

Endless 116

Chapter 116: Return

Other... undead.

A long time ago, Bologue had heard about the existence of other undead, but Bologue felt they should be extremely mysterious, just like the ancient secret societies Geoffrey mentioned, hiding in deep mountains and forests, unseen by the sun.

Never expected that suddenly, I would have to meet them, feeling a bit anxious momentarily.

"Is it so sudden?" Bologue asked.

"I was originally planning to take you to meet them after your implantation ceremony, but those people are quite unreliable, took several days to get back to me."

Lebius complained, if not for Bologue, he really didn't want to get involved with those undead.

"Their reason is, recently they've been celebrating 'successfully tossing a pencil through a ring into a cup from five meters away,' so they've been drunk for several days."

Lebius spoke with utmost seriousness while saying very absurd things.

"What the hell kind of celebration reason is that?" Bologue displayed a confused expression.

"You'll get used to it, those undead always use all sorts of strange reasons to celebrate... actually, they just want to have a drink."

Lebius said with a helpless smile on his face, then asked Bologue, "What, feel that this undead is a bit different from what you imagined?"

Bologue nodded slightly, "Yes, this doesn't sound like undead at all, but rather a bunch of alcohol junkies."

To be able to drink day and night for several days, should one admire these undead for having a robust and healthy body?

Palmer also nodded, saying, "Shouldn't the undead be ancient nobles? In dark castles, under the ascending candlelight, dressed in elegance, plotting some intrigue at the end of long tables..."

"So this is the impression of undead you have? Mysterious, noble, ancient, and powerful."

Lebius maintained a smile on his face, as if Palmer had told some amusing joke.

"Isn't it like that?" Palmer retorted, upon thinking about undead, everyone's most straightforward feeling should be like this.

"Ah... it's nothing, this kind of thing, you have to see for yourselves, only then will you have a more direct experience, anything I say, you'll just think I'm joking."

Lebius said as he pressed the key on the table, pushing it towards Bologue.

"Take these two with you, Geoffrey, the remaining troublesome matters, I and Yas will handle."

Geoffrey hesitated for a moment, then nodded, he still remembered the troublesome matters Yas mentioned on the way, and wasn't sure what bad news he brought.

But with Lebius around, none of this is a problem, just leave it to him, and upon returning, just follow orders.

Picking up the key, Geoffrey said, "Actually, I quite like that group of undead, sometimes they are really quite interesting."

"Of course," Geoffrey's tone suddenly turned stern, "it would be better if they just stayed quietly in the club."

"Let's go."

Geoffrey signaled to Bologue and Palmer, at this point Palmer roughly understood Yas's previous hesitation, he asked.

"I'm not undead, can I go?"

"You're Bologue's partner, sooner or later you'll have contact with those people... moreover, those people aren't xenophobic, on the contrary, they really like 'new friends'."

Geoffrey gave Palmer a bright smile, hearing this, Palmer relaxed quite a bit, and then Geoffrey's voice sounded again.

"But they are always overly enthusiastic towards 'new friends,' so very few can befriend them, but I think Palmer, you definitely can, after all, you're this lucky, aren't you?"

"Ha? Wait a minute! What do you mean by enthusiastic!"

Palmer realized something was off, but it was too late, Geoffrey inserted the "Key of the Crooked Path" into the office door, with the flickering of light, a pitch-black chaos appeared behind the door.

"Don't even think about running!"

Bologue still remembered Palmer's previous boast, delivered a kick to Palmer's waist, accompanied by a scream, kicking him into the door, followed closely after.

Not sure what those undead are like, at least Bologue knew they are undead, having lived an unknown duration, witnessing the historical changes, ancient beings, like living fossils, recording the history of the world, perhaps can get some intelligence about himself transacting with the Devil.

"Then I'll be going now."

Geoffrey entered through the door last.

With the departure of the three, only Lebius and Yas remained in the office, with the nuisances gone, the previously hard-won relaxed atmosphere became serious again, the smiles on their faces replaced by coldness.

"How's the situation, Yas?" Lebius asked.

"Not very optimistic. The King's Secret Sword seems to be plotting something. Their actions have become increasingly brazen lately, with conflicts escalating. As a result, I need to intervene personally."

