

Endless 89

Chapter 89: It's the Participation That Counts

Bologue put down the phone, sitting back on the sofa expressionlessly. The room was quiet, a dim light emanated from the sky outside the window. On the radio, Dudel's program had concluded a few minutes ago.

Everything was very quiet, quiet except for Bologue's steady breathing. This silence lasted for several seconds, and Bologue's expression quickly melted, his lips barely curled up to reveal joy.

"Finally... it's about to begin."

Bologue let out a long sigh, his whole body relaxed, evenly spreading out on the sofa.

He tried to relax, his muscles could loosen, but his spirit couldn't escape, increasingly intense emotions crashed around in his mind, making his body slightly heated.

Bologue felt a bit stifled in his chest. He pulled open his collar to breathe more smoothly, then cast his gaze toward the sand table in front of him.

On that sand table recording the Fall of the Holy City, the flags representing the legions crossed each other, coming from all directions, engulfing King Solomon's Holy City in raging flames of war.

Bologue's heart felt ignited, he could barely endure, and stood up, opened the wardrobe, changing into clothes.

Like an obsessive-compulsive disorder, every time before going out, Bologue carefully dressed himself, not for glamour, but to make himself resemble a person, a respectable person, as much as possible.

A white shirt was paired with a black tie, a gray-black overcoat concealed fatal sharp objects, he simply tidied his hair, extra hair slicked back into a small braid, only a few messy strands fell from the forehead.

Bologue stared at his reflection in the mirror, his blue eyes reflected a hint of distraction.

This was a familiar face, yet also a slightly unfamiliar face.

"Bologue, you are different from before." A voice came from beside his ear, Adelle had said this at the time.

In memory, she emerged from the bedroom, smiling at Bologue standing before the mirror, her aged face holding a smile.

"You used to be such a carefree person, sometimes going out wearing pajamas and slippers, claiming you didn't care about others' gazes."

"What changed you?"

Faced with Adelle's question, Bologue paused for a few seconds, then gave a completely unrelated response.

"I just... sometimes think about things."

"What things?" Adelle could see the sorrow in Bologue's eyes.

Bologue paused for a few seconds, then smiled, shaking his head, "Nothing, just some odd worries."

Seeing this, Adelle didn't ask further. She walked over slowly, reaching out to ruffle Bologue's hair.

Adelle was much shorter than Bologue, and being an elderly lady with an unstraightened back, Bologue could only smirk and lower his head, letting her mess up his combed hair.

She laughed heartily, Bologue didn't know what she was laughing about, but he thought it wasn't bad, and a smile spread across his face too.

Bologue's mind drifted back from memories, his wandering gaze solidifying again, then looked at his reflection in the mirror.

Since Adelle's death, Bologue could not help but recall things related to her. His memory had always been good, but Bologue still feared that one day he might forget about Adelle. This possibility made him panic.

"I'm thinking about some things, Adelle."

In the empty room, Bologue murmured to himself.

"I'm thinking about the difference between myself and a beast, what is it?"

I recklessly commit violence like a beast, but unlike a beast, I wield an elegant sword and hammer, dress neatly, and after slaughtering my enemies, I wash my hands with clear water, rather than bloodthirstily devouring like a beast."

Bologue paused for a few seconds, his voice calm, with a trace of hidden sorrow.

"I think, perhaps there's not much difference between me and a beast, just different weapons, different attire.

I am a beast, but as if unwilling to compromise, I stubbornly dress up, making myself as respectable as possible, thus distinguishing from that wicked savagery."

Bologue's voice stopped, he slightly tilted his head, noticing an odd sensation, then raised his hand to rearrange his tie, making it stick straight to the shirt.

Neat and rigorous, with a cold face, he appeared like an efficient expert.

At this moment, a knock sounded at the door, Bologue opened it, a cheerful voice rang out.

"Yo! Good morning, Bologue!"

Palmer waved his hand energetically, greeting with vigor, despite having only known each other for a few days, Palmer surprisingly became familiar quickly, not waiting for Bologue to say anything, he directly walked in.

"The room is quite clean," Palmer said, plopping down on the sofa, and glanced at the sand table and immediately recognized it, "Is this the Fall of the Holy City? Not many these days are familiar with this battle."

"You seem quite familiar with it too," Bologue said.

"I studied it in school, you must know I graduated top of my class," Palmer boasted.

