

Endless 199

Chapter 199: Serey's Love Story

The dim light filtered through the glass, casting a soft blue hue on the draped curtains. Bologue slowly sat up from the bed, feeling a slight dizziness in his head. It seemed he drank a bit too much last night.

He glanced at the bedside table, where various documents were piled up, all marked with the Special Operations Group's insignia, the twisted Rupert's Tear.

Yesterday, he and Palmer ended their vacation. After leaving the Border Sanatorium, they first returned to the Order Bureau to report the situation.

With Nesanel, the Deputy Director of the Order Bureau and the Minister of External Affairs, vouching for him, Lebius asked no questions when they returned. It seemed the stormy night's raid had passed, with all documents sealed and filed away.

After checking on the physical and mental state of the two, Lebius looked at the date. With Nesanel extending their vacation, including today, they had two more days to rest. Then, he handed them a series of work files.

Bologue and Palmer had proven their abilities. They were indeed capable of handling things on their own. With the return of Lebius and Geoffrey, the Special Operations Group was fully operational, and there was an abundance of work for them to complete.

The most important task was the division of territories. In the Field Operations Department, there weren't life-threatening missions every day. On days with no missions, the department wouldn't keep idle people, so each field staff member had their designated area of responsibility.

On days without missions, the daily work of the field staff was to patrol their area, be vigilant against potential supernatural crimes, and capture demons hidden among the crowd, akin to an extraordinary version of a sheriff.

When Bologue saw the division of his area, he understood what Nesanel meant by "battles to be fought." He felt a bit surprised but also thought it was expected, recalling Nesanel's words.

But Palmer didn't think so.

"We accomplished great feats!" Palmer yelled in the office. "Not asking for promotion or raise, but we shouldn't be treated like this!"

"It's precisely because of your outstanding capabilities that the organization trusts you with significant responsibilities," Geoffrey said eloquently, leaving Palmer momentarily speechless.

"Use something good till it's used up!"

"You guessed it right; this is the fine tradition of the Field Operations Department."

At this, Geoffrey stopped pretending and laid it out plainly.

This is the fine tradition held under Nesanel's leadership in the Field Operations Department, witnessed by both Lebius and Geoffrey. At that time, they had a sense of mission, believing it was the organization's trust in them. Looking back now, it felt more like a heartless company pushing its employees to the limit.

What surprised Geoffrey was that Palmer wasn't so easily deceived. Were the young ones today becoming smarter?

Realizing he couldn't change anything, Palmer sat aside, doubting life, while Bologue raised his own question.

"This area doesn't need security maintenance, so what are we doing here exactly?"

"Bologue, the Land of Chaos is chaotic because no one is willing to redeem it. We've sent you because we hope you can save these people!" Geoffrey spewed nonsense.

"Establish order amidst chaos? The Order Bureau controls Opus, but it has always remained beyond control."

Bologue knew the deeper meaning. There were monsters and devils lurking there, and who better to venture into such a dark, chaotic land than a debtor straddling between light and darkness?

"From now on, the Great Rift is your designated area. Don't burden yourself too much; just execute according to your usual principles," Geoffrey encouraged.

It wasn't the winding paths, not the mine, nor Qiushang Town; his designated area was the entire Great Rift. It felt like assigning a shepherd dog to manage an entire meadow, and Bologue felt a moment of helplessness.

But Bologue didn't voice any objections. Considering various factors, he indeed seemed the best candidate, especially since he had already had contact with the Tyrant.

Nesanel hoped he would become an undercover agent, uncovering the secrets of the devils. Bologue felt he had made a good start, and he needed the devils' information to find the devil who traded away his soul.

The Tyrant had said that there were far more of his kind on this land. Perhaps the devil who took his soul was hiding in some corner of this city.

"There's no need to worry about encountering dangers; we have other teams permanently stationed in the Great Rift."

Geoffrey didn't say what those teams were doing, but being stationed long-term suggested some sort of ongoing mission.

"The Great Rift isn't so bad; it's just a bit chaotic. Many ordinary people live there too, and they need a sheriff as well!"

Geoffrey then went on to encourage Palmer, but for someone like Palmer, who wasn't easily swayed, the encouragement seemed rather hollow.

After leaving the Order Bureau, the two headed straight to the Undying Club, planning to enjoy a drink there.

Bologue had originally planned to do this, considering how he could thank Palmer for his help.

