

Endless 551

Chapter 551: An Unknown Side

"Stupid?"

Aimou tilted her head, unable to understand why stupidity would be the point of attraction for Palmer toward Vasilina.

Could it be...

Based on the novels she had read, Aimou's mind instantly concocted a twisted and bizarre story.

Clearly bearing the bloodline of the Philrads, Vasilina left the Mountain Ridge as a child and lived in the Wind Source Highlands. She always had an obsession with the Mountain Ridge in her heart, but due to her weak powers, she could never achieve it.

At this time, Vasilina met Palmer, an heir of the Clarks with a somewhat malfunctioning brain.

Thus, a dark plan gradually formed in Vasilina's mind. She aimed to conquer this brainless heir to manipulate the Clarks and fulfill her inner desire.

In an instant, in Aimou's eyes, Vasilina transformed into the image of a deeply hidden strong woman, and the misfortune of Palmer, in her heart, seemed even more pronounced.

Poor Palmer...

"Hmm... where to begin?"

Talking about the "stupid" part, Vasilina thought for a while before mentioning something from long ago.

"It was when he learned of Leica growing old."

After playing tired during the day, while resting with Leica, Palmer had spoken to Aimou about it. Leica was already very old and couldn't be playful anymore, asking her not to play too wildly with Leica.

Bologue also spoke to Aimou about Palmer's and Leica's peculiar friendship and the sidecar motorcycle named Leica.

"At that time, Palmer was just a little kid, at an age where he wasn't supposed to understand anything, yet he had a profound understanding of death."

Vasilina commented, "Palmer is indifferent to many things and extremely unresponsive, but when it comes to death, he often becomes very serious, panicked, and even avoids the issue."

"He never spoke to me about these things, but later his father chatted with me about this part."

Vasilina remembered the day Palmer left the Wind Source Highlands and confessed his marriage proposal to Fuen, and she remembered Fuen's expression.

Fuen was drinking at the time, and upon hearing Vasilina out, he almost spat, repeatedly confirming she wasn't joking before bursting into uncontrollable laughter.

It was certain that Fuen wasn't happy about someone liking Palmer, but found it ridiculous that Palmer turned out to be the one being proposed to.

When it comes to humor, this father and son duo was quite adept, and after recognizing Vasilina, the engagement banquet was also initiated by Fuen. He said if Palmer knew he was the only one not invited to his engagement banquet, his expression would be interesting.

In other words, the whole engagement banquet was entirely Fuen's idea to see Palmer's awkward expression, with Vasilina merely helping to push things along.

At the end of the banquet, Fuen called Vasilina out alone and started talking about the parts of Palmer's past he always refused to face.

Fuen began with a puzzling statement, "Did you notice the part Palmer intentionally hides?"

"What do you mean?"

"Palmer is actually a very sensitive guy. Don't let his unresponsive appearance fool you; he understands many things better than anyone else. He just doesn't care, but there are parts he cares about intensely, like secrets he's deliberately hiding, unknown to others.

Doesn't it sound a bit contradictory and strange?"

Vasilina nodded, finding Fuen's words hard to understand. If what he said were true, wouldn't Palmer's foolish demeanor mean he is... wisely foolish?

"Although no one mentions these things, you've noticed, right... Palmer's mother died very early, leaving when he was only two or three years old," Fuen's smile faded as he spoke of these matters. "His mother wasn't a Condenser, just an ordinary person, with no accident or disaster, just one day never woke up again."

For mortals, this is an entirely ordinary fate.

"I was thankful at the time, grateful that Palmer was still young, understanding nothing, not even sure if he could remember things. His mother's death shouldn't have had a significant impact on him," Fuen continued, "but many years later, until his coming-of-age ceremony, I learned he remembered it all."

"Can you believe it? A child of two or three not only clearly remembered his mother but also everything about her, her gaze and tenderness, and her departure... Palmer knew it all but never said a word."

Fuen realized it was pure coincidence that he discovered it and apologized, "It must have been the worst joke I ever made."

After understanding the darkness of the world, Palmer silently accepted it and left the Fortress of the Morning Wind without a word. Riding Leica, he arrived at a corner of the Wind Source Highlands, where a large tree stood against the fierce winds on the flat wilderness.

When Palmer was young, his mother often held him under the tree for shade. After she passed, Fuen never brought him there, but Palmer remembered everything about it, even the roads there.

"Interesting, right? I thought he was upset and ran away from home; I never expected he would be there. When he saw me coming, he just said he was ready, his eyes lowered, hiding countless deliberately buried thoughts."

Listening to Fuen's words, Vasilina was taken aback, then she laughed, shaking her head, "If that's all... I've known for a long time."

"You knew all along?"

Fuen was entirely surprised. Palmer hid it so deeply that even he, his father, discovered it after many years... Although as a father, he felt somewhat inadequate, he never expected Vasilina to know as well.

Considering Palmer's nature and his frequent conflicts with Vasilina, how could he possibly show his vulnerable side to her?

Curious, Fuen asked, "What's going on?"

Vasilina's eyes flickered a few times as she meaningfully said, "Palmer would never want you to know this; if you knew, he'd go crazy."

Not only was Vasilina Palmer's adversary, but Fuen was also one of his opponents, being a troublesome father. Nine out of ten of Palmer's rebellious emotions stemmed from this guy.

"So that matter is related to Palmer's 'stupidity', right?" Aimou's curiosity was entirely piqued, "What exactly was it?"

"Hmm... Ever since learning about Leica's old age, Palmer had been very down, wasn't even interested in wrestling with me, and spent all his time cooped up with Leica, ignoring everyone."

Vasilina recounted that unknown story.

"One night, feeling incredibly bored, I went to find Palmer. As I approached his door, I heard a low sobbing sound. I quietly pushed the door open and saw Palmer hugging Leica, crying incessantly and apologizing."

Vasilina paused, excitedly turning to Aimou, "Don't you find this side of Palmer dumb?"

Dumb?

It did sound quite silly, yet forcing Aimou to utter the word "dumb", she felt she couldn't do it. Something seemed stirred in her soft heart.

"Adorably dumb."

Vasilina continued, "It was the first time I saw Palmer like that."

"So that's when you began to like him? Because of this complex side of him."

Suddenly realizing she might have stumbled upon some private secrets, Aimou felt she shouldn't have known these, as they were Palmer's privacy.

Shaking her head vigorously, Aimou tried to forget this story, "You shouldn't have told me these things!"

"I need you to understand who Palmer truly is. If I didn't tell you, you surely wouldn't discover this point."

Vasilina's expression became constrained, sighing, "Only you guys can help me look after Palmer, isn't that so?"

"So... is that the case?"

Aimou finally grasped Vasilina's intention and then said, "Then you should tell Bologue. He's Palmer's current partner."

"It's all quite similar."

Vasilina said while ruffling Aimou's hair. She liked this Alchemy Puppet, this marvelous life akin to an innocent child, reminding her of young Palmer.

Aimou wanted to say something more, when suddenly, the light inside her eyes constricted sharply. Aimou's keen Ethereal Perception sensed the arrival of a crisis.

She wasn't sure what happened, but instinctively took action, transforming her flesh into steel, with the Constant Motion Core roaring full throttle.

Aimou decisively pushed open a nearby door, pulling Vasilina inside. Following this, a burning light flared up from the end of the hallway.

The faint Ether reactions became clear, accompanied by continuous roaring explosions, the ground shook, and the self-destruct assault of the Wind-Eroded Bird flock began, dragging the Fortress of the Morning Wind into a raging sea of fire.

Chapter 552: Hot and Cold

Under the night without light, the pitch-black tide continuously pushed the Bloodthirsty towards the shore. They required no rest, and at the moment of contact with the land, driven by the alchemy device on their bodies, they exploded with unimaginable power and charged tirelessly towards the Fortress of the Morning Wind.

Simultaneously under attack, the Condensers of the Clarks were also mobilized. Although initially at a disadvantage, they still struggled to resist. The roaring bombardment and surging Ether repeatedly washed over the coast, piling up countless corpses.

Gradually, they realized that not all Bloodthirsty were self-destructive. Most were only highly aggressive, while those with tremendous explosive power were mixed among them.

Under this frenzied assault, the Night Race gained the upper hand, continuously pouring into the Fortress of the Morning Wind through breaches created by the Wind-Eroded Birds, extending the melee into the interior of the castle complexes.

Countless Bloodthirsty fell one after another, among them scarlet figures used them as cover, silently infiltrating the castle. Unlike these sacrificial cannon fodders, she had more important tasks.

Zefirin lightly leaped to the window edge. Here, the area was not yet covered by the flames of war, with sparse Ether reactions, making it a suitable point for infiltration.

She cautiously traversed the corridor, her ruby-like eyes scanning each door, sensing the breath of the living and the waves of Ether.

Unlike the lowly Bloodthirsty, given the purity of Zefirin's bloodline, she could be considered a High Tier Night Race and regarded as one of the commanders in this battle.

Her eyes emitted a bright red light, and the Alchemy Matrix surfaced on her pale skin.

As Zefirin advanced, a mist vaguely spread from her body. She seemed like a butterfly in motion, with every wing flap releasing a sweet and intoxicating butterfly dust.

The intoxicating aroma spread, swiftly covering the entire area, seeping even through the doors. Some zones were protected by the Void Realm, with Ether surging within.

The light red mist surged forward as if unobstructed, reacting violently with the Ether of the Void Realm, flashing arcs and sparks but soon, like a strong acid, gradually corroded and dissolved the defenses of the Void Realm.

Some guards stationed here detected the eerie mist, but before they could realize Zefirin's location, the absorbing mist, like a potent hallucinogen, incapacitated the guards without any direct conflict.

When Zefirin arrived, the spreading mist had already resolved all the defensive measures for her. She moved freely within the Fortress of the Morning Wind as if holding a master key.

But damn it, the Fortress of the Morning Wind was too large. Zefirin paused, taking out a yellowed map from her pocket. It depicted the designs of the Fortress of the Morning Wind, a relic from a hundred years ago during the Dawn War as noted in the corner.

Over these hundred years, the Clarks have expanded and rebuilt the Fortress of the Morning Wind several times, rendering this damn map utterly useless.

"Damn it! Can't there be some reliable assistance?"

