

Endless 128

Chapter 128: Preparation Plan

"A raid?"

Church laughed, looking at Palmer with confusion.

"What are you talking about? The work is all handled by the Field Operations Department, this has nothing to do with the Crow's Nest."

"Then your information is really a bit out of date, Church, an intelligence officer shouldn't be like this."

Palmer displayed the badge of the Special Operations Group, and the smile gradually faded from Church's face.

"As you can see, I've been transferred to the Field Operations Department... it's a recent thing." Putting away the badge, Palmer said helplessly.

"Special Operations Group..."

Church remembered this special operations group. Although not much intelligence had gotten out, everyone knew that the person in charge of this group was Lebius, the Lebius of the pack of wolves.

Everyone was anticipating the day this group would go into action, but once the rumors spread, the Special Operations Group entered a long period of formation that Church nearly forgot that this group existed.

"I thought this group had been canceled," Church said.

"No, it's just that recruiting was a bit tough. Recently we finally gained some initial operational capabilities, which is just the two of us."

Palmer looked helpless, debtors are not so common, let alone those whom the Order Bureau accepts, he continued to complain to Church.

"This Mr. Lazarus only became a Condenser a few days ago, and I am a former intelligence officer. In less than 48 hours, we have to raid a heavily defended enemy base."

Palmer's voice was filled with pressure, and contrary to what Bologue thought, Palmer took this mission very seriously.

"Waiting for us could be a bunch of ordinary gangsters, or perhaps a large number of Condensers, maybe even Condensers of the King's Secret Sword, having a meeting inside, discussing how to raid the 'Cultivation Room,' when suddenly, two unlucky guys barged in."

"Judging by your luck, I think it's likely the latter." Church said.

"Yeah, that's why I need more detailed information, those you can't report up... Anyway, it's nothing important, right? Just some gossip."

Palmer stared at Church, then laughed, "But I guess it shouldn't be as bad as I thought over there, right? At least none of the King's Secret Sword shadows."

"Why?"

"If the King's Secret Sword was involved, your report wouldn't have written it like that, but would directly request the Field Operations Department to encircle it. Now the King's Secret Sword's priority is way higher than the 'Man-eater.'

You know and still say that?"

"Just kidding, to lighten the mood."

Palmer recalled the report with a grin.

"You mentioned in the report that there are a lot of Demons there." Bologue, who had been silent, inquired.

"Yes, with a very strong stench of rot, they tried to cover it with the smell of fish from the docks, but to a professional nose, this smell is easily distinguishable."

Church took a few extra glances at Bologue, the man exuded a chilling coldness, and when meeting those blue eyes, there was always an odd daze, as if something, something darker, was hidden beneath that mortal shell...

"The 'Man-eater' utilizes the Philosopher's Stone to control these demons, making them work for him." Bologue said.

"I think so too," Church agreed, then he added, "but you might be disappointed."

"The report contains all the intelligence I've gathered. Apart from the Demons, I don't know the specific number of Condensers. I didn't detect any Ethereal Fluctuations there, impossible to judge... As for what needs attention, it's that guy named David, he's the boss there.

The related intelligence unearthed by the Crow's Nest isn't much, all we know is he's a mercenary who arrived in Opus years ago. If there's a Condenser among them, David is most likely the Condenser."

"Didn't you chat with that David? I remember you used to like doing that," Palmer said.

"As I said, the report includes everything I've found out. As for that little hobby you mentioned, I've successfully restrained it. Which means... you came for nothing, Palmer."

Church waved his hand, while Palmer looked incredulous.

"Really?" he doubted.

"Really, even if I wanted to conversate with David, I couldn't, he usually stays in his office, not showing up, and as for those demons, there's nothing to talk about with them." Church said.

"No no no, I'm not asking about David, I'm asking about you, Church, have you really restrained your little hobby?"

Palmer couldn't believe it, knowing Church well, this guy loved digging into the enemy's mind, sometimes even approaching them as their closest ones, searching for their inner weaknesses.

But now, such a peculiar little hobby being restrained just like that by Church, was like an old drunk who woke up one day, tossed the bottle, and turned into a sober ambassador so bizarre.

Church casually answered, "Do you remember what you said to me when we broke up?"

"I don't remember, you know me, I'm a chatterbox, how could I remember so much?" Palmer was self-aware.

"You told me I was playing with fire and would get burned to death one day, so I heeded your advice. Since then, I've stopped indulging in any little hobbies and started fully complying with the Crow's Nest regulations."

