

## Endless 79

Chapter 79: The Unlucky Fellow

"So... this is Palmer Clarks' 'Blessing'?"

Geoffrey took the file handed over by Lebius, glanced at Ivan, then looked at the file.

A brief narrative appeared before his eyes, explaining Palmer's "Blessing" to Geoffrey.

"This 'Blessing' is very peculiar, highly interesting, and we've named it 'Gambler,'" Ivan said.

"Gambler, huh? Quite an appropriate name indeed."

Geoffrey looked at the file with a helpless smile on his face.

The luck of a compromised, reckless gambler.

Palmer would win the jackpot at the table, yet he was destined to lose everything.

"In times of fortune, misfortune would come, and in times of misfortune, fortune would appear."

Ivan murmured.

"Like a gambler toyed with by the gods, he has a miserable life, but whenever he is in despair, the gods would give him a glimmer of hope, making him continue to struggle, repeatedly rising and falling, never able to escape."

"Sometimes this guy would luckily take down his enemy from hundreds of meters away with a single shot, and sometimes he'd be terribly unfortunate, like slipping into the midst of enemies," Ivan

recounted Palmer's "great achievements," "The worst was when he almost set the entire archive on fire, and his excuse was static ignition."

Listening to Ivan's words, the expressions of the others slightly changed, wanting to laugh but feeling it was inappropriate, resulting in complex expressions.

For some reason, they actually felt a bit sorry for Palmer. One could say he was wrapped in fortune, or accompanied by misfortune.

"This is the Devil's 'Blessing' on him, and also the 'Punishment' for attempting to mock the Devil."

Lebius said softly. This "Blessing" seemed powerful, but everyone could feel the cruelty beneath it.

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Stepping out from the cover, this time Bologue didn't maneuver like before, unsure how Palmer would assist him, but at that moment, a wild idea emerged in his mind, which Bologue liked. He felt he had no reason to refuse it.

So, he powerfully swung the Shock Hammer, striking fiercely at the support pillar on the other side.

In an instant, the entire building shook violently, dust and sand showered down, the surface of the support pillar cracked, exposing the steel reinforcements beneath.

This mighty strike shocked everyone into instinctively aiming their guns at Bologue and pulling the trigger.

In a flash, countless bullets poured towards Bologue. He didn't dodge but instead swung the Shock Hammer again, this time targeting the ground beneath.

During the first attack, Bologue had already struck the ground hard, causing it to show some cracks.

This time, with Bologue's full-force strike, the ground beneath abruptly shattered, and the successive collapse engulfed Bologue, sparing him from the incoming hail of bullets, leaving only billowing yellow sand obscuring the view.

At the same time, a sudden breeze arose.

Eugene felt it. Everyone clearly felt it—the surge of the intangible force, known as Ether.

At the moment Bologue attracted the enemy fire, the Ether began to swirl and accumulate until it erupted at this instant.

Palmer took a deep breath. Leaning against the support pillar behind him, he clutched the Flying Knife given by Bologue between his fingers. With the Ether surging, the Secret Energy also exploded, and he flung all the knives with all his might.

The blades spun out in a circle, a flash of silver light streaking through, but they did not fall. The raging wind followed the flying knives, sweeping them into the howling gusts.

"Fire over there!"

At the instant the Secret Energy was unleashed, Eugene shouted. He felt the Ether's oscillation, not emanating from Bologue, but from where Palmer was located.

He had been fooled, and now it was too late to stem Palmer's release of Secret Energy.

Winds came from all directions, stirring up the scattered sand, sweeping over everyone present. The wind mixed with grit, stinging the face with a subtle pain.

This wasn't the most lethal. The most lethal was that under this man-made sandstorm, they couldn't keep their eyes open, and the gunfire became chaotic.

The gunman kept pulling the trigger, but soon he found the firearm stopped working.

Was the ammo used up?

He suspiciously looked at his hands, and a sharp folding knife flashed before his eyes, as the Evil Spirit, cloaked by the sand, claimed his life.

The sandstorm only lasted a few seconds. The dust here was far from enough to stage such a massive attack, but as the visibility cleared, Eugene noticed several gunmen had fallen into pools of blood.

They died silently. Was it Bologue? That monstrous fellow.

"It's not too late to switch sides now."

The mocking voice rang out. Palmer had somehow stepped out from the cover, raising his rifle. The moment Eugene looked at him, he opened fire.

Pulling the trigger.

The bullet grazed Eugene's cheek. Just a slight deviation, and Palmer could have blown Eugene's head off. Perhaps it was his "Blessing" at play, causing Palmer to miss this chance, followed by an intense pain in his mind.

Secret Energy: Shock Burst Vision.

Eugene's gaze burned, and along with it, Palmer's consciousness burned too.

As Palmer aimed at Eugene, Eugene aimed at him. The subsequent sharp pain pummeled Palmer's nerves, causing him to immediately lose control of the rifle.

Like being struck continuously by an invisible iron fist, Palmer fell, coughing painfully, with blood dripping from his nose.