

Endless 104

Chapter 104: Archenemy

Natural enemies?

To be honest, since getting out of prison, Bologue hasn't really feared anyone. As someone who has "resurrected," he's like a mad dog that can't be killed. He might not be able to defeat his enemies, but he would definitely leave them with an unforgettable psychological shadow.

Geoffrey was also very aware of what kind of person he was; he considered himself Bologue's guide, leading him to become a Condenser since getting out of prison. So when this sentence came out of Geoffrey's mouth, Bologue couldn't help but take it seriously and be curious.

"Bologue, just now you were trying to enlist Balder's spear, weren't you? Because you found you couldn't summon this metal entity, you resorted to using 'Ethereal Amplification' to break the spear and continue fighting?"

Geoffrey suddenly brought up the recent confrontation, and Bologue nodded. His thoughts at that time were indeed like that, and his moment of doubt was also because he couldn't summon the spear.

"It's not that your Secret Energy failed; rather, that spear is forged from Balder's Ether."

Geoffrey explained the details of the Condenser's abilities.

"Ether is divided into two types: one is absorbed into our bodies, surging within the Alchemy Matrix as reserved Ether, and the other part is the Ether wandering in the mundane world.

When driving the Secret Energy, we need to use a small amount of our reserved Ether via the Alchemy Matrix to resonate with the Ether roaming the mundane world, thus activating the Secret Energy with maximum efficiency.

This also means that prolonged intense combat will deplete our reserved Ether through the Alchemy Matrix. At that time, we need to absorb Ether from the outside world. This absorption isn't slow, but it's enough to be fatal on a fierce battlefield.

So, when a Condenser exhausts their Ether, we enter a brief period of weakness; this is our vulnerability and a warning not to use Ether recklessly."

"But I feel that my Ether consumption is not high," Bologue said.

"That's because you're from the 'Commanding School,' and your tendency is 'Narrow and Sharp,' which further reduces your Ether consumption. If it were Teda, even with his Secret Energy fully activated, he could only last a few minutes," Geoffrey thought for a moment and then added, "Of course, there shouldn't be many who could survive those few minutes when his Secret Energy is fully activated."

It sounded like Teda was an ultimate force of violence.

"And then there's... Rectangular Soul Critical."

Geoffrey said this while extending his hand, gently pressing on Bologue's neck, touching not just Bologue's skin but also the faintly glowing green traces.

"Have you ever thought about this? Can a Condenser directly manipulate the Ether within another Condenser?"

"I don't know."

Bologue indeed did not know; it's only been a few hours since he became a Condenser.

"Alright, the answer is no."

Geoffrey felt a bit helpless with his self-answering.

"Our Alchemy Matrix overlaps with our soul, forming a protective barrier known as 'Rectangular Soul Critical,' which keeps our internal Ether stable and resists any intruding forces.

Under normal circumstances, Condensers of the same Tier cannot affect each other's Rectangular Soul Critical, but if the Tier difference is too large, a High Tier Condenser is capable of breaking through your Rectangular Soul Critical, directly detonating the Ether within you, thereby killing you."

The conversation turned back to the nightmare from seven years ago that Geoffrey brought up again.

"Like the secret war seven years ago, Overlord Xilin caused such massive destruction because, upon his arrival, he indiscriminately enlisted all the Ether present at the scene.

Those with similar Tiers survived, while those with a substantial Tier gap had their Rectangular Soul Criticals breached in a split second. As their Ether was brutally drained, their bodies were turned into piles of mush."

Upon hearing this, Bologue's face turned somewhat pale. No wonder so few survivors lived; the Order Bureau, though an organization of Condensers, was largely composed of Low Tier Condensers. In fact, a significant portion were just ordinary people.

"Then there's the reason why you couldn't summon Balder's spear just now.

In essence, that spear is Balder's 'Illusion Creation,' an entity created from Ether without a base. These 'Illusion Creations' can only exist for a short time; once the time is up, they revert to Ether, significantly alleviating the Ether consumption for Condensers of the 'Illusion Creation School.'"

"But accordingly, this 'Illusion Creation' is formed by Balder's Ether," Geoffrey emphasized.

"Is it because of the Rectangular Soul Critical? I can't break through his threshold, so I can't summon," Bologue said.

"No, the Rectangular Soul Critical is only for ourselves. This effect created by Secret Energy is what we call Ether Mutual Exclusion. Ether from different Condensers, and the effects they create, repel each other, so you cannot summon his spear because it is filled with Balder's Ether.

Of course, the Tier can bridge any gap; as long as you're strong enough, you can ignore Ether Mutual Exclusion, forcibly summon, and even break through the Rectangular Soul Critical."

