

Endless 126

Chapter 126: The Power That Surpasses Everything

"So your idea is to take me to the Agreement District, are you out of your mind?"

Bologue was finally dragged into the car by Palmer, and the two sped through the streets of Opus, heading towards the Agreement District.

"Did you see the name at the bottom of the document? That guy named Church Burton," Palmer said.

"What's up?"

Bologue remembered that name; at the bottom of every report from the Order Bureau, there was the name of the reporter.

"You might not believe this, but this guy was my former partner. He and I were the twin stars of the department, always completing tasks perfectly. If it weren't for my damn 'Blessing,' I would have been promoted and given a raise long ago."

Palmer began to tell the story of his former partner.

"This guy had a quirk; he loved to chat with targets, literally chat. His Secret Energy was quite interesting, allowing him to easily infiltrate enemy ranks. Perhaps skill breeds confidence, and so he particularly enjoyed digging deeper into the target, such as understanding the target's thoughts, personality, and past."

Palmer shouted loudly.

"Just like those psychopathic killers in movies, who like to learn all about a person's life before ending it, since they are the ones closing that Chapter, after all."

"Come to think of it, you intelligence officers, how are you different from assassins?"

Bologue suddenly realized this; these Iron Whistles, skilled at infiltration, were like deadly vipers.

"Not much difference, except whether the authority to fire is given during the mission. But usually, we leave the firing to the Field Operations Department; specialization in professions, right?"

Going back to my partner, he was known as the 'Faceless Man.'

His behavior of chatting with enemies was prohibited by regulations. Doing this during an operation undoubtedly increased the mission's risk. The Crow's Nest is different from the Field Operations Department; our department, which handles important intelligence, has extremely strict rules."

"Chatting and laughing with the enemy? Sounds indeed awful," Bologue said.

"It is quite terrible, which is why I guess this guy must have wandered around that warehouse several times, and maybe even made a few new friends... But he can't write any of this in his report; if he did, he'd be asked to write a review," Palmer explained.

"So now we're going to see him and dig out what he knows?" Bologue asked.

"Exactly, don't worry about him keeping quiet; as his former partner, I have quite a bit of his black history. He'll be obedient,"

Palmer laughed slyly, and compared to the "Faceless Man" he described, at this moment he seemed more like a pervert, the sleazy kind.

"He was your partner! Is that how you treat him?" Bologue was shocked.

"To be precise, he was my former partner; you are my current one," Palmer sped the car fast, crossing intersection after intersection, "Since he is a former partner anyway, might as well squeeze a bit more out of his remaining value."

Bologue's gaze towards Palmer turned strange, this bastard was worse than he thought. It's possible that this guy was secretly gathering his black history too, although Bologue felt he didn't have such things.

He always believed that as long as he lived openly and ensured no one alive after his actions, Bologue wouldn't worry about any black history.

So-called living honestly and uprightly, probably that's it.

The "Leica" came to a slow stop on the streets of the Agreement District, Bologue glanced at the street sign, realizing it wasn't far from Kedening's theater, just a short walk away. He was considering whether to go over and say hello.

If not for Palmer's disturbance, Bologue originally intended to see Kedening and tell him he couldn't attend the performance.

Perhaps it was his admiration for Kedening's performance, or maybe his feelings toward "Wandering Rat," Bologue sometimes felt he treated Kedening as a friend, even though they had only met once.

Unlike Palmer, who was optimistic but somewhat cynical, Bologue was an optimistic and active person. Just as he said to Serey in the Undying Club, he wouldn't resist anything due to his identity as an Undead. He was more willing to enjoy the present, because that's how Adelle taught him back then.

Rather than anxiously awaiting a bleak future, why not dedicate everything to the present.

It must be said that Adelle had a huge impact on Bologue, like some kind of spiritual mentor. She didn't teach Bologue any grand ideals or sacred ideas, just advised him on how to live.

Thus, Adelle's shadow is filled in Bologue's life, like a teacher, mother, friend...

"Do you see that flower shop?" Palmer pointed to a flower shop at the street corner.

"Yeah, and then?"

"There's a girl named Afeiya in that flower shop, my partner has a crush on that lady," Palmer raised his hand, glancing at his watch, "Perfect timing, he buys flowers every week at this time."

"You... are you stalking him?"

"No way, don't make me sound like a pervert, okay?" Palmer quickly defended himself, "Who do you think that helmet you're wearing belongs to? I used to bring him to this flower shop."

Palmer continued to complain, "Later, because of my 'Blessing,' we got rear-ended while parking. He lay in the hospital for a week, and since then, he never got in my car again."

"Having a partner like you is truly his misfortune." Bologue thought in his heart, feeling deep sympathy for the "Faceless Man" he had never met.

"I think he should be in there; wait for me outside for a while."

