

## Endless 112

### Chapter 112: Training

Geoffrey pushed the door open, yawning, with a sleepy face, walked into the office.

"Good morning, Lebius."

Geoffrey rubbed his drowsy eyes and greeted Lebius, who was already behind his desk.

This guy was always the first to appear in the office because he lived at the Order Bureau, dedicating everything to work, with no personal life. Sometimes Geoffrey didn't know whether to admire Lebius or feel sorry for him.

"Hmm?"

Without saying anything further, Geoffrey quickly noticed someone else in the office, a person in heavy protective clothing.

"Balder?"

Geoffrey asked tentatively.

"Good morning, Geoffrey."

Balder turned his head, a muffled voice coming from beneath the respiratory valve. Geoffrey hadn't expected Balder to come this early in the morning, and what surprised him more was that this guy was stubbornly wearing protective clothing even away from the Sublimation Furnace Core.

Wait a minute... Geoffrey seemed to remember Balder always being like this. Trying to recall, Geoffrey couldn't remember Balder's appearance; it was as if since he met him, he had been locked in heavy protective clothing.

"Is there something going on this early morning?"

Geoffrey sat on the side, fully aware of Belli's fondness for Bologue. He thought she would be quiet for a few days, but unexpectedly Balder was sent over so soon.

"Has Bologue chosen his 'mask'?" Balder asked in return.

"Hmm? So, you're here for this kind of thing?" Geoffrey nodded and replied. "No, he's still in the combat room. These days he's been living directly in the combat room, training Secret Energy day and night without rest."

Yes, besides the workaholic Lebius, now Bologue too. It seemed he tried Secret Energy at home and made a mess, then he came to the combat room, indulging himself in it.

"If Bologue hasn't chosen his 'mask,' the Sublimation Furnace Core has prepared one for him as an apology gift from Belli," Balder said.

"An apology gift? I feel like it's more like your first step in tempting Bologue," Geoffrey chuckled, then said, "Whatever, if Bologue likes and accepts your gift, it's not a problem."

"And then? Will there be more of such 'gifts' afterward?"

Geoffrey asked again, his eyes containing deep meaning as he looked at Balder, like an old fox.

"Of course, the minister is difficult to restrain herself. I think she will do more offending things, and we will need to make amends at that time," Balder replied appropriately.

"That's wonderful, truly wonderful," Geoffrey chuckled, turning around and effectively selling Bologue out.

"But is this really okay?"

Balder didn't ask Geoffrey this time but looked at Lebius. Although many matters were handled by Geoffrey, Lebius was the boss here. Everything needed his tacit approval.

"If it means obtaining full support from the Sublimation Furnace Core, I have no objections."

Lebius said without lifting his head.

"Deal."

Geoffrey smiled and shook Balder's hand, shaking it several times vigorously.

"Then would you mind taking me to see him, just to hand over this gift?"

Balder said as he lifted the briefcase by his feet, previously concealed by Balder's figure until now Geoffrey noticed it, and immediately saw the emblem on it.

It was a Sharp Sword wrapped with thorns; wanting to hold the sword meant inevitably being cut by the thorns.

"You're preparing to give him a 'Contract Object'?" The old fox's smile disappeared, and Geoffrey became serious.

"Don't worry, this Contract Object has been carefully selected, and we found it very compatible with Bologue," Balder explained.

Geoffrey was silent for a few seconds, his eyes firmly locked on that emblem of the Thorn Sword on the case, and after a long while, he turned to Balder, his voice carrying a hint of warning.

"Although Bologue won't die, he is a member of the Field Operations Department, a member of the Special Operations Group. I hope you see him as a living, breathing person, not an expendable experiment subject."

"I assumed you wouldn't care much about these matters," Balder was a bit surprised.

"When a stray dog is given a name, it becomes one of us, right? That's a straightforward principle, isn't it?"

Geoffrey's eyes seemed to hide a tiger; he wasn't kidding.

"Alright... I understand."

Balder stood up, carrying the briefcase like a machine.

"Then would you kindly take me to see him."

Geoffrey said no more, suddenly reminded of why he quite disliked these Alchemists. He had always felt there wasn't much difference between the Sublimation Furnace Core and the Order of Truth, except for adherence to "ethical regulations."

A group of sick, heart-pursuing scholars... or rather madmen.

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"Run faster! Even faster!"

The shouts echoed in the combat room, while Ether surged wildly. One sharp Long Spear after another pierced through the air, clanging as they pinned against the walls.

Urged by the cries, another silhouette hurriedly ran past. He was panting heavily, his sweat-soaked cheeks utterly collapsed, and just as he was about to curse, a whistling Long Spear crashed down in front of him, blocking his path.

"I told you the Field Operations Department is full of lunatics."

Palmer suddenly retreated, dodging the incoming Long Spear. A glimmer arose, and with the appearance of the Initial Activation Phenomenon, Palmer's Secret Energy exploded.

Secret Energy·Wind Source.

