

# DC: The Making of a God #Chapter 36: Then We'll Swallow It - Read DC: The Making of a God Chapter 36: Then We'll Swallow It

## Chapter 36: Then We'll Swallow It

In all his decades of life, **Robert Downs** had never felt such shame.

He felt like a clown on a stage—pitiful, ridiculous, hateful, and loathsome. No one wanted to live like this, but he had no choice.

In Gotham City, few people dared to deceive **Falcone**, and even fewer survived. Robert was one of the survivors.

His survival was based not on luck or connections, but on **talent**.

It sounded ridiculous, but it was the truth. Falcone valued Robert Downs's financial genius and made an exception to spare his life.

Nomads have a traditional culture called "taming the eagle." Falcone was a master of this, believing that taming an eagle was the same as taming a person: to subdue a soaring raptor, you must torture its body and wear down its spirit. Only when the mind and body are on the verge of collapse will the eagle choose to submit. The same is true for people.

Robert had known Falcone's purpose for a long time. He was filled with resentment and furious humiliation but was utterly powerless. In Falcone's world, there was no chance for Robert Downs to rise.

After repeated failed attempts at resistance, Robert chose to give up, living in the gutter and trying to minimize his existence, hoping that time would erase Falcone's memory.

Six months passed like this. Then **Luke Shaw** sought him out and asked him to join ShowMe. A few days later, people from the Elliot family found him, offering better treatment. That same evening, Falcone's men appeared, and a vicious beating shattered all his beautiful dreams.

The feeling of a broken dream is terrible. Robert had experienced it twice and didn't want a third time.

"Mr. Sidney, the figures in this contract deviate significantly from what was previously discussed. Did you perhaps grab the wrong document?"

Sidney ignored Robert, smiling at Luke, and asked,

"Mr. Shaw, what do you think of the contract?"

Luke's eyes swept over the employees who were now subtly revealing their handguns. After a long pause, he said with a rasp,

**"\$30 million for 60% of the shares.** As expected from someone from Gotham, that's ruthless!"

Sidney laughed heartily.

"Please don't misunderstand. Gotham City is a city of honest folk. The people there are warm and hospitable; they never bully others, nor do they like to be bullied. The guns are mainly for self-defense. As you know, the security in Metropolis is poor, and people are always flying overhead. Without a gun, one just doesn't feel secure."

Luke sneered. "You are truly humorous, sir!"

The moment the words left his mouth, the door burst open. **Alexander Rhodes** and seven or eight burly men poured in. Some were carrying submachine guns, others had rifles, and one even lugged a rocket launcher.

These men stood behind Sidney, staring aggressively at the opposition.

The atmosphere instantly solidified!

Sidney barked a few orders for his men to look less menacing, then introduced them.

"This is Alexander Rhodes. Next to him are **Tommy Church, Justin Cook, and Harrison Khord**. Mr. Shaw, those names should be familiar to you!"

Charlie's face turned ashen. Just as he started to stand up, he took a kick to his right foot and gasped in pain.

Luke looked deeply at Sidney.

"A commendable tactic, sir!"

Sidney waved his hand dismissively.

"Do you have any further questions about the contract?"

All four remained silent. The tension was palpable.

"Since there are no questions, please sign it. Once signed, you're family. If you run into trouble in the future, call me, and I'll help you fix it."

At this point, saying anything else was meaningless. After the signing and sealing procedure was complete, Luke stood up to leave. Charlie and Will quickly followed.

Robert hesitated for a few seconds, then followed them out.

Sidney held up the contract for his men to see, as if showing off a masterpiece.

"See? A little punk is still a little punk. A bit of trickery and we take it down easily. Rhodes, you're with ShowMe now. Keep a close eye on that boy. You know what to do."

"Don't worry, Mr. Sidney."

Alexander laughed menacingly. "I have the most experience dealing with pretty boys like him. If he dares to run, I'll make sure he regrets ever being a man."

Everyone was amused, and the room was filled with strange laughter.

## **The Grand Plan**

After leaving the hotel, the anger vanished from Luke's face. He instructed the pale-faced Charlie and Will to return to the company and took a taxi to a park two blocks away.

