

## Endless 67

### Chapter 67: Them\_2

Geoffrey picked up the badge and toyed with it in his hand.

"It wasn't until yesterday morning that he came out, gloomy and silent. Soon after, this appointment document was sent to me. I went to ask him... Wow, his face looked terribly frightening."

Recalling Lebius's appearance, Geoffrey spoke calmly.

"I haven't seen Lebius like that in a long time—just like... seven years ago."

Ivan's body trembled slightly.

"Lebius didn't explain anything, he just said he needed me," Geoffrey shook his head helplessly, looked at Ivan with a bitter smile, "Tell me, what reason do I have to refuse? When Lebius says something like that."

"Yes, even Lebius has started asking for help, I really don't know what he encountered." Ivan muttered to himself.

"You be careful too, Lebius is speeding up the construction of the Special Operations Group. I heard from Yuriel that he also applied to the 'Decision Room' to transfer people from your 'Crow's Nest'. Maybe that unlucky guy is you."

Geoffrey laughed heartily at Ivan, who remained indifferent, unable to find anything humorous in it.

Ivan Clarks, dressed in a pitch-black uniform with no memorable features except for his black leather gloves, on the back of the glove, it was emblazoned with a crow holding an iron whistle—this is the mark of the "Crow's Nest."

Crow's Nest, a codename for the Order Bureau's "Intelligence Department," responsible for infiltration, intelligence gathering, and the like. Its employees are called "Iron Whistle," and the entire department is under second-level confidentiality, not open to first-level staff.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open, and both looked towards the entrance, seeing Yas enter from behind the door, and immediately said.

"According to your instructions, Geoffrey, I investigated that 'Gini Theater'. I observed a circle and found nothing unusual, nor was there any stench of demons."

Looking at Yas, Ivan seemed somewhat surprised, then turned to Geoffrey, "For 'Man-eater,' you also got Yas on board?"

"He owes me some money, just asked him to run an errand," Geoffrey raised his eyebrow.

Yas looked at Ivan, then glanced at Norm behind the one-way glass, unsure if Norm was alive or dead, he roughly understood where Geoffrey's intel came from.

"Is Bologue really worth your trouble?"

Yas couldn't understand why this case wasn't handed over to Bologue to investigate himself; why bother them?

"Bologue is a good tool, but such tools shouldn't be used casually. If I let him interrogate, Norm would be beaten to death by him. If he went to investigate the scene and found demon traces, he is the kind to go on a killing spree on the spot," Geoffrey said, "That is the Agreement District; you don't want to bother the Logistics Department for a large-scale memory wipe, do you?"

Geoffrey sighed, other matters could be discussed, but this case involved Bologue's path of revenge; who knows what he might do?

"This reason isn't sufficient, Geoffrey, you were transferred to the Logistics Department away from dealing with crazy things, and now you voluntarily returned. It's not reasonable."

Ivan, skilled in intelligence, clearly sensed some sort of anomaly.

"Look at this."

Unperturbed by Ivan's insight, Geoffrey spoke while retrieving a potion and placed it calmly on the table. Without external interference, the liquid inside the potion rolled about on its own.

"This was seized from Norm's hands, along with many Philosopher's Stones; I had someone analyze it, the potion's composition contains condensed souls... this is flowing Philosopher's Stone."

Geoffrey kept his eyes fixed on the dark red potion, and others' gazes also fell upon it.

"According to someone from the 'Sublimation Furnace Core,' this potion not only suppresses Bulimia Nervosa, but as analyzed, it also has certain strengthening capabilities... no, this is Enhancing Potion, suppressing Bulimia Nervosa is just coincidental."

"Enhancing?" Yas puzzled.

"'Soul' dictates the 'body,' and an abundant soul can amplify our 'Secret Energy,' but this violates 'Ethical Code.' The Philosopher's Stone we currently use is refined from animals and plants' 'Mang Silver Soul,' far less potent than the 'Golden Soul' condensed from humans."

The further Geoffrey thought, the more uneasy he felt.

"Such expensive things sold to demons for money? Those poor souls without their own aren't likely to have much money, are they? Moreover, with these, is money still important?" He mocked.

Ivan realized something; he picked up the intelligence on Norm from the table.

According to Norm, the technology for refining such potions was handed to them by the 'Man-eater,' who seemingly treated them as a factory willing to purchase such potions at extremely high prices, while selling to demons was merely a smokescreen for business.

"The market circulating potion is more abundant than we expected, and it's unclear how many such factories actually exist."

Geoffrey's face turned cold, sensing a familiar feeling akin to working at the Field Operations Department years ago.

"Ivan, have you thought of anything?"

Ivan fell into contemplation, weaving together the intelligence in front of him, gradually drawing a sinister pattern.

"Seven years ago, we fought against 'them' and won in a rather grim manner, drove them out of Opus, but after these seven years, those guys have returned."

Ivan suddenly spoke of something else, the shadow hovering in several's minds.