

## Endless 191

### Chapter 191: The Monarch

"Although it's satisfying to have crushed the King's Secret Sword after so many years, why are these official duties increasing?"

Geoffrey had a sullen look on his face as he went through the endless files in the office. Typically, dealing with documents was Lebius's responsibility, but the sheer volume of paperwork now required even Geoffrey's involvement.

"As you said, the Minister is the kind of person who works people to death. Now that we've been re-enlisted, I'm sure there's a lot of troublesome things waiting for us."

Lebius spoke from behind the desk, his voice still cold. But this time, the coldness was entirely due to the overwhelming workload that had numbed his spirit.

After the stormy night, Lebius returned to the office from the sanatorium, where he heard Palmer's report on the operation. Awaiting him were mountains of files, and Yuriel was running in the hallway, bringing more documents from other departments.

The Order Bureau had a clear division of labor and strict hierarchies. Previously, both of them had logistics functions, but after stepping onto the battlefield, Lebius and Geoffrey were no longer just responsible for the Special Operations Group's command and logistics but were genuine Negative Power Users who could engage in direct combat.

The difference in status meant the intelligence and privileges they received were completely different.

Negative Power Users might not be the top combat force within the Order Bureau, but they were crucial backbone forces. Vast amounts of intelligence were accessible to them, and an endless stream of files awaited execution.

Geoffrey joked that the Special Operations Group had overnight transformed from a marginal group directly into a backbone force, but this joke wasn't really amusing.

Picking up a file, Geoffrey's gaze became serious.

"Has the situation below deteriorated so badly? I remember seven years ago when I was transferred, it was still under control?"

"It turned into a rogue zone three years ago. A group of 'Ape Corruption Sect' followers infiltrated and awakened that thing with their flesh and blood. It's been feeding ever since. Fortunately, there's nothing but rocks there for it to swallow, except for some unlucky souls who fall in and fill its belly briefly."

Lebius tossed over another file, detailing the aftermath of the incident.

"Damn, what's this about? Wasn't the 'Joyful Garden' dealt with many years ago?" Geoffrey shrieked upon seeing another file, "How is it appearing again?"

"It's currently hypothesized that we didn't completely destroy it back then. After years of dormancy, it has re-emerged. But don't worry, it's considered an abnormal Void Realm event and is currently being handled by the third group, so it's not our concern for now."

Lebius's tone was numb. Seven years had passed, and the Minister of External Affairs was still as unreasonable as ever, heaping all the work onto you.

The sound of knocking came; Yuriel pushed the door open, arms full of documents, panting heavily with sweat on her forehead.

"Which department sent these this time?"

Geoffrey turned around, looking at Yuriel as if she were a monster.

"They're from the Sublimation Furnace Core, a list of Alchemy Armament that needs our confirmation," Yuriel replied.

"Oh? That sounds decent."

This news cheered Geoffrey up slightly. Whether Belli was genuinely persistent with Bologue or just naturally efficient, the first batch of Alchemy Armament was arriving in days.

No cumbersome approval procedures were needed, and no dealing with those guys, just like shopping in an unmanned supermarket—take whatever you want. The only cost was slightly inconveniencing Bologue.

Yuriel pulled the first document from the thick stack and handed it to Lebius.

"This is the report; the rest are intelligence reports from the Crow's Nest regarding related tasks."

Except for the first document, the rest were all the same.

Geoffrey took a deep breath, trying to control his emotions. After so many years of rest, the feeling of being busy again was indeed nice, but now it was a bit too much; he even suspected if he'd die from overwork.

"Don't worry, Condensers are protected by Ether itself, so dying suddenly is almost impossible." Many years ago, the Minister of External Affairs patted Geoffrey's shoulder with a smile.

"Alright, alright, just leave it there for now," Geoffrey said helplessly, waving his hand.

"I say, aren't you tired?" Watching Lebius, who was still busy, Geoffrey couldn't help but admire this workaholic.

"We need to quickly familiarize ourselves with the current environment and understand what's happening in this city, this world."

Unlike the fatigued Geoffrey, the more Lebius examined these files, the greater the wordless pressure he felt.

He believed everything was in control, but upon returning to his post, Lebius realized the world had changed drastically.

"Yeah, I wondered why the Operations Group couldn't spare anyone; such problems keep coming one after another. Compared to these, the King's Secret Sword seems insignificant."

Geoffrey casually picked up a file that documented one dreadful issue after another.

"Even the merchants have intervened here."

"Not just merchants; in recent years, the 'All Secrets Order' has also intended to intervene in Opus," Lebius said.

These terms were familiar to Geoffrey; he had dealt with these guys seven years ago, and they still existed seven years later.

