

Endless 147

Chapter 147: Nightlife

It was already late at night, and the city's glow had considerably faded. Darkness enveloped the surroundings, with street lamps burning like torches. But in the city's most bustling area, the lights were still on, people coming and going, as if it were beyond the constraints of day and night.

"You've got quite the appetite."

Bologue's expression was somewhat complex. Across from him, on the table lay half a fried chicken, two beef burgers, fries, and mashed potatoes.

On his own plate, there was only a sandwich with fried egg and bacon, along with a glass of orange juice.

Bologue was a disciplined person. He thought it wasn't wise to eat too much at night, especially greasy things. His only indulgence was drinking a little.

"Work really consumes a lot of energy."

Palmer said as he stuffed the chicken leg into his mouth. It was unclear how his mouth was constructed to fit such a large chicken leg, but only the bone came out.

Chewing loudly, he burped and continued to eat, devouring the food as if caught in a whirlwind, finishing everything, yet Palmer still felt somewhat unsatisfied, eyeing Bologue's sandwich.

"Could we please get another sandwich?"

Bologue helplessly raised his hand to order another for his partner.

By late night, many restaurants in Opus had closed, but the Agreement District was an exception. As one of the most prosperous areas in Opus, many establishments here operated 24/7.

After cleaning the grime off themselves and changing clothes in the Order Bureau, the two came here for a midnight snack.

"Woohoo, thank you generous Mr. Lazarus!"

Palmer praised as he forked Bologue's sandwich off his plate. Bologue remained expressionless.

"Are you really the heir of the Clarks family, and yet need me to treat you to a midnight snack?"

"Even big families have fallen heirs, right?" Palmer mumbled, his voice unclear due to the food in his mouth.

"But aren't you supposed to be an heir? How does that make you a fallen one?"

"I've had a falling out with family; though I still have the title, I don't have any substantial assets, so I need to earn my own eats and drinks."

Palmer was gobbling down his food, choking a little. He reached for the orange juice but found it had long been emptied. Bologue could only sigh helplessly, pushing his own orange juice over. There was now nothing left in front of Bologue to eat.

"Sir, your sandwich."

The waiter came over at this moment, placing the sandwich meant for Palmer in front of Bologue.

"Could I trouble you for another orange juice?" Bologue asked.

"Ah, I've come alive again."

Palmer slumped into his chair, rubbing his stomach, while Bologue silently picked up his sandwich and started eating.

"Speaking of which, Palmer, if the Clarks family is considered a shareholder of the Order Bureau, can the Clarks family influence the decisions of the Order Bureau?"

Bologue remembered Palmer's words and was very curious about it.

"I'm not too sure about that. The Order Bureau operates independently. It resembles more of an alliance, an alliance called the Order Bureau, uniting the six founding families along with those willing to join like secret societies... much like the Rhine Alliance itself."

Palmer said idly, pointing a finger to the sky, "Only the big figures get to know such things, right? Like the 'Decision Room'. Speaking of which, I've been employed for quite some time, but I've never visited the 'Decision Room'. It's as if that ghostly place doesn't exist."

"Have you ever met the director?" Bologue asked again.

"Never met him, but I've seen the deputy director," Palmer said, "I've had such queries myself. But, as others say, the directors throughout history rarely make appearances. They mostly hide in the 'Decision Room', which is the brain of the Order Bureau and tightly secured. Even most of the ministers aren't clear about the exact situation of the 'Decision Room'.

We can only be summoned by the 'Decision Room', but can't take the initiative to visit the 'Decision Room'.

"Sounds mysterious."

Bologue said.

"The Order Bureau is like that, orderly as it is. What you should know, you know. What you shouldn't know, you don't."

"So the symbol of the Order Bureau originates from the six founding families?" Bologue queried once more.

Chains and swords, six intersecting sharp swords, which neatly corresponded with the six founding families; Bologue didn't think it was a coincidence.

"Six families, six secret societies, six schools of Secret Energy."

Palmer said frankly.

"Indeed, each sword represents a secret society, which in turn reaches a certain pinnacle in a certain school. Our Clarks family is said to be the culmination of the 'Commanding School'; it's said that the never-ending gales at Wind Source Highlands were conjured by our family, but I don't know for sure.

Although I am a heir, I haven't really inherited all this yet, have I?"

To reach a pinnacle in a particular school... Bologue couldn't help but conjure the image of Xilin Kagader in his mind. As it stands, the so-called "Seeker of Glory" appears to be the pinnacle.

If the "Crowned" didn't exist in this world.

