

Endless 73

Chapter 73: Revised: Turning Away from Darkness to Embrace Light

"Colleagues... Partners..."

Bologue stood in front of the mirror, arranging his clothes, his outfit unchanged as always.

Folding knife and flying knife tucked into his harness, he donned a gray-black trench coat, concealing them, then hung the hook gun and shock hammer at his waist.

Even though he hadn't become a Condenser, relying solely on the "Blessing" and shock hammer, Bologue still possessed considerable lethal force. With any slip-up, even a Condenser could be killed by him.

Recalling the address Geoffrey provided in his mind, Bologue was quite familiar with that location.

Shenbei District was a newly built area, continuously expanding towards the city's edge, and in those barren outskirts, there were construction sites piled with bricks and factories continuously producing materials.

The yellow dust was overwhelming, and besides the workers, almost nobody went there, and most of the time, it appeared deserted and uninhabited.

"Hope this Palmer Clarks can hold on for a while longer."

Bologue muttered, pushed open the door, and briskly walked away.

Teamwork was very important, and Bologue knew this well, so to avoid collaborating with others, he hoped to make himself stronger, strong enough not to need any assistance.

Strong enough to be a one-man army.

Unfortunately, he couldn't do it yet and was forced to team up with others.

On the road ahead, Bologue's mind was filled with a jumble of messy thoughts.

What if this new colleague was difficult to get along with?

As he thought of this, Geoffrey's last words echoed, the damned "surrendering to the enemy" lingered endlessly in Bologue's mind.

"Can a Condenser be this stupid?"

Bologue complained.

Even though he hadn't met this new colleague yet, Bologue could already vaguely sense something unusual about them. He was thinking, if he couldn't accept this new colleague, whether he should just stand aside and watch the show, wait for him to get beaten to death, and then collect his corpse...

Not really viable.

Bologue tried hard to chase away this dark and awful thought from his mind. He admitted he had some mental issues, but basic ethics still had to be followed.

Do what you love and love what you do; this is how an expert should behave.

Then...

Accompanied by urgent shouts and swirling dust.

Standing in the middle of the road, Bologue watched the slowly retreating bus, his expression slightly twitching.

So, expert, how are you going to get to the target location?

Even though it was in Shenbei District, the distance wasn't short. Even if Bologue ran at full speed, it would take a while, and by then, that new colleague might already be a corpse.

Just then, a shrill horn sounded, accompanied by cursing voices.

"Get outta the way! Do you want to die?"

Turning around, he saw a buzzing motorcycle stopped not far behind him, the rider looking fierce, shouting curses at Bologue blocking the way.

The rider wore a leather jacket with decorative studs, a bandana with a skull print on his head, his whole look ostentatious and attention-grabbing.

Such people were quite common in the late nights of Opus. They wandered the streets with annoying noise, playing a cat-and-mouse game with the sheriffs.

Bologue had been woken up by them several times, once in fury grabbed his folding knife, intending to go out and cut someone, but every time he reached the street, he only saw the motorcycles fading away in the distance.

"What the hell are you staring at!"

The man looked enraged; Bologue stared at him for a while, then glanced at the motorcycle beneath him, then back at the man.

Bologue's face broke into a chuckle with a "pfft" sound.

"What are you laughing at?"

The man shouted, thinking Bologue must have a little something wrong in his head, contemplating whether to just hurl a couple of curses and be done with it, but just then, Bologue walked towards him with big strides.

Fight?

The man raised his arm, the muscles robust, full of strength.

In response, Bologue reached into his inner pocket and casually flung out a shiny folding knife; on its gleaming surface, the man's face gradually turned from calm to panic.

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Inside the unfinished building, gray-white concrete was everywhere, dust and debris covered the ground, and choking smoke filled the air.

An unlucky guy sat on a chair, hands cuffed behind him, a black hood on his head with a small hole cut out for his eyes, allowing his vision to remain unobstructed. He wore common office attire, his tie was yanked loose, and the white shirt was full of dust and bloodstains.

Sighing, he could clearly see that fierce and malicious burly men surrounded him. They held nail-studded baseball bats, or long knives and sharp swords.

A few others held guns, controlling the sides; one even had a gun, with the muzzle pressed against the back of his head, ready to ventilate his brain.

"Really unlucky,"

Palmer Clarks mumbled in his heart.

His get-up resembled that of an impromptu robber, but now he hadn't just failed to get any money, he also found himself double-crossed.

