

Endless 82

Chapter 82: Secret Energy School

In the lounge of the Order Bureau's Field Operations Department, Geoffrey sat between Bologue and Palmer, the three of them being the only ones in the room. Yas had left earlier due to work, and Ivan, not wanting to face Palmer, disappeared upon learning of his return.

Their uncle-nephew relationship was extremely strained, noticeable from various aspects.

"Bologue, this is Palmer Clarks," Geoffrey introduced, "and then, Palmer, this is..."

"Bologue Lazarus! I've heard so much about you!"

Not waiting for Geoffrey to complete the introduction, Palmer grabbed Bologue's hand and shook it vigorously, brimming with enthusiasm like an exuberant dog.

"You... you two know each other?"

This enthusiasm left Geoffrey somewhat perplexed.

"No, we just met today, but that doesn't stop us from forming a deep revolutionary friendship!"

Palmer spoke with a serious face, as if he and Bologue were long-time friends.

Bologue remained expressionless, unsure of how to handle this somewhat erratic character.

In fact, Bologue was curious about this debtor, but seeing Palmer act this way, he decided to remain silent, expecting a barrage of endless chatter if he spoke.

"A debtor, ah, it's been a while since I've met another unlucky fellow."

Palmer spoke tearfully.

Bologue furrowed his brows, his gaze focused on Palmer, looking fierce and intimidating.

Palmer felt uneasy under Bologue's gaze, recalling the terrifying presence Bologue had during their battle; being stared at by such a person was truly a bad experience.

He even began to reflect if he had somehow angered Bologue before, perhaps... by defecting?

However, Palmer was unaware that Bologue was simply nearsighted and needed to focus to see Palmer's face clearly.

"Ahem."

Palmer composed himself, speaking earnestly under Bologue's serious gaze.

"Crow's Nest, Palmer Clarks."

Bologue remained silent, maintaining his suffocating gaze upon him.

"Is there anything you wanted to discuss? If not, I should report back to Crow's Nest." Palmer swallowed nervously.

He considered himself a social adept, yet found it hard to connect with the eccentrics of Field Operations.

"That's not urgent; I hope you can look at this document first."

Geoffrey handed the Crow's Nest transfer document to Palmer, and while Palmer read it, he turned to Bologue and asked.

"How is the situation handled?"

"Very cleanly; there was a Condenser suspect from the 'Void Spirit School,'" Bologue echoed Palmer's words to Geoffrey, "but I took care of them all."

"You mean you took down that Condenser?"

Geoffrey raised an eyebrow; these "Void Spirit School" members, striking at consciousness, were each more troublesome than the last, yet Bologue managed to resolve it easily.

"How many times did you die?"

"Not once... I found it quite simple, his attacks couldn't affect my will." Bologue replied casually.

In truth, Bologue was starting to enjoy all this.

Like a challenging game, Bologue attempted to clear it in one go.

Geoffrey's expression stiffened, wanting to say something but swallowed his words.

Upon reflection, it's reasonable; in a way, Bologue was remarkably resilient, surviving that hellish Black Prison and maintaining sanity was more credible than any perfect score in an assessment.

Considering this, the "Void Spirit School" influence not affecting Bologue seemed far more logical.

"But, Geoffrey, what's a 'school'?"

Bologue suddenly asked.

During prior phone conversations, Bologue heard Geoffrey mention "Sublimation School," and now encountered another "Void Spirit School," appearing to be a classification of Secret Energy.

Hearing this, Geoffrey leaned back and rubbed his temples vigorously.

"I intended to explain this during the implantation ceremony, but there's no harm in addressing it earlier."

Geoffrey thought for a moment, organizing his thoughts, then said.

"First, Bologue, understand one thing, the 'Alchemy Matrix' is a 'technology' developed by alchemists over centuries of researching 'Secret Sources', creating it from the knowledge acquired.

'Secret Energy' then becomes a 'tool' derived from this 'technology.'

Geoffrey patiently explained to Bologue.

"Human capacity has its limitations, and it's the same for alchemists. No one can independently complete the research on the 'Secret Source,' so they have subdivided into various schools and specialized in different directions. From these different directions, the 'Alchemy Matrix' was derived, resulting in the division of schools.

