

Endless 190

Chapter 190: Return to the Jianghu

"Alright, alright, the truth is, while you were sleeping, Lebius came by."

Palmer sat in a wheelchair, with Bologue pushing him from behind.

Unlike Bologue, who resurrected and healed completely, Palmer still bore injuries which, even with the healing from an alchemy potion, required some time for recuperation.

According to him, while he was battling to the death with Sandbox, Palmer was being chased by a group of ghouls. To eliminate these ghouls, he almost drained his own ether.

After all the fierce fighting, Palmer miraculously only suffered minor injuries, but when Bologue passed out, to prevent himself from falling into the valley, he held on tightly to avoid falling... and accidentally twisted his ankle.

This was the most severe injury Palmer sustained throughout the battle.

"While you were being treated, I was there with an IV, enjoying the nurses applying ointments, and then being interrogated by Lebius."

It was really just a debriefing on the mission, but anyone stared at by Lebius would feel like they were being interrogated.

"Debriefing the mission?"

Bologue was puzzled. This was a personal feud, and he hadn't mentioned it to Lebius at all.

When Bologue woke up, his biggest confusion was why he was in a sanatorium. In his view, his actions that night violated an unknown number of Field Operations Department regulations. He thought he would wake up in prison, undergo interrogation, and then be sent to the Black Prison.

"Yes, debriefing the mission. I don't know how, but it seems our fight that night was classified as a Special Operations Group mission," Palmer thought for a moment, "maybe it was to cover for us."

Cover for us?

Would Lebius do such a thing? Bologue wasn't sure. In fact, he didn't really know Lebius well.

Getting to know someone is always a difficult task. No one knows what's behind their mask... perhaps another mask.

The two paused in a corner of the garden, Bologue sitting on a bench, while Palmer turned his wheelchair to face him.

"Who knows if it's covering for us or something else? Anyway, he presented a stack of documents before me, all in order... I suspect this guy has been planning this for a while, like he predicted you would seek your revenge."

At this thought, Palmer felt only admiration for Lebius, truly worthy of being his boss.

"So how did you report?"

Bologue glanced at the flowers and plants around him. After staying in the gloomy Oubos for so long, seeing these vibrant colors always brought a sense of peace.

"I just told the truth."

Palmer waved his hand.

"I said everything I knew, from meeting you on the road, to you guiding me to chase the train," Palmer only then realized a point of doubt, "wait, how did you know the exact location of the train? Even Crow's Nest hadn't figured it out."

After Bologue passed out, Palmer stumbled around the scene for a while.

He saw those grotesque and strange ghouls and also saw Sandbox, whom Bologue had pounded to death, lying there in a bloody mess. Palmer couldn't even see his face, but not long after, he saw the Secret Sword lying beside it.

In the Order Bureau, the Secret Sword was not only a symbol of the enemy's identity but also an important trophy. It was only then that Palmer realized that the two of them had actually confronted a Prayer Believer wielding the Secret Sword... Well, actually it was just Bologue alone.

A cold wind blew through, bringing Palmer a chill and a sense of dread, but after kicking Sandbox's corpse a few times, his fear vanished completely.

Palmer opened the carriage.

Gazing at the mountain of Philosopher's Stones and Liquid Spirit Potions, Palmer repeatedly opened and closed the carriage door, confirming several times that it wasn't an illusion, and then looked at the long carriage behind.

Is this... raiding the home of the King's Secret Sword?

At that moment, even someone like Palmer, who was born into extraordinary nobility, experienced what it was like to be a so-called nouveau riche.

"I have my ways, don't underestimate an expert."

Bologue had no intention of telling Palmer about the Tyrant. The Debtor maintained a certain vague connection with the Devil, and once Palmer knew about the existence of the Tyrant, he might step into that trap constructed by the real lie.

"Alright, after all, you are the expert."

Palmer did not press further. Everyone ought to have some secrets. If Bologue wasn't willing to tell, there was no need to force it.

After all, everything was over. Like in a clichéd story, they had eliminated their enemy and came out unscathed. The time spent in the Border Sanatorium felt like a vacation, and there was nothing better than that.

"Wow, this place is really nice, full of beautiful girls. Just watching from afar is satisfying."

Palmer looked around, clutching his chest, "I feel like my soul is being healed."

Bologue also looked around, though he wasn't as excited as Palmer, but he genuinely felt peace and harmony, followed by a surreal sense of illusion.

His name was Bologue Lazarus, living in Oubos Shenbei District of Oath City, employed at the Rhine Alliance Order and Security Bureau Field Operations Department Special Operations Group. His daily work consisted of hacking people, slaying demons, maintaining world peace, and the like. He wasn't much of a smoker or heavy drinker, enjoyed music and movies, and listened to Dudel's "Gray Mist, Industry, and Delicious Shrimp Crackers" program every morning.

Bologue felt he was quite normal... normal my ass.

