, it was useless if he couldn't strike that critical heart.

Bologue grabbed the Secret Sword and sprinted. He wasn't far from the Immortal Heart, but the short distance seemed unbearably long under the surge of the Red Tide.

He could not stop, for this was a task only Bologue could accomplish. The Red Tide hit Bologue, and in an instant, his body was drenched in blood, with wounds so deep they exposed bone.

Fortunately, Bologue was already accustomed to it all; as an Undead, such injuries didn't bother him.

Cold bone spears extended from the surrounding fragments of flesh. The Silver Knight slashed Alice into countless pieces, increasing Alice's size severalfold, with attacks coming from all directions.

Alice did not fear Bologue; rather, she feared the Secret Sword in Bologue's hand.

The secret energies of those present lacked powerful direct killing capability, but this Secret Sword was different. Its Steel-Breaking Power was enough to render the Immortal Heart powerless.

The bone spears charged with murderous intent tried to pierce Bologue, but then the Ethereal Radiance rose, enveloping Bologue's surroundings. The earring hanging on his ear emitted power, collapsing at its limit.

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Bologue's figure vanished; with Curved Path Shuttling, he bypassed all obstacles, appearing from thin air at the core of the thousands of Red Tides, before the Immortal Heart.

Although Belli wasn't present on this battlefield, Bologue unexpectedly wanted to thank Belli; with her peculiar creations, Bologue gradually tilted the scales of victory back.

The bizarre, misshapen heart was close at hand, and as Bologue approached, his heartbeat involuntarily intensified, sending unbearable pain deep into his chest.

Bologue gasped in agony, as if trapped in a hateful vortex, his vision blurred, distorted, and his sense of direction became confused; ethereal illusions played repeatedly before his eyes.

"Not enough, far from enough."

The staggering figure suddenly steadied; Bologue raised his head, despite the haunting murderous illusions corroding his will, they couldn't interfere with his actions.

In Bologue's brief life, he had endured too many terrifying things; whether it was the Fall of the Holy City or the long captivity in the Black Prison, as a Condenser, he then wielded the Face of Horror without restraint...

Various experiences made Bologue's will incredibly resilient; no matter how fearsome the scene, to him, it was already commonplace.

The Immortal Heart was just struggling in its death throes, making its final resistance, surrounding flesh converging as if to devour Bologue, yet he leaped at that moment, driving the Secret Sword into the loathsome heart.

No complex process, just a simple leap and stab, the cold Secret Sword completely penetrated the Immortal Heart, yet it still beat powerfully.

The recoiling flesh slapped against Bologue, swiftly covering him, gnawing at his body, mocking laughter echoed in his ears, seemingly ridiculing Bologue's overestimating his capabilities.

The Iron-Cutting Sword could harm the Immortal Heart, mainly due to its Steel-Breaking Power, but Bologue couldn't wield this power; in his hands, it was merely an overly sharp blade.

Such level of injury couldn't affect the Immortal Heart; crimson eyes emerged on its surface, each pupil filled with mocking demeanor.

The mocking demeanor suddenly froze; all pupils fell into a momentary daze, and immense terror rose from them.

Bologue was already exhausted, both physically and in Ether, but in this extreme state, he somehow drove the Secret Sword deeper, until the blade reached the hilt.

"This sword... I should be able to command it."

A cold voice echoed from behind the Immortal Heart, a hand covered in filthy blood tightly grasping the penetrating blade. Regardless of the wounds to his hand, he dragged the blade deeper into the Immortal Heart.

Lebius cast an admiring glance at Bologue, then without hesitation infused all his Ether into the blade.

Iron-Cutting Steel, everything collapses.

Chapter 467: The End

Bologue found it hard to remember what happened next. His last memory was the surge of Ether reaction, followed by an explosion-like sensation as the Immortal Heart shattered into chaotic fragments before him.

The overwhelming fatigue eventually overpowered Bologue's will, causing the unstoppable cold machine to fall into a brief slumber.

When Bologue regained consciousness, he remained in the bloody battlefield, but this time, there were no longer hateful enemies; only familiar figures, each playing their role, dealing with the aftermath of the disaster.

"You're awake?"

Geoffrey's voice sounded beside him. Bologue turned his head and saw Geoffrey standing next to him, shirtless with scars, a cigarette resting in his mouth, soothingly inhaling.

