

Endless 154

Chapter 154: Instructions

Waiting, endless waiting.

Bologue originally thought the experience of the Black Prison taught him patience and waiting, but when the enemy is so close and yet fading away, Bologue suddenly realized he couldn't calm his anger, couldn't control his emotions.

He couldn't quite remember how he spent the day, just remembered constantly clenching his fist, releasing, then clenching again.

Further actions require intelligence from the Crow's Nest, meaning the Field Operations Department has no work for him today. Palmer, who was late, was quite happy about this, as it meant he could rest for another day. After confirming there was nothing urgent, he left the Field Operations Department in the afternoon, not sure where he went.

Lebius and Geoffrey didn't say anything about this. It's a tacit rule of the Field Operations Department that after completing a mission, if there are no urgent matters, these field staff can take a short vacation.

Bologue wasn't in the mood for a vacation.

He sat in the office all day, maintaining silence, with an oppressive aura emanating from every pore.

Yuriel once thought Lebius was hard to get along with, but today she found that Bologue in this state was even more difficult to deal with than Lebius. Now he was like an irritable volcano that might erupt in a second.

"Bologue, go home, don't overthink it, we will catch him."

Geoffrey sighed and advised Bologue.

Since Bologue was released from prison, Geoffrey had been guiding him. He knew Bologue's character well, knew how much this matter meant to him.

Unclear about the relationship between Bologue and Kedening, but Geoffrey knew that Bologue was not someone indecisive; in Bologue's eyes, everything was very clear.

Work is work, life is life. Geoffrey believed Bologue would make the right choice. There was nothing to worry about.

What troubled Geoffrey now was Bologue's restless heart.

These damn villains were about to escape the city, and Bologue, this wolf pursuing his enemies, could only wait here tirelessly.

For the action-loving Bologue, every minute and second was torture now.

Once this agitation reached its threshold, no one knew what Bologue would do. Although he was just an ordinary Condenser now, Geoffrey always felt Bologue was a person full of miraculous colors, and might do something crazy.

"So, it's unlikely there will be any new news today?" Bologue asked.

"Maybe."

Geoffrey waved his hand. The Order Bureau controlled Opus, but unless the King's Secret Sword actively exposed itself, it was very difficult to extract these Condensers from the crowd.

Opus was too big, too complex—like a confluence of ocean currents, countless monsters followed the currents from different seas, surging here, swept into the vortex named Opus.

Bologue looked up at the time, breathing repeatedly to calm his agitated mood, and soon he felt nothing at all.

Detach oneself from the world, feel nothing, thereby avoiding those annoying worries.

"See you tomorrow then."

Bologue said calmly and then left the office.

He walked hurriedly, almost running, wanting to hunt down his enemies, but as he took off, he didn't even know which direction to head.

Finally, Bologue stopped, leaned against the wall, pondering his inner thoughts.

Bologue thought he was used to this agitation, but somehow, after receiving this intelligence today, emotions that were previously easy to control became increasingly uncontrollable.

Is it because they are about to escape?

Bologue had previously suspected these people had already fled Opus, but there was no definite news to prove it. But today was different; the facts were in front of him, and Bologue felt a genuine sense of panic.

These people were about to escape, fleeing into the crowd, hiding their names.

"Damn it!"

Bologue swung his fist, pounding the wall. The solid white bricks showed no trace, but his hand was bruised.

He wore a grim face, saying nothing.

...

"Where are you going?"

Lebius looked up at Geoffrey, who was putting on a coat, ready to leave.

"I'm still a bit concerned about Bologue. I always feel like he might do something outrageous, like become a psychopathic killer on a wandering path, venting or something."

Geoffrey had always been worried about Bologue's mental state, frequently suggesting he see a psychiatrist.

"Don't worry about him, you have things to do today," Lebius said. "Did you bring the mask?"

"I brought it, went home to get it this morning... speaking of which, why are you so eager to have me bring it?"

Geoffrey asked, looking at the briefcase on the sofa.

He hadn't used Secret Energy for many years, and last night Geoffrey stayed in the combat room until late, constantly training himself. Fortunately, though he hadn't used it for years, the experience remained. Before long, he got re-acquainted with this power.

After training, he was already exhausted, so he slept in the lounge overnight. But early in the morning, he was urged by Lebius to go home and fetch the mask.

