

Endless 72

Chapter 72: Power of Dominator

The Safety Containment Department, one of the most secretive departments of the Order Bureau, no one knows what is actually imprisoned in that deep darkness, at least the vast majority of the Order Bureau staff are unaware, they don't even know of the existence of such a department.

The gigantic "Cultivation Room" resembles an endless maze, and deep within that maze, many unspeakable secrets lie hidden.

Geoffrey's expression was somewhat hesitant and doubtful, every time he saw the three-faced symbol, it never meant anything good.

"Oh... I see, alright then."

Hearing Geoffrey's reply, Bologue was momentarily stunned, the joy that had risen was overshadowed by disappointment.

"However, you didn't call just for these matters, did you?"

Bologue asked again, if it was just about preparing the implantation ceremony again, Geoffrey had no reason to notify him.

"Of course, I have another matter to discuss with you."

Geoffrey's voice rang out, he had never intended to discuss these with Bologue.

"What matter?"

"About your partner."

"Huh?"

Bologue was completely stunned by this point, the news came somewhat too suddenly.

"Why so shocked? Isn't it quite normal for the Special Operations Group to have other members? Did you think you were the only one?" Geoffrey said.

"But... a partner?" Bologue frowned deeply.

During the year-long internship, Bologue gradually realized the power of "Resurrection," he also realized the burden others could be to him.

Bologue was very strong, he didn't need so-called teammates, more importantly, when facing strong enemies, Bologue wouldn't die, but his teammates might, they weren't Undying Bodies.

"Don't worry, these members of the Special Operations Group are not as simple as you think, whether in combat or survival, you don't need to worry," Geoffrey seemed to know what Bologue was concerned about, "Each one is a carefully chosen elite, geniuses from the Field Operations Department."

"Alright... alright then."

With Geoffrey saying so, Bologue couldn't say anything else.

If nothing unexpected happens, Bologue's tenure with the Order Bureau will be long, eventually, he has to greet other colleagues.

The regulations of the Field Operations Department also clearly state, dividing into several action groups, each group's total number of members isn't specifically limited, but usually act in pairs during missions.

"And then? That's all?"

"Of course, that's not all, the reason for telling you this is your 'partner' seems to have run into some trouble."

Geoffrey said as he picked up another document, engraved with a black crow holding an Iron Whistle, it was from the "Crow's Nest."

"His transfer document was just sent to Lebius, but he went out on a mission last night and hasn't returned... He has exceeded the estimated execution time, he might have encountered some trouble, and just as the mission point is near you, I need you to investigate."

"Exceeded time? He hasn't died, has he?"

Bologue exclaimed, if that's the case, this "partner" of his was quite unlucky.

"Not necessarily, he is also a Debtor, although his Blessing isn't 'Resurrection,' he's strong in survival, I guess he might have been captured."

Upon hearing Debtor, Bologue's eyes became serious, this was the first time he had encountered another Debtor.

Each Debtor's soul is broken, and that broken part has intricate ties with the Devil.

"So please rescue this person, your future partner," Geoffrey thought for a moment and said casually, "If he accidentally does die, please recover his corpse, a Condenser's body is still very useful."

"A Condenser needs me to rescue?"

Bologue doubted.

"Condenser can also fail occasionally, but experts never do, right?"

Having worked with Bologue for a year, Geoffrey knows very well how to please him.

Upon hearing expert, Bologue didn't ask further, just like being overly immersed in role-play, sometimes Bologue was unexpectedly obsessed with being an expert.

Listening to the silence on the other side, Geoffrey knew he had said the right thing, he went on to explain some other information.

"Remember to bring the emblem, itself a highly complex Alchemy Armament, not only a pass but also a tool for Order Bureau staff to prove each other's identity.

Then here's the address, please note it down..."

"Got it."

Noises came from the other side, sounded like Bologue was dressing up, preparing to set off.

"Right, Bologue, there's another thing."

"What is it?"

Geoffrey looked at the document from the "Crow's Nest" in his hand, saying with an extremely complex expression.

"When you find him, he might have already defected, but don't be hasty to hack him down, once you prove your identity to him, he will defect back."

"Huh? Wait! What do you mean? Defecting!"

On the other end of the phone, Bologue was screaming.

...

After hanging up, Geoffrey glanced around at everyone present.

"Alright, it's over. I hope Bologue will like his 'partner'."