The smoke rose and spread, obscuring his face, but Bologue could still see the golden glint of his eyes through the mist.

Bologue felt a splitting headache, "How long was I unconscious?"

"Not long, just a few minutes."

Bologue sat up awkwardly, trying to recall the void world after death, but his memory was empty.

It seemed Bologue hadn't actually died but had fainted from exhaustion; for that, he had to thank Aimou's Ether support, otherwise Bologue would have fallen into hibernation.

With the termination of the Immortal Heart, the rampant, crazed flesh was finally restrained, and the faint sounds of collapse continued to resonate from the pallid flesh ground beneath his feet, slowly disintegrating into dust and dissipating.

Bologue struggled to stand, even though he was revived, his body was filled with fatigue and unbearable pain. His self-healing was incomplete. His hands groped clumsily, trying to find a weapon to grip.

"Don't be tense, it's all over."

Geoffrey reassured him, his tone relaxed and soothing, pointing his finger forward.

Bologue followed the direction, seeing fearsome fellows right ahead, donned in white protective clothing, handling the remnants of the battlefield.

Scorching streams of fire were released from the flamethrowers. When Red Mercury burned, it emitted massive heat energy, perfectly suited to deal with twisted, growing flesh.

The coagulated flesh burned into black char, exuding a nauseating ashy scent, filling every corner of the air.

Bologue couldn't help but cover his nose and mouth, then he saw those drifting, ash-gray fragments, sliding down like snowflakes, embracing the Sea of Mist below with the caress of the breeze.

The Great Rift ignited with raging flames, the people clad in white protective clothing were setting fires liberally to eradicate the flesh spreading across the cliffs cleanly, and on their shoulders, Bologue saw those familiar markings.

The scepter denied by black graffiti, the emblem of the Ninth Group, Atheists.

"The Great Rift is influenced by rampant forces, making the Curved Path Breakthrough difficult for personnel transportation. Despite the Ninth Group accelerating their actions, they encountered numerous flesh creations at the battlefield's perimeter, slowing them down to avoid disaster spread."

Geoffrey explained nearby. If it weren't for the Ninth Group intercepting externally, the Immortal Heart spreading outside the Great Rift was only a matter of time. Once these wildly growing flesh reached the city area, the entire Oath City, Opus faced the risk of falling.

"Has the Sixth Group arrived?"

Bologue saw the Sixth Group, Violence Suppression Action Group... mainly because Hart was too recognizable. That guy was at least two meters tall, broad-shouldered like a giant among the crowd.

"Given the situation with the Immortal Heart, all mobilizable action groups were dispatched," Geoffrey took a deep breath, "and these Origin School Condensers are extremely adept at containing these troublesome entities."

"Containing?"

Bologue picked up Geoffrey's phrasing.

"The Immortal Heart is, after all, the heart of Calamity, not so easily killed, at most incapacitated."

Geoffrey patted Bologue's shoulder, signaling him to follow.

The flesh ground beneath their feet continued to collapse and disintegrate; fortunately, it was vast enough that even a complete collapse would take time. By the time it completely perished, the action groups' tasks would have long concluded.

Geoffrey led Bologue to the center of the battlefield, surrounded by the Ninth Group and Sixth Group, where Bologue also saw the leaders of the two groups, Carnegie and Yas.

The Ninth Group, the Atheists, specialized in confronting Extraordinary Disasters caused by Devils. If not for the interference of the Special Operations Group, the responsibility for the Immortal Heart's loss of control should fall on them.

As they entered the encirclement, Bologue saw the eerie object of immortality.

The Iron-Cutting Sword was nailed into the flesh on the ground, its cold Blade piercing the blood-red heart. At this moment, the Immortal Heart had ceased to beat, its surface covered in countless cracks, beneath which was a dense web-like texture.

With the combined efforts of Bologue and Lebius, the Iron-Cutting Sword severed the Immortal Heart, but regrettably, these forces alone weren't sufficient to completely kill the Immortal Heart.

Absolute destruction and the undead, the unkillable, equaled each other, causing the heart to lose all its power and fall into hibernation.

Yas raised his hand, applying both Ethereal Prohibition and Ethereal Silence to the Immortal Heart, fully enveloping it in Ether vacuum, ensuring it couldn't consume Ether to revive once more.

