

Endless 57

Chapter 57: House of the Rising Sun [Thanks to the Warrior of Love, Wilder, the Alliance Leader]

"I applied for a meeting with the Minister, but he seems very busy and rejected it."

Yuriel pushed open the door and spoke to Lebius in the office.

They were all very concerned about Bologue Lazarus's "resurrection," and nobody knew what kind of scheme the Devil was plotting.

Lebius put down the document. He wasn't surprised by this outcome; the affairs of the Order Bureau were more complex than they appeared, and busyness was a norm, especially for someone in a high-ranking position like the Minister.

"However, the Minister sent this, saying 'This person might be able to resolve your confusion.'"

Yuriel said as she took out an envelope, placed it on the desk, and pushed it towards Lebius.

Lebius took the envelope, picked up a letter opener beside him, and after opening the envelope, turned out a note that seemed to have a line of scribbled text stamped with a red seal.

"What's that?"

Yuriel asked curiously.

"It's nothing. You may leave now."

Lebius placed the note on the desk and covered it with the envelope, blocking Yuriel's view.

Upon hearing this, Yuriel didn't say anything more, slowly stepped back out of the office, and closed the door.

The Order Bureau administered a very strict tier system. Until you reached that position and gained the corresponding authority, some information was absolutely closed off to you.

Yuriel was well aware of this; so far, a large portion of areas within the Order Bureau still refused to open up to her. Those white bricks blocking the paths could be seen everywhere, not to mention those documents.

All staff were within the "Cultivation Room" and thus had to be constrained by its rules. On some important files, cognitive distortion was even attached; without the corresponding permission, staff would find even the handwriting on the files hard to decipher.

It was said that to staff with different permissions, the "Cultivation Room" appeared entirely differently. Yuriel wasn't clear about the specifics, since she didn't have that kind of permission, and those who did would abide by the rules, not revealing a single detail.

The Order Bureau was like a tightly-knitted shield wall, a precisely operating machine, efficient and powerful.

Sometimes Yuriel even suspected there were still some "unknown departments" she didn't know about, hidden in the shadows of the Order Bureau, deep within the "Cultivation Room."

After Yuriel left, the atmosphere of the room solidified for a few seconds, then was broken by heavy breathing that seemed to burden Lebius with some great pressure. He slowly picked up the envelope, revealing the note underneath.

On it was not a line of scribbled text but a ridiculous stick figure drawing.

A blazing sun burned fiercely at the center of the image, with a solitary small house beneath it, scorched by the sun.

The drawing was simple, yet in an instant of observing it, a gorgeous and complex image could rise in one's mind, even allowing one to feel that intense heat.

It was as if Lebius was truly standing under that blazing sun, on desolate and withered land, moving toward that lone small house.

The chaotic illusion didn't last long, fine cold sweat covered Lebius's forehead. He glanced at the corner of the note, where a stamp remained; the pattern was the insignia of the Order Bureau, chain and sword.

Normally, the Order Bureau's insignia consisted of six blade swords interwoven with the chain, but when distinguishing staff permissions, the number of blades on the insignia was used for differentiation.

From one sharp sword to six sharp swords, privileges were divided from tier one to tier six. Now, the stamp depicted an astonishing chain with five swords, representing the highest privilege apart from the Director of the Order Bureau, tier five privilege.

There was also a line of signature on the stamp.

Nesanel Vaolet.

The signature and stamp overlapped, thereby temporarily bestowing some extraordinary authority upon it.

"You really trust me, Minister."

Lebius sighed, his face pale.

Nesanel Vaolet was the name of the Minister of External Affairs. This name within the Order Bureau also represented another more familiar position.

Deputy Director of the Order Bureau.

Having hesitated for quite a while, Lebius finally picked up the note.

He could sense that some force was exerted down, coming from the "Cultivation Room," like tides rushing from all directions, pressing on Lebius, making it hard for him to breathe.

The note in his hand started to become scorching, and then a gentle flame ignited from one corner of the note. Its burning speed was very slow, estimated to take at least several hours to burn completely.

Lebius understood very well what this was about; a gift from the Minister of External Affairs, Nesanel Vaolet. He temporarily bestowed tier five privilege to Lebius, and the deadline was the moment the note burned out. He had to race against time.

Taking up his cane, Lebius struggled to stand up from his chair, staggered out of the office.

His gaze cold, he avoided looking elsewhere as much as possible, keeping his eyes only on the road ahead. Yet, from the corner of his vision, he still caught those things he couldn't see before.

They were only detectable by staff with tier five privileges. Staff with permissions below this level had their perception interfered by the "Cultivation Room," unable to discern their shapes.

It seemed Lebius bumped into something.

A person, a person dressed in the Order Bureau uniform, silent and motionless, with skin showing a grayish-white hue, and the face equally flat and gray, without features.