"Is that really the case? Never thought my words, Palmer Clarks' words, would have such an influence on you one day."

Palmer was in a state of apprehensive uncertainty.

"Well then, that's that. Good luck, Palmer."

Church didn't linger any longer, stood up and prepared to leave. As he left, he glanced at Bologue and remarked, "Partnering with him isn't easy."

"Give my regards to Afeiya!"

Palmer waved his hand vigorously.

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"So you're saying I've come here for nothing?" Bologue asked, "He wouldn't deceive us, would he?"

"No, he wouldn't. In intelligence work, we always adhere to two principles: deceive the enemy and be honest with teammates. Intelligence is extremely important for a Condenser. If Church says he doesn't know, then he really doesn't; he wouldn't joke about something like this."

Palmer picked up some fries, dipped them in ketchup, and stuffed them into his mouth.

"So, yes, this trip was in vain... but it's okay, Bologue. In our line of work, we'll always experience countless brushes with life and death. Seeing some old friends still alive is always reassuring."

Halfway through his sentence, Palmer glanced sideways at Bologue and continued, "But as an Undead, it seems you can't quite understand this feeling."

Bologue said nothing. Sometimes he vaguely sensed this difference. He didn't care about his own death; more often, death was merely a tool for Bologue in combat.

The two didn't talk much further about this topic, as such matters are often beyond explanation.

"By the way, who were you talking to just now," Palmer recalled the figure of Kedening, "A friend of yours?"

"Kind of. He's an actor. Remember I mentioned 'Wandering Rat'? That's his work." Bologue said.

"'Wandering Rat'?"

Palmer furrowed his brows. He had some impression of this name, but only just.

But he didn't dwell on it. Everyone has their own private life, even someone as eccentric as Bologue.

Palmer opened his clothes and pulled out a crumpled document from inside, spreading it out directly on the table.

"Is this okay?"

Bologue looked around cautiously. They were eating one moment, and the next, Palmer suddenly switched to work mode.

"It's nothing. You have to get used to this, Bologue. Apart from the mysterious nature of our work, how are we any different from ordinary employees?" Palmer glanced at their surroundings, everyone dressed in uniforms, complaining about work, "It sounds strange, but it's true. We are a mysterious group of Condensers, yet we live in the ordinary world."

Palmer scratched his head. He had never done fieldwork before and could only handle current issues based on previous experiences.

"Since Church said so, we can only start with the report and draw up some plans."

"I thought Lebius would be responsible for the planning," Bologue said.

"Soldiers to soldiers, kings to kings, this kind of small mission we handle ourselves. But when a task requiring Lebius arises, then it's up to Lebius to stake his life, not us."

Palmer scanned the report over and over. He had read it so many times that he almost had it memorized.

Bologue nodded, agreeing with Palmer's words.

Taking a sip through a straw, drinking orange juice, Palmer kept leafing through the report, and Bologue rarely zoned out.

Just like Palmer said, if others didn't know beforehand, they would mistake the two as pathetic office workers, still dealing with work during break time.

Thinking about this made Bologue chuckle to himself, which startled Palmer quite a bit.

Bologue was always like this. When he thought, he was expressionless, like a cold assassin. But when he recalled something interesting, Bologue would smile. To others, this scene was a bit hair-raising.

A cold-blooded killer suddenly laughed. Either he had decided on tonight's target or figured out how to handle the target.

In reality, Bologue was just reminiscing, like a diary in his mind, recalling past events. Sometimes he thought about Adelle, sometimes about himself, and then about the upcoming mission and revenge.

Bologue felt he had grown. He could now control his emotions well, not being ruled by the fire of vengeance.

This didn't mean Bologue was no longer angry; rather, he contained his anger, like a furnace beneath the flames, always ready to erupt, just waiting for the right moment.

"Specialists have their areas of expertise. Expert, care to take a look?"

Palmer handed the report to Bologue, "The information in the report is mainly about the building's layout, the number of personnel, and potential risks. The plan I thought of is to assault from the rooftop and directly invade David's office, killing him before he can react."

"Hmm, direct decapitation, a good plan. But if we fail to kill David immediately, we could be in for a tough fight."

Bologue took the report and examined it carefully, analyzing it thoughtfully.

"More importantly, if David is a Condenser, we don't know what his Secret Energy is, which is crucial."

Bologue displayed an expert demeanor, and soon a line of text caught his attention.