

Endless 152

Chapter 152: Name

Bulimia nervosa is used to describe symptoms of emptiness and agitation, but based on current information, these symptoms vary among different individuals. For example, someone like Serey from the Night Race needs to absorb blood as a medium.

Bologue began to think that perhaps the ability to "absorb" was also part of his bulimia nervosa. He obtained Soul Shards from the Demon's corpse, which were used to satisfy his emptiness. As for where they went after being consumed...

Bologue felt a headache. He couldn't understand, and then he realized that all his questions stemmed from that Devil.

The Devil who traded with him and granted him "resurrection."

Bologue believes that if he finds that Devil, all mysteries will be resolved, and he might even discover the reason he came to this world.

Unfortunately, Bologue can't remember, neither the content of the transaction nor anything related to that Devil. He can't recall any of it, as if he'd never experienced it.

Bologue didn't continue thinking about it; such mental exhaustion was meaningless. But as Serey said, he has plenty of time to figure it all out.

"Did you notice your differences? It's quite normal. Every Undead is considered a favorite of the Devil, and sometimes our symptoms vary accordingly."

Serey explained, "Geoffrey didn't mention this to you; probably because he doesn't fully understand. After all, we are mysterious Undead, and much of the information about the Undead is actually compiled by us ourselves."

"Why didn't you tell me then?" Bologue asked.

"You didn't ask!" Serey shouted.

Quickly, he revealed a sly expression and whispered, "Mainly because Geoffrey was present at the time. Although the Order Bureau is our dear landlord, we can't tell the landlord all of our secrets, right?"

"Of course, if the landlord asks, we would answer everything, but if he doesn't, we just pretend not to know."

Serey argued.

"Do you know how to find the Devil?" Bologue asked abruptly.

Serey was stunned for a while before responding and quietly asked, "What do you plan to do?"

"I just realized that many of my questions stem from the Devil, the one I traded with. If I find it, perhaps everything will become clear," Bologue said.

"Well... I'm not too sure. Most of the time, the Devil finds us instead of us finding the Devil, although there are some rituals that can summon Devils, the summoned Devil might not be the one you traded with. No one can guarantee."

Serey talked about what he knew regarding Devils.

"Devils are a group of cunning and mysterious beings. After hundreds of years, people still know very little about them. Often they don't appear directly in front of us but more as a kind of illusory form, appearing in various media and forms."

"I know that the Order Bureau has related records. Devils often appear when a person is in despair, sometimes as a phone call or a hallucination in one's mind... They almost never truly appear in front of you, and when you make a Blood Contract under their promise, that's when disaster begins."

With a strong desire for knowledge, during his time at the Order Bureau, Bologue learned these extraordinary secrets through reading, apart from his work.

"But surely, it will find you someday, doesn't it? Bologue, you just need to wait patiently," Serey said.

"Wait, huh?" Bologue took a deep breath. "I thought I'd learned to wait, but sometimes I still feel restless."

"Normal, after all, you are still just a young man."

In Serey's eyes, almost everyone was considered young.

Looking at this absurd fellow, Bologue still found it hard to associate him with the legendary Night Race Lord, much less the Night King's son Serey.

"Want some drinks?" Serey asked.

"No, I have to work later; orange juice will do."

Serey busied himself behind the bar. Seeing him bustling around like this, one wouldn't suspect his noble former status, but it seemed he had a kind of enlightenment about life, finding vanity in fame and thinking one's happiness is most important.

Recalling the scene in the bedroom just now, judging from this angle, Serey did seem to be living happily.

"Where are the others?"

Bologue glanced at the empty club. Compared to the lively atmosphere last time, this time was much quieter, possibly because Bologue came too early.

Given the personalities of these Undead, most of them likely wouldn't wake until after noon.

"Sleeping."

Just as expected.

"By the way, Bologue, you came early in the morning. Don't you have to work?" Serey asked.

"Time is still ample," Bologue looked at the entrance. "It's close to the Order Bureau here; it saves at least an hour of travel time."

Thinking about the stomach churn just now and the impending commute, Bologue hesitated for a few seconds and then said.

"I might frequently take this shortcut on my way to work in the future."

"Huh?"

This time Serey was surprised, but he didn't seem to intend to drive Bologue away. Instead, he said.

