

Endless 107

Chapter 107: Ghoul

The scale of Oubos in the Oath City is immense. As the battleground between the Kagader Empire and the Rhine Alliance, a vast amount of funds is invested in this city every year. Consequently, countless foreigners come from afar to jointly construct this frenzied city.

During sixty-six years of establishment, Oubos has continually expanded like a wild forest growing uncontrollably, splitting into numerous districts.

The districts spread along the core Great Rift are collectively known as Inner Oubos, while those on its outer edge are called Outer Oubos. The new district where Bologue lives, Shenbei District, is considered a part of Outer Oubos.

Landing District is also a member of the Outer Oubos districts. It is located on the very edge of Oubos, where the Rhine River, originating from the north of the Rhine Alliance and winding through Oubos, departs from here. Thus, Landing District boasts the largest dock within Oubos, a crucial aspect of Oubos's river transportation.

Departing from the dock, traveling north along the Rhine River, one can pass through several important districts of Oubos. Heading south leads directly to the estuary, the Free Port, making it easy to reach the Kagader Empire via the sea route.

David hung up Kedening's phone call, his gaze gloomy, looking at the huge floor-to-ceiling window before him.

As the very edge of Oubos, the sky here is not so somber, allowing for a glimpse of the distant horizon's afterglow. Canyon light spills over, hitting the stained floor-to-ceiling window, casting countless broken shadows.

David lit a cigarette, turned, and walked into the factory, which was a scene of bustling activity, with workers everywhere transporting goods. The air was filled with a fishy smell, worsened by the mix of some decaying odor.

Sounds of whipping rang out, and David descended the iron ladder, only to see a man hoisted up, his upper body bare, his back covered with bloody scars left by the whip. Blood soaked into his pants, dripping down.

David frowned, calling out loudly.

"Bill, what happened?"

"Boss, he stole some goods." The bald, burly man holding the whip replied.

"Oh?"

David's brows nearly twisted together. He descended the iron ladder, came beside Bill, and then looked up at the man hoisted overhead.

"Are you that hungry?" David questioned.

The man's expression was contorted, whether from pain or hunger, his eyes swollen with large drops of tears.

"I... I couldn't help it."

"Oh, I see."

David nodded, walked over to an opened wooden box filled with straw and small boxes, inside which were carefully-preserved Liquid Spirit Potions.

Casually taking out a potion, David said to the bald man.

"Let him down."

Bill nodded, questioning nothing, and loosened the rope. The man let out a scream and fell into the sticky foul blood, whimpering in pain.

"I'm an enlightened boss. If you're hungry, just say so."

David exclaimed loudly, attracting everyone's attention. They all paused their work and looked over.

"You are very hungry, huh," David smiled at the nodding man, "Then I'll let you eat your fill."

He said as he threw the Liquid Spirit Potion down. The dark red liquid mixed with the sticky foul blood, emitting a nauseating smell.

The man hesitated for two seconds, utterly ignoring his pain or the disgusting situation, pounced directly on it, licking furiously, even as glass shards cut his tongue, he didn't stop.

"I hope we all respect our cooperation. I pay, you all work, that's great. These days, there aren't many bosses who dare to employ Demons, right?"

David circled around the man, picking up a crowbar standing nearby and playing with it in his hand.

"But! Cooperation has prerequisites, which is us mutually adhering to the rules. As long as it's within the rules, I'm very willing to win with everyone, but if it exceeds the rules... then I must say sorry."

David stopped walking. The next moment, he violently swung the crowbar, striking the man's head.

A dull thud sounded as the man's skull caved in from the heavy blow. Shockingly, he still possessed some mobility, making beastly growls from his mouth, but soon David's body glowed with bizarre arcs, crashing down with another fierce strike.

This time it was several times stronger than before. The man ceased any sound, but it wasn't over. David vented his anger, constantly beating until the man became mere flesh and blood, unmistakably dead.

David panted heavily, covered in blood spots, raised the blood-stained crowbar, and the bald man took it timely. Next, David spread his arms, surveying everyone present.

"So, that's it! Follow the rules, everyone profits. Break the rules, then this is what I can only do."

No one responded; everyone remained silent.

"I'll take that as everyone's tacit agreement then... Work! Get busy! Efficiency is everything!"

David shouted, as if pressing the start button of a machine, everyone moved, transporting goods, packing them into boxes, and stacking them into containers.

"Phew, this kind of bossing work really ought to be Kedening's task."

David complained, longing for his previous work, where he earned money just by hacking people. Although it's not as dangerous now, David does not like this situation.

Ease made him feel very uncomfortable.

Then Bill patted David's shoulder, David looked at him with a fierce expression, as if ready to punch.