The Tier, always the Tier.

Bologue still remembered that game of chess: The "Condensed Guard" kept advancing until it breached the enemy's base, transforming into the "Queen of Glory."

This made him have quite an expectation for the future, after all, he is the "resurrected" Lazarus.

Bologue had nearly infinite time to push towards "Ascension," and he wouldn't die. As long as he continued, one day he might become a "Seeker of Glory" like Xilin.

Even... touch that void crown.

"But what does this have to do with the 'Origin School' being my archenemy?"

Bologue suddenly realized this, and Geoffrey still hadn't explained the matter.

"You need to know the nature of Ether to better understand the 'Origin School,' don't you?" Geoffrey explained.

"The 'Origin School' is different from other schools. The Condensers born from this school could be called 'Condensers that target other Condensers.'

Yas found you disagreeable before for this reason. The Sixth Group led by Yas has another name: the 'Violence Suppression Action Group.' They specialize in suppressing various extraordinary riot events

and are considered an elite of the Field Operations Department. By the regulations, you should be a target for suppression too.

As for why they are called this, it's related to the two exclusive Ethereal Skills of the 'Origin School.' Unlike other Ethereal Skills that could be learned by other schools, these two skills can only be learned and used by Condensers of the 'Origin School,' and even then, those who can master these two are few."

Bologue recalled what Geoffrey had just said about Yas's specialties, "Ethereal Silence" and "Ethereal Prohibition."

"One of them is 'Ethereal Silence,' which makes the Ether in the outside world remain silent, unable to resonate or be summoned. This significantly weakens the secret energy effects of the Condenser, and Condensers within the range of 'Ethereal Silence' can only rely on their stored Ether for battle."

Condensers are like fish; those within the range of 'Ethereal Silence' are like fish out of water, slowly suffocating to death.

"The other is 'Ethereal Prohibition,' which is even stronger than 'Ethereal Silence.' It can directly dispel Ether in the area, forming an Ether vacuum, which is just an accompanying effect of 'Ethereal Prohibition.'

Its real capability is to block your 'Rectangular Soul Critical,' maintaining the silence of the Ether within you, thus disabling your secret energy."

Geoffrey's words were filled with a chilling air.

"Think about it, Bologue, the Ether outside does not heed your call, and the Ether inside remains silent. At that moment, you are no longer a Condenser, but just an ordinary person who won't die."

His tone shifted, carrying a hint of humor and deeper meaning.

"But you... are you really undying?"

Bologue was stunned for two seconds. He wasn't foolish; he was an expert. He quickly realized what Geoffrey truly intended to convey, and the previous groundwork was all for this moment.

"So... is my 'Resurrection' about this?"

Bologue suddenly had a moment of clarity, feeling as if the whole world had brightened, only to be swallowed again by dark clouds.

"The Devil's 'Blessing,' in our research, we suspect it is also a kind of Alchemy Matrix, but this Alchemy Matrix is beyond our understanding."

Belli, who had been silent, spoke at this moment. When this guy got serious, he somewhat resembled a scholar.

"'Resurrection' is not without cost. What you expend is a huge amount of Ether.

First, you exhaust the Ether you have stored; after you die multiple times, your Ether is depleted, requiring a vast amount of time to absorb external Ether to continue the 'Resurrection,' hence your death time will be infinitely extended."

"When you face a group of 'Origin School' Condensers, they will constantly keep you in an Ether vacuum. You might not die, but you won't come back to life either, merely turning into a less dangerous corpse."

Geoffrey concluded.

"Bologue, you won't be killed, but you will be contained almost perfectly, not even needing any heavy iron doors, just an environment that perpetually holds an Ether vacuum."

Bologue first fell silent, bowing his head, his body slightly trembling.

This was a very normal reaction; deep in everyone's heart lies fear, or rather, it's because one can feel fear that they are called human. As for those without reverence or fear, they're often called monsters.

But soon, the trembling stopped, and Bologue slowly lifted his head, his voice carrying a strange distorted tone.

"Well, Geoffrey, I feel like I really need to see a doctor."

Bologue mumbled, and no one could read his expression. It seemed as if he was afraid, yet also delighting, with his cheeks faintly blushing.

"I actually don't find anything worth being scared of here; instead, I find it more intriguing."

He looked at his trembling hands, every cell feeling joyful, uncontrollably so.

"Yeah, a game with unlimited coins isn't any fun."

Bologue murmured.

"Games need a bit of challenge to become interesting."

Looking up at Belli and the others, Bologue flashed a chilling smile.

"Isn't that right, everyone?"