

Endless 125

Chapter 125: The Night Before Action

"Looks like you got along quite well with those undead."

Lebius looked up at the three returning from the Undying Club. Palmer looked like he had alcohol poisoning, Bologue was soaked and covered in streamers and sequins, while Geoffrey seemed the most normal, with only a faint smell of alcohol on him.

Thankfully, the Order Bureau does not explicitly prohibit drinking during working hours.

"Probably... pleasant, I guess." Bologue didn't want to recall too much.

He used to think the Order Bureau was a crazy world, but after leaving the Undying Club and returning to the Bureau, Bologue surprisingly felt a sense of warmth. Although he hadn't been with the Bureau for long, it already felt like home to him.

Compared to those undead, the Order Bureau seemed unexpectedly normal.

"Let's move on to the next item," Lebius asked, "Bologue, how is your mastery of Secret Energy?"

"Fairly familiar."

"Are you ready for action then?"

Upon hearing 'action', Bologue's eyes brightened. He affirmed, "Ready at any time."

Bologue was not a workaholic; he simply enjoyed punishing wrongdoers. Not to mention, since the implantation ceremony, his Soul Shards had been depleted; this empty feeling made him uneasy, fearing the sudden attack of Bulimia Nervosa.

"That's good. 'Faceless Man' has sent a message. He has been monitoring the cargo concentration point these days and reported that the other party has accelerated their operations, likely preparing to withdraw. We can't delay any longer."

Lebius produced a document detailing the specifics of the mission.

"The action is scheduled for tomorrow night."

Bologue nodded and took the document, flipping through it directly, "Landing District, the docks..."

"As long as they head south along the Rhine River, they can get the cargo to Free Port, and once it's there, it'll be much harder for us to act," Lebius said. "Currently, due to the King's Secret Sword's activities, we've tightened our scrutiny, but I believe 'Man-eater' will find a way to transport the cargo out. The longer we delay, the worse the situation will become."

"I see."

Bologue put away the document and glanced at Palmer; just moments ago, this guy seemed intoxicated, but now he appeared sober. During Bologue's conversation with Lebius, Palmer didn't make any strange noises to interrupt the mission.

"Did you sober up?" Bologue asked.

"Condensers don't get drunk easily; I just enjoy the feeling of being drunk," Palmer said in a somber manner. "It allows me to escape reality, somewhat."

"As a partner, what do you think of this mission? If you don't want to take risks, I can go alone."

"That's not necessary." Surprisingly, Palmer declined Bologue's proposal.

"I just enjoy complaining about work; it doesn't conflict with my dedication to the job."

"Doesn't seem that way, Palmer," Bologue teased. "Are you thinking of the Clark family's honor?"

"It has nothing to do with honor, just basic professional ethics, okay? You know, I passed the loyalty test too, don't make me out like I'm ready to switch sides at any moment." Palmer protested.

"Cough, cough."

Remembering Palmer's damned file, Geoffrey couldn't help but cough a few times.

Palmer cast a puzzled look at Geoffrey, but fortunately, Geoffrey didn't say much, not further tarnishing Palmer's already poor image.

"Then you guys should prepare first. Action starts tomorrow night, this is your first cooperative mission, I hope you don't disappoint me."

Lebius's tone was always so cold, his words filled with a sense of urgency.

...

"Tomorrow night, huh..."

Bologue sat on the sofa, tilting his head back, pondering something, while the sound of rushing water echoed in the activity room, and Palmer hummed a tune.

The activity room of the Special Operations Group was quite spacious, not only equipped with a simple kitchen but also a private bath, and the wardrobe contained clothes that fit Bologue and the others, as if the Order Bureau had created a second home for them.

And it truly was a second home.

"Typically, when overtime situations arise, we stay here, but the damned thing is, they have anything arranged except for adding a few beds to the room."

Back then, Palmer complained like this.

"Their reason was 'once beds are added, someone will definitely long-term stay in the activity room to save rent'.

Bologue guessed that someone would be Palmer himself.

The activity room was quite nice, these days, lost in the practice room, Bologue had been sleeping on the sofa in the activity room. To avoid going out looking so shabby, before leaving the Bureau, he and Palmer had both come here for a shower, changing clothes without prior agreement.

"By the way, when is the staff dormitory being allocated?" Bologue asked.

He was quite looking forward to the staff dormitory of the Order Bureau, not only could he save rent but also travel expenses, yet he was uncertain what kind of roommate he'd end up with.