"Actually, you can directly live here; there are plenty of empty rooms upstairs," Serey said. "Don't feel embarrassed; this is prepared for members."

To be honest, there was a moment when Bologue was tempted, but after a moment of thought, he still refused.

"Let's talk about it later, after I've worked for a while, then I'll think about moving or whatever."

It's not that he was worried about the rent he'd already paid; mainly, Bologue still had some respect for this group of fools. Living here, you never know which day they'd knock on his door and drag him into their revelry, with some ridiculous reason for the celebration.

"But regarding your doubt, you can actually ask some people who have truly confronted Devils," Serey suddenly shifted the topic back.

"Have you thought of someone?"

"Uh huh, an old fellow I've almost forgotten. You mentioning this reminded me; I actually haven't confronted Devils myself. Among the people I know, who can be contacted, the only one who's genuinely faced Devils should be him."

"Who?"

"The Night King."

"Forget it, forget it, I'm heading to work. See you next time, Serey."

Bologue waved his hand, realizing that with people like Serey, it's best to keep only half expectations; he can bring solutions, but whether the solutions are viable is another matter.

Luckily, there has been some progress indeed. If he wants to learn more, it will inevitably involve things like Alchemy, which aren't just learned by reading books.

A woman's wild laughter echoed in his mind, Bologue's expression was complex, and he was beginning to understand Geoffrey's words back then.

Few can refuse the Sublimation Furnace Core; if they can, it means they weren't offered enough yet.

Leaving the Undying Club, the Order Bureau was right in front of him. While he could take a shortcut through the Undying Club in the morning, he still had to slowly make his way home at night.

If he lived at the Undying Club, this major commuting problem would be perfectly solved, and it seems there wouldn't be rent, and these undead were all incredibly wealthy...

Bologue fell into a conflict of thoughts, and when he finally wrestled free from them, he was already standing in front of the Order Bureau building.

"Coming in so early today?"

Geoffrey glanced at the time; Bologue had arrived even earlier than usual. "After just finishing a task, I thought you'd be tired and arrive a bit later."

"Indeed quite tired, but rest and all that can wait until after dealing with the 'man-eater' issue."

Once immersed in work, Bologue is a workaholic, an obstinate wild dog that won't let go once it bites.

Palmer often complained about this, frequently saying Bologue was overly diligent, which made it impossible for him, as his partner, to relax.

"You're an undead, you have all the time to rest, but me? What about me? I'm just an ordinary person, with limited lifespan as it is, let me rest a bit more, okay?"

Palmer often whined like this, recently learning a new word, something like 'involution,' and blaming Bologue as the daily perpetrator rolling him up.

Bologue didn't understand, nor did he care to. As an expert, professionalism was extremely important; loving what one does, this was Bologue's consistent belief.

"Hasn't Palmer arrived yet?"

Bologue looked around but didn't find Palmer's silhouette.

"He's probably the last one to arrive again," Yuriel entered, holding two cups of coffee.

"Probably sleeping like a log at home," Bologue remarked.

Lebius, behind the desk, had no issues with this; as long as the tasks were handled well, he didn't mind if his team member was a lazy dog who showed up late every day.

Urgent footsteps sounded outside the door, Bologue and Geoffrey exchanged a glance. If their guess was correct, this should be Palmer.

But something seemed off. Palmer was usually a leisurely guy, even if late, he'd be nonchalant; he typically wouldn't be in such a hurry.

The person was very anxious, not even bothering to knock, and directly pushed open the office door.

"Ivan?"

Someone unexpected appeared.

Ivan had a worried look on his face; being a steady person, it was rare to see him like this. Holding a document, he walked straight to Lebius and slapped it onto the table.

"Urgent intelligence delivered this morning by the Iron Whistles; we've identified the leader of the 'man-eater'."

Everyone present perked up, and the most visibly moved was Bologue, who nearly stood up to snatch Ivan's document and see who that damned person was.

"Who is it?"

Bologue tried to control his emotions, asking calmly.

"Kedening Caesar."

Ivan's voice echoed beside his ears, freezing the emotional upheaval. Bologue repeated emotionlessly.

"Kedening... Caesar."

He felt he might have heard wrong, but Bologue knew that was impossible.