

## Endless 115

Chapter 115: Reaching a Deal

"I'll accept this gift, Balder."

Bologue removed his mask, the ominous aura dissipated, and everything returned to normal.

He liked this gift, using fear as a means of negotiation; this is the stance that should be taken to punish evil.

"Alright, it's a good start for us."

Under Balder's protective clothing came laughter, just as they had expected, Bologue liked this contract object. Although he was full of words of disdain, few could refuse all this in front of true power.

No, to be precise, few were as obsessed with such sinister things as Bologue.

Aside from Balder, Geoffrey was also quite pleased, and he spoke softly to Balder.

"So about the list of materials..."

"We are part of the Order Bureau, colleagues should help each other; isn't that only natural?" Balder said with pleasantries.

Geoffrey, the old fox, received Balder's affirmation, his face brimming with an uncontrollable smile.

Although all departments serve the Field Operations Department, many collaborations occur within regulations, much like Geoffrey cannot request those over-specification equipment from the Sublimation Furnace Core. Even if he applied, it would require heavy approval.

But after partnering nefariously with Belli, everything became easier. As long as it was within a tolerable range, the Sublimation Furnace Core didn't mind offering some out-of-regulations help to its friendly friends.

Looking at the two with their arms around each other's shoulders, Bologue sighed, since accepting this gift, he also implicitly approved of these. Remembering Belli, that terrible woman, gave him a headache, but after witnessing the power of the Sublimation Furnace Core, Bologue couldn't resist collaborating.

It's just the beginning; Bologue wanted to know what other treasures Belli was hiding to tempt him.

"What are you guys talking about?"

Yas was confused, he had come looking for Geoffrey, only to hurry in after sensing that frightening fear outside the practice room.

What followed was everything that had just happened. With the silence of the ether, the terrifying mist dissipated, followed by the few shoulder-to-shoulder, conspiratorial partnerships, changes happening so fast, it was astonishing.

"Nothing, nothing, just celebrating our profound friendship with the Sublimation Furnace Core." Geoffrey said animatedly, forming good relations with these lunatics wasn't easy.

A hint of disgust flashed across Yas's face; he knew well what the Sublimation Furnace Core was like. When Teda was in office, it was barely tolerable. Since that Belli took over, this department had become increasingly annoying.

"Then I'll go report this joyous news. As for the specific collaborations, someone will come to handle them later."

Balder bid farewell to the few and left the practice room.

"So what happened?"

Palmer was also confused; he hadn't participated in Bologue's implant ceremony, entirely unaware of the relationship between Bologue and the Sublimation Furnace Core over these days, much less of Belli's covetousness for Bologue.

"Nothing, just that Belli really likes Bologue, wants to invite him to spend a few days at the Sublimation Furnace Core, and this thing is merely a meeting gift to assure Bologue." Geoffrey said, patting Bologue's shoulder vigorously.

Palmer looked at Bologue and Geoffrey, then glanced at the mask in Bologue's hand; he seemed to understand something.

"By the way, small gifts like this, will there be more in the future?" he asked.

"They should keep coming."

Palmer took a deep breath, trying to control his expression, but couldn't help laughing.

Although Geoffrey had been chatting in implicit dark language, everyone wasn't a fool; by now, more or less, they understood the meaning.

"So you exploited Bologue's charm to secure strong support from the Sublimation Furnace Core?"

Palmer was almost laughing tears, then suddenly stood up.

"Just mere looks, nothing much, right, Bologue."

Palmer suddenly approached Bologue, whispering in his ear, "I remember Belli also doesn't have a boyfriend; if you put in some effort and managed to win her over... we'd be the wealthiest operations group in the Field Operations Department."

While speaking, Palmer's hand restlessly caressed Bologue's back.

"Think about it, there's no reason to refuse, right? She's the most striking Winter Flower in the volcanic cluster!"

Palmer recalled things related to Belli, although he hadn't interacted much with her, but just like Bologue's feelings then, just a few meetings left a substantial impression of Belli in Palmer's mind.

Everyone wore tight-fitting protective clothing, only she in cool summer attire, her fair thighs condensing with the residue of hot air steam, snow-white feet in sandals, stepping briskly, her white lab coat gently floating, outlining a graceful figure.

