

## Endless 138

### Chapter 138: Adaptability

Amid the heavy impacts, under the barrage of blows, Bill, relying on his flesh and blood, easily smashed the wall, dust flying and rubble scattering everywhere, yet it couldn't overshadow the burning glow.

In the darkness, the light reflected off resilient muscles, his body like a plaster statue.

Bologue's mood grew heavy, not because of the appearance of the other Condenser. According to the intelligence in his memory, Bologue didn't think this strong man in front of him was David.

There is more than one Condenser here.

"Still not using Secret Energy?"

Bill's voice was icy as his tall body emerged from the breach in the wall.

"Not yet."

Bologue responded, his gaze wandering, planning his next move.

The Demons couldn't probe his abilities. Logically, they should bide their time or look for chances to strike him down, yet here Bill was, brazenly coming out to kill.

Bologue quickly realized what was going on: Bill was also a sacrificial pawn used to test Secret Energy. If Bologue made a mistake, David, lurking in the darkness, would surely strike at the first opportunity.

So... why would Bill be a sacrificial pawn?

Bologue could die without worry because he was the Undead. Every time he fell, he would return. But what about Bill?

Loyalty to David? Or was it that he wouldn't die either?

No, Bologue knew Opus was small, but he didn't think it was so small that two Undead would meet face to face.

Bill wasn't immortal; he just wasn't easy to kill. He had enough room for trial and error to let David notice Bologue's weaknesses.

Is that it?

As Bologue pondered, he tossed a twisted wrench. Facing the Condenser, he no longer hid anything. With the power of "Ethereal Amplification," the wrench whipped through the air with a whistling sound, aiming straight at Bill.

Bill didn't dodge, casually raising his arm. A metallic clang was heard as he deflected the wrench away with ease.

"That's really hard..." Bologue muttered, "Palmer, I've encountered a Condenser, but it's not David."

"I can feel the Ethereal Fluctuation, get out of there, stay within my sight."

Palmer's voice turned stern; he wasn't joking this time.

Outside the factory wall, Palmer was mounted with firearms. Although the factory was shrouded in darkness, the Initial Activation Phenomenon on the Condenser's body would emit a glow, making it the most obvious target.

As long as Bologue was within his sight, Palmer could support Bologue at any time.

"Without my orders, you are not to act."

Bologue said coldly. His plan was the mantis stalking the cicada, and the opponent shared the same thought.

Both he and Bill fought within the factory, with David and Palmer lurking in the darkness, waiting for the moment to strike like thunder.

Palmer remained silent, following the expert's opinion.

Then came a howling wind. Bologue quickly stepped back, dodging Bill's straight punch, his body leaning backward, losing balance, but his steps stabilized, like a released spring. Bologue raised his body, swinging the Sheep Horn Hammer with all his might.

Bologue's hammer swung toward Bill's temple. Just as it was about to hit, his grip on the hammer handle loosened slightly, causing the hammer to glide forward, and before it slipped out of his hand, Bologue grasped it firmly.

In an instant, the attack range of the Sheep Horn Hammer extended by a few centimeters, and those fatal centimeters guided the hammerhead accurately to the vulnerable spot.

A dim light glimmered on Bologue's arm as Ether was infused into it.

Ethereal Amplification.

This was a lethal strike; regardless of flesh or bone, it would be shattered under his full force.

Bologue sometimes thought that in battles between Condensers, there was no need for such precise calculations. Sometimes, being overly calculated made you forget that you could simply overpower the opponent.

The leftover sound of metal clashing reverberated, deafening.

Bologue raised the Sheep Horn Hammer high, the faint glow illuminating the mottled metallic surface and his face. He couldn't quite believe it.

"A strong strike, is it 'Ethereal Amplification'?"

Intricate and complex patterns extended from under the Sheep Horn Hammer, covering Bill's skull. He spoke coldly and calmly.

Bologue sensed the danger. The attack had indeed landed, but it felt like hitting an Iron Ingot, failing to move it an inch.

Resilience School.

Bologue's mind formed this judgment based on his understanding of the schools of Secret Energy, classifying this kind of self-strengthening as belonging to the Resilience School.

Power enhancement, body hardening?

Bologue didn't stop his movements; he tried to move and keep a safe distance from Bill.

As he hit Bill, Bill also swung his fist again, like a boxer, his arm bent, filled with power.

Bill remained with that calm demeanor, an ever-brightening glow swirling around his arm, sketching a majestic scene.

"Ethereal Amplification."

The cold words echoed as he swung the heavy fist.

In an instant, the massive rumble reverberated throughout the factory, the ground quaking with it. After a brief delay, countless glass shards shattered, turning into unseen blades, falling yeilding a chaotic noise.

"What happened!"

Palmer's voice echoed within the "Heart Core Net."

The great upheaval spread to the factory's outer wall, shattering the glass before him, his silhouette constantly shaking.

If he hadn't clearly felt that the surging Ether came from within the factory, Palmer might have thought he was exposed and under enemy attack.

