

Endless 102

Chapter 102: Summoning Hand

Bulimia Nervosa.

Since being released from prison and "absorbing" Soul Shards from the Demon, Bologue had not relapsed. In fact, because of the rich fullness of the Soul Shards, he had mastered the Ethereal Amplification, a kind of Ethereal Skill, ahead of time.

But with the success of the implantation ceremony, all the Soul Shards were consumed to sustain the implantation of the Alchemy Matrix, allowing his barren soul to gain this extraordinary authority.

This also caused the originally filled void to resurface, directly triggering the outbreak of Bulimia Nervosa.

Fortunately, the Debtor was not a Demon, and Bologue still had some of his own soul left, which only resulted in an endless hunger for souls. Moreover, Bologue was very proficient in enduring, especially pain, so he had long mastered a way to handle Bulimia Nervosa.

Lock himself up, and as long as he survived this period of hunger, everything would get better.

The sensation of hunger and pain tortured Bologue's weary mind once again. As he gradually awakened between consciousness and unconsciousness, Bologue appeared much more drained.

Opening his eyes, it was the grey and white ceiling once more, as if time had restarted.

However, this time Bologue didn't get up, but pretended to sleep on the hospital bed. He was now a Condenser, able to clearly feel the flow of Ether. He needed to think about future matters.

"Absorption" is a very useful ability. For now, it can absorb Soul Shards to fill the void and suppress Bulimia Nervosa. More importantly, during future upgrades, Bologue seems to be able to use the consumption of Soul Shards to allow the Alchemy Matrix to grow.

He wasn't sure of the exact way to advance, but as it stands, as long as Bologue cuts down enough Demons and collects enough Soul Shards, he could easily achieve all of this.

If that's really the case... everything seems to be getting clearer.

Then Bologue slowly sat up, and when he looked up, the same few people were standing around.

"How long was I unconscious this time?" Bologue asked.

"About an hour," Balder said, "We called the doctor to give you a bit of sedative to stabilize you."

"Is that so? But why do I feel like my head hurts so much?"

Bologue raised his hand to cover his head, and the throbbing in his brain intensified.

"Ah... this..."

Belli's gaze shifted nervously, looking a little embarrassed.

"What exactly happened?" Bologue stared at her intently.

"Ah... Your agitation was rather intense, so I asked the doctor to slightly increase the dosage." Belli rubbed her hands together, her voice hesitant.

"So?"

"Overdose leads to death..."

"..."

Bologue felt that this was not a medical error, but rather this woman trying to use him for experimentation, not sparing him even at a time like this.

He even suspected that one day after work, he might be clubbed from behind, and when he awoke, find himself on some operating table surrounded by this woman's ghastly laughter.

Bologue didn't want to deal with this person anymore, and turned his attention to Balder.

"Can I leave now?"

"Not yet, there's still one very important thing you need to do," Balder said.

"What?"

"Haven't you realized? You need to shape your Secret Energy."

This sentence snapped Bologue to attention.

Secret Energy.

The Secret Energy of the Overlord.

Looking at the others beside the hospital bed, Geoffrey and Lebius's eyes were filled with expectation. No wonder these people stayed by his side; they cared more about the Power of the Dominator than his life or death.

Although it's not the full strength of a Seeker of Glory, in his hands, it could reveal a glimpse of power.

"Shape... How should I shape it?"

Bologue asked, trying to drive the Alchemy Matrix. He could feel Ether rushing along the matrix's path, his whole body filled with strength, but lacking the authority to command the extraordinary.

"The life of a Condenser is a constant process of calibrating and optimizing our Alchemy Matrix to achieve different effects, ideally the best effect."

Geoffrey stated at this moment, "The Alchemy Matrix is alive, growing with the soul of the Condenser."

"What you need to do now is correct and optimize your Alchemy Matrix to attain the power you desire, and in this process of correction and optimization, it's time for the 'seed' to germinate and determine the growth tendency of the 'trunk'.

We are like gardeners, pruning the growing tree."

Tendency, Bologue had heard this term more than once.

At this point, Balder continued Geoffrey's explanation.

"Secret Energy has its inclinations, which we differentiate as 'Narrow and Sharp' and 'Wide and Blunt'.

These two terms are easy to understand. One is 'narrow and sharp', the other is 'wide and blunt', which will determine the 'sharpening' or 'blunting' of our Secret Energy.

The Alchemy Matrix acts like a specific wishing machine, utilizing Ether to call upon the 'Secret Source' for wish fulfillment, but wishes can range from simple to complex.

The inclination of 'Narrow and Sharp' has clear and definite instructions, with many additional conditions. Correspondingly, the clearer and more definite the instructions, the more definite the replies from the 'Secret Source', and the faster they take effect, consuming less Ether.