Zefirin cursed softly. She wanted to tear the map apart but considering the importance of the mission, she put it away.

From now on, everything relied solely on herself.

Zefirin told herself that with the map being unreliable, she needed some captives, preferably those in high positions within the Clarke family, for only they knew the secrets of the castle complexes.

An arc of Ether flashed across her crimson eyes, and Zefirin began adjusting the nature of her emitted mist, shifting it from causing fainting and hallucinations to paralysis.

Zefirin continued to recall in her mind the list related to the Clarks family. Fuen, as the Patriarch, was certainly not someone she could handle. She started searching for suitable targets along the list, quickly moving within the building, heading towards the suspected mission target locations.

Reaching a segment of the corridor, Zefirin abruptly stopped. Her mist was not only her offensive tool but also her expanding limb, enabling her to observe enemy movements within the mist.

Given the current Ether intensity she exerted, ordinary people would instantly lose resistance, and even First Stage Condensers would become completely incapacitated after a brief struggle.

Yet, in her perception, she detected a target unit being eroded by the mist, but her mist failed to penetrate it, while the other party remained in place without any resistance or movement.

This strange reaction puzzled Zefirin. It indicated the other party's resistance to the mist was at least that of a Second Stage Prayer Believer.

Out of caution, Zefirin did not act recklessly. Her hands were covered with sturdy hand armor, reaching behind her to grab a folded weapon. With the twist of metal joints, the weapon unfolded into a lethal Great Scythe, a chainsaw added on the blade.

When it hits flesh and blood, there is almost no difference from being hit by a power saw. Zefirin gripped her weapon tightly. The target was below her, but instead of breaking through rashly, she quietly advanced from the window.

...

Palmer's current state was very bad, extremely bad.

He lay on the bed, his consciousness wavering between wakefulness and dream. He vaguely felt his body was very tired, but in comparison, his mind was even worse off.

The fatigue of the last few days?

In the fog, Palmer had such a thought, but he also remembered that he seemingly did nothing these past few days, so why was he tired?

Mental exhaustion?

That could be possible. After meeting Vasilina, his emotions fluctuated greatly, and as he gradually began to understand his deeply buried thoughts, all of these left Palmer not knowing how to face himself, even less so how to face Vasilina.

Palmer felt this was his own problem.

He had realized this issue early on but didn't know how to solve it, so he chose to avoid it—an enchantment extending from his childhood to the present.

Separation.

Palmer was not good at goodbyes, but the world is always full of them. When you possess something, you're destined to lose it.

Just like Vasilina.

Palmer had Vasilina, but with the passage of time, one day Vasilina would also leave and turn to dust.

Everyone has their shortcomings, and Palmer became incredibly anxious at the thought of such inevitable death.

Gradually, Palmer felt he could completely solve these issues by avoidance, trying his best to avoid forming close relationships.

No gain, no loss. This way, his heart could be much calmer. But he couldn't completely suppress his feelings for Vasilina. Every deliberate distancing only intensified his emotions.

Constantly oscillating between close contact and avoidance, he exhausted himself.

"This is terrible."

Palmer said in his sleep. He was very tired and still wanted to continue sleeping, but a clear abnormal sensation gradually forced him to wake up.

He turned over and saw the figure standing by the bed. For an ordinary person, this scene would be quite horrifying, but Palmer was used to it.

In the past, Vasilina often sneaked into his house like this, giving Palmer a fright and then an intense wrestling hug, questioning why he ignored her.

"Vasilina?"

Palmer rubbed his eyes; his sluggish awareness gradually returned. He reached out to touch the figure standing by the bed, but in that instant, he found he couldn't feel his arms.

Not just his arms, but his entire body was paralyzed, disobeying commands. The Alchemy Matrix was dull and numb, and the Ether no longer responded to Palmer's call.

The Ether enveloped Palmer, the toxic mist spreading wildly, completely wrapping around Palmer's body and blocking his nose and mouth.

Every breath allowed the potent poison to gradually erode Palmer's body. Red rashes appeared on his skin, the poison corrupting his Alchemy Matrix and breaking through the Rectangular Soul Critical, completely dominating Palmer's body, the fierce poison rampaging inside.

Only then did Palmer tilt his head back, realizing he might have slept too soundly. The roaring explosions clearly entered his ears, and the Fortress of the Morning Wind trembled unceasingly.

While he slept, the Fortress of the Morning Wind had been dragged into the flames of war.

A pair of crimson eyes shimmered before him; Zefirin slowly raised the Chainsaw Scythe, and Palmer screamed in horror.

"Help!"

Before poor Palmer could even shout the word "help," Zefirin kicked him in the face, sending him tumbling off the bed, rolling several times on the floor.

Dizzy and dazed on the ground, Palmer immediately displayed the tenacity of a Field Staff.

Now completely captured by Zefirin's poison, Palmer summoned his remaining strength, crawling laboriously on the floor like a caterpillar.

But before he could move far, the Chainsaw Scythe violently struck the ground in front of him, and in the dimness, the shiny metal surface reflected Palmer's terrible face.

Zefirin flipped Palmer over, grabbed him by the collar, and hoisted him up with one hand. Palmer, like a shy girl, struggled to avoid Zefirin's gaze, but after several loud slaps, even the shy Palmer submitted to the violence.

Bologue was right; in communication, violence is often the simplest and most effective means.

"Oh? Caught a big fish."

Zefirin scrutinized Palmer's woeful face, matching his identity from a mental list.

"Palmer Clarks!"

Zefirin nearly laughed out loud. Palmer turned his head, on the verge of tears, muttering continuously.

"No... I'm not. I am Bologue, Bologue Clarks."

Chapter 553: Safe Word

Palmer felt he should set aside the conflicts with Vasilina for the moment, as there was a more pressing matter at hand.

Outside the window, the blazing firelight was unending, and the roars of the Bloodthirsty echoed like the symphony of the apocalypse.

Yet inside, it presented a scene of harmony. Zefirin sat on the bed, the horrifying Chain Saw Scythe laid across her knees, while Palmer was tied to a chair, bound like a carefully wrapped holiday gift.

The room was filled with a faint red mist, casting a gentle pink glow under the refracted light, but Palmer felt no beauty in it; with every breath, he inhaled large amounts of toxins.

It was over, all over.

Palmer tilted his head upwards, trying his best not to let his tears flow.

Am I really such an unlucky guy? Why did I sleep so deeply, not even noticing the enemy's invasion? Forget about that, how did I even get captured? Worse still, of all people to be captured by, it was the Night Race.

The heir of the Clarks family, captured by the mortal enemy Night Race, what an utter disgrace!

If Palmer were excessively prideful, he might have already bitten his tongue and ended himself... Fortunately, Palmer didn't really care about such things, so he turned his gaze back to Zefirin, pondering on a glimmer of hope.

"It's not a big problem, Palmer, haven't you seen much greater storms before..."

Palmer consoled himself inwardly; he had faced worse situations than the current crisis, so why panic?

At the very least, he should believe in his Blessing! What if he just got lucky this time?

Such as... a meteor suddenly falling from the sky, crushing Zefirin to death, while he miraculously survives...

"Hey! I'm asking you a question, what are you daydreaming about?"

Zefirin slapped Palmer again, abusing him at will, "Bologue Clarks? I remember there's no one by that name in the Clarks family."

This operation was extremely crucial, and the Clarks family's names had long been etched into Zefirin's mind. She was certain that the guy in front of her was deceiving her; there was no Bologue in the Clarks family.

"You, you should be Palmer, right?"

Zefirin pinched Palmer's face. As the son of Fuen, Palmer was at the top of the list, and the person in front of her claiming to be Bologue closely resembled Palmer... He was definitely Palmer Clarks.

Palmer was doing his final act of resistance, "No, I'm not."

Zefirin frowned, "What are you up to?"

"Nothing... nothing, I have facial paralysis and need to move my facial muscles."

Palmer made exaggerated faces, hoping this foolish method would make Zefirin fail to recognize him.

With another crisp slap, half of Palmer's face went numb, looking at Zefirin with tearful eyes. Facing Palmer who had quieted down, Zefirin confirmed again.

"You truly are Palmer."

The Night Race had conducted extremely thorough investigations on the Clarks family, and although Palmer hasn't lived in the Wind Source Highlands in recent years, he was still within the scope of their investigation. The information the Night Race obtained was not comprehensive, mostly being lower-level secret intelligence within the Order Bureau.

For instance, Palmer's poor work attitude and his detestable demeanor.

Zefirin was initially unsure of her success in catching the heir of the Clarks family so easily, but when Palmer foolishly made faces, she realized she had hooked a big fish.

It was over.

Palmer cried out internally, starting to pray for external aid, hoping someone would quickly find him in his plight.

"I'm asking you again, how do I get to the Wind Cellar?"

"The Wind Cellar?"

The mention of the Wind Cellar cleared Palmer's mind of all wild thoughts, his mournful expression turning serious, now showing some semblance of a Field Staff's resoluteness.

"So your target is indeed the 'Dawn Oath.'"

"What else? Who would attack this damned place for any other reason."

Zefirin slowly stood up, the lethal Chain Saw Scythe placed aside, she grabbed Palmer's hair and forcefully dragged him up, throwing a heavy punch to his abdomen.

Previously, such an attack hardly affected Palmer, but under the influence of the deadly toxins, the slight pain was magnified several times. Palmer clenched his teeth but his body still involuntarily trembled and spasmed.

He felt as if he had been hit by a car.

"Ha... Ha..."

Palmer lowered his head, gasping for breath, saliva mixed with blood staining the ground.

Zefirin said, "I am quite good at interrogations. You better not resist, it'll be beneficial for both of us."

"Is... is it this mist?" Palmer disregarded Zefirin's words and instead started analyzing the situation, "Does this mist affect my nerves?"

The body's numbness, intermittent fainting sensations, even hallucinations... the negative effects appended by this mist were manyfold, not something Secret Energy by a First Stage Condenser could create. Hence, it could be concluded that Zefirin's Tier was at least above the Prayer Believers.

"Thinking about a counter-strategy?" Zefirin took out a small bag from her waist. "Then you better think faster."

Zefirin opened the small bag and took out one bizarre-looking metal tool after another under Palmer's gaze. Palmer tried to maintain his composure at first, but as the bag filled with an array of intricately designed small torture devices, even the steadiest heart would be terrified.

