

## Endless 87

### Chapter 87: The Approaching Winter

"Don't worry, the implant ceremony is almost fully prepared; it's just a matter of swapping the Alchemy Matrix."

Before leaving the Order Bureau, Geoffrey explained this to Bologue.

"So it won't be delayed too long; I'll notify you by phone when the time comes."

After understanding this, Bologue nodded, bid farewell to Geoffrey, and then followed his instructions. After filling out the form, he received a new trench coat from the Logistics Department. The staff mentioned that this is considered normal wear and tear, so there would be no extra charge, which genuinely moved Bologue.

All departments prioritize supplying the Field Operations Department; aside from those complex Alchemy Armaments, there is still plenty of stock for standard equipment like this.

After taking care of everything, Bologue walked slowly out of the Order Bureau, standing under the massive grey-white building.

Looking up at the building that penetrates the dark clouds, like a giant tower, Bologue sometimes feels a touch of dread, like acrophobia, as this silent, towering object stands upon the earth.

The citizens of Opus, however, seem completely unaware of all this. This discordance between reality and illusion is indeed quite fascinating.

Rather than going straight home, Bologue stayed at the street corner opposite for a long time, gazing at the part of the Cultivation Room that disappeared into the clouds, curious about its enormity. If he could climb onto the roof of the Cultivation Room and look down, what kind of view would that be?

At that moment, another figure caught Bologue's attention—Palmer, who also walked out of the Order Bureau with a face full of bitterness.

Bologue didn't know much about other departments, but judging by Palmer's reaction, the Field Operations Department was at least somewhat "notorious."

"Yo! Palmer."

Bologue waved his hand, wanting to greet this new colleague and future partner.

But Palmer seemed not to notice him. As soon as he walked out of the Order Bureau, he looked up and shouted, then squatted down and curled up.

Better not disturb him for now.

After a severe internal struggle, Palmer slowly stood up, perhaps having accepted reality. He nonchalantly pulled a bandana from his pocket, tied it around his face to cover his mouth and nose, took out the bike key, and directly straddled a motorcycle with a sidecar parked by the roadside.

Amidst the roaring engine, Palmer vanished in a trail of black smoke at the end of the street.

Bologue guessed that Palmer was likely part of the midnight motorbike gang.

Watching that carefree figure disappear, Bologue suddenly recalled the motorbike he commandeered this morning. It should now be a heap of scrap metal lying by the roadside.

Thinking of this, Bologue felt uneasy, then he realized that even if he managed to get the Key of the Crooked Path, life wouldn't get much easier. The job of the Field Operations Department involves handling Extraordinary events; squeezing onto tram cars and subways just doesn't seem right.

He seemed to need a mode of transportation too. Recalling his list, Bologue wanted quite a few things, but the funds in his pocket were pathetically low.

He began contemplating whether to go back and ask Geoffrey about an advance on his salary or if the Order Bureau would provide vehicles to staff in Field Operations.

However... perhaps not.

Bologue had no energy to deal with these matters, at least not for now.

"Xilin Kagader."

Bologue muttered that intimidating name.

At this moment, his mood was entirely entangled with the implant ceremony. The image of the Overlord kept flickering in his mind, lingering like a nightmare.

Soon, he would seize his power and use him as a foundation to become a Condenser, stepping into this maddened Extraordinary World.

Though filled with all sorts of unknown possibilities, "Resurrection" offered him endless opportunities to test and fail.

Bologue wasn't afraid of this. The experiences in the Black Prison might have been cruel and maddening at the time, but with contact with the Extraordinary World, Bologue actually began to appreciate those experiences.

Indeed, Bologue appreciated that period.

If Geoffrey knew this, he might be so shocked he'd scream, then grab Bologue's shoulders and shake him frantically, saying something like "You should see a doctor!"

Thinking of this, Bologue chuckled.

Rather than imprisonment, Bologue felt the Black Prison experiences were more like a trial, a transformation.

Killing his weak self and making his new self stronger and more perfect, thus gaining a will as hard and cold as iron.

It was precisely this will that allowed Bologue to easily endure Eugene's repeated blows. If it had been Palmer, such blows would probably have killed him, but for Bologue, it merely hindered his progress.

"Sigh..."

Bologue exhaled deeply, trying to clear his restless mind, doing something, anything to pass the time, waiting for the implant ceremony to arrive.