Using all his strength, Palmer instantly threw several Flying Knives, which, under the air current's wrap, shot towards the figure charging at him.

The whistling buzz echoed around, and the trajectory of the Flying Knives, controlled by the air current, became unpredictably bizarre, hard to estimate. Yet the incoming figure didn't pause at all, utterly fearless.

Bologue lowered his body, reaching with his hand to touch the earth beneath him. Azure currents swept through, the ground bulged, and two twisted walls rose on either side of Bologue, safeguarding his running path, while the incoming Flying Knives all lodged into the walls.

Leaping high, the folding knife in his hand exploded with a deathly chill, smashing down directly towards Palmer.

"You're really playing seriously!"

Palmer screamed miserably, air currents surged, enveloping him. In an instant, Palmer's speed soared, swiftly dodging Bologue's fierce attack.

"Get serious, Palmer! Use your full strength; find a way to kill me!"

Bologue shouted harshly. Palmer was not only passive in work but also in training.

"I'm already giving it all I've got!"

Palmer called out loudly while fleeing. Although Bologue said he wouldn't die and let Palmer attack freely, after several rounds, it turned out Bologue was the one chasing Palmer.

Well, he was only an intelligence officer and hadn't been out on any Field Operations. Yet Bologue was known as an "expert" in existence.

Palmer was utterly exhausted. Turning back, he saw Bologue running along the wall, stone steps rising one after another, the folding knife in his hand scraping against the wall, sparking, and making a screeching sound.

Grinding his teeth, Palmer unleashed his Secret Energy once more. Although it was just controlling air currents, with full release, Palmer could also fabricate some lethal attack through the air current.

Gusts of hurricane came assaulting; Bologue leaped high. But those Invisible Blades had already closed in beside him, quickly cutting countless holes into his clothing and slicing a series of fine wounds on his skin.

"Now that's more like it!"

Bologue gleefully said, knowing Palmer was not so fragile.

The next second, Palmer's silhouette soared up, briefly flying under the lifting of the fierce winds, speeding towards the safety of a high platform, where he intended to escape.

"Halftime break!"

Palmer shouted out, but Bologue didn't intend to let him go so easily.

Perhaps due to dissatisfaction with Palmer's passive work attitude or revenge for the accident of being hit by a truck earlier, Bologue galloped up the protruded stone steps, and meanwhile, the folding knife began to transform.

The two silhouettes chased each other; just as Palmer was about to reach the high platform, the folding knife in Bologue's hand transformed into chains, clinking as it swung towards Palmer's silhouette.

"No way!"

Having long detected Bologue's intention, Palmer stirred up strong winds, the chains couldn't continue forward, and then were completely blown apart.

It could disperse the chains but couldn't stop Bologue. A stone pillar directly protruded along the side of the wall and continued to expand under Bologue's enlistment. In no time, it constructed a Long Bridge leading to the high platform, upon which Bologue strode forward.

"Help!"

Seeing this scene, Palmer wailed directly, his whole person seeming to be drained of strength, staggering in his run.

Palmer was truly about to collapse from exhaustion. Since yesterday, he had been summoned here by Bologue for training. The high-intensity training wasn't only consuming his physical strength but also Palmer's Ether, his already scant energy, and Palmer's miserable mental state.

Through these two days of training, Palmer had gained a new recognition of his partner, who not only wouldn't die but possessed incredibly abundant energy and learned quickly in terms of Secret Energy.

Should it be said deserving of being called "an expert"? Bologue's mind was nimble, never limited by anything. At the beginning of training, Palmer could rely on his experience and toy with Bologue, but as time progressed, Bologue's movements became more swift, and his control over Ether became more precise.

In one second, the weapon in his hand was a folding knife, and in the next, it transformed into a Long Spear, War Axe, Heavy Hammer, able to randomly change the weapon's form amidst combat, catching one completely off guard.

Avoiding close combat, Palmer was greeted by endless Long Spears. As long as solid materials existed, Bologue could enlist them, drawing spear after spear from the ground and driving Palmer to frantic escape.

Sly, efficient, precise, swift.

Palmer completely gave up. In a state of surrender, he lay flat on the high platform, sweat soaking through his clothes, adding to the weary body, everything felt heavy.

Footsteps approached, and Palmer loudly complained.

"No more, no more, you might as well just kill me, damn Field Operations Department."

The footsteps stopped beside him, a silhouette blocked the light overhead, but judging by the dark outline, this shouldn't be Bologue.

"Good morning, Palmer. How diligent, training so early in the morning," Geoffrey commended.

"Geoffrey!" Palmer was stunned, then tears flowed like a flood, begging, "Please take me away! Help!"

Palmer's yell truly startled Geoffrey; before he could continue to ask anything, Bologue stepped from the extending Long Bridge.

Like Palmer, he was drenched in sweat, steam rising from his body. But contrary to Palmer, Bologue's face was filled with an odd grin, like he was engrossed in some kind of game.