"Stop! Stop!"

Palmer screamed while trying to think of a stalling tactic.

He couldn't think of any.

"Isn't this too much? We've only known each other a few minutes and you're already going this far!" Palmer began joking awkwardly, hoping his comedic talent could influence Zefirin. "How about we start by getting to know each other first?"

Zefirin ignored Palmer as she skillfully drove a spiked metal handle into Palmer's abdomen. The barbs twisted into his flesh, and under the influence of the potent poison, the intense pain almost caused Palmer to pass out.

"Hi there, I'm Bologue Clarks, and you?"

Even so, Palmer still gathered his strength and animatedly spoke to Zefirin, as if he was genuinely trying to make a friend in this hellish scenario.

Actually... it's not impossible. Palmer had already gotten quite chummy with the Night Race Lord; meeting Zefirin should be no big deal.

Zefirin frowned slightly, twisting her wrist.

Visibly, Palmer's face grew even paler, but he forced himself to remain calm and seriously said to Zefirin, "I understand everyone has their own preferences, but I think before implementing them, you should consult the other party's opinion—mutual respect, don't you think?"

Zefirin released her grip, retrieved another hook-like torture device, and her expression took on a slightly troubled look.

In the past, under Zefirin's torment, most enemies couldn't last long. Even the most strong-willed would show expressions of struggle and near-collapse.

The feeling of conflicted struggle brought Zefirin an indescribable sense of pleasure. Although she didn't want to admit it, she truly found satisfaction and joy in torturing enemies.

However, when applied to Palmer, it was different. Zefirin felt no satisfaction but instead found Palmer's chatter irritating, like trying to slaughter a stubborn duck that won't stop quacking though half-drowned in the pot.

Seeing the new torture device, this time Palmer felt he was truly at his limit. Previously, he could at least comfort himself with the iron will of a field staff member, but now, he really couldn't take it anymore.

As Zefirin approached, Palmer summoned all his remaining strength and tried to knock her down, but he overestimated himself.

Under the poison's influence, not only could Palmer barely summon strength, but his Rectangular Soul Critical had also been corrupted, and he struggled even to mobilize Ether.

Unable to stand, Palmer fell awkwardly to the ground with the chair, clumsily squirming away from Zefirin.

Seeing the heir of the Clarks family groveling at her feet, Zefirin abruptly burst into laughter, which to Palmer, seemed like a sadistic killer amused.

He thought Zefirin would probably have lots of common interests with Bologue.

"I... I know Serey! Serey Villeries! The Night Race Lord!"

Palmer tried to save himself by citing his connections, but strangely, though she belonged to the Night Race, upon hearing Serey's name, Zefirin's expression turned grim and murderous.

What the hell? Serey, are you really that unpopular within the Night Race?

Palmer screamed internally; he had been knocked out and taken away by Vasilina that night, missing Fuen's story.

"Wait a minute, at least... at least set up a safe word first! What if you really kill me?"

Palmer desperately crawled toward the door, keeping up his chatter to buy time.

Zefirin ignored Palmer and took up the Chain Saw Scythe with one hand and a hook-like torture tool with the other. It was time for her pleasure-filled torment.

"Sunshine! What do you think of that word?"

In this situation, Palmer could only argue over words, "How about silverware? I think silverware's quite nice too!"

The Chain Saw Scythe slammed down beside Palmer's head, cutting a shallow line on his cheek.

"Help!"

Palmer completely broke down, screaming helplessly, a cascade of names flashing in his mind, until he shouted the most reliable one.

"Help! Bologue!"

No sooner had he spoken than a surge of Ether resonated, and Zefirin quickly withdrew the Chain Saw Scythe to defend but was still too late.

A silver battering ram crashed through the wall without slowing down, smashing directly into Zefirin, driving her through wall after wall and burying her deep in the rubble.

Amongst the collapsing debris, a thin flame flickered by, like a nearly burnt-out fuse, then Red Mercury fully exploded, the blazing light burst to the ends of the ruins, scattering everywhere.

A familiar figure stepped from the breach, Bologue looked at the tied-up Palmer and asked in confusion, "Were you just calling for me?"

Palmer froze for two seconds, then shook his head.

"No... I was calling out a safe word."

Chapter 554: Showdown

At the critical moment, your eternal savior, your absolutely reliable partner, Bologue Lazarus makes his dazzling entrance.

Whether it was the sharp pain from his abdomen or the hallucinations caused by poison, Palmer's eyes were wet, and he felt he was truly about to cry.

Seeing Bologue, Palmer realized he had never missed his partner so much; if not for his body still being paralyzed and unable to move, he really wanted to give Bologue a big hug.

Bologue didn't even glance at Palmer, his gaze locked on the burning ruins behind the layers of collapsing walls.

Unlike those Bloodthirsty ones he casually slaughtered, the opponent was a High Tier Night Race, with unknown Ether strength. This seemingly brutal offensive from Bologue wasn't enough to completely crush Zefirin's Undying Body.

Catching a glimpse of Palmer from the corner of his eyes, Bologue didn't comprehend the "safe word" that Palmer mentioned. Though their interests overlapped somewhat, Palmer enjoyed flashy things more, coupled with his comedian personality, Bologue had long learned to filter out Palmer's words.

Filtering out the junk information, leaving only the useful, Bologue didn't hesitate for a moment, instead asking about the situation.

"How did you end up like this?"

"Hell knows, I woke up like this!" Palmer complained, "And why did Night Race silently appear in my home!"

The Fortress of the Morning Wind was shrouded with a layer of Void Realm. Despite the aggressive attacks from the Night Race, they never ventured into the Fortress of the Morning Wind's interior; but now, the Night Race not only breached inside but silently spread poison.

Palmer was aware of the recent dangers in the Wind Source Highlands, so he was always highly vigilant when going out. Yet, he never imagined that the place he assumed most secure, the Fortress of the Morning Wind, would be conquered.

The feeling was akin to just stepping out of the Order Bureau's office, meeting a group of King's Secret Sword right in front of you.

After relentless complaints, Palmer's heart was filled with intense rage; clearly, he was home for vacation, yet he was beset by layer upon layer of trouble.

"Information!"

Bologue, sparing words like gold, the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid crawled along his body, forming a sturdy and lightweight scale armor.

"Tier is at least Prayer Believers; the Secret Energy is suspected to be compounded through the Illusion Creation School and Void Spirit School, creating toxin-filled mist."

Through the brief and terrible ordeal, Palmer managed to grasp some of Zefirin's power.

"The specific negative states are hallucination, fainting, paralysis, and enhanced senses, but mostly pain enhancement!"

As Palmer spoke, pain akin to a twisting knife emanated from his abdomen; he couldn't fathom how he could be stabbed at home, yet given it was at home, he nearly threw caution to the wind.

"I was invaded by toxins in my sleep... I wouldn't make such foolish mistakes, but I didn't notice anything unusual."

Bologue understood Palmer's implication, "The opponent is adept at Ethereal Concealment, correct?"

Using Ethereal Concealment could make their Ether reactions nearly non-existent; Zefirin, like a cunning venomous snake, first silently expanded her toxins, paralyzing Palmer, then allowed the toxins' negative states to reflect on Palmer one by one, engaging in a vicious cycle.

When Palmer noticed the abnormalities in his body, he had already succumbed to paralysis, struggling to muster any strength to resist.

"By the way," Palmer added, "The toxin is suspected to corrode Ether, destroying Rectangular Soul Critical... this should be her Secret Energy's main power."

Palmer himself wasn't entirely sure; though he could still speak, his mind was swarmed with various negative states, impairing his judgment.

During the toxin's seepage, Palmer's Ether was gradually corroded, and the Rectangular Soul Critical was riddled with holes, exacerbating the toxins' impact on him.

Destroying Rectangular Soul Critical sounds terrifying, but Palmer felt it shouldn't be an issue for Bologue; such destruction only erupts when the toxins accumulate significantly.

The reason Zefirin could destroy Palmer's Rectangular Soul Critical was simply because he was incapacitated, akin to a dying patient force-fed several liters of poison.

Bologue wouldn't give Zefirin the opportunity to accumulate toxins.

After Palmer finished speaking, Bologue lightly stomped his foot and responded, "Come find me when you recover."

In the next moment, under the command of the Flame of the Cauldron, Palmer's location began to shift, the floor collapsing to the next level, accompanied by startled cries, Palmer swiftly exited the battlefield.

Having moved the hindrance aside, Bologue stretched his body, muscles flexing, the Alchemy Matrix gleaming with brilliance, Ethereal Amplification fully enveloping his body, his gestures carrying a powerful sensation.

With events unfolding suddenly, others might panic, but Bologue was different.

As a Field Staff with professional expertise, Bologue always required himself to be ready for emergencies, regardless of the circumstances.

If encountering a fierce enemy in the restroom, he'd smash their head on the sink; in a restaurant, he'd slice open their throat with a dinner knife; in a bar, he'd smash a bottle and pierce their heart with the shards...

This wasn't a joke; a year ago... oh, no, roughly calculating, it should be counted as two years ago. During his post-release internship life, Bologue employed various eye-catching methods to deal with the Demons lurking within human society.

Chapter 555: Duel_2

From within the ruins came a series of sounds, Zefirin pushed away the rubble pressing down on her, the scratches on her face healing at a speed visible to the naked eye. Correspondingly, the crimson glow flickered incessantly, the deadly poison mist encircled her, and under the infusion of Ether, the pale red mist was covered with a layer of scarlet hue.

Raising the Chain Saw Scythe, Ether was injected into the Alchemy Armament, and the sharp toothed chain roared into motion. Zefirin glared furiously at the guy in front of her who had ruined her plans; she was ready to torture Bologue with the harshest punishment.

Bologue was not eager to attack, as if adhering to some kind of etiquette, allowing Zefirin to prepare herself. Meanwhile, Bologue slowly pulled out a grotesque and ugly mask from inside his jacket and fitted it to his face.

The deep sound of breathing, distorted by the Face of Horror, turned into the panting of a beast with a thirst for blood, accompanied by a terrifying sense of dread.

Fingers brushed over the sticky leather surface, and the tiny cracks could be clearly felt, like scars engraved on the Face of Horror.