After living this crazy life for too long, even he had been fooled, and now that he was completely relaxed, not needing to hack anyone, nor worry about being hacked, Bologue found himself afraid, even as he enjoyed the tranquility.

Afraid he might sink into it... but sometimes a little rest like this was nice.

Thinking of this, Bologue touched his chest. The cross necklace was still there, bringing a sense of reassurance.

Following Palmer's example, his gaze wandered and settled on a girl nearby.

That was a striking girl, with platinum blonde hair styled into a bun at the back of her head, her neck as white as a swan's. Standing in the sunlight, she seemed to be glowing.

She had her back to Bologue, so Bologue couldn't see her face. Her dark green cloak and coat seemed somewhat ill-fitting, too large for the girl. She barely held it up like a clothes hanger, hiding her figure.

For a moment, Bologue had a strange speculation that perhaps the girl was an elf emerging from the forest, needing to wear oversized clothing to blend in with the human world.

Raising her hand, her exposed arm was also hidden under black ice sleeves and gloves. Looking downward, her ankles beneath the cloak showed the same black, resembling worn stockings.

Bologue's leisurely gaze gradually grew serious.

"Bologue!"

A deep shout interrupted Bologue's thoughts, Palmer reached out and forcibly turned his head back, making his gaze fall onto Palmer's face.

"What are you doing, Bologue!"

Palmer had a face full of tension, and Bologue couldn't understand why.

"Appreciation, do you know what appreciation means? Your gaze is already getting a bit lascivious, isn't it!"

Palmer's tone had begun to distort; who would've thought his cold-blooded assassin partner would have such a side. Although everyone likes beautiful girls, one must adhere to boundaries, as it's not good to impact others.

Palmer always joked, but coming from the Clarks family, he valued these things greatly. He often said that although times have changed, etiquette must still be upheld; otherwise, how are we different from barbarians.

Bologue also felt the surrounding eyes on him, feeling a bit embarrassed.

"Oh, I understand."

Bologue answered coldly, not wanting to dwell on this topic with Palmer.

"Speaking of which, is that your type?"

Palmer suddenly stood up on one foot from the wheelchair, sat on the long bench, and wrapped his arm around Bologue's shoulder, asking in a very serious tone, a stark contrast to his earlier elegance.

Palmer had also seen the girl. He had no choice but to notice her; she shone brightly in the sunlight.

"When it comes to long legs, Belli's are the best. If you're willing to let her experiment on you, she might even wear stockings for you."

Palmer tempted him, mastering Belli would mean a constant supply of alchemy equipment, and Palmer hadn't forgotten this. A mere sacrifice of male charm could turn the Special Operations Group into a rich force within the Field Operations Department.

Bologue remained silent.

Palmer also fell silent.

The silence lasted half a minute, Palmer's gaze gradually turning odd. Who knows what his brain structure is like; he seemed to have discovered an earth-shattering secret, his voice cautious and hesitant.

"Gee, I thought only weapons and corpses could make your brain secrete dopamine."

Bologue kicked Palmer off the bench, making him yelp in pain as he tried to crawl back to his wheelchair.

That kick made Bologue feel his mood lighten considerably, and he turned his head to search for the girl's figure, only to find she'd already disappeared.

Bologue was indeed observing the girl's "stockings," but unlike Palmer's assumed lascivious thoughts, Bologue felt a sense of familiarity from those "stockings."

That profound black reminded him of the alchemical materials covering phantom shadows, the girl's limbs seemed wrapped in a layer of iron-repelling paint.

Bologue quickly dismissed these thoughts, deciding to borrow some books on alchemical materials after leaving, hoping to find some clues.

"But... with only one Prayer Believer escorting? I somehow feel that the operation that night went too smoothly."

Thinking back now, Bologue felt hidden beneath one conspiracy was another; despite battling for so long, no King's Secret Sword reinforcements ever arrived.

Although the train had already safely left Opus, Bologue still felt something was amiss.

"Not just one Prayer Believer; during our operation, a squad was captured in Lebius City, comprised of several Condensers and Prayer Believers, I guess they were the reinforcements, too bad for them running into Lebius."

Palmer added, "You can check out the action report later."

"Lebius? Captured?"

Bologue's mind wasn't on the squad but on them being captured by Lebius, that cane-leaning, wheelchair-bound Lebius?

He remembered the day the Special Operations Group members introduced and acquainted themselves; Lebius was certain he wouldn't participate in fieldwork.

"Oh, right, that's considered a big event in the Field Operations Department, but you just woke up, I haven't had a chance to tell you."

With too much happening in the past couple of days, Palmer didn't know where to start.

"Lebius made a comeback, literally returned, re-entered the Field Operations Department sequence, acting alongside his partner during our train pursuit."

"Geoffrey?" Bologue felt like he'd woken to a changed world.

"Yes, now everyone says the twin terrors of the Field Operations Department are back."

Palmer excitedly waved his hand, knowledgeable of Field Operations Department rumors being years ahead of Bologue.

"Lebius of the Wolf Pack, Geoffrey of the Tiger Eye."