"Boss, over there..."

The bald man hurriedly raised his hand, pointing ahead. David followed his gaze and saw a blurry figure standing in the gap of the factory's iron door, seemingly noticing David's gaze. The figure also waved.

David squinted, spat out the cigarette in his mouth, muttering quietly.

"A rare guest indeed."

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"So, is there a new command now?"

In the office on the top floor of the factory, David leaned against the large floor-to-ceiling window, looking at the man behind the desk.

"There's no specific command, just like before: accumulate as much stock as possible, then evacuate. To avoid being detected by the Order Bureau, on the night of evacuation, we will divert the Order Bureau's attention, allowing you to smoothly leave Opus."

The man wore a pitch-black coat, his face hidden under the shadow of his hat, "With such a large batch of Liquid Spirit Potions infused with souls, we can't be too careful."

"Such a large batch of cargo... say, if you want souls, isn't it better to transport them the way you do with the Philosopher's Stone? Why insist on adding those weird Mammon Coins and refining them into liquid, unnecessarily increasing the transport cost?"

In a lazy demeanor, David complained about the hassle.

"Or is it that conversion efficiency? That the liquefied souls have a greater effect than solid ones... or is it that the Mammon Coins are at play?"

Mammon Coins seem to have some kind of bizarre characteristic; once they leave Opus, they turn into ordinary metal and can only be processed within Opus. Unfortunately, David is not an Alchemist and can't explore further.

"Are you testing me, David?"

The man's voice turned cold, emanating a wave of chill.

"No, no, I'm just curious, after all, you guys made a comeback and stirred up so much trouble... This stuff could be used for military purposes or to breed a large batch of Demons, it's only natural I'd be curious."

In front of the man, David looked very much like a subordinate, fearing he might provoke the man's wrath.

"Of course, if you don't want to say, forget it. The more you know, the sooner you die. I do understand that."

He assumed an earnest posture, then softly inquired.

"But... when can I get the rest of the money?"

The man snorted coldly, picked up a briefcase, and placed it on the desk.

"Wow."

David exclaimed joyfully, hugging the briefcase, carefully caressing it, and was about to open it for a look, but he stopped, placing the briefcase at his feet, beaming with a smile.

"Aren't you going to open it and see?" the man asked.

"I trust the King's Secret Sword's credit, and I trust you, 'Ghoul' sir."

David's face was bursting with joy, resting his chin on his hands, carefully assessing the man in front of him.

He hasn't met "Ghoul" many times, and the intelligence he knows is scant at best, apart from the code name "Ghoul" and the identity of the King's Secret Sword, he knows nothing else.

As for the man's face... David stared at him, but the man's face seemed to be shrouded by a mass of floating black mist, utterly unseeable.

This was a form of disguise, common among those in Extraordinary Organizations; they have no real names, only code names, and their faces are masked by various strange masks. David guessed the mist on this man's face was also a kind of "mask."

"By the way, why did you come to find me personally? Isn't it usually Kedening who contacts you?"

David inquired, "Man-eater" isn't very large; it's said to be a mercenary organization cobbled together temporarily for the King's Secret Sword's orders, with Kedening always as the head, mediating with the King's Secret Sword. But now, "Ghoul" suddenly sought him out.

He thought of some unfortunate circumstances but maintained a cheerful expression for wealth.

"David, you and Kedening have known each other for a long time, right?"

The man did not answer, instead, he asked about his relationship with Kedening.

"I guess so," David pondered, "probably... since school days? Anyway, it's been too long; if you ask me to think about it, I can't recall immediately; why?"

"So... David, you are a mercenary, right? As long as the price is right, you'll do anything." The man asked again.

David was momentarily stunned; his face turned cold, devoid of respect in his tone.

"Are you going to dispose of Kedening?"

"He is not a qualified mercenary, always obsessed with performances, and has a woman as a burden. He does work well, but he has also drawn too much attention... I want to use him as bait. The Order Bureau has already sensed the issue; I have to provide them a 'conclusion' for peace of mind."

The man crossed his legs, his hands rested on his knees, his tone apathetic.

"Anyway, with the shipment leaving, 'Man-eater's mission also ends here... do you have any objections?"

David frowned; he always makes this face when vexed, twisting his entire face together, troubled.

"Ah... Kedening is going to die, huh, I quite liked him; I often told him, if he wasn't in this line of work, he might have become a good artist."

David was conflicted.

"But what you said is correct, too, it's unavoidable after all; as mercenaries, being unprofessional leads to this outcome."

David lowered his head, constantly mumbling, troublingly ruffling his hair into a mess.

Suddenly, he snapped his face up, the distress gone, overflowing with smiles.

"With one less person to share the money, I have no issues."