A short while later, **Emily** walked over, holding an energy drink.

"Want some?"

"I prefer juice, coffee, and wine."

"Suit yourself. I'll drink it."

Emily sat on the bench and pulled out a USB drive from her pocket.

"Here's what you asked for."

"How's the quality?"

"You can see faces and hear voices."

"That's good."

Luke put the USB drive away and instinctively reached out to put his arm around her shoulder. The moment his fingers touched the girl's shoulder, he inexplicably shivered.

"It's just putting my arm around you. What's the big deal?"

Emily sneered. "I'm not Evan Donald. If you want to take liberties with me, be prepared for the consequences."

"Is that so?"

Luke blinked, ignoring the icy stare he received. He nonchalantly kept his right arm on her shoulder, even giving it a little squeeze.

"You..."

The girl was furious. She struggled a few times but couldn't break free, so she let him keep his arm there.

"What were you thinking, negotiating with Sidney knowing he's Falcone's man, only to end up like this? Those guys are definitely laughing at you behind your back."

"They won't be laughing for long."

Emily's voice became serious. "Are you really going after Falcone?"

"It's not that I'm going after him; it's that he walked right into my crosshairs."

"What do you mean?"

Luke didn't answer. Instead, he asked, "Do you know why wolves are afraid of tigers?"

"Tigers are stronger."

"Wrong. Wolves are afraid of tigers because tigers eat wolves. Corporations in the world are made of people, but their essence is that of wolves and tigers. Some companies are wolves; some are tigers. Tigers eat wolves—it's the law of nature, survival of the fittest. The only way not to be eaten is to evolve into a tiger. And the prerequisite for becoming a tiger is to **swallow a pack of wolves, or kill a tiger.**"

"Falcone is the tiger I intend to swallow."

Emily worriedly said, "Have you thought this through? Falcone is the crime boss of Gotham City. He has connections in business, politics, and even the military. Don't get yourself caught up in this."

Luke smiled. "Don't worry. My part is done. All I have to do now is pour a glass of red wine, lie on the sofa, and quietly watch the show."

"That sounds easy, but this is Falcone, not some ordinary criminal. The FBI has tried for decades and couldn't find anything on him."

"The FBI failed mainly because they used legal procedures. Using the **law** to fight Falcone is naturally useless. Things outside the law are different."

Emily looked thoughtful. "Are you talking about Batman?"

"Batman won't work. He has too many principles; he can't do this kind of thing."

"If it's not Batman, who is it? It can't be Superman!"

Luke shook his head and laughed. "Silly! The best choice to kill a tiger is, of course, **people**. When thousands of people rush into the mountain with torches, no matter how savage or cruel the tiger is, it can only hide in its cave and tremble like a cat."

"Humans are the most formidable species!"

Explore up to **20 chapters** in advance!

### Chapter 37: Intelligence

"Is **Adousan** awake?"

"Yes! He woke up yesterday morning."

"Have you interrogated him?"

**Emily** nodded slightly, her expression becoming more serious. "The medicine you gave me was very effective. He told me everything, both what he should and shouldn't have said."

"It sounds like you got a lot of useful intelligence!"

"Do you want to know?"

Luke shook his head. "Adousan is your prisoner; you don't need to tell me. I'm curious, though, what do you plan to do next?"

At the mention of it, Emily immediately looked distressed.

"I'm racking my brain! Adousan revealed a lot of internal details, including the locations of illegal currency exchanges, drug processing plants, transaction points, contacts, and distribution channels. The information is overwhelming; I don't know where to start."

"Idiot!"

Luke flicked her on the head, scolding with a smile, "It's a huge case; how can you investigate it alone? Didn't you think about asking some colleagues for help, like those in the **Metahuman Task Force**?"

Emily was startled, looking thoughtful.

Luke continued, "In this world, no matter what you want to achieve, you need help to succeed."

"**Falcone** is an unchallenged Great White Shark. A shark that massive and swift isn't something you can swallow alone. You need to learn to cooperate and share. If one person isn't enough, find a few more to collectively take down the Great White Shark. Afterward, keep the choicest parts for yourself and divide the rest of the meat among your partners. Only then will they wholeheartedly help you and push you toward a higher position."