Geoffrey sighed deeply, as if dealing with some kind of troublesome matter.

"Is it really okay to hand this guy over to Bologue?" Ivan was skeptical.

"I think it's fine. Bologue is great at everything, except he doesn't seem human," Geoffrey described Bologue. "A cold-blooded, brutal, and efficient expert... I think he needs a bit of human warmth."

"Human warmth? You think getting him a screwball partner will ease his condition?" Yas thought it was futile.

"In matters like this, whatever works, just a little bit of 'human warmth' is enough."

Geoffrey raised his hand and rubbed his fingers together, symbolizing the 'flecks of humanity' he hoped to instill.

"And this isn't just for him, it's for me, for us."

Geoffrey looked at Yas, complaining out loud.

"You don't want to come to work every day and see your colleague with a stern face, do you? Not just a stern face, but a colleague who's an undying maniac, who might do something crazy and drag everyone into hell."

Geoffrey sighed again.

"That guy has been in the Black Prison too long, his whole being is twisted. He needs to interact with people... we can't just send Bologue to the 'medical department', can we?"

Yas stopped speaking. After thinking about it, it made sense. Employees' mental health is extremely important, even if it can't be cured, effort should be made.

These kinds of psychological issues are common in the Field Operations Department. Everyone has some form of mental illness, but Bologue's condition is so severe that it makes everyone else seem normal by comparison.

Unbeknownst to Ivan, he had picked up the document bearing three symbols and spoke in a grim tone.

"I just didn't expect the Decision Room would issue such orders, implanting that thing in Bologue."

The previously argumentative Yas and Geoffrey fell silent together, feeling an inexplicable pressure, their gaze finally resting on Lebius, who remained silent behind the desk.

Ivan was merely delivering documents, while Yas was there out of curiosity for the Special Operations Group and often appeared here. They could discuss at length, but they would never influence the Special Operations Group. The only one who could oversee everything, aside from the Deputy Director, was Lebius.

"What do you think about this order, Lebius?" Geoffrey asked.

"I have no opinion," after a brief pause, with a cold gaze sweeping over them, Lebius continued, "This is our only war trophy from seven years ago, a magnificent treasure, yet we don't have the key to unlock it."

"Now that Bologue has appeared, why not let him try, rather than leaving it to gather dust? After all, he won't die."

Lebius spoke with rationality, almost mechanically. Bologue was not a 'person' in his eyes, but some indestructible, humanoid tool.

Geoffrey wanted to say something, but seeing Lebius like this, he swallowed his words.

"Are you worried about Bologue? There's no need. He's a Debtor, a 'Resurrected' Debtor. Can something like him really be considered human?" Lebius said.

"That's a bit too heartless." After a year of working together, Geoffrey had grown quite fond of Bologue.

"But that's the reality. Bologue Lazarus is an unbreakable double-edged sword, and blades are meant for killing. If he's merely going to gather dust, why not lock him back in the Black Prison?"

A silhouette of a man flashed before Lebius's eyes, and the song from the 'House of the Rising Sun' echoed in his ears.

Bargaining with the Devil.

It's a terrible decision. The truth they often speak lures you into despair bit by bit. Worse, knowing all this, you have no room to refuse, because it's exactly what you desire.

Anxiety and fear crashed around inside Lebius's heart. He could only force himself to maintain his rationality and make the decisions he believed were right.

"The era of peace and tranquility is over, Geoffrey. After seven years, our enemies have returned, and no one knows what kind of 'Alchemy Matrix' they bring with them."

Lebius's eyes churned with gloom. Unlike everyone present, Lebius held an entirely different mindset, one of preparation for war.

"War never stops."

Ivan whispered. As a member of the Intelligence Department's Crow's Nest, he had browsed plenty of relevant information.

"We're all engaged in an arms race, creating increasingly insane 'Alchemy Matrix' methods to destroy our formidable enemies. But as you all know, the 'Sublimation Furnace Core' has been attempted many times, but even a fraction of 'its' power is difficult to replicate, let alone understanding its mysteries."

Lebius spoke with absolute rationality.

"We don't have time to research 'it', war is coming."

"So you're simply letting Bologue implant 'it', regardless of the consequences."

Yas reined in his emotions. The atmosphere in the room was heavy, as if filled with some weighty matter.

"Yes, exactly, 'regardless of the consequences'."

Lebius said.

"Let Bologue Lazarus implant 'it'."

Seize the Power of Dominator."