Palmer remembered his mood at the time, for that instant he felt he fell in love, until Belli's absurd laughter and the acts of a madwoman, like a hydraulic press, crushed Palmer's mood to dust.

Ah... this won't do, this bad woman is too malicious, pushing a good brother into the fire pit.

Rarely did Palmer experience a moment of conscience. Regretfully, this conscience lasted only a few seconds, he clenched his fists encouraging Bologue, his expression twisted with excitement, continuously whispering the Devil's temptations.

"Expensive Alchemy Armament, precious contract object, control her, we control the Sublimation Furnace Core!"

"You..."

Bologue's face was dark. He really wanted to kick Palmer right now.

From the looks of it, Belli was the person he least wanted to deal with, without a doubt.

In this mad woman's eyes, Bologue seemed to have turned into a maiden in a boudoir, while she was a burly brute with a wicked grin, ready to lay hands on him.

Obviously, such a description wasn't entirely accurate. The proper way to view it would be the relationship between a scientist and a lab rat; Belli was the mad scientist, and Bologue the indestructible lab rat.

"Such a relationship can be broken at any time," said Bologue. "Anyway, I've got the mask."

Emptying his mind, Bologue tried hard not to think about Belli. He had already obtained the contract object, and as for future cooperation, he would just find a way to shirk it.

"Is that so? You're really unlucky then, Bologue."

On the side, Yas understood the ins and outs of the matter and surprisingly wore a sympathetic look for Bologue. As for why he was sympathetic, no one knew.

He didn't continue speaking and instead turned to Geoffrey.

"Come with me, Geoffrey, things have gotten a bit troublesome."

"What's wrong?"

Geoffrey, who had been all smiles, suddenly turned serious. Such words from Yas had to be taken seriously.

"Anyway, let's go see Lebius first," Yas hurriedly said. He was originally looking for Geoffrey but had been delayed by these trivial matters. "Oh yes, Bologue, you come too."

"Has something happened?" Bologue asked.

"It has nothing to do with you... it's a different matter. You'll find out soon." Yas said mysteriously.

"And me? I'm part of the Special Operations Group too, don't exclude me!" Palmer shouted, feeling left out.

"You..." Yas frowned, thought for a moment, then said, "Fine, you come along too. You'll need to be in contact anyway."

Thus, Palmer joined them, and they followed Yas to Lebius's office.

Through the coordination of the "Cultivation Room," this area had become their base, whether it was an office, activity room, or warehouse, they were all moved here, greatly saving time and making the Special Operations Group more cohesive.

Such bases existed throughout the Field Operations Department, but outside of collective action, interaction between the groups was rare. To this day, Bologue only knew about Yas's Sixth Group.

Aside from the Special Operations Group, the other groups seemed busy and out of sight, but this leisure was soon coming to an end, as the Special Operations Group would quickly become busy.

"Speaking of, what exactly is the matter?" Palmer curiously asked along the way.

"Taking Bologue to see the world."

Yas said vaguely, Geoffrey seemed to recall something, appearing both excited and cautious.

Pushing open the office door, after glancing at Lebius, Yas directly asked, "I've brought them over, so who will take Bologue next?"

"Not me, those people never liked me." Lebius coldly said, speaking of things Bologue didn't understand.

"I don't think I'm suitable either. I hate those people, besides this is your Special Operations Group's matter."

Yas said, casting his gaze on Geoffrey, as did Lebius. Only when encountering negotiation issues were people aware of Geoffrey's strength. He seemed capable of chatting with anyone, even strange and crazy beings.

"Wait a minute, what are you talking about?"

Again with the inexplicable jargon, Bologue interjected, hoping someone would explain it to him.

"Don't worry, Bologue, it's just some fixed procedures." Geoffrey understood what needed to be done, his voice sounding somewhat expectant.

"What procedures?"

Bologue was confused. Was there something he hadn't done as a Condenser?

"This has nothing to do with being a Condenser," said Lebius, opening a drawer and rummaging for something. "Remember what we said before? Undead are powerful, but not particularly rare."

Lebius took out a "Key of the Crooked Path," which appeared different from the one Bologue had seen before, looking more ancient and distinct in form from the ones from the Order Bureau.

Placed on the desktop, the handle bore faint markings, indicating that this key had some history.

"It's time to introduce you to others, Bologue."

"Who?"

"Other undead," Lebius said.