

Endless 66

Chapter 66: They

Geoffrey stared seriously at the documents on the table, sometimes picking up a page to examine closely, sometimes looking towards the other side of the room, at the interrogation room behind the one-way glass.

In the oppressive, claustrophobic interrogation room, a pitiful human figure sat on a chair, hands bound behind their back.

Norm had come back to life, though in a terrible state, merely maintaining a semblance of being "alive," but for interrogation purposes, it was sufficient.

Beside him was an iron rack, hanging numerous IV bottles, infusion needles buried in veins, bandages wrapped around his face, eyes blurred, consciousness hovering between clarity and confusion.

"Is there anything else you want to ask?"

A voice emerged from the broadcast; inside the interrogation room was another person, dressed in pitch-black uniform, standing beside the barely breathing Norm, exuding a chilling aura.

"Ivan, could you please search his consciousness again, dig a little deeper, see if there's more information."

Geoffrey said into the microphone, his voice echoing in the interrogation room.

Ivan looked at the one-way glass, nodded, and raised his hand.

A pattern of faint light appeared on his clean palm, its glow reflecting in Norm's eyes, like the descending Death God.

Suddenly, Norm became alert, whimpering in terror, but unable to form complete syllables, struggling violently, yet changing nothing.

The palm pressed against Norm's forehead, the faint light's patterns clearly spreading, like coming to life, extending from the palm onto Norm, engraving his forehead.

After a brief calm, Norm's body trembled violently, as if electrocuted, his gaze entrapped in a gray-white vortex, fists clenched in agony, nails deeply piercing flesh, blood slowly dripping.

A storm of the mind raged in his head, severely wounded Norm utterly powerless to resist, only to be layer upon layer dissected, allowing others to unearth the darkness hidden deep within.

Geoffrey watched coldly, about a minute later, Norm's body gradually calmed down, head twisted, utterly unconscious, saliva trickling from the corner of his mouth like a demented patient.

"No, it seems this is all he knows."

Ivan said, retracting his hand, putting on pitch-black leather gloves.

"Hmm, understood."

Geoffrey replied, thoughts sinking into contemplation.

At this point, Ivan exited the interrogation room, standing at the door, Geoffrey thanked him.

"Thanks, Ivan, for your trouble this time."

"It's nothing, just a small effort, after all, 'Crow's Nest' isn't very busy lately," Ivan said as he walked over, sitting beside him.

Ivan looked at Norm behind the one-way glass, casually mentioned.

"'Man-eater,' I remember this group, what's the matter, they've been brought up again?" Ivan puzzled, "As far as I recall, the Field Operations Department's primary task isn't suppressing 'them'?"

Mentioning "them," Ivan's stern face showed a hint of disgust.

"It's just a minor episode, unrelated to Field Operations Department's work... at least not currently."

Geoffrey thought for a moment, the Special Operations Group still under construction, yet to be formally listed, involved in Field Operations Department's work, saying so seems fine.

Geoffrey then praised Ivan.

"Really impressive 'Secret Energy,' your Void Spirit School's 'Secret Energy' is always so handy."

Ivan didn't mind Geoffrey's praise, as 'Iron Whistle' of 'Crow's Nest,' he was very perceptive, able to precisely observe changes in others, quite handy during enemy interrogations.

"What happened?" Ivan directly asked.

Geoffrey's gaze was somewhat evasive, inadvertently glancing over the table, about to say something explanatory, Ivan directly looked at the table.

On it laid the intelligence obtained from Norm, amongst scattered papers seemed to press something.

"Geoffrey."

Ivan didn't reach to pick it up but inquired Geoffrey, his keen sensibility fitting for hurting enemies, but he didn't wish to apply it to friends.

"Ah, forget it, take a look."

For this old friend, Geoffrey knew concealing was temporary, waved his hand, indicating Ivan to go ahead.

Peeling back the papers covering, beneath was a file, Ivan reading its content.

"By request of Lebius Lovisa, from today onwards..."

After reading the document, Ivan placed it down, looking at Geoffrey with a bitter smile, expressionlessly asked.

"You've been appointed as a member of the Special Operations Group?"

"Precisely speaking, responsible for liaison between Special Operations Group and Logistics Department's commissioner, but considering me as a member of Special Operations Group wouldn't be wrong, after all, Lebius sent over the badge."

Geoffrey said as he tossed out a badge, it was Rupert's Tail badge.

"Lebius knows you don't want to return to the front line." Ivan's tone was ever cold, unclear whether he was speaking normally or complaining about Lebius.

"He said I wouldn't need to return to the front line, merely responsible for logistics, handling all troublesome affairs, becoming a nanny... but such matters, who can say for sure, maybe one day in the future, we'll face the situation where even logistics staff have to head to the battlefield."

Geoffrey sighed.

"These old bones of mine, it's been far too long since they moved, I've almost forgotten how to activate 'Secret Energy.'"

"Why would he do this, I remember Lebius very much respects your choice." Ivan said.

"Not sure, but I heard from Yuriel, Lebius received a letter from the Deputy Director, specific contents unknown to her, since then Lebius vanished, when she found him, he locked himself inside his room, never came out."