

Endless 77

Chapter 77: Sympathy for Each Other_3

"Help! Big Brother!"

Seeing the situation, Palmer didn't care about dignity anymore, and just shouted out.

This roar truly stunned Bologue. Palmer then looked at him, tears welling up, as if he was some sort of heaven-sent savior... well, it seemed like that was indeed the case.

"What do we do? Among them, someone looks like a Condenser. Their firepower is fierce." Palmer pleaded for help.

Bologue shook his head vigorously. His expert mentality was somewhat thrown off by Palmer's amusing demeanor.

"We can retreat from here."

He pointed to the edge of the platform in front of him. Jumping from here might allow them to escape... maybe, at least it's better than being trapped here.

"Escaping won't work. They have too much information. We've got to deal with them all."

Palmer rejected Bologue's suggestion. He picked up the pistol and checked the ammo: five bullets left.

"Huh? Did you betray us again?"

Recalling what Geoffrey said on the phone, Bologue looked astonished.

"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 frowned, hesitated for a moment, then responded.

"I usually work solo."

"Deal! It's up to you then!"

Palmer raised his hands, and quickly followed up with.

"Just kidding."

His gaze tried to spot the enemy behind the pillar, Palmer got serious.

"That guy named Eugene is a Condenser. I'm not clear what his Secret Energy is, but from what I currently sense, that kind of Secret Energy seems related to the 'Void Spirit School', capable of directly impacting the consciousness, although I'm not sure about its activation conditions, be careful!"

As a former Employee of the Year, Palmer still had some professional awareness. During his captivity, he kept observing Eugene, trying to find a flaw, but unfortunately Eugene was too vigilant.

Bologue nodded, somewhat comprehending. He's not well-versed in the Secret Energy System. According to the original plan, he should be in the Order Bureau preparing to implant the "Alchemy Matrix".

From the brief words, Bologue could roughly understand. The kind of Secret Energy from "Void Spirit School" targets consciousness, which is quite convenient as Bologue is confident in his mental fortitude.

After all, without a bit of willpower, a regular person wouldn't survive in the Black Prison.

"Let's go then!"

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.