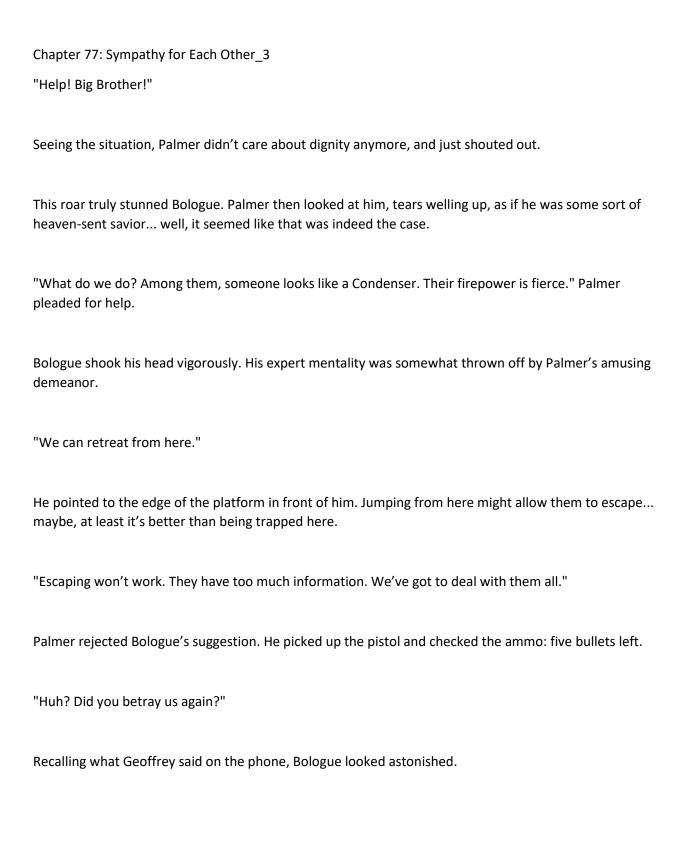
## **Endless 77**



"I don't want to either! But if I don't speak up, they'll really put holes in me! I barely earn a penny a month. It's not worth risking my life for the Order Bureau!"
"But don't worry!" Palmer had tried this trick many times before; he's quite adept at it, "All of it is just fake information."
The tough voice gradually weakened.
"But there's a bit of truth mixed in."
"But as long as we get rid of them all, it will be fine, right? If we eliminate them, the information will be safeguarded again, won't it?"
Palmer yelled, as if trying to cover up his awful betrayal act, he kept shouting.
"Though we just met, you should be dispatched to save me, right?"
Bologue remained silent, looking at Palmer with eyes full of sorrow.
He felt sad not only for Palmer, but also for the Order Bureau for hiring such an employee, and for himself for having to partner with him in the future.
Maybe just leave him? As long as they retrieve his corpse, it should be fine.
"Hey! Speak up!"
Palmer screamed, as if he guessed what Bologue was thinking, "You're definitely thinking about leaving straight away, right? Right!"
Ah this guy is really noisy.



Bologue raised his Shock Hammer, smashing out a trail of swirling dust that concealed his figure, then dashed out like a leopard, maneuvering between the pillars.

Unlike the cunning trajectory of Bologue, Palmer paused for a few seconds, then boldly walked out from behind the pillar with no intention of dodging the gunfire.

Walking forward in big steps, raising the gun amidst the hail of bullets, Palmer's face lit up with the ecstasy of a gambler placing a bet.