

Endless 76

Chapter 76: Misery Loves Company_2

In that brief moment, Palmer kicked the ground, flipping the chair along with him, and knocked over the henchman who had been holding a gun to his head.

The whole body spun with the chair, then firmly crashed onto the henchman who had knelt down.

Palmer and the henchman fell together, his body hurt all over, but luckily the chair that had been restraining him broke into pieces, giving Palmer his freedom, though his hands remained cuffed together.

"Damn it!"

The henchman who was knocked off cursed, raising his handgun ready to pull the trigger, the distance between him and Palmer was so close that Palmer had no room to dodge.

This is a world of extraordinary powers, but humans are still pitiful fleshy beings; even a mighty Condenser can easily be killed by a bullet piercing through their head.

The dark muzzle aimed at him, death was imminent, yet Palmer's face showed no fear; instead, he seemed to be anticipating something, his heart raced, and his face bloomed with the joy of a gambler.

Some sort of power was surging, not Secret Energy, but a more bizarre, silent power.

The "Blessing" acquired from Devils, exchanged with a precious soul.

The henchman pulled the trigger, a dry sound echoed in his hand.

Jammed.

The henchman was stunned, never anticipating a jam at such a crucial moment, he cursed loudly.

"Shit luck!"

Palmer laughed heartily, landing a fierce kick on the gunman's face with enough force to send him flying off the platform, directly plummeting downstairs.

"Phew... it's both lovable and hateful."

Palmer's eyes sparkled with excitement, as though everything before him was part of his calculations. He turned his head and looked between the chaotic floors. The wind whistled in dense gunfire and a gray-black figure broke through the smoke and dust, rappelling onto the floor.

Like a diving falcon, swift and lethal.

Like a performance, the protagonist swinging in on wires. But in Palmer's view, the timing of this entry seemed somewhat off.

The newcomer faced the bullet rain, several bullets striking him, exploding streaks of fresh blood, yet he didn't stop, a shiny silver folding knife appeared in his hand.

The deadly knife light expanded in the gunman's eyes, a weak breeze flickered by, a slender wound split along the throat, the gunman tried to cover his slit throat, but the folding knife once again pierced his heart, the newcomer lifting him as a shield.

Bologue is an expert; an expert must utilize everything on the battlefield.

He liked to hoist up the enemy's corpse to block most of the gunfire, moving swiftly, while blood mist rose before him.

Eugene never caught a clear glimpse of Bologue's face. Bologue seemed like an unknowable black mist that remained undisclosed even in daylight.

Blood mist and smoke enveloped him, concealing his true appearance, barely revealing the flickering azure gleam within the haze.

Dropping the bullet-ridden body, Bologue swiftly maneuvered to the other side of the supporting pillar. Gunfire rattled, slightly shaking the pillar, vibrating continuously amidst the flying dust.

Pain surged through his body, flesh tangled and compressed, expelling twisted bullet tips from within.

Bologue glanced at his own body; the trench coat he had worn for only a few days was now full of holes.

Though it was provided for free, it still made him somewhat irritable. He turned his head and saw another comical figure.

Palmer was crouched on the ground, slowly shifting his cuffed hands from behind to his feet, then back to the front. He pulled hard several times, yet still couldn't free himself from the handcuffs.

"Damn."

Palmer thought he should practice his "Ethereal Amplification" more afterward. Immediately, his body glimmered, matrix-like patterns flickered across his skin.

Clashing sounds continually resonated like countless Invisible Blades striking the handcuffs.

Palmer grew somewhat frantic, the Invisible Blades swung wildly, creating slender wounds along his arms. Luckily, with a final forceful wrist twist, a gentle sound, Palmer finally broke free from the handcuffs, snapping the connecting chain.

This action was hidden from view but still caught Eugene's attention, his body also emitted shimmering patterns.

The moment Palmer swung the Invisible Blade, he sensed the flow of Ether, like a droplet falling onto the water surface, generating ripples.

"He's there!"

Eugene accurately pointed out Palmer's location. All muzzles directed toward there, yet refrained from firing, calmly waiting.

Amidst the enveloping smoke and dust, Bologue looked at Palmer behind the adjacent supporting pillar, and Palmer also glanced at him.

Not clear if it's the "fellow feeling" or "telepathy" between Debtors, or some ridiculous reason like "chance meeting" between the two.

In any case, almost without communication, the moment they locked eyes, they understood each other's identity, bearing a peculiar sense of camaraderie.

"Special Operations Group, Bologue Lazarus."

Bologue announced his name, casually picked up the handgun dropped beside him, and pushed it toward Palmer.

Palmer had only a vague impression of the Special Operations Group, but he was very familiar with the folding knife Bologue used, as it was standard equipment of the Order Bureau.