Carnegie brought over a containment box and carefully placed the Immortal Heart and the Iron-Cutting Sword inside together.

The containment box closed, as all the locks fastened one by one. A faint glow appeared on the black metal surface, then it completely turned into mundane matter without any more reactions.

"Containment complete, transport it back to the Safety Containment Department immediately."

Carnegie handed the containment box to his team members. Upon receiving the order, they carried the box back to the Order Bureau. For safety's sake, Yas also assigned a few team members to escort the box.

The others stayed behind to continue dealing with the battlefield's aftermath. From the cliff, someone poured down vast amounts of red mercury, the fiery liquid covering every surface, seeping into the rock crevices.

A few sparks fell, igniting it instantly. Blinding flames burst forth, resembling a burning waterfall. Amidst the intense blaze, the remaining flesh howled powerlessly, turning to gray-black snowflakes, leaving no trace behind.

The high temperature dispelled the winter chill, evaporating the pervasive mist.

Vision cleared, and Bologue walked towards the other side, looking around at the bodies being dug out from the rubble.

Those were the enemy's corpses, the conspiracy of the King's Shield Guard had been shattered, almost resulting in their total annihilation.

"Well done, Bologue." Yas noticed Bologue's arrival and praised him.

"Where are the others?"

Bologue didn't care about such compliments; he was more concerned about how the others were doing.

"Everyone's alive... just need to be hospitalized for a while."

Geoffrey staggered over, followed by a few staff members.

Unlike other field staff involved in the battle, these guys wore medical protective clothing and gas masks. They followed Geoffrey, injecting potion into his body and bandaging gauze on the wounds.

Bologue saw the marks on these people. They were doctors from the Border Sanatorium.

Thinking about it, this time axis disruption event involved a lot, and various action groups had been mobilized. Not to mention, other departments too, the Logistics Department was cursing while handling follow-up matters, and the Border Sanatorium had also arrived to aid the injured field staff.

As Bologue pondered these matters, a doctor passing by noticed him and, without a word, gave him an injection in the neck.

"Don't bother with him; he won't die."

Geoffrey waved his hand, signaling the doctors not to disturb Bologue, indicating he needed more help than Bologue did at the moment.

He continued, "Give me another shot."

After another injection, Geoffrey felt significantly better, the pain in his body diminished. He took deep breaths, his expression utterly exhausted.

"Being an Undead is really convenient..."

Seeing Bologue's relaxed demeanor, Geoffrey couldn't help but sigh.

"Don't worry, others are quite injured and have been transferred to the Border Sanatorium. If you'd woken up a minute earlier, you could have gone with them."

Hearing Geoffrey's explanation, Bologue nodded. He still remembered the brutality of the battle, even as an Undead, he faced severe injuries, with his flesh devoured entirely. Not to mention the others.

Bologue recalled Palmer's figure. He rarely showed such concern for his partner, unsure of that unfortunate guy's condition, but since he'd been rescued by the Border Sanatorium, he should be fine now.

Even after receiving news about the others, Bologue couldn't ease his mind. His gaze swept around as if searching for something.

Amidst the melee with the Silver Knight and the Immortal Heart, Bologue had to maintain intense mental focus, barely having time to think. Now that the fight had ended, thoughts surged like a tide, overwhelming Bologue's mind.

He glanced around anxiously, and Geoffrey seemed to understand what Bologue was searching for. He turned around and waved his hand at the other side, as if summoning someone.

The other party noticed Geoffrey's wave and then saw the awakened Bologue.

Bologue continued to glance around, then heard a series of rapidly approaching footsteps. The person seemed to be running toward him. Bologue turned cautiously, only to be struck by a familiar figure.

She moved swiftly, her entire body colliding into Bologue's embrace with a flying leap, easily knocking him down.

Bologue felt like he'd been hit head-on by a motorcycle, his chest suffocating. He slid several meters on the ground before gradually coming to a stop.

His head was a bit dizzy, and upon opening his eyes, he saw the figure sitting on him. She was wrapped in a bloodstained, tattered robe... Bologue remembered it as Teda's research robe, which he'd worn for many years and now had been picked up and inherited by her.

Against the light, Bologue couldn't quite make out her face, but he knew who she was. Then some warm liquid splashed onto his face. Bologue thought the battle was over, so this shouldn't be blood.