"Wouldn't that be improper?" Emily hesitated. "After all, they all have their assignments, and Falcone isn't easy to deal with. What if..."

Before she could finish, Luke burst into laughter. He laughed and sighed, shaking his head.

"You really are a little fool!"

"While the **FBI** is a law enforcement agency, that doesn't mean there's fair competition internally. Ask your superhuman friends if they've ever been given a fair chance to compete."

Emily frowned slightly, looking down in silence.

Luke continued, "In my opinion, FBI agents are essentially **fishermen**, protecting the order of the ocean and eliminating disorderly fish. Fishing is both a job and a life. Small fish and shrimp are insignificant and won't get you noticed. Only big fish and sea monsters can showcase your worth. A Great White Shark like Falcone, a catch decades in the making, is exactly what a fisherman dreams of. Only a Great White Shark can allow them to break their current cage and ascend to a higher rank."

"Call your friends in the Metahuman Task Force, explain the situation, and let them choose for themselves. Trust me, no one will refuse this kind of temptation."

Emily carefully considered Luke's words and found them highly logical. The Metahuman Task Force was the FBI's most potent department, yet they were underutilized due to their metahuman status, often relegated to support roles with no glory, only hard work...

After much thought, Emily pulled out her phone.

Luke looked surprised. "What are you doing?"

"You told me to call my friends."

Luke slapped his forehead, completely exasperated.

"The Great White Shark hasn't even shown up, and the fisherman is already getting anxious! That's not the quality of a good hunter."

"Wait for my notice before you call. Before then, your primary concern is **personnel selection**. The people you choose don't need to be too powerful, but they **must be able to keep a secret**. Understand?"

"Keep a secret?"

Emily looked confused. "They shouldn't betray us, right?"

"Are you sure?"

Emily was silent for a moment, then muttered softly, "I'm not a mind reader; how should I know if they'll leak a secret?"

Luke looked up at the sky, truly questioning whether his decision to help Emily climb the ranks was right or wrong.

*With her level of intelligence, can she really become a director?*

"Tell you what, why don't you tell me about your friends' personalities, family situations, personal finances, and recent needs? I'll help you analyze them."

"Isn't that inappropriate?"

The FBI has regulations against disclosing agents' personal data.

Luke looked at her calmly. "If you think it's inappropriate, figure it out yourself. However, before you make any calls, you must give me the list of people."

"Fine!"

Emily didn't refuse and accepted Luke's suggestion.

### **Confrontation in the Office**

After the conversation, the two walked through the park like a couple. The sight of the **handsome man and beautiful woman** instantly made them the center of attention wherever they went, especially Emily. In her dress and short top, revealing her slender

waist, she looked stylish and sexy. Combined with her purple hair and purple eyes, she was a walking source of visual appeal.

Two photographers tried to take their picture, but Luke refused them without hesitation.

*Beautiful things are enough for oneself to appreciate; why invite others to fantasize about them?*

At 4:00 PM, Luke said goodbye to Emily and returned to the company.

The moment he walked in, he noticed the strange atmosphere. Employees were rushing around, and some even looked terrified.

Luke frowned and asked gravely,

"What's going on?"

**Charlie**

said through gritted teeth, "**Alexander Rhodes**, that scumbag. He entered ShowMe as a shareholder representative, and when some people objected, he beat them."

"Who was hit?"

"Mike and Zack."

Luke nodded and continued to ask, "**Where is Alexander Rhodes now?**"

"Your office."

Luke said nothing more. He loosened his tie and strode toward his office. Employees who were secretly observing the situation simultaneously held their breath.

*That bastard is tall and huge; his arms are thicker than a normal person's thigh. He looks like a gorilla standing there. If the boss provokes him, what if...*

Some wanted to advise Luke not to look for trouble, but the words caught in their throats.

The finance department had confirmed that the company had signed the investment contract with Central Bank: \$30 million for 60% of the shares. As employees, while they were surprised by the "cheap" contract, it was the boss's business and didn't concern them, as long as the investor didn't cause chaos.