Bologue looked at him with an odd gaze, based on Palmer's various actions previously, it was hard to associate him with a top-class elite.

"Oh? Can I take a look at this?"

Palmer noticed something next, but wasn't as careless as before, rather asked Bologue cautiously.

This somewhat changed Bologue's impression of Palmer, he said.

"Go ahead."

"Wow, these records are rare items. Where did you find them?" Palmer picked up a few records, delighted.

"Old goods market, if you browse long enough, there can still be many good things there."

Seeing Palmer's interest in the thing, Bologue walked over and placed the record on the player, the music gradually starting with the rotation.

"The sound quality is quite poor, the record is already an old piece. You need to try some new things, like tapes."

Listening to the music, Palmer's eyebrows danced, seemingly like-minded with Bologue.

"Ah, I haven't even received my first month's salary yet," Bologue said helplessly.

"Then come over to my place when you have the chance, I'll show you some cool stuff," Palmer said, giving a thumbs-up.

Bologue moved to the side and sat on the sofa, leaving some distance between himself and Palmer. Watching this guy who had bounced back, he asked curiously.

"What's up? Have you started getting used to this new position? I remember you were sulking all day that day."

"Can't help it, whether sulking or cheerful, I still have to go to work, right?"

Palmer complained with a smile.

"Living is about participation."

Unexpectedly open-minded, this guy was. Of course, with such absurd "blessing," if Palmer wasn't more open-minded, it would be too torturous.

"If you don't like this kind of job, you should have given it up from the start," Bologue thought and said.

"No choice, I'm one of the Clarks clan, the vital heir."

Talking about this, Palmer became wide awake, his complaints continued endlessly.

"I've always tried to convince my old man to find another heir, so I wouldn't have to worry about any duties. But they always say I'm a once-in-a-century genius in the family, and revitalizing the Clarks' glory depends on me."

"And then? There's no 'then'."

Palmer shrugged, showing despair.

The Clarks Clan.

Bologue had heard Geoffrey mentioning it before, this family existed before the establishment of the Order Bureau. It's a renowned Condenser family, and after the Fall of the Holy City, when Oubos was founded, the Clarks were invited by the Rhine Alliance to become one of the initial founders of the Order Bureau.

"But what about you? How do you find this job?"

Palmer asked in return.

"The Order Bureau is already ridiculous with all the fighting, but I didn't expect anyone would join the Field Operations Department... Do you know the annual death rate in the Field Ops? Right, you seem to be undead, such things don't mean much to you."

Palmer still remembered Lebius telling him that his partner, Bologue Lazarus, was undead.

This slightly frightened Palmer, although aware of the existence of the undead, it was the first he'd encountered one.

Thinking more became cumbersome, Palmer started to miss Wind Source Highlands, realizing he hadn't been home for many years, and thinking deeper brought on some melancholy...

"Me? I quite like this job."

Bologue answered very earnestly, a response he had given before when facing enemies.

"You get to chop people, and get paid for it, I feel it's pretty good."

Palmer stared at Bologue with a strange look, his expression twisted for a few seconds, then cursed.

"Field Ops are really a bunch of lunatics."

"You're one of the lunatics now," Bologue thought and said to Palmer, "Don't you agree, partner?"

This term 'partner' completely shattered Palmer's mental state; his efforts to be optimistic vanished, his face drooped, and he stood up slowly.

"Forget it, forget it."

He muttered incessantly, fumbling something from his pocket.

"Geoffrey asked me to pick you up; he probably told you in advance, right?"

Bologue nodded, then asked, "Do you know why he wants you to pick me up?"

"I don't know; the more you know, the more troublesome it gets."

Palmer muttered, but soon he spoke again.

"But I think it must be extremely important; otherwise, Geoffrey wouldn't have given me this thing."

He said, pulling a key from his pocket, one Bologue had seen before.

Key of the Crooked Path.

"I haven't used this thing many times either, are you ready to go?"

Palmer became lively again, holding the 'Key of the Crooked Path' standing at the doorstep, looking eager.

"Let's go."

Bologue was already prepared; he and Palmer stood side by side at the door, with 'Key of the Crooked Path' inserted into the lock, intricate glowing patterns spread across the entire door from the lock core.

Palmer turned the key, exerted a bit of force, and opened a chaotic, unknown darkness.