Bologue's breathing calmed as he relaxed, lying on the ground, allowing the overwhelming fatigue to overtake him, falling into long-lost peace.

Chapter 468: Gathering Together

"I remember he just got discharged yesterday, right?"

"I think so too... why is he back again?"

"Does this guy really have something wrong in the head? Or does he actually like it here, coming back so soon."

"Shh, quiet, we can't discriminate against patients."

"Oh, oh, oh."

"But... does he really have that kind of thought, taking a fancy to one of us?"

"But didn't he say he has a fiancée? Could it be..."

"That's gross!"

Palmer lay on the hospital bed, tightly closing his eyes, trying hard to fake sleep, ignoring the nurses' whispered chatter, but he didn't notice that he had already furrowed his brows, looking as if he was constipated.

Since being wheeled out of the operating room, Palmer had been under the peculiar stares of the nurses, as if in their eyes, he had become some sort of psychologically troubled pervert, willing to injure himself just to linger in the Border Sanatorium.

"I really don't want this!"

Palmer was shouting internally, "Damn Bologue! Damn job! Damn life!"

It's uncertain whether Palmer was lucky or unlucky.

After being engulfed by flesh, Palmer was bitten all over, becoming almost like a blood-soaked person, but despite such injuries, they turned out to be just superficial wounds.

Palmer looked miserable, but his critical organs hadn't been attacked. After simple wound cleaning, he was out of danger. He just needed a few days of rest for his wounds to heal.

The nurses placed Palmer back in the ward, and the room quieted down. Palmer slowly opened his eyes.

"Damn it!"

With no one around, Palmer vented his anger.

"This job is really not for humans, today it's King's Shield Guard and Immortal Heart, who knows what it will be tomorrow!"

Palmer muttered to himself as he threw back the blanket and painfully sat up.

"I can't take it anymore, I need to take some annual leave. If I continue this work, even if it doesn't kill me, it'll mess up my mind."

Unable to bear it any longer, Palmer, despite the excruciating pain, clumsily stood up, drew back the partition curtain, and prepared to leave the ward, only to see another person lying in the bed opposite.

This ward didn't just have Palmer; even before him, another person had been brought in.

Palmer immediately realized something wasn't right. The Order Bureau is a violent institution, but it still somewhat counts as a workplace, and it's a big no-no in the workplace to complain about one's company.

Swallowing nervously, Palmer looked at the other person, hoping that they weren't someone he knew... and then he saw a person he could no longer just call familiar.

"Boss?"

Palmer froze completely, staring at Lebius who was lying in the hospital bed.

At this moment, Lebius' condition was even worse than Palmer's, with most of his body wrapped in bandages and his right arm in a cast.

In the final attack on the Immortal Heart, Lebius had grabbed the Blade of the Iron-Cutting Sword, injecting Ether to activate it.

While the Iron-Cutting Sword sliced the Immortal Heart, it also almost shattered Lebius' right arm. Thanks to the doctors who arrived in time, Lebius' arm was preserved.

His ear injuries, after treatment with Alchemy Potion, had restored part of his hearing. For Lebius, this little bit of hearing was enough to listen to his surroundings.

Lebius barely opened his eyes, already very exhausted, but he refused to sleep and forced himself to stay awake. He would only sleep after listening to the task report. He always had this workaholic demeanor.

"Write up the task report first." Lebius' voice was light, his breath low.

"Al.. alright."

Palmer felt his legs shaking, unsure if it was due to nerves or fear.

Palmer had always held great respect for Lebius, this warrior. Just sitting there without saying a word, Lebius could put tremendous pressure on Palmer, let alone the things Palmer just said.

Despite Lebius' severe injuries, Palmer always felt that if Lebius wanted, he could strangle him with just one hand.

"Finish the report and hand it to me, then you can take your annual leave."

"An.. annua.. annual leave?"

Palmer was bewildered; he was ready to write a self-reflection, only for Lebius to suddenly approve him leave.

"Haven't you been away from the Wind Source Highlands for a long time? It's about time you went back."

Lebius seemed unaware of Palmer's peculiar mental activities.

After thinking for a moment, Lebius added, "You did very well in this operation, I'll report it to the Clarks, you don't need to worry about getting scolded when you go back."