In the final great melee during the time axis disorder event, the Undying Heart indiscriminately launched attacks against everyone, its gluttonous power wantonly devouring the essence of souls, thus destroying the reality of matter.

Even beings as strong as the Third Seat, whose Silver Knights also collapsed and were destroyed amidst the devouring. Bologue's Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid was no exception, let alone the Face of Horror, which could not escape the influence of the Undying Heart.

The Undying Heart still had an irrevocable impact on the Face of Horror, leaving it full of cracks. The Face of Horror is a Contract Object, not an Alchemy Armament, the Sublimation Furnace Core also offers no suitable means for its repair.

At least it can still be used now.

Releasing the fearsome intent to kill, Bologue launched the attack first, igniting the battle.

The Flame of the Cauldron burned wildly, the scorching firelight almost instantly engulfing the surrounding battlefield, turning it into Bologue's domain.

Zefirin was still unaware of Bologue's Secret Energy, and in the brief hesitation she had, Bologue clenched his fist, causing the entire area to begin collapsing.

Bricks fell one by one, walls began to close in, quickly compressing Zefirin's living space. Since her Secret Energy belongs to the mind-influencing Void Spirit School, she lacks effective means to attack the physical.

Zefirin's movements revealed some panic; under Bologue's command, this area was like the mouth of a giant beast, trying to swallow Zefirin into its belly.

She swung the Chain Saw Scythe, violently breaking through several layers of walls, leaping toward a window on one side; as long as she escaped the building, Bologue's threat would be greatly reduced.

What Zefirin could think of, Bologue naturally could also think of, even faster than Zefirin.

Green flames burned between the window ledges, heavy bricks fell and quickly sealed all the windows. The entire building began to rapidly contract, constantly thickening and reinforcing.

Zefirin had nowhere to escape; her poison mist could paralyze Condensers, but couldn't affect dead matter.

Bologue surveyed the cage he had created, and for a moment he actually felt a bit nostalgic; it reminded him of his employment test battle with the Blade-Biting Wolf.

The Cultivation Room covered the building and sealed it, and now Bologue had managed to achieve something similar to the Cultivation Room's effect.

"Maintaining such a Command must consume a lot of Ether, right?"

Zefirin watched Bologue warily, knowing this was a Death Battle Arena. If she wanted to leave, she would have to find a way to defeat Bologue.

Bologue said airily, "Not really, enough to support until I deal with you."

With Bologue's refinement of the Flame of the Cauldron and precise Ether manipulation, maintaining such a Command had become a breeze for him.

This was different from conventional Command; conventional Commanding School Condensers inject their own Ether into matter, thus consuming massive amounts of Ether for control and distortion. But

Bologue was different; he did not inject Ether into matter, but rather extended his own Alchemy Matrix, transforming them into a part of his body.

It could be said that now Bologue "ate" Zefirin.

Zefirin possessed Ethereal Concealment; she excelled at hiding her whereabouts, coupled with that eerie poison, and if this place wasn't sealed, she could easily escape Bologue's sight.

Bologue waved his hand lightly like an orchestra conductor; sharp spikes rose from beneath Zefirin. Zefirin had made some progress in Ethereal Perception, anticipating Bologue's Ether flow, thus successfully evading.

Spikes perpetually emerged from all directions, successive attacks plunging Zefirin into absolute passivity.

The Chain Saw Scythe emitted a roaring noise, and under Zefirin's vigorous swing, a storm of metal cutting was unleashed, cleaving, shattering all surrounding matter.

From afar, Bologue leisurely waved his hand, commanding the Commanding Matter.

In the Commanding Matter, Condensers often need to concentrate to give orders, but if they integrate orders into their movements, using actions to guide their consciousness, this can speed up order issuance and ease mental pressure—such as the physical actions Bologue was performing now.

At this moment, Bologue was not only teasing Zefirin but also observing this mysterious Night Race, probing whether she still possessed capabilities beyond intelligence estimates.

As for her Tier, Bologue had roughly figured it out; she should be a Prayer Believer like him.

Nevertheless, caution was warranted, as the opponent possessed an Undying Body like his own, and her Secret Energy might render Bologue powerless.

Bologue did not fear death, but he was somewhat wary of powerlessness.

As he pondered, scarlet light flickered, and Zefirin suddenly shifted her attack direction, charging straight toward Bologue. The Chain Saw Scythe scraped against the ground, sparking and roaring while carving a deep furrow.

While Bologue was observing Zefirin, she was also observing him. She realized Bologue always maintained distance, attacking her with long-range Commanding Matter. Instead of wasting energy evading, she might as well close in to kill Bologue.

The roaring Chain Saw Scythe came down headfirst, it was a lethal moment, and Zefirin noticed that a hint of... delight? flashed in Bologue's eyes.

Before she could delve deeper into thought, silver flashes danced and iron branches sprang up densely, supporting the descending Chain Saw Scythe. Afterward, a slender long sword protruded among them, stabbing toward Zefirin.

Zefirin released one hand and, relying on sturdy Hand Armor, caught the long sword, deflecting the strike.

"I... I've got you!"

Simultaneously with Zefirin's low roar, a large amount of poison mist spread out, corroding Bologue's body. It not only brought physical pain, but even the Alchemy Matrix flickered urgently, like a machine under load collapse.

The chain saw turned, and amidst the fierce sparks, sawed through countless iron branches, plummeting down. Bologue also summoned Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid, snakes entwining Zefirin like thorns on a body.

Both abandoned defense, confronting head-on.

Chapter 556: Undead and Undead

In this evenly matched confrontation, the Undying Body carries immense tactical significance. It not only allows you to take risks without fear but also subjects the enemy to relentless pressure.

Amidst this intense and constantly shifting battlefield, a momentary lapse can lead to death, but now the situation has changed: the harsh penalty of death no longer applies to the Undead.

An enemy that can't die — there's nothing worse than that.

Amid Zefirin's arrogant cheers, the Chain Saw Scythe carved a scarlet trajectory, the frenzied rotating teeth not only severed the Iron Branch but fiercely smashed into Bologue's Scale Armor.

The glaring firelight continuously broke through the armor's defense, leaving large bloodstains on Bologue's chest. As it tore into the flesh, the venom took advantage and invaded.

Joy spread across Zefirin's pale face, but soon, fine cracks began to surface and split on that delicate visage.

Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid pierced through Zefirin's body, transforming into rapidly growing thorns, invading her chest almost instantly.

The twisted extending thorns were like countless curved daggers mashed together, slicing through the fragile flesh, cutting blood vessels, severing bones, and even crushing the heart and spine.

The body shattered into neat pieces of flesh, drenched in blood.

Bologue's gaze became vacant and numb. As the Chain Saw Scythe withdrew from his body, his wounds simultaneously split open, a ruthless injury emerging from his left shoulder, deep enough to reveal white bone. Zefirin's strike nearly severed Bologue's entire left arm.

The venom echoed and roared within his nerves, just as Palmer had described, various negative status effects collectively impacting Bologue. In his disordered senses, he struggled to control his body, weakly kneeling forward.

Yet Bologue stubbornly lifted his head, a weak flicker of firelight flashing across his fingertips.

Blazing Scale Burst.

The Red Mercury exploded with a roar, the burning firelight erupted from within Zefirin, blasting her into a fierce burning fireball.

The building began to convulse violently, under the influence of the venom, Bologue struggled to accurately Command Matter, but... there was no need for precise control, just haphazardly smashing like an enraged drunkard.

Square stone pillars fell in crisscross, striking the burning figure. Initially, Zefirin could awkwardly dodge, but under mutual devastation, she couldn't maintain agile movement, her lower limbs crushed by the stone pillars, followed by more pillars falling, layer upon layer, pinning Zefirin down.

Bologue vomited a large mouthful of blood, blood splattering on the ground, emitting a dense bubbling sound, as if his blood had become intensely acidic.

This was likely one of the effects of the venom, it was consuming Bologue's body. But beyond various negative states, Bologue realized its truly lethal aspect.

The venom was attempting to break through his Rectangular Soul Critical; though not completely succeeded, it had filled Bologue's own Rectangular Soul Critical with cracks, exacerbating its impact on him.

No wonder Palmer was so unfortunate, when Zefirin silently incapacitated him, Palmer had already been bitten by a venomous snake on the throat.

Bologue also identified Zefirin's weakness; her toxin was lethal but only effective in assassination. In direct combat, its efficacy was limited.

Clutching his wounded left shoulder, Bologue summoned the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid, forging armor, concealing the wound, and firmly locking his body, supporting himself.

On the surface, it appeared as Bologue's emergency treatment for himself, at least it wouldn't allow the wound to expand further.

As Zefirin retreated, the scarlet mist likewise faded and dissipated. This mist was Zefirin's Illusion Creation, further spreading as a medium for the venom.

In brief contact, Bologue realized that even if not inhaled, the mist, once covering matter, would still cause corrosive effects and other impacts.

Taking deep breaths repeatedly, Bologue's face was pallid, under the armor, his left shoulder was swiftly regenerating, yet he continued to feign a look of excruciating pain.

Cautious, efficient, cunning...

Bologue had expertly applied these traits in combat, like a true Hunter.

The chainsaw roared anew, with metallic clashing and cutting, Zefirin's stone pillar seal was completely shattered, and the undead Night Race wielding the Chain Saw Scythe returned once more.

Zefirin now appeared utterly disheveled, covered in marks of filthy blood, with numerous injuries still healing. Although a High Tier Night Race, her bloodline purity was far inferior to the likes of Serey, a Night Race Lord.

Leaning on the Chain Saw Scythe, Zefirin's steps were still staggered. She wasn't hasty to attack, aware that even her Undying Body had limits, and Bologue's torrential assault made her realize she needed to treat Bologue with caution.

Even though now Bologue was severely wounded by her.

After the fierce clash, both paused simultaneously, warily scrutinizing each other.

Zefirin sniffed the blood scent permeating the air, discerning the aroma she revered and detested.

"You possess Serey's blood covenant."

When mentioning this, Zefirin's voice carried a twisted resentment, she had never truly seen Serey, nor had direct enmity with Serey, but she could feel the rage coursing through her bloodline.

Rage from the one who had bestowed blood to Zefirin.

"Why not? Can you spare me for Serey's sake?"

