

Endless 117

Chapter 117: Prank

The ethereal surge vanished without a trace, like an illusion.

Looking up at the smiling old friend, Yas suddenly recalled that Lebius had always been the most peculiar one among them.

Few ever knew what Lebius was thinking; he rarely shared his thoughts, always brewing them in the depths of his heart.

Compared to a living person, sometimes Lebius felt more like a cold iron sword.

Silent, cold, ruthless, sharp, and deadly.

Lebius never spoke needlessly; he would simply put away all his emotions and put his thoughts into action, silently executing his will.

"What a surprise, Lebius."

Yas spoke softly.

It wasn't his first time seeing Lebius's alchemy matrix. What truly shocked him was that he didn't sense the ether lingering around Lebius until the appearance of the initial activation phenomenon, as if it had always been winding around him, fueling the alchemy matrix.

This wasn't about the secret energy being activated, as it was already in an ongoing state of activation. It was just in that moment, Lebius abandoned his concealment and exposed the initial activation phenomenon.

"Did you really not notice it?" Lebius inquired.

Yas stiffly shook his head, prompting Lebius to look proud, "It seems I've mastered 'ether concealment' quite well, since not even you from the 'Origin School' discovered it."

Ether Concealment.

This ethereal skill can significantly reduce one's ethereal fluctuation and suppress the initial activation phenomenon, quietly releasing secret energy, making it extremely difficult for other condensers to detect the releaser's presence.

"Have you always maintained this state?" Yas's voice grew hoarse, "Always maintaining secret energy, maintaining 'ether concealment'."

"Pretty much; when idle in the office, it's better to train these extreme techniques."

Lebius smiled, but now the smile seemed exceptionally deep, like the pitch-black, deathly quiet deep sea.

"How long have you been like this?"

"A while; I don't quite remember," Lebius responded calmly, "Probably since I sat in the office seven years ago."

Yas fell silent, repeatedly taking deep breaths, trying hard to calm his mood. He wiped his face, his palm covered in sweat.

His voice trembled, "Should I be grateful that you're my friend?"

"Who knows?"

Lebius seemed pleased with Yas's reaction, as if it were a prank for which he had long prepared out of boredom to tease Yas.

This prank was quite successful, successfully making Yas feel fear he hadn't felt in ages.

Yas was not weak; as the head of the sixth group, his expertise in the "Origin School" was profound. Even the highly challenging ethereal skills of "ethereal silence" and "ethereal prohibition" were already in his grasp.

Yet even for someone like him, he remained unaware of Lebius's strength during their constant interactions.

He kept honing himself, becoming sharper... During these seven years, was Lebius really only training "ether concealment"? What other ethereal skills did he possess? What kind of power did Lebius hold now?

Yas stopped thinking, murmuring, "I wonder if I should pray for our enemies."

"Pray for what?"

"Pray that they behave, so that they won't encounter you, right?"

It was quite a dark joke; Yas laughed twice, but the smile soon disappeared. He looked at Lebius with a grim face, mumbling repeatedly.

"Lebius... Lebius of the pack..."

Ultimately, Yas began to laugh again, stood up, and said,

"Then I'll leave everything to you, Lebius."

Aside from a bit of shock and dread, Yas's mood was unexpectedly smooth at this moment.

As he pushed open the door, preparing to leave, Yas glanced back and asked,

"You didn't expose it to me intentionally, did you? You've returned, Lebius of the pack has returned."

Lebius smiled without speaking. Seeing this, Yas closed the door without asking anything further, merely hearing faint laughter from behind the door.

Once everything quieted down, Lebius maintained his smile. This time, he wasn't faking it; he was genuinely happy.

"Returning to the battlefield?"

Lebius whispered, pulling open the drawer under the desk. He reached out to touch something, covered in dust, the uneven texture outlining a grim visage.

...

Every time Bologue used the "Circuitous Key," he felt a bout of dizziness. This time the dizziness was even more severe, as though a giant picked him up by the leg and swung him several times in the air.

Fortunately, the giant was relatively gentle and didn't slam him to the ground, so aside from the dizziness of consciousness, Bologue felt no other anomalies.

Curiously, despite the previous usage of the "Circuitous Key" not being this intense, it was only when he covered his head as his vision gradually cleared that Bologue realized he hadn't appeared at the "Transfer Station," but at another unknown location.

"Ugh..."

Vomiting sounds arose; Palmer leaned against the wall, retching. His reaction was even stronger than Bologue's, retching twice before his gaze turned vacant, and he hunched over again, retching forcefully.

"Is everyone okay? It's normal to feel this way after using the 'Circuitous Key' multiple times in a short period, don't worry."

Geoffrey's voice sounded; he wasn't greatly affected but his face turned somewhat pale.

"Ah... I feel my intestines are all twisted together," Palmer said weakly, his steps faltering as he lost balance and crashed to the ground, "Am I going to die?"

"No, you're just motion sick."

Bologue reached out and pulled Palmer up.

"Motion sick? Does that mean I can't ride a bike in the future?" Palmer muttered in confusion.