Palmer was stunned, and then his eyes moistened, nearly losing control of his emotions.

"Boss..."

Palmer grabbed Lebius' hand, overwhelmed with gratitude. Lebius, on the other hand, looked at Palmer with some bewilderment, not understanding what Palmer was doing.

At this moment, footsteps were heard outside the door. The door was opened, and a nurse pushed another patient into the ward.

They skillfully placed the patient in the bed, set up the IV, and hung the drip.

Someone noticed Palmer, who wasn't lying on the bed but was instead gripping Lebius' hand, looking as if he was about to cry with emotion.

"This guy..."

The nurses whispered amongst themselves.

Palmer took a deep breath, trying to control his complicated emotions, telling himself that it was just others' opinions and that there was no need to care about them, no need... no need...

Rubbing his eyes, Palmer always felt his professional life was absurdly strange.

He stumbled to the side, since the person on the bed was too familiar—it was Bologue. His eyes were closed, his breathing steady.

"He's fine, just too tired, needs some rest."

Geoffrey came in with a crutch, his abdomen wrapped with layers of bandages, with some blood seeping through.

He sat on a nearby chair, his gaze wandering across the faces of those present, and then he let out a long breath.

Geoffrey said, "What a terrible morning."

"This can't be described as just terrible."

Palmer returned to his bed with a deep sigh.

"I never thought... is this a post-work gathering for us? Just meeting at this damned place." Palmer mused aloud.

Looking at it now, all members capable of field missions from the Special Operations Group were there, everyone was injured, but they found a bit of joy in their shared misery.

Then Palmer noticed there seemed to be someone lingering outside the door, hesitant, not daring to come in.

"It's okay, come in."

Geoffrey waved his hand, and after a few seconds, Aimou cautiously stepped inside.

As the initiator of the time-axis disorder, Aimou was full of fear towards Geoffrey and Lebius. At the end of the battle, she felt she would be imprisoned, but in reality, no one had come to take her away, and she strangely ended up following them to the Border Sanatorium.

Aimou nodded towards Lebius and Geoffrey and quietly moved to Bologue's bedside.

A long-awaited peace descended, and even now Aimou felt a bit disoriented, as if she were still in the illusory dream constructed by the Fantasy Species.

But the fantasy was over, all branches of the future had been unified and connected into this absolute and singular reality.

Everyone in the ward was being healed by this tranquility. Even Palmer stopped his wild thoughts, tilting his head to look at the ceiling, killing time in a daze.

Unfortunately, this peace did not last long. Running sounds echoed from the corridor, and then another person opened the door and appeared before them.

Belli, panting, looked at Aimou. She had rushed all the way from the Sublimation Furnace Core to the Border Sanatorium, without any delay.

Aimou didn't resist when she saw Belli. Without waiting for Belli to say anything, she smiled and opened her arms. In this time-axis disorder event, Belli hadn't appeared on the front line, but her assistance was omnipresent.

Belli, unceremoniously, dove forward, and the two embraced each other.

"You're alive!" Belli's voice was filled with joy.

"Mhm!"

Aimou nodded vigorously, followed by Belli's unrestrained, boisterous laughter echoing continuously.

Chapter 469: Like a Human, Not Human

The night in Oubos was as usual, pedestrians strolling on the street, exchanging stories of their day, the bustling and lively atmosphere resembling a never-ending banquet.

The aftermath of the time axis disorder didn't last long, as the Order Bureau efficiently managed it, clearing it up in less than a week. The Great Rift blazed day and night, sweeping away all proliferating flesh, turning into gray-black snow and falling into the Abandoned Land.

The only troublesome part was handling the citizens who witnessed the Condensers' battle. Bologue's chase with Gold and others had caused extensive damage to the streets of Opus, even getting reported on the radio.

Fortunately, the Order Bureau was highly experienced in dealing with such matters. Amidst the Logistics Department's endless complaints, each logistics staff visited homes, using a bit of extraordinary means to distort the citizens' perception.

Eventually, the tremendous scars stretching across several streets were twisted by the Order Bureau into a bank robbery, with a group of vicious criminals carrying powerful bombs, leaving a trail of explosions as they fled.

However, under the brave pursuit of the sheriffs, all the criminals were shot dead on the spot, and the City Hall once again defended Opus's impeccable law and order with an iron fist.

