

Rebirth Of The God Of War Chapter 4 by Chilton Buntun

Thai boxing was indeed extraordinary. But it was a kind of fighting skill that used one's own limbs to hit the target, so it was more of a double-edged sword. Calvin's current body had not been trained accordingly, and the strength of his bones and muscles were as weak as that of ordinary students. Therefore, after this fight, he also felt pain all over his body.

However, thugs like Keith and his companions were typical bullies. They tyrannized the weak and feared the strong. So if Calvin showed any signs of weakness, they would definitely fight until the end.

Calvin maintained an impassive look on his face and endured the pain until he was out of their sight.

Although he was already weak, he had to show his enemies that he was strong. If he didn't bluff, they would see his weakness and use it against him. This was the principle of winning a fight.

After walking down from the rooftop, Calvin went back to the dormitory building, which was a common apartment-style building.

When he entered his room and looked around, the familiar interior, desk, bed, and quilt made him feel a sense of indescribable sadness. The twenty years vicissitudes of life in the apocalypse he had experienced didn't stop him from feeling this way.

"I just miss the old days."

Calvin shook his head, walked to the closet, took out a black backpack, and put a few clothes in it. Then, he opened the drawer and took out his wallet, ID card, and other stuff. After that, he began rummaging through the room.

"Here you are."

He soon found a credit card covered with dust in a corner.

Last year, a saleswoman came to their dormitory to promote this credit card. For the sake of the freebies, Calvin and many students applied for it, but they never used it.

This card had a credit limit of eight thousand dollars. It wasn't that high, but it was alrea

dy pretty generous, considering that he was only a student. At that time, the saleswoman seemed to have some special connections. The credit cards given by her had a much higher credit limit than the others.

Calvin used his shirt to wipe the dust off the card and put it in his wallet. He looked around the room for a while and left without looking back.

There was nothing worth to keep him here. Even those once familiar teachers and roommates all seemed just a distant memory.

Calvin hadn't seen them for twenty years, and the friendship had long been wiped out by the cruelty and despair of the apocalypse. Some memories had been buried in the depths of his mind, and the others got lost in the mists of time.

Calvin didn't have much time left. The first sign of the apocalypse would appear in two days, so he must get enough money, weapons, and medicine within that time. More precisely, he must get them before dark tomorrow.

He needed weapons to defend himself. He also had to get the medicine, including stypitic and epinephrine, in case he got hurt.

He needed to make enough money as soon as possible.

Bamboo Avenue was a famous commercial and shopping center in Nova City.

As soon as Calvin left the school, he took a taxi to Bamboo Avenue. Of course, he didn't come here to shop. His destination was an auction house, Palmer Auction House, which was located in a relatively remote corner.

It was only ten o'clock in the morning, but there were already many people shopping on Bamboo Avenue. However, the number of shoppers didn't affect the auction house's business that much. Only a few customers came here, and the trading was always light.

At the front desk of the auction house, a pretty woman with light makeup slightly yawned. But when she saw Calvin, she immediately straightened up and put on a professional smile.