

Endless 172

Chapter 172: The Turncoat

The gloomy clouds completely covered the city, Thunder rolling within them, then it was as if a lake was being poured down from the sky, drenching the city.

Raindrops hit the eaves, channeled by the grooves, converging together, rushing down the streets, some plunging into the rushing Rhine River, others flowing downward, flooding into the unknown dense Sea of Mist of the Great Rift.

The rain gradually intensified, raising a layer of mist on the surface, the mist surged, bringing a sense of unreality to the city, like a hallucinatory dream.

In the dark blue hue, black silhouettes gradually emerged, like untouchable phantoms, standing high above, overlooking the city.

Gray was among them, looking around the silent streets with a hint of nervousness.

Currently, Opus was still under the control of the Order Bureau, they could harass the city's edges with impunity, but being truly within this city, the hidden threats from the shadows still made him uneasy.

Now Gray just wanted to quickly complete the mission and leave the city.

The others remained silent, all draped in gray raincoats, standing like statues in the rain curtain, their gazes meeting and crossing, occasionally glancing at the man at the forefront, waiting for his orders.

Waiting always made one feel bored, not to mention waiting in such an environment.

Suddenly, Gray shivered, unsure if it was due to the chilling rain or the unfriendly city.

The unease inside him grew stronger.

Gray took a deep breath, trying to calm his anxious mind, as a member of the King's Secret Sword, a Condenser who stepped into the Extraordinary World, he felt he shouldn't be so fragile.

"Every time I come to this city, I always feel an inexplicable fear... not because of the Order Bureau here, just pure fear of the city."

A colleague's voice rang out, Milasha walked to Gray's side, smiling.

Rain poured over her, clinging the raincoat to her body, as if wet, even in the dim light, but Gray could clearly see the curves of the body.

Short brown hair slightly peeked out, the delicate face close at hand, Gray felt his heart beat faster, couldn't help but step back to put some distance.

"Are you okay? Gray." Milasha asked.

Listening to her, Gray gazed into the distance, the glow within the Great Rift still there, shimmering under layers of mist, rising upward.

"I'm fine," Gray swallowed, murmured, "I sometimes feel the same way, can't understand why we persist on this city, fighting tooth and nail for it."

Gray tried to lighten his voice, while Milasha gently patted his shoulder.

"Don't be nervous, when I first went on a mission, I was in about the same state as you, relax a bit."

Milasha smiled at Gray, such a smile seemed so warm and kind in the rainy night, easing a lot of Gray's tense emotions.

He returned a smile, his breathing gradually relaxed.

In this team, Gray was considered a newbie, though he'd been a Condenser for a while, he'd only carried out some not-dangerous missions, he thought he would progress gradually to become a qualified member of the King's Secret Sword, but suddenly he was transferred here, infiltrated Opus, operating under the eyes of the Order Bureau.

It felt like you just mastered swordsmanship, and then the teacher brought in a sword master, ordering you to find a way to defeat him.

The team had others with abundant experience, for the new Gray, the pressure and tension were naturally enormous, thankfully Milasha took care of him, unlike the others' indifference, Milasha was very enthusiastic towards him, the newbie.

As with the Order Bureau's ranking system, the King's Secret Sword also had a clear hierarchical distinction, most prominently the "recognized."

Although all bore the title of the King's Secret Sword, only those "recognized" could possess a sword called "Secret Sword," which became a symbol of status within the King's Secret Sword.

Within the team, only the captain and deputy captain Milasha were recognized, the captain always wore a cold face, never cared about the team members' thoughts, Milasha was different, she held a higher position than Gray, but never showed any arrogance, instead guiding him like an elder sister.

Gray occasionally stole glances at Milasha, he had to admit, he harbored concealed affection for this deputy captain.

"This is work, Gray, don't think about such trivial matters during work hours."

Regarding these feelings, Gray could only keep muttering to himself, controlling his thoughts.

"The ghoul successfully got on the train, nothing unusual."

A voice came from behind, another person approached, speaking to the foremost man.

"Is that so?" The captain turned around, looked at the team members, "Then proceed to the next step."

"The next step?" Milasha was puzzled, "What next step."

From what Milasha understood of the mission, when the ghoul successfully evacuated, they just needed to withdraw, there shouldn't be a next step.

"Deputy captain Milasha... alright," The captain's face hidden in the dimness under the raincoat, paused his words, then lightened up, "Nothing, prepare to evacuate, everyone, our mission is over."

The captain's words made Gray breathe a sigh of relief, he could finally leave this ghost place, he just wanted to go home and have a good rest now, if possible, he also wanted to invite Milasha for dinner, not sure if this deputy captain would accept his affection.