Hmm... Perfect law and order. ·

"So, while I was drunkenly sleeping, such a major event happened in Opus?"

Inside the Undying Club, Serey nearly jumped up after hearing Bologue's story.

"Time axis disorder!" Serey exclaimed.

Bologue covered his ears, looking helplessly at Serey.

For tonight's time axis disorder storytelling event, Serey had specially declined all other invitations. The other members of the Undying Club were also curious about the time axis disorder experience, crowding around Bologue like a fascinating gathering.

Well, there weren't many people, actually.

The Undying Club had always been quite quiet, but these undead were incredibly lively; every visit turned into a bustling affair, making it seem like a nationwide carnival despite only a few people.

Now they sat obediently beside Bologue, listening expectantly to his story.

"Speak faster! Tell us more!"

Wei'Er sat at the bar counter, continuously nudging Bologue's arm with her back, trying to please him.

Bode sat on Bologue's left side; though his skeleton face couldn't express emotions, his body language showed he cared about the matter.

Serey poured a glass of orange juice for Bologue, pushed it to him, and eagerly asked, "And then? What happened next?"

"Then..."

Bologue glanced at the orange juice with a complex expression.

Honestly, after experiencing so many time reversals, Bologue had developed some stress responses to the scene.

Everything was over.

Bologue comforted himself in his heart, picked up the orange juice and drank it down, the cold sweetness sweeping through his throat.

Bologue slowly spoke, "Things were quite complicated, involving many people and events."

The Undying Club had offered significant help during the time axis disorder, and Bologue was willing to spend his precious night rest time sharing stories with them.

"Such as the King's Shield Guard, Fantasy Species, Immortal Heart, Crimson Queen, Tyrant..."

Bologue uttered one heavy term after another; with each spoken word, the undead's expressions subtly changed until they became completely numb.

In the subsequent time, Bologue carefully explained the incident's process to Serey and others, and everyone's expressions gradually became more colorful.

"In short, although the Fantasy Species caused the time axis disorder, we also managed to destroy the King's Shield Guard's operation by relying on it and also contained the Immortal Heart."

Nearly a week had passed since the time axis disorder, and Bologue spoke of the aftermath.

"Geoffrey wasn't seriously injured and has been discharged from the hospital, Lebius is more or less the same, but his arm injury is severe, still receiving treatment at the Border Sanatorium."

Bologue recalled the scene when he last saw Lebius, "But that guy is really a workaholic."

Serey asked, "What's wrong?"

"He turned his ward into another office, lying on the hospital bed correcting documents every day."

Bologue's words were filled with admiration; when it came to dedication, he felt Lebius far exceeded himself.

"Palmer is also in the Border Sanatorium now... he totally deserves it; the doctor said he could go home to recuperate as long as he came in for medicine change on time, but he clings to the Border Sanatorium and won't leave."

When mentioning Palmer, Bologue's expression was both amused and annoyed, "Seeing him so idle, Lebius drafted him as an assistant, helping process files in the ward every day."

Upon hearing this, Serey struggled to contain the urge to laugh, but Wei'Er had already fallen on the bar counter, revealing her belly.

"Hahaha!"

Every time Palmer was mentioned, everyone couldn't help but relax; perhaps this was the cruelty of humans—when you see someone having worse luck than yourself, you feel your situation isn't that bad.

"As you see, for various reasons, the Special Operations Group has temporarily fallen into paralysis, so the Field Operations Department granted us a long holiday."

Bologue helplessly waved his hand; this period, he had no work to do, behaving like an unemployed person.

"And lately, I've been busy with other things, like looking for a house."

"Looking for a house? Are you planning to move?" Bode asked beside him.

"Yes, this time we handled the time axis disorder event perfectly, killed several Negative Power Users and Prayer Believers, and contained the Immortal Heart... It's the first time I see such a large bonus."

Upon mentioning this, even the always calm Bologue appeared stunned upon realizing he could legally own such a significant income.

"Where I live is too far, the house is pitifully small; then Palmer discussed with me his wish to co-rent a bigger place closer to the Order Bureau."

Bologue shared his future life plans.

Wei'Er pointed out, "Living with Palmer? Aren't you afraid of getting caught in his misfortune?"

Bologue fell silent for a moment, painfully rubbing his head, then resignedly said, "Forget it, you get used to these things."