Bologue feigned weakness, secretly gripping the hidden weapon, always ready to launch a counterstrike.

"You're not bad, I actually wanted you to become one of us."

Zefirin wasn't lying. One of the objectives of the attack on the Fortress of the Morning Wind was Night Race recruitment, and if it weren't for Bologue's interference, Zefirin intended to convert Palmer into a member of the Night Race.

Turning the heir of the Clarks to the fallen side—nothing could be more entertaining.

"And now?"

Bologue took a deep breath, his left shoulder wound fully healed, and began to anticipate Zefirin's incredible gaze.

"Now? Now I'll use the cruelest punishment to deal with the ally of a traitor!"

The crimson mist expanded rapidly. Bologue thought he had created a cage to seal Zefirin's movements, but wasn't this cage also Bologue's own prison? In this enclosed environment, the toxic mist wouldn't leak out at all.

Zefirin unleashed secret energy, the blood-red glow bursting from within the Alchemy Matrix.

Secret Energy: Soul-Breaking Poison.

The primary discipline belongs to the Void Spirit School, enabling one's Ether to be transformed into deadly poison, causing multiple negative effects. The most lethal aspect is its erosion of the Rectangular Soul Critical, with a secondary discipline of Illusion Creation, transforming the poisonous Ether into mist for widespread physical interference.

To an assassin, this is a perfect poison that utterly destroys the opponent's Rectangular Soul Critical amid paralysis and torment, expanding the toxin's influence in a vicious cycle.

The crimson mist filled the air, coloring Bologue's entire vision in shades of bloodred. Zefirin used it to briefly hide her figure.

But the roaring noise of the Chain Saw Scythe couldn't be masked.

With no thought of evasion, the harsh chainsaw sound came from the front. Bologue held his breath, avoiding inhaling the mist, as it was still capable of eroding his body from the outside, but inhaling it would be far more damaging.

A stone pillar fell, blocking the attack of the Chain Saw Scythe, which spun in mid-air, a thin cord trailing from the handle into the mist, straightening and redirecting.

This was merely a feint; the Chain Saw Scythe sliced an arc from another angle toward Bologue, accompanied by hurried footsteps in the mist.

Bologue ignored all of this; the mist was an extension of Zefirin's senses, as much as the cage was an extension of Bologue's perception.

Blue flames rose suddenly, interweaving with the crimson mist. The Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid transformed into a cold cluster of snakes rushing at Zefirin, tearing into thorn-laden briars, like chevaux de frise blocking Zefirin's path.

The rapidly swung Chain Saw Scythe was also blocked by the rising stone wall. The weapon was disarmed, but Zefirin didn't stop; instead, she sped toward Bologue, smashing through the thorny chevaux de frise that barred her way with her heavy fists.

This action took Bologue by surprise, and soon he realized the Chain Saw Scythe, like his disguise, wasn't Zefirin's true Alchemy Armament.

Layers of obstructions were broken through, Zefirin swung her radiant Metal Hand Armor, delivering a heavy iron punch.

Zefirin rarely exposes her true Alchemy Armament directly, only doing so when she believes she can end the fight, delivering her final blow like thunder.

Now, with Bologue critically injured and shrouded in venom, there was no better time to conclude the battle.

The iron fist dispersed the crimson mist, and behind the obscured fog, the Face of Horror released an overwhelming sense of dread. Distorted and frenzied illusions flashed before Zefirin's eyes, yet they didn't affect her much. In her eyes, Bologue only appeared more terrifying.

A creature of terror at death's door.

Nothing more.

Suddenly, Zefirin's advancing steps faltered; a cold iron chain, from nowhere, entwined around her legs, twisting into sharp iron thorns that pierced into her flesh.

A gentle breeze brushed her cheek; despite the distance between her and Bologue, in a blink, Bologue was right before Zefirin's eyes.

Bologue swung his right fist, the glow of Ethereal Amplification enveloping his arm, unleashing a deadly punch.

Like a framerate drop in an animation, one second Zefirin was punching forward, the next, her body started to tilt, her freshly healed chest caving inwards, shattering countless bones.

A last desperate strike before death?

This thought flashed through Zefirin's mind. Logically, Bologue, after suffering severe damage and poison, shouldn't possess the strength to counterattack.

She glared at Bologue, only to see him raise his left fist, with the terrible wound vanished.

Zefirin's mind went blank as heavy fists alternated down on her.

Pounding at her chest, striking her throat, Zefirin was slammed back, only to be dragged by the entangling thorns back in. Bologue swung the thorns forcefully, hurling Zefirin with all his might, crashing through a line of stone pillars, eventually smashing against the far end of the cage.

Sparks flashed, a booming explosion sounded from the depths; the accumulated Red Mercury caused the fiercest detonation yet, making it impossible for the cage to stay sealed.

On the high walls of the Fortress of the Morning Wind, a scorching trail of fire erupted. Amidst the blaze, a figure wrapped in iron thorns emerged, gravely hitting the wall under gravity's pull, leaving a slowly dripping trail of blood.

From the collapsing hole of the explosion, Bologue slowly walked out from the fire's glow, looking down upon the ground.

Chapter 557: Hummingbird

"Did they escape?"

Bologue looked down, clearly seeing the bloodstains left on the wall. Under the pouring rain, they were slowly diffusing.

Zefirin's ether reaction had disappeared. Bologue did not think he had killed the opponent; it seemed more like the opponent did not want to tangle with him further.

The surroundings echoed with bloodthirsty murmurs. The Bloodthirsty were using their sharp claws, clinging to the walls like geckos. Some approached Bologue, while others neared the bloodstain, licking Zefirin's fresh blood.

The blood of a high-ranking Night Race member was irresistibly tempting to the Bloodthirsty. Soon, their movements stalled, and then they simultaneously twisted their heads to look at Bologue.

More than a dozen pairs of scarlet eyes stared intensely at Bologue, reflecting his visage in their bloody lenses.

The battle wasn't over yet.

Green flames surged, covering the area around Bologue. As a high-ranking Night Race member, Zefirin possessed the power to command the Bloodthirsty. Endless howls resounded, and the Bloodthirsty clawed at the walls, launching themselves fiercely at Bologue.

Bologue squinted his eyes. He didn't feel victorious, but instead grew more vigilant. Attacking the Fortress of the Morning Wind couldn't be done with just these Bloodthirsty; there must be many more like Zefirin, high-ranking Night Race members.

The enemy ranks weren't just Prayer Believers; there were at least Negative Power Users, if not Defenders.

Indeed, the opponent's strength was formidable. Otherwise, if it was just these guys, encountering Fuen would simply be a suicidal move.

As Bologue thought, thunder and gale roared from the sky, unleashing a suffocating ether reaction that collided like two blazing suns.

The immense pressure plunged the battlefield into a brief silence. Bologue instinctively lowered his body to resist the oppressive ether fluctuations. Below, the Bloodthirsty also ceased their attack, curling up like frightened beasts.

Bologue gazed into the depths of the thunderclouds, unable to discern the presence within, but he was certain that it must be Fuen battling the enemy.

This was ether strength far surpassing Negative Power Users, a Defender's war breaking out high above.

Bologue steadied his emotions and changed his mindset. This was no longer a Night Race raid; it was a war in the truest sense.

Extraordinary war.

After a brief suppression, the thunder and gale gradually receded. The fight moved above the sea, stirring massive waves that crashed against the shore.

Bloodthirsty growls echoed, and the battlefield became restless again as the Bloodthirsty charged at Bologue.

Bologue paid little mind to these Bloodthirsty; they posed no threat to him. The only thing to be wary of was their self-destruction.

He could vaguely sense that when the Bloodthirsty self-destructed, another ether surged. Bologue wasn't sure if this was caused by an alchemy device or if some Night Race was secretly manipulating everything.

Like an overlord such as Lebius.

Bologue stepped forward into the void, allowing his body to freely fall. He gripped the sharp sword he had constructed, unleashing a spray of blood as they intertwined.

The Bloodthirsty paused for half a second, then shattered into large chunks of flesh, their blood mingling with the torrential rain, painting every corner around them.

Bologue first slashed at the Bloodthirsty's alchemy devices, easily smashing them, but the expected explosion did not occur. It seemed the explosion wasn't triggered by the alchemy devices.

Steel cables extended from his waist, anchoring bolts into the wall above. Bologue stepped on the wall, stabilizing himself in mid-air.

Swiftly turning around, he continued observing the scattered remains. Then, warm blood sprinkled on Bologue's face, its sticky texture coming through his skin, followed by its warmth quickly becoming searing hot.

"Do it, Derby!"

Zefirin commanded from the shadows as strong ether fluctuations emanated from the scattered warm blood.

The temperature suddenly soared, and the blood instantly boiled, burning like violent red mercury.

The blood on Bologue's body completely ignited, flames rapidly spreading, triggering wave after wave of explosions.

The Bloodthirsty's self-destruction wasn't caused by alchemy devices but by some sort of Secret Energy from the enemy. Bologue turned into a fireball, and the Bloodthirsty he had slain exploded, turning the entire area into a boiling sea of flames.

In the chaotic and dark battlefield, flames shot upward like blazing beacons.

Zefirin hid in the corner, her breathing growing heavy. Her gaze shifted from the sea of fire back to her own body, seeing it covered with numerous cuts and widespread burns, dense with blisters.

With successive severe injuries, Zefirin's self-healing had slowed, and the Bloodthirsty Syndrome grew stronger, clawing at her heart.

"You look a bit rough."

A deep male voice echoed around Zefirin.

She looked up to see a delicate hummingbird flying nearby, moving swiftly and nimbly as it surveyed Zefirin's body.

"Shut up..."

Zefirin checked her body and stood up with difficulty, leaning on the chain saw scythe.

The images kept replaying in her mind. She had clearly severely injured Bologue, so why had his injuries healed? Some kind of self-healing Secret Energy? And what about his command over matter?

Zefirin's head felt like it was splitting, her Bloodthirsty Syndrome pushing her desires to the forefront, making it hard for her to keep thinking. Roughly, she attributed Bologue's recovery to some potent Alchemy Potion.

"Derby, come help me, I've paralyzed Palmer Clarks, he definitely hasn't recovered yet..."

Zefirin's expression began to contort and become grotesque, bluish veins protruding, visible beneath her pale skin.