Palmer said as he walked into the flower shop, and Bologue was not idle either. He got out from the side door, standing at the flower shop entrance, waiting for Palmer's news.

A few minutes later, the door of the flower shop was pushed open, but the person who walked out was someone Bologue never expected.

The man held vibrant flowers, a smile on his face, and you could sense numerous beautiful fantasies unfolding in his mind. He had a lovely date tonight.

Bologue was surprised as he looked at Kedening holding the flowers.

Kedening did not notice Bologue, smelling the flowers in his hand, taking a couple of steps, keenly felt Bologue's gaze, and turned his head. The two locked eyes.

"Bo... Bologue?" Kedening recalled for a few seconds.

"I thought a celebrity like you wouldn't remember me." Being called by name, Bologue was even more surprised.

"No way, I remember every audience member who supports me," Kedening said.

"Truly dedicated."

Bologue remarked, he liked dedicated people, that's what experts should be.

"A date?" he asked, glancing at the flowers in Kedening's hand.

"Yes, for my wife, she loves flowers," Kedening's eyes were full of tenderness when talking about his wife, "Tomorrow night is the conclusion of 'Wandering Rat', and we plan to celebrate it well together."

"By the way, will you have time to watch it?"

Kedening still remembered that pleasant conversation, he looked into Bologue's eyes.

"Sorry, I have to miss it."

Bologue was honest, he looked at the bench beside them, and then at the flower shop, he asked, "Do you have time to sit for a while?"

Kedening hesitated for a moment, but he still nodded.

"Of course."

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They didn't know why Palmer was taking so long in the flower shop, he hadn't come out yet. Bologue unexpectedly had some free time and sat on the bench with Kedening, chatting idly.

"My job... you could think of it as being a private detective, hired to investigate certain cases."

Bologue said casually; he thought he wasn't lying, just slightly modifying the truth. Palmer taught him that.

"A private detective, huh? Looks like you've taken on quite a few bizarre cases. I'd love to chat with you about them sometime." Kedening's eyes shone a bit brighter.

"Is this what you creators call 'fieldwork'?"

"Kind of, imagination is based on reality. We can't perfectly conjure up a story from thin air," Kedening explained. "Even the story of 'Wandering Rat' is based on my own experiences, isn't it?"

"Indeed." Bologue nodded.

"So... you have an important case to handle tomorrow night?" Kedening asked.

"More or less, a very important case."

At this point, Bologue's tone became noticeably heavier.

Kedening glanced at his watch, "I have time. Are you interested in talking about it?"

Bologue was silent for a moment, feeling a shadow of restlessness within him; he thought he might need an outlet.

"My friend passed away." Bologue said abruptly.

The smile on Kedening's face froze, and the roar of traffic on the street slowly faded away, as if the two of them were isolated from the world.

"She was murdered. I've been tracking down the killer's whereabouts, and tomorrow night I'm going to raid a suspect's residence... that's all."

The words seemed pale in Bologue's mouth, not because he wanted to recall those nightmare-like events, just that he lacked the strength to tell the story—it was too heavy.

"I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to apologize for; it's the murderer who should be sorry," Bologue said, glancing at the flowers in Kedening's hand, "She also loved flowers."

"She was very important to you."

"Extremely important. I once had some psychological issues... if they could be considered that. She helped me out of the darkness," Bologue recalled the good times, "She was a very kind person, with devout faith, dedicating her life to helping others."

"I don't believe in any gods, but under her influence, sometimes I even had some expectations for this so-called god."

Bologue laughed, the coldness gone, and he was genuinely heartfelt.

"But sometimes I feel like she didn't really believe in God."

Suddenly, Bologue said something seemingly contradictory.

"Why?" Kedening asked.

"Simply put, because God doesn't exist. For her, God was more like a symbol, a spiritual sustenance.

She talked with me about these things; she always believed there was a power in this world surpassing everything, beyond life and death, beyond Hell and Heaven.

This power would justly punish every wrongdoer, and she put her faith in it."

Bologue shook his head.

"I don't believe in any of that. If such power really existed, the world should be one where good deeds are rewarded and evil acts punished, with no need for judges or executioners. When you commit a sin, a thunder would naturally streak across the sky, burning you into an empty shell."

Bologue turned his head to look at Kedening, with a look of yearning, "Later, when I saw her, saw the smile on her face as she did good deeds, for a moment my restless heart calmed down. I think I understood."

"Maybe this power doesn't exist, but I understand why she believed in it, because it brought her inner peace, allowing those who believed in it to find rare tranquility."

"Like... some kind of constraint, it restrains us." Kedening said.

"No, it's a warning, a sharp sword hanging above," Bologue denied. "God watches everyone, so when you commit evil, you restrain yourself due to that unknowable punishment."

Bologue's voice held a hint of despair.

"The regret is that God doesn't exist, so evil deeds aren't punished, and good deeds have no reward."