He comforted himself with "you get used to it."

Actually, he wanted to refuse Palmer, but Bologue just couldn't withstand Palmer's persistent pestering; dignity seemed to be a stumbling block to Palmer... If Palmer were an undead, he would certainly become the next Serey.

"What about Aimou?"

Suddenly, Wei'Er asked Bologue, "As the central figure triggering the time axis disorder, how is she now?"

"Aimou..."

Mentioning the name, Bologue fell into thought, then shook his head.

"I haven't seen her since I woke up; Geoffrey told me she was taken away by Belli, then came Order Bureau's scrutiny and stuff."

When talking about this, Bologue felt a bit worried.

"Even though the final outcome was good, the riot was initiated by her, and it was still so complex...

But Belli assured me."

Wei'Er continued asking, "Assured what?"

"She told me Aimou would be fine, that the Order Bureau only wanted to understand some things from her," Bologue said, "Such as what state Aimou is currently in."

Bologue suddenly realized he hadn't mentioned this part to the undead; he belatedly told them.

"Oh, I forgot to mention, Aimou has become human."

Bologue calmly delivered the shocking news, but his tone immediately showed considerable hesitation.

He carefully recalled everything, Aimou's human-like touch, mechanical-like iron fists...

"She should be... human, right?"

Bologue said uncertainly.

Chapter 470: Dialogue

Even now, when he thinks back, Bologue still finds everything so wondrous. At the end of that conflict, Aimou stripped away the Constant Motion Core, protected Alice's Philosopher's Stone, and returned everything to Teda. Facing Aimou's death, Teda suddenly awakened and carried out that noble sacrifice.

Bologue isn't sure what kind of deal Teda made with the Devil, but after the golden storm descended, Aimou was no longer just that cold Steel Body; warm blood and soft flesh constructed her brand new shell.

"What do you mean 'should be'!"

Serey slapped the bar forcefully, questioning loudly.

"Because I'm not entirely sure!" Bologue replied, "She seems more like she can switch between a Steel Body and flesh and blood."

"I haven't had the chance to ask her before she disappeared."

Bologue's gaze wandered, thinking that Aimou must be with Belli now, and then? What will become of Aimou's destiny?

The Alchemy Workshop and the boundless flesh marched toward destruction, and Teda also vanished into dispersed dust. Since Aimou's rebirth, the former bonds have been severed.

Bologue murmured, "Aimou has no home."

Serey said, "The Undying Club can open its doors for her."

"She's not undead." Bologue shook his head, knowing the rules of the Undying Club, not wanting to trouble Serey with them.

"She can enter as a good friend; we're always generous to good friends." Serey raised his eyebrow at Bologue.

Bologue deliberately elongated his tone, questioning, "Really?"

"Are you questioning the sincerity of our friendship?"

Serey, agitated, stood up with a start and grabbed Bologue's head, the two foreheads pressing together with an exaggerated expression.

"Your perfume is too overpowering."

Bologue waved his hand dismissively, pushing Serey away.

"Alright, alright, I'm just curious and... um... concerned about some precious things." Serey expressed his true thoughts.

"Concerned about precious things? Your words sound like those of a Devil." Bologue was intrigued by Serey's words.

"Pretty much," Serey nodded, not denying it, "If you think of the Devils as collectors with strange habits, you can understand many of their bizarre actions."

"Think about it, an Alchemy Puppet that awakened self-awareness is already incredibly precious, and now she's become human, which defies valuation."

Serey added some ice to his glass, gently stirring, the ice clashing within the liquid, bubbles rising incessantly.

"Aimou is one-of-a-kind, unparalleled. If I were a Devil, I would definitely keep her in my safest vault."

Bologue's expression turned somber, the conversation touching upon what troubled him most.

Serey suddenly remembered something, speaking to himself, "Coincidentally, I happen to know a collector with particularly wicked tastes."

Bologue asked, "A Devil?"

"Yes, when you live long enough, you're bound to interact with these sinister beings."

Serey's face showed a bitter smile, "Fortunately, the timeline disorder happened within the Great Rift. Although the Tyrant is also one of the Devils, compared to his siblings, the Tyrant is the easiest to get along with.

At least, the Tyrant genuinely reasons with you."

"Sounds like you've been through a very bad experience." Bologue said.