But even if it wasn't an attack, the current situation was severe enough, as if someone had used all their might to swing a Heavy Hammer, smashing the earth into pieces.

"It's an Ascension School's Condenser, and they've mastered 'Ethereal Amplification.'"

After a brief moment of chaos, Bologue's voice sounded in his mind.

"You're not dead, are you?" Palmer asked.

"Not dead, luckily managed to avoid it."

Inside the factory, a hook struck a beam, hoisting Bologue high. Without the hook from the Arm of Adaptation, Bologue was unsure if he could have dodged that punch.

Geoffrey was right; in a complex urban environment, this tool is incredibly useful.

Looking down, Bill was engulfed in radiant light, the ground beneath his feet shattered, and even the nearby stone pillars were covered in cracks, with dust constantly falling.

"Palmer, this guy can't be taken down by a simple assassination."

Bologue analyzed, from this brief encounter, he could barely judge the nature of Bill's secret energy.

"His secret energy is likely surface hardening, with hardness like steel, making conventional attacks difficult to harm him. Then there's his 'Ethereal Amplification.'

I'm not sure if that strike was entirely due to 'Ethereal Amplification' or if it was combined with his own secret energy, but I'd advise not letting him touch us."

Bologue reported the situation, information he risked his life to acquire. If he hadn't reacted in time, Bologue might have been reduced to a pile of flesh.

"It's likely a combination of secret energy. A First Stage Condenser's secret energy couldn't cause such a wide impact... If he were a Prayer Believer, you wouldn't have dodged that strike." Palmer responded.

"It looks like his mastery in 'Ethereal Amplification' is quite deep."

"Can you deal with it?" Palmer asked.

"I'll try... either way, you're in a tough spot. Bullets and winds can't harm him, and David hasn't appeared yet."

This is also why Bologue didn't let Palmer act; he couldn't quickly resolve Bill, and David hadn't shown up yet.

"That's not for sure, Bologue."

Palmer aimed his gun at Bill, who was emitting a radiant light like a burning target.

"Wait for my command."

Bologue replied firmly, then his gaze shifted not to the Bill below but to the other side.

Darkness, absolute darkness.

From this beam, advancing to the side led to David's office. Bill's fierce strike had shattered the office glass, and now it stood wide open, as if inviting Bologue to enter.

Within rolled deep darkness, and Bologue believed that guy lurked in the shadows.

"Lebius, Geoffrey, can you hear me?"

Suddenly, Bologue asked rather unexpectedly.

The "Heart Core Net," with Yuriel as the hub, linked everyone together, and surely those in the command room could hear Bologue and Palmer's conversation.

Without waiting for a mental response, Bologue continued.

"It's time to adapt."

This was not a question but a statement.

Bologue was always a man whose actions preceded words. As he spoke, he had already reached out to touch the beam overhead, intricate and dazzling patterns spread along his arm, appearing as if he wore a pair of exquisite and elegant arm armor.

Sometimes Bologue felt his secret energy was somewhat useless, only able to distort solid material he touched, lacking the ability to directly harm other Condensers. But sometimes he found this power quite astonishing; whether it was resilient steel or towering structures, all would crumble at his touch.

Secret Energy·Summoning Hand.

A blue shimmer flashed along the beam, as if a giant had reached out to grab it. Continuous creaking sounds echoed as if the building were wailing, the entire beam began to twist and shift, and the constructed steel emitted a trembling lament. As Ether surged, they twisted together, forming a writhing steel serpent, eventually collapsing.

Like thousands of thunderstorms exploding overhead, Bill lifted his head, heavy steel mixed with bricks, like deadly rain, fell.

Amidst the heavy impacts, goods were crushed like mangled flesh, dark red liquid flooding the ground, and the surviving Demons were buried in the debris amid screams.

Bill could do nothing at this moment, only run to the corner to evade the falling debris as much as possible, while Ether filled his shell, maximizing the hardness of his body, as dented steel hit him, it merely bounced off effortlessly.

"Are you demolishing the place?"

Palmer's scream came from the depths of his mind, but Bologue paid it no mind.

The collapse kicked up a large cloud of dust, further limiting visibility in the dark factory. David rushed to the observation window, eyes fixed on the ruins below, completely unprepared for Bologue's level of destruction, fully grasping Bologue's intentions.

Bologue might not take their lives, but he had already won by destroying all the valuable goods at the first opportunity.



Fury rushed through his mind, the surrounding darkness boiled with agitation, but David managed to control himself, not letting anger overshadow reason.

Yet before he could take any remedial action, David was startled to find a hook had somehow embedded in the window ledge, its other end disappearing into the rising darkness and dust.

A certain ripping sound echoed by his ear, and the next second, the blurry dust was pierced by a swiftly traveling Iron Spear. Perhaps the darkness had affected Bologue's aim, an impactful sound erupted, and the twisted Iron Spear embedded itself right before David, just shy of penetrating his body.

Looking ahead, a blue-eyed Evil Spirit, like a monster unfurling its bat wings, wielded a steel-forged longsword, breaking through the mist.