"Alright, got it," a voice came through the hummingbird, "The Bloodthirsty ones nearby are approaching you, they will be under your command."

"I mean you! A Condenser, not a bunch of creatures that only know how to self-destruct!"

Zefirin cursed as she peeked out from the cover to observe the sea of flames burning fiercely.

Such a deadly explosive attack, any ordinary Condenser would have been severely wounded, even dead, yet somehow, she felt that Bologue wasn't dead, perhaps not even hurt.

Zefirin turned sideways, taking big gulps of the fog she created. It could affect her enemies and also provide some benefits to her, like putting her in a state of mild paralysis to lessen her physical pain.

She rubbed the burnt parts of her body hard against the wall, popping the blisters, as the blurry flesh wriggled slowly, struggling to self-heal.

A voice came from the hummingbird, "Alright... I know, the nearest reinforcements are converging on you."

"Who is it?"

"Haiqi, along with his subordinates."

Zefirin recalled Haiqi's appearance in her mind, along with his subordinates.

Like Zefirin, Haiqi was a Second Stage Prayer Believer, which eased Zefirin's anxiety slightly. But what lay ahead in the attempt to capture Palmer was uncertain, and she remained a bit uneasy.

As for Haiqi's subordinates, Zefirin didn't hold high expectations, but they were at least First Stage Condensers, not like the irrational Bloodthirsty creatures.

Subordinates were extremely common among the Night Race; it could be said that Low Tier Night Race members were subordinates to the High Tier, while High Tier were subordinates to the Pure Blood Night Race.

Zefirin waved at a Bloodthirsty creature in the distance. By virtue of her lineage, the Bloodthirsty obeyed Zefirin's commands, quickly approaching her. But just as they were about to meet, Zefirin swung her Chain Saw Scythe, decapitating the Bloodthirsty creature in one blow.

"Wow!"

A voice of surprise came through the hummingbird.

If it weren't urgently necessary, Zefirin wouldn't have acted this way, especially not while being watched.

Her eyes showed undisguised disgust for it, yet Zefirin still gripped the neck's severed section. The headless body began to shiver violently as Zefirin bit into the nauseating body, refining and condensing the Bloodthirsty creature's blood.

Zefirin released the headless corpse, wiping the blood-stained corner of her mouth as waves of nausea rose from her throat.

If possible, Zefirin really didn't want to do this, using the vile blood of a Bloodthirsty to temporarily satisfy her Bloodthirsty Syndrome was like a starving human foraging in a garbage heap.

The hummingbird asked, "How does it feel?"

"Shut up!"

Zefirin didn't want to discuss it. She always cared about her image, maintaining elegance and beauty at all times.

Now, Zefirin was a mess, her smooth, fair skin covered in ugly scars, her once graceful image in ruins, filling Zefirin with hatred for the meddling Bologue.

Who knew whether Bologue was dead or alive, even if he had a potent healing Alchemy Potion, it was probably used up by now.

Zefirin looked towards the burning building and the collapsing gap; Palmer should be hiding in one of the rooms, his Rectangular Soul Critical damaged, and his body still under the Poison's control; she needed to hurry.

Several Ether reactions in the distance were approaching, and without looking, Zefirin knew it was Haiqi and his subordinates. Once their strength gathered, and without encountering a Negative Power User, they could probably execute the mission perfectly.

Search for Palmer, find the Wind Cellar...

Zefirin wasn't in a hurry right now. For tonight's operation, the Night Race had deployed most of their forces. Besides Zefirin, many others from the Night Race were at work.

Zefirin asked the hummingbird, "How's the progress? Derby."

"Several squads have already entered the Fortress of the Morning Wind, but they still haven't found the Wind Cellar's location. It seems to be shrouded by the Void Realm," the hummingbird said. "But don't worry, we have plenty of time, Fuen has been stalled."

Zefirin breathed a sigh of relief, saying, "That's good... Also, stop holding back, release all the Bloodthirsty ones, after tonight they won't be useful anyway."

The hummingbird remained silent; the silence dragged on, and Zefirin couldn't understand why the talkative Derby was silent at such a time. She searched for the hummingbird's whereabouts and saw a figure standing on the ruins above her.

"Interesting... Is it really an Overlord?"

Bologue sized up the struggling hummingbird in his hand, his cold gaze then fell on Zefirin.

Chapter 558: Messenger of Winter

The hummingbird's design was extremely exquisite. By the faint glow of the flames, Bologue could observe that the hummingbird's abdomen was a transparent glass structure, filled with crimson blood that emitted ethereal fluctuations to power the hummingbird.

Bologue and the hummingbird faced each other, their gazes seemingly able to penetrate the support of the Domination Object, observing that mysterious overlord.

Since Bologue captured him, Derby's voice had vanished. Bologue felt he hadn't left, and was still observing him, just as he himself was observing Derby.

Below, Zefirin tensed up. She had to be tense, as the Bloodthirsters' self-immolation attacks triggered multiple explosions. Even though Bologue faced the flames head-on, armed with alchemy potions to heal his body, he should have sustained some injuries.

But now, other than his clothes being slightly tattered, Bologue showed no signs of injury. Even though there was some contaminated blood staining him, Zefirin could clearly distinguish that it wasn't Bologue's blood.

"Damn it!"

Zefirin cursed, retreating swiftly.

At the Tier One among the Prayer Believers, Zefirin was considered quite elite. To complement her deceitful secret energy, she mastered ethereal concealment, making her toxins completely lose their etheric reaction when her secret energy was activated.

Palmer and many guards could be easily paralyzed by her, relying on this point, combined with her undying body and alchemy armament, allowing her to even hold her own against a Negative Power User.

But now it was different. This mysterious man, who suddenly appeared, brought Zefirin endless pressure.

Bologue's offensive methods were crystal clear to her, and his etheric strength matched her own, both being Prayer Believers.

Zefirin felt she had gathered enough intelligence about Bologue, yet she couldn't let her guard down.

It's like... facing a mass of darkness.

An unknown, silent darkness, you don't know what's beyond it, maybe an innocent child, or perhaps a monster ready to devour.

Everything is unknown, requiring you to risk yourself to verify what's behind the darkness.

Secret Energy: Soul-Breaking Poison.

Crimson mist dispersed instantly, enveloping like a tide over the surroundings, ground, rainwater, bricks... all substances in contact with the poison began to decay, as if being corroded by a strong acid, rotting and withering.

Zefirin hoisted up the Chain Saw Scythe, and once calm, a conjecture had arisen in her mind, though it seemed far too inconceivable.

She needed to put her thoughts into action and personally verify them.

Bologue watched Zefirin below cautiously; the Flame of the Cauldron spread and burned, intermingle with the crimson mist, like battling tides.

Zefirin preemptively spread her secret energy, the toxic mist engulfing the surroundings, filled with Zefirin's ether. Under the nature of Ethereum Mutual Exclusion, Bologue's Flame of the Cauldron found it difficult to expand and command the surrounding matter.

It seemed Zefirin wasn't as weak as Bologue imagined. As a Prayer Believer, Zefirin was also seasoned in battle, considered an elite among Prayer Believers.

This was nothing unusual; the world was so vast that some talented Condensers would always emerge.

Bologue clenched his fist, crushing the hummingbird in his hand into a heap of metallic residue, the blood within spilling out, with a familiar etheric fluctuation.

As expected, the blood quickly boiled, scorching Bologue's palm, but this time the blood quantity was too little to ignite an explosion.

Thus, Bologue roughly understood the battle situation; these rampaging Bloodthirsters were all someone's Domination Objects, controlled through blood, which could also cause the blood to boil and explode.

The crimson mist and Flame of the Cauldron intertwined, releasing crackling arcs and sparks; yet in their mutual erosion, Bologue's Flame of the Cauldron was evidently weaker.

This lethal toxin could not only bring many negative effects, but its most formidable trait was in its consumption of ether, thereby affecting the Rectangular Soul Critical's integrity.

A nearly perfect assassin, that's Bologue's assessment of Zefirin.

Adept at using ethereal concealment to reduce her ether reaction, silently releasing toxins, Bologue guessed that Zefirin likely played a role in the Bloodthirsters' invasion of the Fortress of the Morning Wind. If she concentrated and condensed her toxins, corroding an attack gap in the Fortress of the Morning Wind's Void Realm defense line wouldn't be impossible.

Only... Bologue still couldn't figure out one thing: could the Fortress of the Morning Wind, standing in the Wind Source Highlands for so long, really be breached so easily?

Pressing his head forcefully, during the prior battle, Bologue had also inhaled some of the toxins, making his mind a bit groggy, so he no longer wanted to think about these matters.

All around echoed the intermittent roars, more and more Bloodthirsty attackers clustered together, under Zephyline's command, launching a surprise attack toward Bologue, while she exerted herself to deploy Aether concealment, making her Ether reactions almost null, then melded into the crimson mist.

Zephyline used the poisonous fog to cloak the surrounding material, thwarting Bologue's command over it. Fortunately, Bologue carried Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid, writhing snakes coiled around his body, forming a heavy Armor.

Bologue clenched his fists, two heavy and narrow swords extended, he crouched, more blades stretched out from the Armor on his back, as Bologue marched forward, the blades scraped against each other, emitting a sharp, piercing shrill.

He resembled a mutated porcupine, or perhaps a scarred monster laden with numerous arrow feathers.

Based on previous battles, Bologue tried to imagine how he appeared in Zephyline's eyes.

A Commander possessing strange regenerative abilities, adept at long-range combat... should be something like that, right?

Under the cold mask, Bologue inadvertently laughed, he enjoyed scenarios like this, crafting a solid image in someone else's mind, then shattering it with a stark contrast.

Bologue guessed correctly, in Zephyline's eyes, he indeed carried such an image, otherwise, she wouldn't resort to close combat in the end to settle the feud.

At this moment, Zephyline's mindset underwent subtle changes, she gazed at Bologue shrouded in Iron Armor, in previous encounters, Bologue indeed protected himself using Armor, yet he had never fashioned such a heavy, aggressive Armor.

Could it be...

Before Zephyline's thought could conclude, driven by Ethereal Amplification, Bologue leapt like a cannonball, the ruins beneath crumbled into pieces.