Unfortunately, Alexander Rhodes's arrival shattered that illusion. He hung over ShowMe like a dark cloud.



Luke pushed open the office door and immediately saw Alexander sitting in the swivel chair, smoking.

Luke closed the door behind him, blocking Charlie out.

He took off his suit jacket, threw it onto the sofa, and stared ahead, his expression as cold as ice.

"They told me you beat my people in my company."

"So what?"

Alexander rested his feet on the desk, looked Luke up and down, and sneered, "What, you want revenge?"

Luke unbuttoned his cuffs and said indifferently, "Why did you hit them?"

"I hit them because I wanted to! What are you going to do about it?"

Luke suggested very seriously, "You should tell me the reason. That way, it'll hurt a lot less."

Alexander burst into a crazed laugh.

"You pretty boy want to fight me? Fine. I have time today. I'll teach you a good lesson and show you how to be a dog."

Explore up to **20 chapters** in advance!

### **Chapter 38: The Psychopath**

The DC Universe is different from the former Earth. There are too many monsters and spirits here. To succeed, normal means are insufficient. **Power** is essential; power is the foundation.

Before he was fourteen, Luke hadn't awakened his superpowers and was merely an intellectually gifted teenager. To avoid being killed by some unknown small-time thug in the future, he spent a large amount of time every day practicing martial arts.

He mastered popular global fighting techniques—**Baji Quan, Jiu-Jitsu, Karate, Muay Thai, and Inch Punch**. He even spent half a year learning an ancient martial art from an old beggar who had stowed away from China. Although it proved useless, the old beggar often praised him, saying that if he persisted, he could master the method of internal breathing in less than five years.

It was then that **Luke awakened**.

A deep green flame, like the fire of the undead from the abyss, carried a bone-chilling coldness.

With superpowers, there was no need to practice martial arts anymore, but the techniques honed over ten years were ingrained deep in his memory, forming an **instinct**.

Continuous *BAM! BANG! CRASH!* sounds came from the office, interspersed with occasional cries of pain and the shattering of glass.

Everyone outside was terribly nervous and worried sick. *The boss is only seventeen and looks so thin; how could he possibly be a match for Alexander?* Someone whispered,

"Should we call the police?"

Just as they spoke, **Pang!**

A huge impact sound came from inside, like a sledgehammer hitting a wall.

Everyone's face changed drastically. **Cindy**

couldn't hold back anymore. She gritted her teeth, ready to rush in, secretly vowing that even if it cost her life, she would take a bite out of that bastard. They couldn't be bullied like this.

Just as she reached the door, **Charlie** blocked her.

"You'd better not go in."

Cindy angrily said, "Don't stop me! I'll fight him!"

Charlie stood firm in the doorway, looking helpless.

"Instead of worrying about the boss, you should pray that bastard doesn't get killed."

Cindy frowned, completely puzzled.

"What do you mean?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

Charlie didn't elaborate. After a while, the noise inside the office stopped. The door opened, and Luke, wearing a white shirt, appeared in the doorway.

He wasn't red in the face or out of breath, looking completely unfazed.

*What happened?*

Everyone was stunned, sizing up Luke with strange expressions. When a few sharp-eyed people noticed **bloodstains on his knuckles**, their expressions grew even more bizarre.

Cindy hesitantly asked, "Boss, are... are you okay?"

Luke nodded and said to Charlie,

"Call the hospital. A **psychopath** came into my office, liked to hit his head against the wall, and smashed my desk. Tell them to hurry up and send someone to take the patient away."

Charlie had anticipated this outcome. He immediately took out his phone and called a nearby hospital.

Everyone exchanged confused glances, their heads full of questions. *Was that bastard, Alexander Rhodes, all bark and no bite? Or was the boss a deep-cover expert?*

**Zack** sneaked a peek into the office on his way to the restroom. He gasped when he saw the towering man lying on the floor, his head bloody. He rushed up to Luke and whispered,

"Boss, do you know kung fu?"

"What kung fu?"

Zack gestured with his hands. "The kind from Oriental movies, where you can fly over roofs, skim across the water, and punch a person dozens of meters away!"

