

A Bunch 60

Divine Joy Mercenary Group

South Africa had a land area of 1.22 million square kilometers. Most of the land was unsuitable for agriculture but extremely suitable for wildlife habitats. In addition to the protective policies the locals had toward wild animals, this land was filled with a primitive aura. It wouldn't be strange if one encountered a wild animal while they were outside.

Sometimes, as one walked, a lion might just pop out and pick you off. Therefore, people who were familiar with this place usually wouldn't leave their vehicles in undesignated areas.

However, right now, there was a group of people who didn't adhere to this rule and just walked around freely on the roads.

The strange thing was, although they were walking openly, all the corpse-eating cheetahs and hyenas seemed as if they hadn't noticed them. The group continued to move through the carnivores as if they were ghosts.

If one were to listen carefully, they'd realize that these people didn't make any sounds with their footsteps. It was as if they were really ghosts that came out during the day.

"Team leader, something is really not right!" a lady said softly to a one-eyed middle-aged man.

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Her voice was very exquisite, and her tone fluctuated a lot. However, they were all connected together. Other than the pauses after particles, her sentences were all connected. It was clearly an accent from the federation's Redsun District.

The person who was referred to as the team leader nodded after hearing that. The road that they had just taken was filled with metallic remnants, as well as traces of gunpowder and bullets. There had clearly been a great battle here, and these hyenas had also been drawn over here by the corpses.

However, the traces of the battle were very different from the clashing between ordinary military troops.

There were a total of five armored vehicles, three tanks, as well as two helicopters that had been equipped with Gatling guns that had been destroyed.

The tanks were the primary battle tanks that had been modified from the standard T-72. They originated from the Soviet Union Zone, with simple appearances but reliable and durable. They had always been popular in the federation's third world countries for their extremely high price-performance ratio and hadn't turned obsolete. Even when the fourth industrial revolution took place, they were only modified in terms of materials and firepower installations. They continued to be very popular amongst the smaller countries.

Coming from one of the industrially strong countries, although the Redsun ninjas despised this design from over 100 years ago, they had to admit that they were very practical. At the very least, they shouldn't have been destroyed to this degree!

“Team leader... look at this...” One of the team members agilely jumped onto a tank that had been flipped over. After taking a careful look, he said with a solemn countenance, “The connecting parts have been taken apart, and the gun barrel has been forcibly bent. This was definitely not caused by ordinary firearm battle.”

The team leader narrowed his eyes and looked at the marks left behind on the armored vehicle. It was clearly a fingerprint. However, this fingerprint definitely didn't belong to a human. Moreover, the power that was displayed on the armored vehicle with that finger... was too unbelievable!

“What on earth was it?” The team leader's brows furrowed tightly together.

“Team leader... Do you think that the rumor about Hulk could be real?” One of the team members asked weakly.

Hearing that, the one eye left on the team leader's weather-worn face rolled up uncontrollably. “You believe in that thing that the Northern Americans think up? If there were really an Avengers Alliance, then why do we need to come up with a world federation? Wouldn't it be better to call it the United States of America Empire?”

“But, team leader, this...” The subordinate looked at the handprint left behind on the armored vehicle, still feeling a little uneasy.

“It should be some kind of new breed that the cross-breeding team came up with...” The team leader sighed and guessed.

Everyone's countenance instantly turned grim.

The Preternaturals were ranked second amongst the five great mercenaries groups, right after the Knights of the Round Table, who were ranked in first place!

The genetic fortification that this group did made use of translating genes from animals and insects to create extraordinary warriors. They were ridiculed as the cross-breeding team by others in the same trade, but no one dared to look down on them. Everyone knew that this group was backed by the strongest country and technological team in the federation.

“But what did these b*stards come up with again? No matter what, it's still shocking to be tearing a tank apart bare-handedly.”

“Team leader, what should we do?”

“What do you mean what should we do?” The team leader glared at the person who asked this. “No matter how strong they are, things are still the same. If the root of the problem can be resolved, they'll still be restrained by us!”

Hearing that, everyone nodded, feeling a little more at ease.

After the warriors of the Preternatural Mercenary Group were put through biological modification, their individual battle prowess could be said to be the strongest amongst the five mercenary groups. However, as the genes of the wild beasts and insects were too violent and extremely unstable, their members would often lose control, especially during a massacre.

Therefore, in order to control these members, the mercenary group would assign a controller to each extraordinary warrior. They mainly relied on the chip transplanted into the warrior's brain to control them. Once the member showed signs of going berserk, the controller would forcibly calm them down through the electric currents from the chip.

However, if the members continued to put up resistance, the controller could even choose to detonate their brain. Such a style had some resemblance to the Suicide Squad in DC Comics.

However, this posed as a great weakness against the ninjas who excelled in assaults. It was because the ninjas could easily avoid the extraordinary warriors and kill the controller, seizing the device and detonating the chip in the extraordinary warriors' heads.

This was the reason why the opponent that the Preternatural Mercenary Group didn't wish to meet the most was the Divine Joy Mercenary Group.

At the thought of this, most of the members slowly calmed down, thinking that what their leader had said made sense.

Over so many years, the Preternatural Mercenary Group had been going through constant modifications, and although their warriors' abilities were getting increasingly stronger, the root of the problem still remained. As long as they hadn't resolved the issue of their genes going berserk, as long as they continued with their old mode of doing things, then the ninjas would continue to be a natural foe for them.

"But something is a little strange..." The team leader stroked his chin and said, "According to the reports, this virus outbreak is likely done by them. Since they were the ones to create this, then they should be wanting to destroy the antibodies. But..."

"What have you thought of, team leader?" a female ninja asked.

The team leader stroked his sexy beard and said slowly, "Antibodies generally grow in ordinary people who have been infected by the virus. Under such a situation, would it be better to get a chameleon that can conceal themselves, or a sniper like Hawkeye who can attack from a distance? Why did they have to send such an exaggerated guy? Could it be to test out the results of their experiment?"

"You mean...?" The female ninja felt that there was a hidden meaning behind their team leader's words.

The team leader fell silent for a moment before eventually saying, "Do you guys think...there would be other powers involved other than the five mercenary groups?"

"What other powers could there be?" Everyone felt perplexed.

The team leader paused for a moment before taking out a cigarette and lighting it up. "Have you guys heard of China's Dragon Organization before?"

"We did. Wasn't it taken off the Internet? I heard that it's not even possible to find pirated copies of it anymore..." At the mention of this, the person who spoke instantly choked when he saw their team leader's solemn expression. "Team leader, you can't actually believe in that, right?"

“It’s hard to say...” The team leader sighed. “Didn’t our group’s previous team leader go missing in China? There hadn’t been any news of him for twenty years. The wild grass on his tomb is probably already two zhangs tall.”

“You might say that there are supernatural powers there, but they haven’t appeared in the world over so many years. Moreover, I heard that even their television dramas aren’t allowed to talk about gods anymore. But if we say that there aren’t any such powers, then why not a single supernatural existence sent to China comes out alive over so many years. Sigh... What is the actual situation there? I’m very curious. This won’t do. When I’m old, I must make a trip there!”

Everyone: “...”

(What’s wrong with him? Isn’t it good to be alive?)

However, that power... Everyone looked at the handprint on the armored vehicle and thought, “Other than the mutant technology, there shouldn’t be any other ways of achieving this, right?”