Perhaps experiencing such awful situations often made him calm at this moment, Palmer even felt like laughing as he recalled recent events. This self-mocking smile deepened.

Palmer considered his experiences quite surreal, and if he could make them public, he believed he could become an excellent comedy writer.

"Take off his hood."

A voice sounded, and then a strong man walked over and yanked Palmer's hood off.

The oppressive heat was swept away by the cool breeze, making him feel much better. Palmer coughed painfully a few times, spitting out a mouthful of blood foam, his eyes weary but his face still managing a smile.

He looked a bit of a mess, with bruises and welts all over his face, and his clothes were tattered, faintly revealing the wounds underneath, some still bleeding, some already scabbed over and solidified.

"So, who are you? Why are you here?"

The voice sounded again as Eugene sauntered over, wearing a mocking smile. He casually dragged a chair and sat in front of Palmer.

Palmer slightly lowered his head, seemingly avoiding Eugene's gaze, but in reality, he was scrutinizing Eugene with the corner of his eye.

After being weather-beaten, his face was somewhat rough and dark, and his limbs had no obvious muscle definition. But from the strength of his recent beating, he clearly had some power.

Palmer took a deep breath, coughing painfully, appearing sickly, but he was actually trying hard to sniff out, aside from his own blood and the stale air, how much of a rancid stench he could detect.

Not a demon.

Recalling the glimmer radiating from the opponent, and that strange secret energy, a wave of twisted pain flashed across Palmer's mind.

The other was a Condenser, but the fight had been so short that Palmer hadn't yet had the chance to figure out the other's secret energy before being captured.

In memory, he only recalled bursts of intense mental pain, seeming as if the opponent's secret energy was from the "Void Spirit School," capable of directly striking the consciousness. However, the conditions for unleashing this secret energy remained unknown.

As a former Order Bureau Employee of the Year, even in dangerous situations, one must think of opportunities for resistance.

Countless strategies flashed through Palmer's mind, but one gleamed, tempting Palmer.

"Me? I'm just a victim of a stalled construction project!" Palmer wailed, tears and snot mingled, "I scraped up enough money to buy a house in Shenbei District, but it stalled halfway through construction. I... I just wanted to take a look at my elusive home, who knew you were here! If I'd known, I wouldn't have dared come close."

Palmer was deeply immersed in his act; those who heard were saddened, and those who saw wept.

Ding—

A crisp chime interrupted Palmer's performance. Eugene pulled out a switchblade, utterly bemused.

"Are all you Order Bureau people that bad at acting?"

Eugene frowned, not understanding what Palmer was doing, indeed anyone understood what Palmer was up to.

He still remembered an hour ago, in the hazy predawn light, how he captured this unlucky fool.

The process was very simple, so simple it was unbelievable.

At the time, Eugene was commanding the transport of goods when he heard a scream, and this guy slipped and fell off the roof. More unluckily, Palmer fell directly into a crowd. When he quickly got up, ready to fight, countless gun barrels had already surrounded him. Had he not raised his hands quickly and high enough, he might have been riddled with bullets by now.

"Ah... I see, this..."

Palmer momentarily didn't know what to say. He didn't expect to be exposed so quickly, and then someone grabbed him by the hair and lifted him up.

"Boss, shouldn't we kill this guy? He's from the Order Bureau, that's troublesome, right?"

The henchman sought Eugene's opinion.

"No, wait! I surrender, I have something to say!"

Seeing Eugene playing with the switchblade, Palmer shouted repeatedly.

"Surrender?"

Eugene paused, then looked at Palmer with a grin, "He's worth a lot. Someone has put a hefty bounty on these people, along with the information in their heads."

Eugene shifted his chair closer to Palmer, looking at him with anticipation.

The sharp switchblade slowly pressed against Palmer's throat, applying slight pressure, blood oozing along the blade's tip.

"Don't try any tricks, friend, or you'll die a horrible death," Eugene threatened.

"I know, I know."

Palmer put on a fawning smile, speaking ingratiatingly.

"I've long been disgusted with the Order Bureau's methods, always wanted to find a chance to defect, and there's no time like the present, right?"

Palmer winked and grimaced, cold sweat trickling down his forehead, stinging his wounds with mild pain.

Eugene said nothing, staring directly at him. Before long, he could no longer control his expression and burst into laughter.

"Switch sides?"

"Yes, switch sides!"

Palmer seemed to have told a bad joke, and Eugene couldn't stop laughing.