This gave a strange feeling, a sense of fateful continuity that old adversaries still existed, mixed with the complaint that after all these years, these guys just wouldn't die out.

"By the way, what do you intend to do about Bologue?"

Casting aside these vexing problems, Geoffrey focused on the matters at hand.

"Although you prepared in advance and disguised this as a raid, you and I both know, this wasn't some raid, it was entirely Bologue's own unilateral action. I don't know how he found that train... but it definitely isn't that simple, is it?"

Geoffrey's gaze sharpened, he felt a strange sensation, ever since that day when Lebius brought out the "Decision Room" order, he felt shrouded by some kind of conspiracy.

An indistinct chill lingered around him, difficult to dispel.

"According to the Logistics Department's report, his battle spanned several city districts, raiding various gangs, with numerous casualties. The worst part is that Bologue's strikes were extremely precise, with almost no collateral damage."

Now there were only him and Lebius in the office, and Geoffrey wanted to have a proper discussion about this matter.

"Not only did he find Kedening, but he also slaughtered him, then encountered Palmer, pursued the train, killed a Prayer Believer carrying a Secret Sword, and stopped an entire train full of Ghouls collecting the King's Secret Sword's Philosopher's Stones and potions..."

All these events, taken individually, were already absurd, not to mention them all happening together and compressed into a single night.

It was as if some mysterious entity had laid out a list filled with the names of sinners for Bologue, and arranged a rigorous schedule for him, from midnight to dawn, with Bologue not wasting a single minute.

But could such an entity truly exist? Even if the Crow's Nest had compiled such a list, it would have taken some time, let alone Bologue.

Something beyond his imagination must have happened, and he was completely oblivious to it.

"Was it you? Did you help him?" Geoffrey asked.

"No, honestly, I have no idea what actually happened either," replied Lebius.

"How is that possible? You're so well prepared, for an intentional raid, others can't figure it out, but I'm your partner, we were together that night," Geoffrey questioned.

Lebius paused his work, seeming to ponder how to answer Geoffrey. In the brief silence, Geoffrey asked again.

"Does this have anything to do with the 'Decision Room' order?"

"Not much... At least in the order, there was nothing about Bologue raiding a train," said Lebius sincerely, continuing.

"I had prepared for the raid procedures long ago, since the trail of the Man-eater went cold."

"You expected Bologue to do something like this long ago?" Geoffrey asked.

"You were there that day too, you saw Bologue's expression at the time," Lebius recalled, though silent, his observant gaze had never ceased. While everyone else waited for further news from the Crow's Nest, only he kept watching Bologue, seeing the malicious intent growing wildly in his eyes.

"Actually, I think humans are not much different from Demons or Debtors, we all need something to fill the 'void' inside us.

Bologue is a guy who has nothing, what he cares about can be counted on one hand, and for these few things, he can be indifferent to everything else. Not to mention, he's an Undead, a born desperado.

Now you're telling him that the trail of his enemies is lost, and they might just disappear without a trace..."

Lebius shook his head, just thinking about it gave him a headache.

"When a person cares about nothing, they are capable of anything, let alone someone like Bologue."

Geoffrey didn't continue speaking, he had been in contact with Bologue the longest, and more or less understood this guy. Outwardly, he appeared as an expert bound by rationality, but the more rational a person is, the more they turn mad when fully abandoning restraints.

"I don't know what kind of 'process' Bologue will use to achieve revenge, but I clearly know he will achieve the 'result' of revenge, that's all there is to it."

"And our operation that night? That squad, this can't be a coincidence, right?" Geoffrey asked again.

"Indeed, it's not a coincidence, it's an order from the 'Decision Room,' instructing us to hunt these people," replied Lebius.

"Do they have anything important? That requires two Negative Power Users to handle."

"Very important, according to current intelligence, there was likely a traitor among them before," said Lebius.

"A traitor?"

"Yes, a traitor, and that's what we'll be primarily focusing on next, other troublesome matters are being handled by other action groups."

Lebius cleared away all the documents on the desk except for one, leaving it in the center. It bore engravings of chains and five sharp swords.

"Geoffrey, there are many things I can't explicitly tell you, but, just like before, trust me unconditionally.

Regarding Bologue, another team has already been tasked with dealing with him, his fate will be decided by that person."

Thinking of that person, Lebius's emotions were quite complex. That person was like the embodiment of mystery itself. When you look into his eyes, you see nothing but absolute darkness and depth, as if staring into the Abyss.

Lebius trusted he would make the right judgment, and ceased to ponder it further, turning to speak with Geoffrey instead.

"According to reliable information, the internal members of the King's Secret Sword have split."

"They are supporting a new King."