What gift to give him? He didn't have much money, and besides, as a son of the Clarks, who had enjoyed plenty of wealth and privilege, no small gift would likely move him.

After contemplating, Bologue decided to bring Palmer for a drink, and just as he himself wanted to celebrate a bit. Bologue had completed his revenge; those who deserved to die were now dead. There was every reason to get drunk for a night.

It's not quite appropriate to indulge in drinking and merrymaking during broad daylight, but Bologue thought the people of the Undying Club wouldn't refuse, and indeed, they didn't even ask Bologue for a reason to celebrate.

Palmer was having a great time, as soon as he returned to the Undying Club, it was like he was back home, diving again into the sea of simplicity.

At the peak of the celebration, Serey spoke mysteriously to him, saying he had brought something new back, and with a wave of Serey's hands, Bologue saw the pole standing in the darkness.

Before Bologue could refuse, Serey, wearing that shirt with a neckline split down to the navel, began happily dancing on the pole, his moves forceful and precise under the colorful lights.

Got to admit, Serey's pole dance had something to it.

Afterwards, Serey said that as an Undead, he had learned many strange things over the long years, pole dancing was something he learned from a new female friend, and now he even has a part-time job at a nightclub, attracting quite a few wealthy ladies.

He also mentioned he has a new title now, something like "Midnight Nobleman."

Serey certainly fits the image of a nobleman, being one of the oldest lords of the Night Race, there shouldn't be many living people in this world more qualified than he is, just that now this Night Race lord is immersed in alcohol, no one would believe these words.

"Regrettably, I can only meet them at midnight."

Serey said with some regret, and that's the source of the midnight in his title, this Night Race lord can only roam during the night.

"Are you hundreds of years old? Or thousands? Those women seem like little girls to you, does it even interest you?" Bologue asked.

"The age of the body doesn't matter, what matters is the age of the mind, I consider myself forever a passionate eighteen, naturally, they too are forever eighteen in my eyes, youthful and beautiful." Serey has a knack for coaxing people.

"What about when they grow old? When their skin wrinkles together, emitting the stench of old age and death?" Bologue continued to ask.

"Do you think I'd abandon them?"

"Then what?"

Serey didn't reply but instead appeared thoughtful, Bologue thought he had won over him, but then Serey returned to his bedroom and brought out a thick photo album.

With a slight drunkenness, the guy began showing Bologue the album.

"This is Mary, my sixth wife, poor thing, she was a destitute girl, but I quite liked her."

The photos recorded Mary's life, from her youth, marriage, aging, yet Serey was always beside her, forever retaining his youthful appearance.

The last photo had Serey resting his head in her lap, still youthful as the Night Race lord, whereas the Mary in the photo had grown old and haggard.

"Here's my second wife, only back then cameras hadn't been invented yet, but I had some money, so I had a couple of paintings done."

They were oil paintings captured in photographs, the images were somewhat blurry but still just discernible.

"Some of the paintings were too big so I left them at home, some smaller ones I brought to the Undying Club."

Bologue recalled the oil paintings in Serey's bedroom, depicting him and his wife... his wives.

"I know what worries you, Bologue, but rest assured, despite appearing quite the charmer, I truly marry, I'm someone loyal and true. Cheating in our family means getting dragged out and basking under the sun for a few minutes."

Serey truly values this, he even swore by the honor of the Villeries family, though it's questionable if the Villeries family still holds any honor.

"I personally placed rings on their fingers, shared wonderful times, then buried them, moving on."

Serey's voice carried a hint of nostalgia as he closed the album, and there was even a touch of moisture in his eyes.

"You might say, I've married so many times, but how to put it..." Serey abruptly showed rare melancholy, "The lifespan of the Undead really is too long, amidst the lengthy years, we inevitably need some spiritual solace."

"Then aren't you married now?" Bologue asked.

"No, my last wife passed away nearly a hundred years ago, having gone through many such farewells, it's inevitably irritating. In contrast, enduring solitude has become much easier, so I've stopped marrying."

Originally choosing love to escape loneliness, yet now choosing loneliness due to the pains of parting, listening to Serey's words, Bologue didn't know what to say and could only offer an apology.

"Sorry."

"It's nothing, any normal person seeing a playboy like me would want to trample about and perhaps loudly curse 'that heartless jerk who toys with emotions'!" Serey was quite self-aware.

Bologue nodded in agreement, then raised his glass and clinked it forcefully against Serey's.