"More than just bad. In my lifetime, I've had many women, thinking myself a master of romance, but in that woman's hands, I almost lost everything."

Recalling that figure, Serey's hand trembled uncontrollably. He continuously drank to numb his nerves.

"She was a particularly malignant woman. She would numb you with a poison called beauty, and when you believed your desires were fully satisfied, she would cruelly shatter that false illusion, fixing that moment eternally at the peak of your emotions.

You will forever wander in endless torment, and she will consider you one of her precious collectibles, claiming you as her own."

Serey grew more furious as he spoke, seemingly ready to go out seeking revenge, but upon recalling the woman's posture, his breath deflated.

As furious as he was, that life-threatening experience was not one Serey wanted to repeat.

"Who is she?"

Bologue became curious about the identity of that woman, someone who left such a profound psychological shadow on Serey that he must be cautious.

Serey hesitated briefly, refraining from naming the woman, only lightly calling out that sinister title.

"Joyful Witch."

Unwittingly, Serey's words seemed to stir something; momentarily, he again heard that familiar laughter, his muscles tensed up, eyes fixed on the Undying Club's door.

This tense state lasted for over a minute before Serey relaxed, drowning himself in several drinks, and babbled away.

"Scared me to death, did you feel it? The name of a Devil bears magic power, even their titles too."

Bologue shook his head, sensing nothing. From his perspective, Serey was merely complaining until he abruptly fell silent and relaxed afterward.

"Is that so? Forget it, don't think too much about it."

Serey shook his head as well, discarding those strange thoughts. He hadn't seen that woman for nearly a few hundred years, she probably wouldn't still remember him, right?

"Did she initiate the birth of the Night Race?" Bologue asked curiously.

"No, the Devil whom the Night Race serves is someone else." Serey denied.

"So you have connections with more than one Devil?"

Upon hearing the denial, Bologue was surprised. Serey had connections with more than one Devil.

"Being valuable is like this, isn't it the same for you?" Serey glanced at Bologue, not understanding what was worth worrying about.

Bologue froze, then suddenly realized that he too had multiple connections with Devils, feeling strangely uneasy.

Everyone fell into silence, quietly drinking for several minutes before Bologue spoke again, initiating a topic.

"Aimou's rebirth is inseparable from the Devil... from the Tyrant. She may have already established a connection with the Tyrant."

"Becoming a Debtor, is it?" Serey spoke of what Bologue was unwilling to face.

Bologue lamented, "Mm... rebirth has a price; Aimou ultimately was claimed by the Devil."

"Don't think so absolutely, Bologue. You've yet to see her, haven't you? Nothing is set in stone." Bode comforted from the side.

"Hopefully so." Bologue tried to relax, avoiding thoughts of these complexities.

There's no need to worry about this; once he sees Aimou, all questions will be answered.

Bologue leaned back in his chair. Apart from the bar, the rest of the Undying Club was enveloped in shadow, this place being the only light in the darkness.

The regular undead of the Undying Club gathered here too, and Bologue thought of someone, asking Serey.

"Where's Sai Zong?"

At the beginning of the timeline disorder, Bologue was in that bizarre circumstance, it was Sai Zong who first provided him the hint to recognize the anomaly.

Thinking back, it's unexpected that the most unpredictable dog in the Undying Club would play such a role at the pivotal moment.

Bologue wanted to thank Sai Zong, even if he incessantly barked at him, covering everywhere with drool, he wouldn't mind.

Serey looked around, then asked Wei'Er and Bode, "Sai Zong? Have you seen Sai Zong?"

Bode said, "No, he's been missing since this morning."

"Is that so? It's normal, he disappears for a while every now and then," Serey said indifferently, "After all, they are undead, no need to worry too much."

"Besides, why are you suddenly interested in Sai Zong?" Wei'Er asked curiously, "I see you've never particularly liked him."

"Nothing, it was Sai Zong who reminded me this morning, making me aware of the outbreak of the timeline disorder."

Bologue recounted his morning experience with Sai Zong, but after finishing, he found the Undying Club plunged into silence, even the lively singing ceased.

Serey waved his hand grandly, sweeping all bottles and jars off the bar onto the floor. The light focused on Bologue, as he seriously stared at Bologue, questioning him.

"You said Sai Zong spoke to you?"