

## Endless 141

### Chapter 141: Annual Best New Employee\_2

Geoffrey pondered for a moment about this, then somehow pulled out a document, carefully read it, and explained to Bologue.

"Your 'Blessing', when activated, indeed consumes Ether. Interestingly, this process of consuming Ether does not cause any disturbance. To be precise, it does cause a disturbance, but conventional means can't detect it, as if your 'Blessing' activated the 'Ethereal Concealment' simultaneously."

Bologue nodded, half understanding, then insisted on seeing the document, but Geoffrey flatly refused. Bologue guessed it must contain detailed records of "Resurrection."

"What a useful 'Blessing' you have, Bologue." Palmer's voice echoed in his mind.

"Indeed, then let's do as you say, this guy is yours!"

"Sometimes you have to trust your partner," Palmer's voice nagged in his mind, "You know, I was once the Employee of the Year!"

The battlefield situation changed dramatically. The resurrected Bologue threw out a grappling hook, leaping towards the wriggling shadow above, while Palmer rode the wind towards Bill. In an instant, they swapped opponents.

Bill couldn't catch up with Bologue and could only roar as he faced Palmer. Just as they were about to clash, Palmer let out a mocking laugh, mimicked Bologue, and swung to the other side with a hook.

Before Bill could curse anything, a raging storm completely enveloped him.

Thanks to the information gathered from the encounter with Bologue, Palmer realized he was practically a nemesis to Bill. Not that he could injure him, but he could continuously wear him down.

The storm lifted sharp fragmented iron shards, like blades hidden in the wind, repeatedly slicing Bill. He had to cover his entire body with Hardening, which undoubtedly increased his Ether consumption greatly. Soon, the dazzling patterns on his body began to fade, and Hardening couldn't fully cover him, gradually revealing fine cuts.

Blood seeped into the wind. Bill completely abandoned defense, letting countless wounds cover his body. He wasn't giving up; his years of combat experience told him he couldn't let this attrition continue. He had to break the deadlock.

Bill took a step towards Palmer, but the guy was as slippery as an eel, swinging back and forth with hooks, sometimes even gliding briefly in the air with the help of the storm.

Even if Bill's powerful punch could kill Bologue instantly, against someone as insane as Palmer, all his brute strength was useless.

"Bastard!"

Bill cursed. Luckily, the damage from the iron shards was only superficial. It looked severe, but he still had some fighting strength left.

The embarrassing chase didn't last long. Palmer suddenly stopped, watching the panting Bill. Casually, he picked up a rifle slung behind him, aimed it at Bill, and he looked like a bandit with a black hood.

He pulled the trigger.

A fierce barrage of gunfire engulfed Bill. He raised his arms, pressing his elbows together in front like a shield, blocking all the bullets.

The Secret Energy expanded to its limit, and Bill's front was as hard as a heavy iron door. While blocking the gunfire, he continued to step forward, gradually closing the distance between them.

Palmer emptied the rifle's magazine, then drew his pistol, continuing to fire. But soon, the pistol was empty too. He casually put down his weapon, coldly watching Bill.

Bill was exhausted by Palmer and Bologue, filled with anger but not advancing recklessly, instead watching Palmer warily.

"You know, human senses can be deceived, such as the sense of pain," Palmer started talking to himself, "Rough iron shards cause intense pain, but a sharp enough flying knife won't feel much when it cuts your body, especially when you're already covered by the pain of the iron shards."

Bill was stunned. Compelled by instinct, he reached for his back, feeling a cold chill in his heart.

He touched a long, thin wound stretching from his neck to his back, almost splitting his body open.

Bill had been deceived. That lethal flying knife was mixed in with the iron shards from the start. In the dark environment, Bill hadn't noticed any of this. Even the fierce gunfire just now was Palmer's ploy to divert all of his attention to his front, leaving the wound on his back unnoticed.

"Damn it!"

Bill roared with fury. The luminous patterns covered his body, leaving no weaknesses.

"I've always wondered, your Secret Energy works only on your body surface, right? So what about your fragile organs? They shouldn't be as tough as your exterior."

Facing the raging Bill, Palmer still talked to himself, then surprisingly crossed his fingers, as if praying for something.

"Please, my 'Blessing', let me guess right, just this once."

As he finished, the raging storm wrapped around Bill again, but this time there were no flying knives or iron shards, just a storm, a nearly suffocating storm.

Within the storm, Palmer suddenly launched an attack. His speed was incredible, as if he were one with the wind. Brilliant light rose from his body, akin to the shining stars.

Secret Energy-Wind Source.

Palmer transformed into a ghostly figure, and with the support of the wind, he dodged Bill's straight punch, easily soared over his head, and struck at the wound on Bill's neck.

The Ether surged, raising a violent storm, almost engulfing everything, but at the moment it arose, the storm itself collapsed, as if it had never existed.

Everything ended simultaneously.

The wind calmed down.

Bill felt very tired, very exhausted, even the light on his body dimmed continuously until it finally went out.

He turned to look at the bandit-like Palmer. Just by raising his fist, he could crush this bastard into pulp, but Bill couldn't muster any strength, as if he were already dead, his limbs numb.

"What... did you do?" he asked.

"Your Secret Energy can only cover your body surface, but can't protect your fragile organs. The opening wound is your fatal 'tail'.

As for my Secret Energy, it's simple, just controlling the wind. But wind is interesting; it's invisible yet omnipresent, can suffocate, or it can enter through a wound... Do you know what happens if a large amount of air is injected into the blood vessels?"

Palmer raised his hand, casually catching the flying knife rushing in from the darkness.

"Air embolism, stroke, pulmonary embolism, acute heart failure, sudden death, and so on..."

Stepping over the dead Bill, Palmer's voice echoed.

"Don't underestimate the Employee of the Year."