

## Endless 81

Chapter 81: Unlucky Guy\_3

Then Eugene felt it.

Ether, ethereal fluctuations bursting from all directions, completely enveloping him.

In the rolling gale, silver-white light sparkled.

They were Flying Knives, each wrapped in currents of air, as light as butterflies drifting into the yellow sand, transforming into fluttering leaves, silently arriving at Eugene's side.

The sharp sound turned instantly into a furious hum, as if thousands of birds were sharply shrieking, dragging Eugene into the storm of Iron Feather.

Flying Knives swept by, slicing arms, cutting thighs, piercing through tibia, striking the chest...as if thrown into a meat grinder, in the blink of an eye countless wounds appeared on Eugene's body, torn by blades lifted by the wind, leaving him ravaged and bloodied.

The agony and dying intent interfered with the release of Secret Energy, causing a momentary delay in each successive heavy blow, yet Bologue tilted his head, like an undying Evil Spirit, continued striding forward.

The distance constantly closed, until it was within reach.

"Stop!"

Eugene, enduring the agony, forced his rigid body, swung the spring knife, and tried to slash Bologue, making a final counterattack.

A sharp flash streaked by, scalding blood sprayed on his face, calming Eugene down.

The echo of knife strikes swirled around.

Bologue held up the folded knife high, along the trajectory of the falling blood, Eugene saw his fractured wrist.

Then Shock Hammer surged, bringing the howling sound of thunderous wind.

Like a water sack being punctured, the head shattered instantly into countless flesh pieces, blood exploded from the neck's ruptured surface, soaring several meters high, splattering the nearby support pillar, even spraying onto the ceiling above.

The headless corpse stood stiff for a few seconds, then completely fell, blood fleeing to pool beneath the body.

Bologue paused for a few seconds, the intense pain from body and mind could easily cause an ordinary person to collapse, but for Bologue, this was already familiar, even somewhat ordinary.

He blew his nose forcefully, rubbing out a large mass of viscous clotted blood and flinging it on the ground.

If Eugene's Secret Energy was similar to Norm's strength, the fight might have become more troublesome, but this attack targeting consciousness was precisely what Bologue was best at dealing with.

In that dark, deep prison, Bologue's will had already been tempered countless times, hard as steel hammered countless times.

Looking around, there were almost no living people; the few barely surviving were merely hovering on the edge of death, clutching their slit throats, sobbing prayers.

On the ground and walls, Flying Knives embedded with blood; Bologue recalled, the gale stirred in battle seemed to be Palmer's Secret Energy.

He turned to look at Palmer, only to see him stagger towards him, face showing delight after survival.

"Total victory!"

Palmer cheered, coming over to high-five Bologue.

At that moment, soft, slight sounds echoed.

Bologue froze, Palmer's smile also stiffened, he was just about to say something, the hole Bologue smashed began to expand, fine cracks swiftly spreading under Palmer's feet.

"Ah...damn."

Palmer covered his face, tone helpless.

The next second, the ground collapsed, billowing dust engulfing Palmer, crashing him into the layer below.

Bologue quickly walked to the edge of the pit, only to see amidst the piled rubble, Palmer's figure vaguely visible.

A sharp steel bar stuck beside Palmer's head; just a tiny bit off...

Palmer seemed accustomed, face blooming with a smile of optimism, arduously lifting his scarred hand, giving Bologue a thumbs-up.

"This guy..."

Bologue slightly frowned, whispering in his mind.

"Is definitely a jinx."