Luke's mouth twitched. He said seriously and earnestly,

"I'm sorry, I don't know that kind of kung fu. And I didn't hit anyone. This guy has severe masochistic tendencies. He was hitting his head against the wall and threatening to sue me for mental distress if I didn't pay him compensation. You are all witnesses. If I receive a court summons in the future, you must testify for me. Understand?"

Everyone nodded vigorously, thinking, *A boss is a boss; he can tell a lie without batting an eye.*

Following Zack's lead, others gathered around. After seeing the scene in the office, their eyes were filled with awe. Previously, they had only thought of the boss as a rich, talented second-generation heir. This scene gave them a new perspective.

Zack was persistent. "Boss, are you sure you haven't practiced Oriental sorcery?"

"That's enough. Stop talking nonsense! Get back to work! **Robert**, come to my office."

At Luke's command, the employees reluctantly dispersed. Soon, only **Robert Downs** remained.

He stood at the door, his face a mix of complex emotions. His eyes swept across the scene inside the room, a flicker of fear passing through them.

**Alexander**, notorious for his brutality, was lying next to the sofa. His scalp was split open, and blood covered his entire face, making him almost unrecognizable. There were seven or eight bright red bloodstains on the desk and the wall. Combined with the blood smears below, it was easy to picture how Luke had grabbed his head and slammed it against the wall repeatedly.

A sudden chill ran down Robert's spine.

Robert avoided the broken glass on the floor and walked into the office, saying quietly,

"Boss, did you need me for something?"

Luke poured a glass of cold water and quickly drank it.

"Go get some wet towels from the restroom and wipe up the blood."

"Understood. I'll go now."

Robert instinctively nodded, but then he froze. *I'm the company's Financial Manager; why am I doing a cleaner's job?* A flash of shame crossed his eyes, but he ultimately didn't have the courage to object.

He grabbed a mop and towels, cleaned the office, and then lowered his voice.

"Anything else?"

Luke asked without turning around, "Why did Alexander hit people?"

"It might have been because of Batman. Alexander told the tech department to delete Batman's statements, and when Zack and the others refused, he hit them."

Luke turned around and looked at him quietly. After a moment, he asked,

"Was that **his own request**, or **Sidney's request**?"

The calm words carried no emotion. For some reason, Robert suddenly felt a chill, as if stepping from summer into winter. His voice trembled slightly.

"I don't know for sure, but I think... it should be Sidney's request."

Luke hummed and continued, "Do you have Sidney's phone number?"

"Yes!"

"Then call him. Tell him I'll satisfy his request, but not right now."

"Understood. I'll call him now."

Robert nodded quickly. Seeing that the boss had no other instructions, he left with the mop and towels.

A short while later, the hospital staff arrived. After examining Alexander Rhodes's condition, they lifted him onto a stretcher.

The doctor asked who the patient's family was. No one responded. They then asked, who would cover the hospitalization fees? Robert was about to volunteer but quickly retracted the offer, considering the situation.

According to American medical procedures, if no one covers the treatment costs, the hospital will only perform simple care to ensure the patient doesn't die.

Given Alexander Rhodes's head trauma, without timely treatment, he could very likely suffer permanent brain damage. In other words, Luke hadn't been lying; he really was turning into a psychopath.

Explore up to **20 chapters** in advance!

## **DC: The Making of a God #Chapter 39: The Bloody Case Triggered by an Email - Read DC: The Making of a God Chapter 39: The Bloody Case Triggered by an Email**

### **Chapter 39: The Bloody Case Triggered by an Email**

To the esteemed **Mr. Batman**,

Thank you for choosing to be a ShowMe user. Your choice adds a new meaning to ShowMe beyond connecting the world.

For this, all ShowMe employees express our gratitude!

The company has recently experienced unexpected events. Due to changes in our management team, **we cannot guarantee that your account will be effectively protected**. To prevent any potential future incidents, we must regretfully **delete the "Batman" social account by 11:00 PM tomorrow night**.

We sincerely apologize for any inconvenience this may cause and thank you for your understanding and support.

ShowMe Technical Department

August 2003.

**Bruce Wayne** was enjoying dinner when he received the official notice. After reading it, he immediately lost his appetite.