This so-called school is a general classification of various characteristics of the Alchemy Matrix and Secret Energy."

He took Eugene, whom Bologue had just encountered, as an example.

"For example, the 'Void Spirit School,' from which the Secret Energy derived mostly affects the mind and creates illusions.

The 'Body Ascension School' I mentioned over the phone focuses on enhancing oneself, such as Norm's 'Dragon Blood.'"

Bologue nodded, and Geoffrey continued to add.

"But the division of schools is just a rough classification of the characteristics of Secret Energy that allows us to prioritize labels, like 'Dragon Blood,' which remains poisonous even when out of the body, making it difficult to guard against.

Everything progresses, whether in the ordinary world or the extraordinary world.

As time goes by, alchemists have become increasingly knowledgeable about the 'Secret Source.'

It's like modern technology; we used to wield swords and knives centuries ago, but now we have airplanes and cannons.

Secret Energy is the same; it continues to advance, becoming more treacherous and complex, with more schools subdivided and appearing."

Geoffrey took a cup of water and drank a sip. He originally wanted the Sublimation Furnace Core alchemists to explain the division of Secret Energy schools.

"Currently, there are eight known schools: the 'Commanding School' that manipulates reality, the 'Body Ascension School' that acts on oneself, the 'Illusion Creation School' that creates phantom entities, the 'Void Spirit School' that acts on the mind and creates illusions, the 'Origin School' that manipulates pure ether for combat, and the more complex and difficult-to-classify 'Deceitful Structure School.'

"But this is only six."

Bologue questioned.

"Because the remaining two are rarely encountered in your missions, they do not possess combat power and are more inclined toward scientific research." Geoffrey explained.

"Details will be in the handbook provided by the Sublimation Furnace Core upon completing your implantation ceremony, containing more specific records."

Bologue nodded, falling into thought.

Eight schools, eight complex and treacherous Secret Energies, eight Extraordinary Powers. Recalling his earlier conversation with Geoffrey over chess, Bologue felt that the complexity of Secret Energy was far beyond this.

"Take, for example, your future partner." Geoffrey suddenly said.

Bologue looked over at Palmer, who was sitting nearby with a gloomy face, staring at the documents in his hand, as if oblivious to the conversation between him and Geoffrey.

"According to the documents, Palmer's Secret Energy is 'Wind Source,' an especially renowned Secret Energy of the Clarks family. Its school is the 'Commanding School,' capable of manipulating existing airflow to stir up the wind."

Geoffrey glanced at Palmer as he gave an example.

Recalling the battle where flying knives were carried by air currents, the gusts themselves were hard to harm strong adversaries, but under Palmer's deceitful manipulation, sand was whipped up to obscure visibility and silently harvested lives with the blades.

Such simple power, yet so treacherous in execution, gave Bologue a new realization of the power of Secret Energy.

"Is this alright?" Bologue realized a question after hearing Geoffrey's narrative.

Everyone's Secret Energy is an extremely important secret. Even though he was very familiar with Geoffrey, Bologue still didn't know what Geoffrey's Secret Energy was, not even what tier Geoffrey was.

Yet now, Palmer's Secret Energy was being openly discussed by Geoffrey.

"What's wrong with it," Geoffrey said with a smile, "you'll be close group members and partners later, knowing each other's abilities is an essential part."

Bologue didn't know what expression to show.

"Ah!"

Just then, a scream rang out, and Palmer almost jumped up.

He clutched the documents, his gaze flicking back and forth between Geoffrey and Bologue, his tone trembling.

"So... does this mean... I'm fired from Crow's Nest?"

Palmer's expression twisted.

Geoffrey had the same expression when he received the documents a few days ago.

Reaching out and patting Palmer's shoulder, Geoffrey had an "I understand you" look and smiled.

"Don't use such a harsh term as 'fired,' this is called reassignment."

Looking at Palmer's contorted expression, Bologue unexpectedly laughed. Frankly speaking, that serious face suddenly smiling would chill anyone, like a murderer smiling at you.

"Bologue Lazarus."

With a mischievous smile, Bologue reintroduced himself to Palmer.

"Welcome to the Field Operations Department, the 'Rupert's Tail' Special Operations Group."