His speed was astonishing; in the blink of an eye, he was before Zephyline, two stark white longswords raised high, brilliant sword light filled Zephyline's eyes.

No matter what, Zephyline couldn't fathom that Bologue would actively choose close combat, nor could she understand why he appeared full of confidence.

It shouldn't be, should Commanding School Condensers not maintain distance, relying on Domination Object to crush opponents?

The dual swords swung down, interrupting all of Zephyline's thoughts, she instinctively lifted the Chain Saw Scythe to fend off Bologue's attack, the moment they made contact, Zephyline felt a huge force transmitted from the weapon, the next second, she was sent flying.

Shattering numerous stones along the way, she stopped at a high wall, struggling to lift herself, feeling as though her arm was about to break.

The steel monster did not pause; he turned once more toward Zephyline with lethal intent, despite being an Undead, she now felt a profoundly familiar yet alien intensity stirring within her.

Death.

Bloodthirsty attackers lunged from both sides, blocking Bologue's path of attack, Derby still commanded the battlefield from afar, Zephyline's toxins could corrode Ether, finally, when infiltrating the Wind Cellar, they still needed Zephyline's power, she couldn't perish here.

The fearsome, terrifying shadows failed to slow Bologue's pace; sharp blades easily sliced them into shattered chunks of flesh, yet more Bloodthirsty attackers charged, their bodies rapidly swelling, blood boiling before they even contacted Bologue.

A cluster of Bloodthirsty attackers simultaneously exploded, boiling blood ignited fervent flames, gathering into a fiery tornado on the plain.

The dread in Zephyline's heart eased considerably, she struggled to stand up, but soon heard footsteps emerging from the fiery tornado.

The sound was vivid and heavy, as if a giant was marching towards her.

A dark, indistinct shadow emerged within the firelight, then a tall, sinister figure walked out of the flames, blue flames burned within the crevices of the Armor, fragments of shattered Armor from the explosion were shed like a snake shedding its skin, newborn Armor layered and covered.

Zephyline suddenly realized something; perhaps this was Bologue's true strength, the previous encounter might have been merely probing her.

This desperate truth pushed Zephyline into a chilling despair, yet she did not abandon resistance; now was not the time for any disguise, she decisively discarded the Chain Saw Scythe, raised her fists, the brilliance of Ether shimmering on the Hand Armor.

One strike.

Zephyline whispered in her heart, if she could penetrate Bologue's Armor, land a blow on his flesh, she still had a chance to win this battle.

Bologue stepped forward, his strides hastening till he broke into a run, akin to a charging bull, effortlessly crushing, smashing both ruins and corpses, and it was at this moment another Ether reaction arose.

Amidst the downpour casting from the sky, frost was interspersed, the surrounding temperature dropped rapidly, even the burning fiery tornado extinguished, the ground began to freeze, and the rain turned into endless ice shards crashing onto the Armor.

Visibly icy chill spread, the drenched Armor progressively froze, to the extent a thick ice layer enveloped Bologue's feet, continuing to climb along his torso.

On the other side of the battlefield, Zephyline's reinforcements arrived, Haiqi's eyes radiated crimson light, commanding the battlefield's temperature like a winter envoy.

Chapter 559: Soul Splitter

Bologue's attacking stride was interrupted, and he turned stiffly, the gaps in his armor filled with solid ice. Every move he made was accompanied by the cracking sound of breaking ice. However, before these ice clusters could be completely eradicated, they solidified again, severely restricting Bologue's movements.

At the far end of his gaze, Haiqi appeared on the ruins with his two attendants. They made no effort to conceal their ether strength, which surged and spread in all directions, announcing their presence like a signal flare.

Seeing the reinforcements arrive, Zefirin breathed a sigh of relief. If Bologue's attack continued unchecked, she wasn't confident she could withstand his onslaught, even as an undead.

The Soul-Breaking Poison was extremely lethal, but faced with an enemy as fiercely aggressive as Bologue, the poison often had no time to take effect before Zefirin could no longer endure.

Bologue was right, Zefirin was an almost perfect assassin, and a perfect assassin should not appear on a frontal battlefield.

The glimmer in Zefirin's eyes gradually faded, and she silently retreated into cover, spreading a large amount of poison.

In Bologue's perception, Zefirin's ether reaction disappeared. She blended into the darkness like a true assassin, waiting for an opportunity to deliver a heavy blow to Bologue.

Bologue felt a bit of pressure, yet this pressure made him feel exhilarated. He enjoyed this kind of all-out confrontation.

In terms of ether strength, both Haiqi and Zefirin were second-stage Prayer Believers, while their two attendants were first-stage Condensers.

Unlike the enemies he had encountered before, these four were all undead. His berserk assault couldn't kill them, only render them powerless to a certain extent.

With the mutual cooperation of the Secret Energy of the four, the combat situation would become extremely complex. Oh, and besides that, there was the Overlord who controlled the Bloodthirsty from afar, away from the battlefield...

Reluctantly admitting it, Bologue was indeed in a passive position now. In his perception, he couldn't completely lose track of Zefirin, unsure whether she had escaped or was hiding in the shadows, ready to launch a surprise attack.

Bologue didn't hesitate for long. Blue flames surged around him. As he took heavy steps forward, dense sounds of breaking ice came from within the armor, as many ice shards fell off.

Haiqi squinted his eyes and increased the output of his Secret Energy. The extreme cold descended on the battlefield, with thin frost spreading even beneath the armor, forming a shallow layer on Bologue's face, even turning his eyelashes snow-white.

"Huff..."

Bologue exhaled a plume of white mist, and the extreme cold entered his respiratory tract with his breath, freezing all flesh it passed through.

After brief contact, Bologue's extremities began to darken, yet in the extreme cold environment, Bologue barely felt it.

The two attendants didn't rush to attack. They guarded beside Haiqi, watching Bologue with keen interest, as if anticipating Bologue's next move. Subsequently, Bologue gave his answer.

Bologue twisted his left-hand sword into a round shield, turned sideways, blocking most of his body with the shield, while placing his right-hand sword on the shield's edge.

The blade and the shield's edge ground against each other with a piercing shriek, sparks flying between the metal contacts.

Blazing Scale Burst.

The red mercury mixed within the Deceitful Snake Scale Liquid was fully ignited, and fierce flames instantly covered the jagged armor, driving away the extreme cold. The ice inside the armor melted and evaporated entirely.

"Wow! He's insane!"

The male attendant exclaimed, surprised that Bologue would resist the cold by self-immolation.

Haiqi's expression grew grave. He knew all too well that Bologue was using a life-for-life tactic. From the moment he set himself on fire, Bologue's time was limited. Bologue had to eliminate him before the flames consumed him, meaning he would face Bologue's full-force assault next.

"Hold him off!"

Haiqi instructed the attendants. As long as they stalled, they wouldn't need to make a move, as Bologue would be burned to death by the flames.

Unfortunately, Haiqi seemed unaware that his opponent, like himself, was also undead.

Bologue charged forward like a burning meteor, not only dispelling the cold but also the poisonous mist spread by Zefirin, entirely vanishing under the high temperature.

The two attendants faced Bologue head-on, releasing their Secret Energy with full force. The male attendant's body rapidly expanded, with bulging muscles ripping through clothes. Pale skin surfaced with numerous scale-like structures that hardened into armor within seconds.

The male attendant leaped high, his limbs fully transformed into a lizard-like monster, and he slammed toward Bologue headlong.

Bologue's speed did not slow down one bit, as under the command of the Flame of the Cauldron, stone pillars rose from the ground one after another, extending upward.

After the male servant beastified, his strength and speed increased significantly. He easily dodged the previous attacks, but then the stone pillars became increasingly dense, their solid surface rubbing against the scale-armored body, creating a cacophony of strange sounds.

The bent legs pressed onto the stone pillars, swiftly turning his body to claw swipe, equipped with sharp claws at his wrist made of tough and sharp alchemy metal, capable of tearing any armor apart.

The cheers for bloodlust continued; the male servant broke through Bologue's stone pillar attack, the sharp claws drawing arcs of death as they descended.

Bologue still ignored him, even somewhat disappointed; it seemed not all Night Race members were as elite as Zefirin.

The stone pillar shattered into thousands of fragments, surrounding the male servant. He thought he had broken through Bologue's offense, but this was actually another layer of the trap.

Azure flames ignited instantly, devouring all the fragments, placing the male servant momentarily under command. Before he could understand what was happening, the scattered stone pieces rushed towards the center where he stood.

He swung his sharp claws, slicing one fragment after another, but it wasn't enough to obliterate them completely. With no foothold for movement in mid-air, a larger stone piece struck his abdomen, followed by more stone pieces stacking and pressing.

Without even a chance to voice a howl, the male servant was sealed within the stone coffin under Bologue's command.

Bologue did not overly attack; these Undead were extremely resilient, and excessive attacks were just a waste of Ether. Bologue needed to incapacitate them first.

Under layers of pressure, the internal pressure of the stone coffin reached a terrifying level. Even as a Condenser from the Void Spirit School, the enhanced body of the male servant couldn't endure such pressure for long, his breathing began to fail, internal organs hemorrhaging, eyes bulging, almost to the point of bursting.

This wasn't enough to kill him but could incapacitate him for a period. Bologue's focus had never been these First Stage Condensers but rather their master, Haiqi.

Regarding the prioritization of targets, Bologue was very clear.

Seeing the male servant being effortlessly dealt with, the female servant charging towards Bologue paused in her steps. She exchanged a brief look with Haiqi, receiving instructions from his gaze.

She did not rashly approach Bologue but quickly retreated, creating distance, her scarlet eyes staring at Bologue. Chaotic fantasies emerged in Bologue's view momentarily, releasing numerous ghostly figures on the battlefield.

"The Void Spirit School?"

Bologue murmured, amidst numerous illusions, unable to see the positions of Haiqi and the female servant, but it wasn't necessary to see them clearly.

The furious advance abruptly stopped, causing the ground to slightly collapse. Bologue swung his long sword, fiercely stabbing the ground before him, tsunami-like Ether gushing beneath, causing the entire area to begin squirming and trembling.

From a high vantage, the azure light trails appeared like a giant matrix pattern, spread across the earth.

