

Endless 88

Chapter 88: About the Special Operations Group...

Order Bureau, Field Operations Department.

Yuriel held a cup of hot coffee, knocked on the door, waited for a few seconds, then pushed the door open and walked into the office.

The first sight upon entering the office is that mahogany desk, and behind it, Lebius, who is always bowing his head to examine documents. No matter when you open the door, Lebius always seems like this.

"Good morning."

Yuriel smiled, but Lebius didn't look up, merely acknowledging with a cold grunt.

"Mm."

The office fell silent again, save for the rustling of Lebius flipping through documents and the scratching sound of a pen on paper.

Yuriel maintained her smile, though now it carried a trace of resignation. Although she was used to this, Yuriel sometimes hoped things would change.

"Alright, the hot coffee is here."

Yuriel placed the coffee on the desk and pushed it towards Lebius, who still didn't avert his gaze, simply saying thank you.

"Ah... I'm beginning to understand what Geoffrey meant."

Still met with that cold response, Yuriel mused to herself.

Since Geoffrey was transferred to the Special Operations Group, he often complained, but most of the time, he complained about Lebius, saying working with such a person only added to psychological pressure.

Yuriel roughly understood what he meant by psychological pressure. Indeed, at first glance, Lebius was an extremely difficult person to get along with.

His eyes seemed to see only his work, his goals; beyond that, this guy cared for nothing... he even lived directly in the Order Bureau.

Yuriel glanced at another door within the office, few knew that behind it was Lebius' bedroom.

"Sigh..."

Yuriel sighed.

"What's wrong?"

Lebius asked, yet he still didn't look up, not even willing to divert his gaze.

"Nothing, nothing, just keep working."

Yuriel brushed it off, though the working atmosphere wasn't great, Lebius was a very capable boss, able to complete the vast majority of work alone. As his assistant, Yuriel seemed more like a lifestyle assistant, handling trivial matters.

As she walked to the filing cabinet, Yuriel began her day's work, organizing documents while her eyes occasionally flitted towards Lebius.

Yuriel had been working at the Order Bureau for several years, yet her understanding of Lebius was just as superficial as the first day she met him. The only progress might be that she had grown accustomed to his indifference.

This kind of indifferent workaholic inevitably aroused others' curiosity. In learning more about this boss of hers, she heard many rumors of unknown authenticity.

It was said that Lebius was once the ace of the Field Operations Department. He and his partner were a nightmare for the King's Secret Sword, called the "Wolf Tiger." But seven years ago, the outbreak of the secret war left Lebius gravely injured. Though he was rescued, his right leg was left impaired, forcing him to leave the front line of the Field Operations Department and sit in an office.

As for Lebius' partner, no one knew his whereabouts, nor whether he was killed in action or retired, and Lebius never mentioned past events.

Thinking of Lebius' past, she understood his indifference. Although a member of the Field Operations Department, Yuriel's function, due to her Secret Energy, leaned more towards logistics, rarely stepping onto the frontline battlefield.

That feeling of brushing against death was something she couldn't experience.

But Yuriel often wished Lebius would change. She had tried to make her gloomy boss more cheerful, but all efforts were to no avail. Yet recently, she noticed some strange changes... changes she hadn't seen before.

"Hey! Lebius!"

A brusque shout, and Geoffrey kicked the door open, holding a pile of files.

This time Lebius, for a rare occasion, looked up, furrowing his brows at Geoffrey.

"You need to look at these. I just brought them over from Ivan."

Geoffrey shattered the office's silence and tidiness, dropping a thick stack of files directly onto the desk, causing the cup of coffee to splash slightly.

Lebius clearly wanted to say something, but after glancing at Geoffrey, he uncharacteristically swallowed his words, preparing to hear what Geoffrey had to say.

"After Ivan finished interrogating Norm, he seemed to notice something and continued gathering similar intelligence. This is the information gathered from various Iron Whistle reports..."

Geoffrey pulled over a chair and began discussing fervently with Lebius. Despite his constant complaints about Lebius, Geoffrey was filled with passion for the work.

Yuriel picked up her notebook and walked over, listening to their discussion and preparing for any orders Lebius might give.

"Such incidents have appeared in various countries, with the frequency of extraordinary crimes rising sharply, almost all of which are soul-stealing condensation events, as if the demons are all starving at the same time..."

Geoffrey said anxiously, while Lebius also became gloomier.