After a brief confusion, he looked at the nearby street, where an enticing aroma emanated from a large sign hanging at the street corner, with flashing neon lights.

He took a few steps towards it, passing storefront windows displaying televisions that conveniently played advertisements.

A comically dressed character appeared on the screen, joyfully shouting.

"Hungry in the afternoon, what should you eat?"

After a brief pause, children burst onto the screen in unison, loudly yelling.

"Delicious Shrimp Crackers!"

Bologue stared at the TV commercial, dazed for two seconds, then burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"What the heck? That's Dudel! It's definitely Dudel!"

Like a child, he leaned against the window, trying hard to see the screen clearly.

Dudel was dancing joyfully, his face pretending to be indifferent, like some kind of awkward joke. Yet watching him, Bologue couldn't stop laughing, he was practically in stitches.

Bologue glanced beside the window, inside was a poster covered with bright colors and Dudel's standee, dressed in a chef's white outfit, holding a plate of delicious shrimp crackers.

On it was a line of bold text.

"Famous radio host Dudel heartily recommends, your best afternoon companion."

Bologue read the text aloud, almost laughing to tears.

"Famous? Radio host?"

As a loyal listener of Dudel's, Bologue knew very well that if Dudel's show ratings were high, it wouldn't be aired at such a time slot.

He used to often hear Dudel complaining during work breaks, saying if no one listened, his show would be canceled.

"Although I'm just unemployed now, is it really okay that no one plays music for everyone anymore?"

Dudel had tearfully lamented on the radio back then.

Fortunately, the show eventually stabilized and survived till now.

"Wow, has Dudel scored a commercial?"

Bologue wiped the tears from laughing, always thinking he was good at controlling his expression, but for some reason, seeing Dudel like this, hearing his voice, he couldn't keep a straight face, instantly losing control.

"When there's a chance to connect, I should suggest this to him."

Bologue muttered, thinking Dudel suited jobs like hosting a talk show, then looking at the figure on the standee, he really had no reason to refuse.

He pushed open the restaurant door and walked straight in.

"Give me a serving of the delicious shrimp crackers, yes! Just like the one in Dudel's hand."

...

After eating and drinking his fill, Bologue looked out at the street outside, the sky was already darkening due to Opus' haze; it got dark very early here.

The shrimp crackers were indeed tasty, but compared to the taste in his memory, they fell a bit short.

Thinking of this, Bologue's expression darkened for a moment, then he remembered he hadn't visited Adelle yet.

"I should find time to go."

Looking at the bustling streets outside, Bologue said, somewhat lonesomely.

Not long after Adelle's death, her family held a funeral for her.

They believed Adelle's death was just an accident, and Bologue couldn't say much, he could only remain silent. Fortunately, they allowed him to attend the funeral.

Bologue still remembered that day, borrowing an ill-fitting suit from Geoffrey and buying a bouquet of flowers from a florist on the street.

During the funeral, he stood far away, only approaching when others were about to leave, placing his flowers on the flower-covered tombstone.

Adelle was buried in the countryside far from Opus, a nice place where many religious people were buried, tombstones of crosses standing densely, like a thicket of wild grass.

No smog, no overcast clouds, the morning sun easily shone on the tombstones, surrounded by lush grass and blooming flowers. The gravekeeper was a nice old man, diligently maintaining the cemetery.

Since the funeral, Bologue embarked on a hunt, starting a frenzied revenge saga.

He pursued tirelessly, until now.

Shaking his head vigorously to clear the chaotic thoughts, Bologue decided to postpone visiting Adelle, not wanting to go empty-handed.

If possible, he hoped to appear before Adelle's tombstone with the blood of his enemy on his hands.

That would be a perfect gift.

Settling the bill and leaving, the warm atmosphere was replaced by the chilling cold approaching the night; it was already October, and winter was about to descend upon the city. Bologue recalled that just a year ago, he got out of prison in the not-so-distant winter.

"So fast, in a blink, it's been a year already."

Bologue sighed, a brand new life, a brand new job, a brand new future.

Everything seemed so wonderful, but it wasn't enough, Bologue still couldn't fully bid farewell to the past. At least, not until his enemies were dead.

With hands in his pockets, he bowed his head and blended into the hurried crowd, becoming one of the masses.