The turmoil subsided into calmness, then calmness was shattered by densely packed long halberds breaking through the ground, covering all areas around Bologue, intersecting and standing tall, slicing all substances it touched, corpse or wreckage, all massacred.

Facing this vast scale of assault, the female servant had no room to evade. Almost simultaneously, numerous long halberds pierced through her body, along with the severe bodily trauma, the hallucinations covering Bologue's vision disappeared altogether.

From a distance, she watched Bologue, attempting to continue to interfere with him, a streak of silver suddenly appearing in her crimson eyes, rapidly enlarging, the long blade thrown precisely striking her head, exploding into a blood flower.

Such severe wounds likely would require the female servant an extended period to heal, now with no interruptions, Bologue could finally focus on dealing with Haiqi.

Facing Bologue, Haiqi wasn't nervous; he even had a hint of a smile on his face, opening his mouth as if saying something to Bologue.

Secret Energy·Frost Winter.

Haiqi fully commanded the temperature of matter, an absolute bone-chilling cold descended, causing the moisture in the air to condense into drifting snowflakes, gusting cold currents brushing the helmet, freezing Bologue's eyes, plunging his vision into darkness instantly.

In a critical moment, Zefirin leaped out from the shadows.

Hand armament clenched into a fist, this Alchemy Armament named "Soul Splitter," designed by Zefirin to complement his Soul-Breaking Poison. Its effect was similar to the poison, capable of interfering with Ether, thus disrupting the operation of Rectangular Soul Critical.

The heavy punch struck Bologue's back; the sturdy armor blocked this strike but with Soul Splitter activating, a poison barb like a scorpion tail sprung from the hand armor, swiftly piercing the armor metal.

Under Ethereum Mutual Exclusion, Ether constructing the armor became chaotic, causing the armor to fragment.

The poison barb pierced through the metal, further striking Bologue's body, Zefirin exerted all his might, releasing Ether with a flood of toxins forcibly injected, flooding Bologue with endless agony momentarily, even breaking sensory thresholds.

Bologue's consciousness was muddled, collapsing like a corpse, heavy armor half-kneeling on the halberd-dense earth, like a fallen giant.

Chapter 560: The Poison of Silverware

Bologue finally fell, and Zefirin's suspended heart relaxed considerably.

"Damn, where did this guy come from?"

Haiqi walked over and kicked the cold shell hard, still feeling a strong shock inside, "This guy isn't on the list."

If it weren't for the few carrying the Undying Body, Haiqi truly wouldn't have had the courage to face Bologue directly. Although they were all Second Stage Prayer Believers, this guy was undoubtedly too fierce.

The entire area was thrown into chaos by Bologue. Even with four people teaming up, Bologue easily took out two of them. If it weren't for Zefirin's powerful Soul-Breaking Poison, combined with Haiqi's Secret Energy and Soul Splitter, they wouldn't have had the confidence to defeat Bologue.

This wasn't a fair duel but a group assault on one person, yet even so, it left them exhausted.

Haiqi touched his armor, the absolute low temperature made the metal brittle, while Zefirin swung his hand armor, using the power of Soul Breaker to shatter the sturdy outer shell.

When Zefirin attempted to drag Bologue out, Haiqi remained highly vigilant.

In the final attack, Haiqi used cold air to frostbite Bologue's eyes, allowing Zefirin to inject the toxin, but he always felt this matter wouldn't end so easily.

"This guy's dead."

Zefirin grabbed Bologue's head, seeing a cut wound at the throat. Upon Zefirin's toxin injection, Bologue chose suicide.

Zefirin's expression was somewhat complex, sighing, "So decisive."

"An admirable opponent."

Haiqi checked the injuries, Bologue was as dead as one could be, the wound cutting deep into the spine, unclear whether he died to keep secrets or to avoid the pollution of the Blood of the Night Race, he just died.

Zefirin tossed Bologue back into that shattered armor, for Bologue, it was a fitting tomb.

From within the sealed stone coffin came intermittent noises. With Bologue's death, all command objects lost Ether's support, turning into ordinary materials.

A blood-soaked male servant struggled to crawl out of the stone coffin. His bloodline purity wasn't high, hence his self-healing speed was much slower, but compared to the female servants, he was lucky; the female servant remained in a state of headless corpse, scattered flesh slowly gathering.

Zefirin approached the scattered flesh, slicing open his wrist to let his own blood spill into the broken headpiece, soon the female servant's head began to accelerate healing, gradually piecing together the outline of the head.

She needed some time to resurrect; Zefirin and Haiqi also needed time to recover, battling Bologue left them exhausted.

"Thanks a lot, Haiqi."

Zefirin expressed gratitude, having a strange feeling, if it weren't for Haiqi, she might really have died at Bologue's hands, even though Zefirin herself was Undead.

"It's nothing, I..."

Haiqi responded with a smile, but before finishing his words, his voice was drowned in twisted sobbing noise.

Zefirin looked at Haiqi suspiciously, not understanding why he stopped mid-sentence.

Then Zefirin saw a scene she couldn't easily forget in her lifetime, awakening the purest terror in the depths of an Undead's heart.

Haiqi's mouth opened wide, something wriggled in his throat, slowly crawling out from his mouth, cutting the soft flesh, silver-white branches covered with thorns, dripping sticky blood, and in Haiqi's mouth a blood-draped rose bloomed.

Haiqi's blood and flesh from left arm to abdomen fell neatly, like a hot knife through butter, half the abdominal cavity's intestines and organs spilled all over the ground.

"Quick... flee..."

This was Haiqi's final word.

Scarlet eyes filled with confusion and murkiness, life force quickly escaping from Haiqi's shell, followed by severing, shredding of his legs, yet Haiqi did not fall, cold distorted Iron Thorns propped up his body.

After several swift silver-white flashes, Haiqi completely shattered into countless flesh pieces, evenly hung on the wildly growing Iron Branch.

Bologue slowly rose from the broken armor, his cyan pupils devoid of warmth.

The opened Iron Thorns' steel branches rapidly closed, dragging Haiqi's flesh, piecing together an iron-cast tombstone, ignited by Red Mercury, flames burning the tombstone, scorching flesh, causing death and resurrection to remain even.

"I know well how to handle the Undead."

Bologue flexed his neck, the gruesome wound had long vanished.

In the report concerning the Time Reversing Axis, Bologue saw many of his own strange ways of dying, understanding from these deaths the various impacts different death methods have on an Undying Body.

Separate the body as much as possible, and keep intervals between each piece of flesh. Bologue thought this should be suitable for the Night Race.

Zefirin's gaze was vacant, and the most unsettling thought in her heart finally became a reality.

Bologue wasn't using any potent alchemy potion; he, like herself, was also an Undead.

"No... How is this possible?"

What Zefirin couldn't understand even more was that, even for an Undead, her toxin should still linger in Bologue's body. How could he recover action so quickly? To possess such a powerful Undying Body, he must be at least on the level of a Night Race Lord.

Serey Villeries.

Zefirin remembered the blood alliance on Bologue, damn it, how could she forget that those who obtain Serey's blood alliance are never simple characters.

Indeed, it was far from simple; the four of them barely managed to kill him, but obviously, even then, they underestimated how terrifying Bologue was.

"Retreat!"

Zefirin struggled to break free from the shackles of fear, calling upon the servants who had just resurrected, and turned to flee towards the high wall. Bologue wasn't in a hurry to pursue but watched their escape with keen interest.

A clear Ether reaction came from afar, as the howling wind rushed forth.

The female servant had just resurrected, with terrifying injuries still remaining on her head, when suddenly a glimmer of light flashed from afar. Next, metal roared through the pressure and shattered her spine.

Just dying once more.

The female servant comforted herself like this, but this time she didn't feel the resurrecting force surge in her blood, only a profoundly real death.

Where the metal struck, flesh began to decay and blacken, then carbonized like burned-out firewood, with the violent movement of the body breaking the carbonized parts into flying ashes.

Her spine shattered, nerves severed, and her body collapsed uncontrollably. This time, she couldn't self-heal; the flesh wriggled and struggled, but no matter how she tried, it was impossible to rejoin together.

Turning her head, she saw the metal piercing through her spine and pinning into the ground.

A twisted Silver table knife from the impact.

"No..."

Tears of fear flowed from her eyes, as she weakly clawed at the ground, trying to move her body into cover.

Despite being sheltered by the Undying Body, she now felt the real terror of death, which pricked at her soul.

Fortunately, her fear didn't last long, as another Silver table knife came streaking through the air, grinding her head into a mass of blood. This time, she could not resurrect.

Palmer stood at the breach in the high wall, sweat covering his face. Unlike Bologue, who could reset his state upon death and revive again, Palmer needed to slowly alleviate the poison within him.

After a brief rest, Palmer regained some strength, and at the same time, salvaged a heap of Silver table knives from the ruins. As an old Extraordinary noble, the Clarks' cutlery always was extravagant Silverware.

"You bastards!"

Palmer once again grabbed a handful of Silver table knives, using the Wind Gun to fire them like cannonballs.

In this night-covered environment, Silverware was the only weapon able to cause strong damage to the Night Race.

This time, Palmer aimed at the male servant. Using Secret Energy from the Ascension School, he quickly shuffled his body, dodging Palmer's Wind Gun, but before he could escape death, more whistling sounds came from high above.

A volley of Wind Guns was released one after another, with Palmer relying on range advantages, unleashing them like an angry coastal defense cannon.

Silver table knives flew at high speed, striking the ground with booming crashes, gouging one deep pit after another.

Regardless of the male servant's agility, faced with this dense barrage, his body was still cut and injured. Silverware for the Night Race was akin to metal poison; his flesh did not heal, presenting a gray-black decay.

His speed slowed down, until another Wind Gun struck his chest. The male servant's steps faltered momentarily, followed by more hits that tore his body apart.

Palmer clutched his chest, Zefirin's poison making it hard for him to breathe. He picked up yet another Silver table knife, preparing to launch it at Zefirin, but at that time Palmer realized he had lost sight of Zefirin.

Relying on Ethereal Concealment, Zefirin moved ghost-like across the battlefield. But Palmer wasn't worried; he knew where he would encounter her.

Looking down at the burning battlefield, Palmer rarely felt this angry; he swore to make these invaders pay the price they deserved.

Gripping the Silver table knife tightly, Palmer planned his revenge.