He couldn't understand what Lebius wanted, as Lebius never explained anything.

Geoffrey found this to be a particularly annoying aspect of Lebius; he would only make demands and then look at you expressionlessly, refusing to answer any questions until you complied with their orders and took action. Only then would he avert his gaze.

"What do you think I'm asking you to take the mask for?" Lebius countered.

Geoffrey paused for a few seconds before his expression went somewhat out of control.

"No way!"

In the Field Operations Department, when a field staff member puts on a mask, it usually means only one thing—they are going out to perform a mission.

Today, after many years without field missions, Geoffrey picked up his mask again.

After a brief shock, Geoffrey realized the issue; not yesterday, not tomorrow, but today, the very day the Crow's Nest brought in intelligence.

It felt as though an invisible net had snared everyone, with each person helplessly struggling inside it, except Lebius, who was the only one clear-headed.

"What exactly is going on, Lebius?"

Lebius was silent for a few seconds and then spoke.

"It's nothing, just a hunch. Our previous conflicts with the King's Secret Sword all happened on the outskirts of Opus, but considering the intelligence that Kedening has been abandoned, it's possible a small number of the King's Secret Sword have already infiltrated the city of Opus.

Opus will be quite unsettled these days, and there's nothing to do at night. We might as well go out on patrol; we might catch some mice."

Geoffrey stared at Lebius, and after a prolonged gaze, Lebius' pupils remained calm, showing no ripples.

A helpless sigh was heard.

Geoffrey sat back on the sofa, picked up a suitcase, opened it, and took out a mask from inside.

The mask was heavy, its surface possessing a metallic chill, its paint faded over the years, with some damage and cracks in certain corners.

Yet, this could not hide the mask's grotesque design; raised patterns intertwined together, hair twisted into knots, like sinister horns, arranged together to form roaring waves.

This object was akin to an old friend for Geoffrey; he thought it would hang on the wall like a decorative painting for a lifetime, but on this day, years later, it was taken down once more.

The feeling of picking up the mask again was quite pleasing for Geoffrey, there was a sense of excitement of returning to the battlefield, but more exciting than returning to battle was the feeling of youthful vigor it gave Geoffrey each time he saw it.

Regaining youth.

For a middle-aged man, there's seemingly nothing more tempting than that, even causing the blood and flesh within him to shout in unison.

"Lebius, we've at least been partners for so many years; some things you can deceive Yas, Ivan, but you can't fool me."

Geoffrey gently brushed the surface of the mask, wiping the dust off its corners; the situation was too urgent, he simply didn't have time for a thorough cleaning of the mask.

"You never do anything meaningless, is tonight really just about patrolling? Or is there something you can't tell me directly, so you're using patrol as an excuse?"

Geoffrey understood this old friend very well, the two had flawless tacit understanding.

Thinking back to everything from last night, it seemed that from the very beginning Geoffrey was ensnared in Lebius' plan; this guy secretly plotted everything, but his motives remained unclear to anyone.

Lebius didn't say anything; he simply picked up a document and faced its front towards Geoffrey.

It depicted a Staff Sword, with the marks of chains and swords beneath it, and this time five Sharp Swords threading through the chains.

Level Five clearance, a level of access Geoffrey and Lebius could not reach.

"What we need to do now is no longer Yas' commission, but a direct order from the 'Decision Room.'" Lebius spoke without a shred of emotion.

A direct order from the "Decision Room" left Geoffrey completely stunned; he had received orders from the "Decision Room" before, but this was the first time he'd seen a Level Five clearance order directly issued to this newly established action group.

From Geoffrey's past experience, orders involving Level Five clearance often pertained to monumental events.

Unbeknownst to him, he had already been swept into a whirlpool.

But...why is it like this?

Geoffrey quickly thought it through.

"Is this related to Bologue?"

This unleashed Undead, the usurped Power of Dominator, seemed to have drawn everyone into a grand performance from a certain moment, yet the reason behind this story remained unknown to date.

"I cannot disclose too much information to you."

"How about I ask differently then."

Geoffrey hesitated for a moment, then asked again.

"Bologue will kill all his enemies, correct?"

Lebius did not answer this question, but this time on his indifferent face, a slight smile suddenly emerged.

This smile was so eerie, it sent shivers down one's spine.