"I'm not sure, but my suggestion is not to stay in the staff dormitory, but rather outside, not in the 'Cultivation Room', Palmer's voice came from the bathroom.

"Why?"

Bologue was flipping through the documents, responding.

"Because the 'Cultivation Room' is alive, like a living, gigantic monster. It's already absurd enough that we're working inside this monster's stomach, and now we're supposed to live here too?"

Palmera opened the bathroom door, poked her head out, and said to Bologue.

"The most important thing is, living in the 'Cultivation Room' is always a bit inconvenient. If you live outside, you can do whatever you want after work hours."

Bologue nodded, that was true. Compared to his ascetic life a year ago, Bologue's daily life now was much more colorful.

He was even planning to get a pet later, maybe learn an instrument. After all, time couldn't constrain the Undead, and Bologue had all the time to learn new things.

Loving life, optimistic and upbeat, something like that.

"Speaking of which, I can't watch the performance tomorrow night."

Bologue put down the documents. Only after finishing them did he remember that tomorrow night was the finale of "Wandering Rat." Kedening had specifically sent him a ticket. Bologue wondered if Kedening would be disappointed if he didn't show up in the audience. Maybe he wouldn't even remember him, since Kedening was quite a celebrity in the Agreement District.

"By the way, Bologue, do you have any plans this afternoon?"

"What's up?" Bologue asked.

"Should I take you home? I swear that last time was just an accident."

"..."

"Say something! We're partners! Partners through thick and thin! Trust me!"

"I think we already trust each other, Palmer." Bologue said expressionlessly.

"So can I take you?"

"There's no need, I have things to do this afternoon, don't trouble yourself."

"What things? Partners are supposed to help each other!" Palmer began pestering.

"I..."

For a moment, Bologue didn't know what to say. He rarely lied, and usually, it wasn't a situation to make Bologue lie. If he couldn't win an argument, he'd just use his hammer.

But this was the Order Bureau; he couldn't just use his hammer on Palmer, especially since Palmer was taking a bath. He didn't want their banter to turn into a bathroom murder scene.

"I need to go to the Agreement District to meet a friend," Bologue said.

"What a coincidence, so do I," Palmer continued, "I'm not joking, Bologue, I really need to go to the Agreement District, and it's related to a task. It's true."

Bologue didn't believe it.

"Did you finish reading the documents? How do you feel about the difficulty of this operation?"

Palmer's thoughts were indeed peculiar. With a word, he made a one-hundred-eighty-degree turn.

"It's okay, it's on the outskirts of Opus, on the edge of the city, and from there you can drift down to Free Port. Seems like a somewhat chaotic place." Bologue cooperated with Palmer, responding, "Why are we talking about work again?"

"For better or worse, I was once the employee of the year. Caring about work is normal, right?"

The sound of dressing was heard, and after a while, Palmer came out dressed and plopped down across from Bologue, casually picking up the papers.

"I used to work at Crow's Nest, Opus is more familiar to me than you, and the Landling District is a city crisscrossed by gangs. Because of the smooth waterways, it's the main smuggling route for most gangs."

"So?"

"So we're going to face an even more complicated situation this time, like a group of heavily armed gang members, and those Condensers lurking in the shadows," Palmer said, "No one knows how many Condensers the 'Man-eater' has, and worst-case scenario, we might even run into people from the King's Secret Sword."

"So, what do you plan to do, ex-intelligence officer?"

Each has their field of expertise, and as an expert, Bologue never insisted on areas he wasn't good at.

"I'm still thinking..."

Palmer genuinely began to think. The file had detailed records; the freight point was a warehouse at the dock, with cut-out maps pasted in the file.

After a few minutes, Bologue asked, "Do you have any thoughts?"

Palmer frowned, shook his head, "For us intelligence folk, it's not necessary to venture into the lion's den. Usually, it's enough to understand the situation from afar without engaging in direct conflict."

"But this time, we're supposed to go in and cause a massacre," Bologue said.

"Exactly, an ambush, eliminating all potential enemies before anyone reacts."

Palmer waved a hand, looking like he wanted to cut through the mess quickly.

"Speaking of which... I have an idea."

Palmer clapped his hands and said.

Bologue looked at him suspiciously. When Palmer thought, he was like a pondering gorilla, seeming problem-free yet feeling like something was off.