Bologue chuckled with helplessness. Only at such moments could he barely realize that this dunce in front of him still hailed from a truly noble and illustrious descent.

Palmer casually picked up the remaining fries, dipping them in ketchup, continuing to stuff them in his mouth, looking somewhat decadent.

Although it was open 24 hours, by late night, there were actually not many people in the restaurant. Some people drunkenly sleeping in corners, some chatting idly, and others packed some food to continue jubilating on the dance floor.

Both of them had finished their late-night snack, enjoying the peace after the task, under the quiet city night.

"Why do you hate your family so much?"

Bologue was curious. With such noble origins, Palmer could have had a completely different life, even if he was unlucky.

"They don't like me riding a bike, feel that cruising around the streets on a motorcycle doesn't fit my status," Palmer said earnestly.

"..."

Bologue sighed, sensing that Palmer was making excuses. He didn't want to reveal the real reason, and there was no need to force anything.

He just felt like he didn't really know Palmer, hadn't delved deeper into understanding his partner, but thinking carefully, Palmer didn't really know him either.

Actually, many things are like this; everyone has their own little secrets, even after risking life together, still lacking the courage to confess those secrets.

At this time, a group of people pushed open the restaurant door and came in, reeking of alcohol, faces full of joy, men and women dressed brightly, seemingly coming from the nightclub next door, where there's music, drinks, and a rising atmosphere of joy but not delicious food.

They ordered at the counter and chatted.

"I heard a factory collapsed over in Landling District."

Bologue and Palmer's expressions looked somewhat bad.

"Minor incident, minor incident, this damned place is always collapsing. Do you remember the 'Autumn Sadness Event' from a few years ago? The Great Rift suddenly crumbled, a branch of rift extended out, directly causing several surrounding neighborhoods to fall into the Great Rift."

"The Great Rift is really deadly over there. Don't know if it'll collapse into the Agreement District."

"Don't worry, the Geological Bureau has checked, the Agreement District here is safe."

People were casually chatting about trivial matters, as if observing fragments of others' lives.

"Speaking of which, have you seen 'Wandering Rat'? It's a stage play. One of my journalist friends went to see it today. He was supposed to join us for fun after watching, but instead, he claimed he was shocked and wanted to go home to reflect on life or something."

"I've heard about it. Why, is the performance outstanding?"

"Don't know, anyway, it sounds decent."

The conversation piqued Bologue's interest. His biggest regret today was not being able to watch 'Wandering Rat', quite a pity for Kedening's intentions.

But it's okay, there's plenty of time to watch in the future.

"I'll go pay the bill."

Bologue stood up and said.

Speaking of which, he got paid today. Geoffrey said the Field Operations Department issues a fixed salary every month, aside from the fixed salary, there's something like performance bonuses, and the so-called performance is a reward for going out on missions, bonuses assigned based on mission difficulty.

Today was the richest day since Bologue's release.

The two were about to exit the restaurant when another group of people walked through the street, which surprised Bologue greatly.

In Shenbei District, you barely see any living souls at night, but the Agreement District is crowded with revelers everywhere.

The pungent mix of alcohol and perfume assaulted their senses, vibrant figures caught their eyes, Bologue was stunned, not just him, Palmer stood still beside him, equally struck.

A group of models was approaching them, the women wearing sexy clothes, their bodies outlining graceful curves, gathered together like a huge bouquet.

But what truly shocked them wasn't this silhouette in the night, but the person in the center of the flower cluster.

"Damn, who is this guy?" Palmer shouted.

That person was tall with long golden hair, a handsome face, showing a charming smile. Suddenly he noticed Bologue and Palmer, his face lit up with joy.

"Yo! Bologue! Palmer!"

Serey walked out from the flower cluster, hugging them tightly. They tried to struggle, but Serey's strength was incredible, the mix of alcohol and perfume carried a strong masculine scent, almost suffocating them.

From the corner of their eyes, they noticed Serey's flower crowd obviously showing displeasure; it seemed Serey didn't show such enthusiasm to them as he did to the two.

"What a coincidence, want to join us?" Serey invited directly.

"Of course, I would..."

"No, we're exhausted today and need rest."

Bologue interrupted Palmer's words, rejecting the offer.

Palmer's gaze was resentful, but meeting Bologue's cold eyes, he still followed Bologue's decision.

"That's a real pity. Do come by more often if you can!"

Serey patted both of their shoulders heavily. He was referring to the Undying Club.

Reentering the flower cluster, surrounded by those blooming figures, Serey headed towards another nightclub, Bologue could still faintly hear their conversation.

"Do you want to come to my place later? My roommate is a cat named Wei'Er, it does backflips."