

Endless 75

Chapter 75: Empathy in Suffering

"Name?"

"Ivan Clarks."

"Age?"

"Twenty-two."

"Department affiliation?"

"Field Operations Department."

"..."

With each question, Eugene's expression gradually froze, transforming from disdain for Palmer into joy and excitement.

He had extracted numerous astonishing pieces of information from this so-called "Ivan Clarks," information they could never have accessed before.

From the Order Bureau's exact location to detailed departmental divisions, everything was laid out before them.

"Yes, yes, that's it. The Order Bureau's internal force is currently vacant. Most of the elite have been dispatched to carry out missions. Otherwise, they wouldn't have sent someone like me here to gather intelligence, right?"

Palmer's gaze wandered as the henchmen surrounded him, blocking most of the view, yet he could still see glimpses through the gaps.

Like those guys transporting cargo, they began last night and still hadn't stopped.

What were they transporting?

"Internal forces empty?"

Eugene muttered, glancing at the battered Palmer, somewhat believing the information.

If such a fool had been sent out, perhaps the Order Bureau truly had no excess power left?

Eugene pondered, recalling the rumors in the gray zone: "They" had returned in force, engaging in multiple skirmishes with the Order Bureau in unseen shadows.

An invisible war was underway.

Now armed with the exact location of the Order Bureau and intelligence about their depleted internal strength, once this information reached "them"...

That would be a huge sum, enough to drive someone mad, perhaps even enough for Eugene to elevate himself to become a "Knight of Prayer."

As a Condenser lingering outside major powers, Eugene aspired for elevation and could only seek the Truth Cultivator Order and their mad Alchemists.

These people charged exorbitantly, and there was a significant chance of being used as a test subject, anything could happen, but "they" were different, a formidable entity able to counter the Order Bureau.

Eugene's breathing grew rapid, gazing at Palmer as if he were looking at a treasure, albeit one that made him uneasy.

"Good...nice information."

Eugene nodded with a friendly smile, which prompted Palmer to show his pearly whites.

"I've survived this long because I respect the unknown, remain vigilant of every opportunity, and am skeptical of all goodwill."

As Eugene spoke, he raised a spring knife directly, appearing as if he were about to slit Palmer's throat, causing Palmer's smile to turn to shock, screaming as the blade stopped at his neck.

Seeing Palmer's panicked state, Eugene's fierce expression paused for a few seconds before he burst into laughter.

"Break his limbs, but don't kill him."

Eugene ordered while the surrounding henchmen moved in maliciously, Palmer shouting.

"This isn't right, I told you all these things."

"Traitors have no good end, same here," Eugene sneered, "and who knows if what you said was true or false."

In the underworld, there are some codes of honor, and to Eugene, no matter how despicable Palmer seemed, he was not to be underestimated.

The long knife slapped against the palm, the henchman stood in front of Palmer, smiling as he raised the long knife, its gleam casting reflections on his face.

As the long knife rose, just as Palmer gritted his teeth preparing to resist, a loud roaring engine interrupted everyone's thoughts.

The engine roar was so distinct and increasingly piercing, like some monster arriving with thunderous force.

Someone looked toward the building's exterior, spotting the approaching figure at the dilapidated muddy road's end.

The motorcycle roared like an untamed warhorse, trailing turbulent yellow sand, engulfing most of its body, the rider's figure blending within.

Maintaining absolute speed like a lightning bolt, by the time noticed, it had already neared the building.

Eugene hesitated for a second; having dwelled in life-and-death situations, his instincts judged quickly, striding toward the platform's edge, grabbing a rifle and aiming at the motorcycle, pulling the trigger.

The gunfire echoed.

After the gunfire, the motorcycle began shaking violently, the bullet piercing the tire, causing it to lose control at high speed, eventually crashing by the roadside with a loud crash, dust covering the entirety of the view.

Eugene whistled; his marksmanship remained so accurate, so lethal...

A sharp whistling interrupted his thoughts, within the swirling dust, a grappling hook cleaved the air, precisely embedding into the nearby load-bearing pillar.

"Cut it down!"

Eugene shouted, he had indeed underestimated it, Palmer's nonsense was merely a delay tactic, turning to give orders to the henchmen, "Kill him!"

Eugene's command was decisive; otherwise, he wouldn't have survived so long in Opus.

The henchman raised the long knife, ready to decapitate Palmer, but after so much "betrayal" and verbiage, Palmer's strength had mostly recovered, he smiled at the henchman, then lifted his leg to kick forcefully.

No matter how invincible you are, under such force, you'll have to bend a bit.

The excruciating pain from below left the henchman momentarily incapacitated, long knife falling from his grip, and he collapsed powerlessly to his knees.