Yas recounted the recent operations. Initially, the Sixth Group could handle the work, but as the conflicts intensified, Yas had to act with the team to prevent things from spiraling out of control.

"Ivan is still investigating the related matters over there, but he suspects that the King's Secret Sword shouldn't act so rashly. They seem to be feigning an attack, covering for another, larger conspiracy."

"A feigned attack?"

Lebius had already thought of something, but he didn't voice it. Instead, he questioned Yas.

"What have you thought of?"

"What else but the 'Man-eater'? You've read Ivan's report; it's like someone is massively collecting souls... I guess the mastermind behind this is the King's Secret Sword. Their behavior, it has to keep us on guard, as if they're preparing for war."

As they conversed, Yas remembered Bologue, his tone mixing fear with astonishment.

"I must say, we owe Bologue some gratitude. Without his obsession and madness, we might not have noticed these vengeance-turning-into-conspiracy events."

Yas continued to analyze, "'Man-eater' must have gathered a good number of souls. I speculate their feigned attack is to cover for the 'Man-eater' shifting these resources."

"Unfortunately, we don't have much intelligence on the 'Man-eater' at the moment. These people hide well, except for the recently deduced cargo hub, there's no other information." Lebius said, picking up another document, which recorded information about the cargo hub.

Lebius initially thought of letting Bologue handle this matter, but since he had just become a Condenser, he gave him a few days to familiarize himself with the Secret Energy. Meanwhile, the Iron Whistles were closely monitoring the cargo hub, trying to extract more information.

"The trouble is there, we both know what kind of people the King's Secret Sword are, who knows if the next feigned attack might become a real assault."

This is what worries Yas. They know the 'Man-eater's' conspiracy, yet they're entangled with the feigned attack by the King's Secret Sword. Any lapse, and they might abandon the 'Man-eater' and launch a direct assault.

"What do you want me to do, Yas?"

Lebius asked directly.

"All the action groups currently have tasks to execute, and Bologue also needs to continue pursuing the 'Man-eater,' plus he's still a rookie. Facing the King's Secret Sword directly is quite overwhelming for him.

I know this request might be a bit excessive, but I hope, if necessary, you and Geoffrey can assist. You don't need to take the initiative, just prevent everything from spiraling out of control before it does."

Yas pled sincerely, knowing that both Lebius and Geoffrey hadn't undertaken missions for years, each having different reasons to stay away from the battlefield, maintaining that choice until now.

One had become a friendly old man with many friends, the other stayed cooped up in an office, plotting unknown schemes.

"Is that all? Guard against the King's Secret Sword's feigned attack turning into a strike."

Lebius pondered for a few seconds, frowning.

"If it's not feasible, there's no need to force it. I'm just a bit worried about such a possibility." Yas added. As he said, all this is merely Yas's conjecture; however, his years of experience compel him to consider every possibility seriously.

"Don't rush to a conclusion, Yas. I haven't refused yet, have I?"

Lebius relaxed his brow, smiling.

"Are you saying..." Yas's eyes lit up, filled with surprise.

"Just offering assistance, besides, it's just your conjecture, it might not even happen... We've been friends for years; helping a friend with such a trivial thing is no problem at all."

As Lebius spoke, he stretched his arms, a series of soft clicks sounding from his joints, limbering up like a sharp sword unsheathed.

"Moreover, 'Rupert's Tail' is about to get into full operation; I should go out and take a look."

"Can you really do it? You haven't been to the battlefield in a long time."

Yas said with concern. He knew Lebius was strong, but it's been quite a long time since he last fought, not to mention his right foot had a disability. In the fleeting moments of life and death, this would be a significant weakness for him.

But for now, only Lebius and Geoffrey were available; only they could give Yas the assurance to entrust the matter.

This filled Yas's heart with conflicted emotions.

"The battlefield? I have never left the battlefield, Yas."

Lebius laughed heartily.

Without any warning, a dazzling intricate array abruptly appeared on his body, twisting and coiling across every inch of his skin. The blazing light flickered and gradually dimmed, yet it seemed as if, by Lebius's will, it could flare up again at any moment, as if it had never ceased burning.

The intensity of the Ether surged to its peak in an instant, as if a colossal wave was crashing towards Yas. But just as it was about to crush Yas into pieces, it dispersed into countless bubbles, gently brushing against his cheeks.