It's like sending a letter with a clear address, which is its 'restriction'. In turn, only one postman is needed, and he will deliver the letter quickly and accurately.

Fast, precise, narrow, and sharp."

Bologue roughly understood Balder's meaning. Simply put, 'Narrow and Sharp' means putting countless restrictions on oneself. The more stringent the restrictions, the more precise the effect, with quick activation speed and minimal Ether consumption.

Explained using Eugene's Secret Energy, the restriction he set for himself is 'line of sight'. As long as one is within his line of sight, they will be struck fiercely by him.

"'Wide and Blunt' is the other extreme, with instructions that are unclear and very vague, with very few conditions. The activation speed of Secret Energy will be very slow, consuming a huge amount of Ether.

If using the postman example again, it's like sending a letter with only a rough address, requiring the postman to deliver to every resident within that rough address, mobilizing a large number of postmen, consuming a lot of time, but enabling everyone to receive the letter."

A faint glow rose under the protective clothing as Ether surged around Balder. He raised his hand, light outlined a sharp trajectory in his palm, accompanied by sounds of clanging metal, and an iron sword appeared out of thin air in his hand.

"Like my teacher, I'm from the 'Illusion Creation School'. But unlike my teacher, who follows a more classical and pure 'Illusion Creation' path inclined towards 'Wide and Blunt'.

Within the teacher's domain, his Secret Energy has no restrictions. As long as he can understand and imagine, he can easily create entities. However, this requires extremely long activation time and consumes a large amount of Ether.

Whereas I follow the path of 'Narrow and Sharp'. The restriction I set for myself is metallic entities that I understand and can imagine, allowing me to consume very little Ether and quickly generate various metal products within my domain."

As Balder finished speaking, various metal weapons already piled beside Bologue's bed, ranging from long spears to warhammers, from sharp swords to short daggers, having everything that one could imagine.

"'Wide and Blunt' means making no restrictions, allowing Secret Energy to be as extensive as possible, but correspondingly, it becomes clumsy and dull."

Lebius approached Bologue and continued speaking.

"Bologue, close your eyes, feel your Alchemy Matrix, correct and optimize it, decide your inclination, and release your Secret Energy."

Listening to Lebius' words, Bologue slowly closed his eyes, trying to feel the presence of the Alchemy Matrix, and then in the darkness, he saw a sapling breaking through the soil, growing its trunk, and emitting a green light.

It took root in his soul, waiting for him, the gardener, to prune it and decide its future.

So how should one choose?

Bologue pondered, first needing to prioritize how to make Secret Energy cooperate with his "absorption" and "resurrection".

Narrow and sharp? Or wide and blunt?

He realized.

Yes, that style of building up momentum for a strike doesn't suit him at all, it's akin to those exotic films he dreams about.

Bologue is like a burning war chariot, carrying a frenzied band, smashing everything in its path into pieces with roaring songs.

The Alchemy Matrix grows, and the discarded parts wither while the guided parts begin to extend, like a canvas maneuvered by Bologue, gradually forming the image in his heart.

Yes, just like that.

The branches grow, slender, twisted, branches like blades forged from iron...

Bologue opened his eyes, and this time they shone with blinding green light.

Everyone remained silent, even Belli, who carefully gazed at the patterns emerging on Bologue's body, attempting to firmly imprint everything before her in her memory.

Bologue stood up, tore out the IV tubes on his body, dressed in his white hospital gown, wobbling to his feet.

He reached out and gripped the metal stand beside him as Ether began to surge, swirling around Bologue's hand. Under his will, the stand started to twist, shaping itself.

It turned into a mass of twisted steel, with the metal's surface flowing with green hue and a faint red light, as if a craftsman was wielding an iron hammer, hammering the metal from nowhere, extending it into a crude form, the shape of a sharp sword.

Bologue carefully examined this twisted, menacing iron sword, which glowed with the same bluish luminescence like solidified bright moonlight.

"Speaking of which, you all know little about this Power of Dominator, probably not even knowing the name of my Secret Energy," Bologue said to himself. "So can I name it?"

No one spoke, and everyone tacitly agreed. A smile appeared on Bologue's face as he turned his head and punched the wall. The next second, the impenetrable wall began to collapse, forming a huge semicircle, where the removed material accumulated at the edge of the arc, extending into one sharp earthen spike after another.

"Commanding School."

Bologue whispered, raising his palm, covered in intricate patterns, like wearing a pair of exquisite gloves, emanating dazzling green light.

This is the restriction Bologue set for himself, using his hand as the medium for activation, to command and reshape the solids he touches.

Narrow and sharp, transformed into a blade aimed at the throat.

"Secret Energy·Summoning Hand."

He thus named his Secret Energy.

Like a tyrannical king, everything within the territory shall be summoned by absolute power.