"I don't know about riding a bike, but it's certain that your brain is somewhat scrambled."

"Huh? All good, all good, I can still ride a bike."

Bologue's expression was complex; he should never have argued with someone as silly as Palmer from the start.

"Where are we now, Geoffrey?" Bologue asked.

"You'll know once we go forward. By the way, Palmer, remember to clean up your vomit later," Geoffrey advised, "This isn't the Order Bureau's territory; those folks are unpredictable and might just leave you here as a waiter."

"Ha? Riding a bike doesn't need a waiter."

Palmer placed one hand on Bologue's shoulder; this guy's mind hadn't cleared up yet.

"Forget it, don't mind him."

Seeing this, Geoffrey was also a bit helpless and turned to walk ahead.

Underfoot was a dark wooden floor; the surroundings were silent, with faint singing heard, but the sound was too weak to distinguish.

Bologue took a sniff; the air was filled with clear wine fragrance, but aside from the wine aroma, there was an old and dusty smell mingled with a bit of decay, as if a rat had died in the corner, its corpse decaying, covered with maggots.

"A wine cellar, perhaps? It's always like this, who knows when the 'door' might open."

Geoffrey looked around; countless oak barrels were arranged on both sides, with waves of wine aroma flowing from them. Iron plaques hung on the barrels, recording the time of sealing.

Bologue glanced briefly; the times marked on them were at least decades ago, not far from rows of wine racks filled with bottles.

"Good stuff!"

The dull-witted Palmer suddenly became alert at the scent of wine, lying against the barrels and scrutinizing these treasures sealed away.

"Good stuff indeed; you can't get this at the Order Bureau. The smell is so nice; did they add some alchemical materials? So luxurious, I like it."

"Is this wine expensive?" Bologue didn't understand these things.

"Of course, I can't afford it with my current salary... But back home, I drank quite a bit," Palmer chatted about his glorious past, "My room had a secret passage directly to the wine cellar; for a long time, I had 'alcohol freedom' until the old geezers discovered it."

"Damn those old geezers."

At this, Palmer cursed his elders, then showed a face full of glee after the cursing.

"No way, I have to get some; it's been too long without drinks. My mouth feels bland!"

Bologue was accustomed to Palmer like this but seeing his eyes sparkled with eagerness, Bologue suddenly remembered Palmer's other identity, the heir to the Clarks family.

The Clarks family.

An Extraordinary Clan occupying the Wind Source Highlands, one of the founders of the Order Bureau, wielding vast wealth and power, and mysterious Extraordinary Power, with Palmer as the designated heir of this Extraordinary Clan.

Palmer wouldn't be born with a silver spoon; it's more like he was born biting the Philosopher's Stone. Everything in his life was meticulously arranged by the family, which could be compiled into a book titled "The Life of a Success."

As for luxurious accessories, expensive wines... all these for Palmer were merely a part of life, nothing noteworthy, like the canned beer or second-hand records Bologue drank every day...

Comparing Bologue to Palmer, calling Bologue a country bumpkin would be flattering.

The shining star of the Extraordinary World, Palmer Clarks, the designated heir of the Clarks family, honored and empowered, should be noble, graceful, mysterious, like an unknown saga.

But he just vomited like a dog suffering from food poisoning.

"Palmer, what went wrong with your life...?"

Bologue mumbled to himself, watching Palmer searching around for a glass.

"Yo! Geoffrey Kagga!"

A spirited shout echoed; looking towards the voice, a person appeared on the cellar's long ladder, dressed in a noble black suit like the aristocrats from a century ago, with a handsome and pale complexion lacking blood color.

He looked at Bologue, their gazes collided, a pair of red eyes reflecting in Bologue's eyes.

The redness was so pure, so vivid, as if blood had congealed in those eyes.

"Is this Mr. Bologue Lazarus?"

The man asked.

"Yes, Bologue Lazarus."

Geoffrey patted Bologue's shoulder and then pointed at Palmer, who was frozen in place.

Since seeing the man, Palmer's expression had turned serious as if facing a formidable foe, though his crouching beside the barrel ready to twist the tap and drink directly was rather comical.

"This is his partner, Palmer Clarks, who will have some contact later on. I brought him here, hoping it won't be a problem."

"No problem; I like new friends, especially Clarks' lad," the man smiled at Palmer, "How are your family's old geezers? Still alive?"

"Hmm, quite healthy, can still chase me around," Palmer responded, taking deep breaths, trying to relax, "Other Undead... I figured as much, there must be Villeries members among the Undead."

"You know me?" Hearing Villeries, the man asked.

"No, but I recognize those eyes."

Back when Palmer was a child, he had seen these ominous eyes in the family's books and touched the scars left by the Villeries on those old geezers.

"Oh? Really? I never liked these eyes, so don't worry too much; I'm not like the Villeries, though I am a Villeries."

The man's smile became genial as he opened his hands, speaking loudly.

"You may call me Serey Villeries."

"And then..."

He stepped aside, making a welcoming gesture.

"Welcome, new friends, to the 'Undying Club'."