Yuriel listened while observing Geoffrey from the side.

Geoffrey Kagga.

Yuriel didn't know much about this name either, but then again, Geoffrey was previously from the Human Resources Department and had almost no direct connection with the Field Operations Department, even when it came to reviewing new employees and subsequent job assignments, which were handled by the "Decision Room."

When she found out that Lebius suddenly appointed this guy to the Special Operations Group to handle connections with the Logistics Department, Yuriel was quite startled. Initially, she didn't understand but

realized through observation that these two people seemed to have known each other for a long time. Only when facing Geoffrey did Lebius rarely appear less cold.

Out of curiosity, Yuriel observed Geoffrey for a while and found that this person had surprisingly good rapport. Walking from the Logistics Department to the Field Operations Department, he could greet at least ten people along the way, even so in the Crow's Nest.

A typical nice guy, but the more ordinary he seemed, the more Geoffrey appeared to be anything but ordinary. Yuriel didn't think such a guy would just be someone idling away in Human Resources, let alone that the "Decision Room" had handed over the troublesome guy Bologue Lazarus to him.

"Consolidate these documents, Yuriel," Lebius said.

"Okay."

Yuriel picked up the files Lebius handed over, sat down to the side, and began to summarize.

Possibly due to her own secret energy, Yuriel was very sensitive to intelligence, not just in tasks, but also in others, delving deeper into the mind... She knew it was a bad habit, but couldn't help wanting to understand others.

Looking at Geoffrey and Lebius, Yuriel's mind recalled other members of the Special Operations Group, Palmer Clarks, Bologue Lazarus...

This was a task force full of mysteries, and she quite liked it here.

"Besides these frequent extraordinary crimes, the Iron Whistles have also discovered traces of the King's Secret Sword. They seem not only to appear in Opus but also within the shadows of various countries," Geoffrey said.

"What do you think they're plotting?" Lebius asked.

"I don't know, but it's certain that so many similar 'Man-eater' organizations keep emerging... just like someone is collecting souls on a large scale."

Geoffrey looked at the scattered documents, each line of text representing a crime, each detailing a death, with the victim's soul made into a Philosopher's Stone.

"And previously, Palmer's actions, according to the Crow's Nest report, when the Iron Whistles acted against the King's Secret Sword, they captured some information, and the location pointed to was where Palmer went to investigate. After that, as you know, we found a large amount of potion containing souls there."

Geoffrey pulled out a document, which recorded a report about this matter.

"Has Ivan seen this?"

"He has. He said the Crow's Nest's reconnaissance tendency leans towards this side. The King's Secret Sword has emerged for so long, although frictions persisted, we both haven't engaged in direct combat. They're starting to suspect that this is a feint by the King's Secret Sword, attempting to divert our attention and pave the way for some conspiracy we don't yet understand."

The feeling of a storm brewing in his heart grew clearer, and Geoffrey looked worried.

"Do you think this conspiracy is about transferring souls? If so, what do they need so many souls for?"

Lebius couldn't understand but remained absolutely vigilant.

"Who knows? Ivan is responsible for the intelligence work over there. They're searching for more suspicious locations and will notify us immediately if there's news, leaving it to us to handle."

"In that case, it seems that these matters fall under the responsibility of our Special Operations Group?"
Lebius noticed this point.

"What else? This was originally stirred up by Bologue. Besides, there are no idle task forces now," Geoffrey turned and added, "This is also a good opportunity to test Bologue's work ability."

A hint of light flashed in Lebius's eyes. He suddenly realized and murmured to himself.

"Yes, almost ready, are we?"

"Mm, that's why I sent Palmer to call Bologue," Geoffrey glanced at his watch, "He should be on his way, and we should see them shortly."

"But before that, I need to call Bologue first to prevent him from accidentally chopping up Palmer, that guy is overly cautious."

Geoffrey suddenly remembered that he hadn't greeted Bologue yet, picked up the phone, and dialed Bologue's home number. After a brief busy tone, Bologue answered the call.

"Hello? Bologue? How are you feeling? Ah? Nothing much, just that the implantation ritual is prepared."

As he spoke, Geoffrey's eyes also flashed with that Celestial God's posture, and in a few hours, they would usurp the Celestial God's power.

"Yes, that's right, Palmer has already gone to pick you up. Are you ready?"

A smile appeared on Geoffrey's face.

"Become one of us, one of the Condensers."