"What's going on?"

**Alfred** said with concern, "We just received news that ShowMe signed an investment contract with **Gotham Central Bank**: \$30 million for 60% of the shares."

"What was our offer?"

"The initial offer was \$90 million for 51% of the shares."

Bruce Wayne's mouth twitched. He was so angry he could joke.

"So, they chose the party offering less money."

Alfred shook his head and clicked open the account email.

"Luke Shaw, the ShowMe boss, sent you a video. You should take a look."

The video resolution was low, apparently filmed with a pinhole camera.

In the conference room, ten people were separated by a table, seemingly negotiating a business deal. Suddenly, the door burst open, and several burly men carrying weapons rushed in, pointing their guns at the four ShowMe representatives sitting on the east side of the table. After a brief silence, the contract was signed, and the four people got up and left. The remaining men let out triumphant laughter.

The video was short, only three minutes, but what it recorded made Bruce Wayne clench his fists.

*Their target was me. ShowMe only published my statement and suffered this undeserved calamity. I can imagine how desperate those four must have been when it happened.*

## **Gotham Central Bank, Sidney!**

Bruce slammed his fist on the table, the rage in his eyes almost turning solid.

Alfred sighed softly. "Read the rest before you react!"

Below the video was a message:

The video above is my personal explanation for deleting your account. There were many things I couldn't control; please understand. In addition to the video, there is a **spreadsheet**. This is internal information I entrusted a friend to gather from Central Bank. I didn't know who to give this spreadsheet to, but after much thought, you might be the most suitable person.

The spreadsheet was densely packed with information.

Reading from left to right, the first thing that caught the eye was a list of names: **Martin Jessie, Killian B. Robb, Torque Marshall, Brut Dean, Fisk J. Clay...**

Below the names were Central Bank's transaction records: dates and amounts clearly marked. The amounts ranged from millions to tens of thousands, spanning a period of nearly fifteen years.

After reading the spreadsheet, the fury in Bruce Wayne's eyes vanished. He slumped in his chair, as if all his strength had been drained, staring blankly ahead, unable to speak for a long time.

Alfred bowed his head, sighing repeatedly.

Martin Jessie was the current **Mayor of Gotham City**. Killian B. Robb was the **Police Commissioner**. Torque Marshall was the **City Council President**. Brut Dean was the **State Court Chief Justice**. Fisk J. Clay was the **District Attorney**

.

These names represented the entire power center of Gotham City. In addition to them, there were hundreds of bribed police officers, prosecutors, lawyers, administrative staff, and even a hint of the **FBI**.

Alfred closed his eyes, recalling the names on the spreadsheet. His body couldn't help but tremble.

*Had Gotham City fallen to such a degree?*

He searched his conscience but couldn't find an answer. His gaze toward Bruce Wayne was filled with worry.

After a long silence, a voice finally broke the stillness.

"When I was little, Father often stroked my hair and told me that the Wayne Family were the founders and witnesses of Gotham. When I grew up, I had to protect this city and make it better."

"Alfred, do you remember those words?"

The old butler sighed. "Master Wayne, the spreadsheet may not be real. Don't jump to conclusions before the facts are investigated."

"Good!"

Bruce stood up and strode toward the door. "I'll go investigate right now."

Alfred rushed forward. "It's only seven o'clock! It's not dark yet!"

Bruce stopped, looking through the window at the sunset in the west. After a moment, he left without looking back.

"As soon as the sun goes down, it's time for the Bat to hunt."

### **Sidney's Contemplation**

Many people say Jews love money. Sidney did not disagree with this view. He loved money, deeply.

Money was the most wonderful thing in the world; it could buy everything but God.

The process of making money was also incredibly hard. You painstakingly put in effort, used all your eloquence, and exerted all your will to finally succeed. The happiness in that moment was beyond words.

Sidney loved this process and even gave it a name: **The Trial of God**.

He repeated the same trial every day, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing. As his successes grew and failures decreased, his wealth steadily increased, and his reputation began to rise.



It was then that disaster struck. His young son was kidnapped. The ransom demanded was \$30 million. Sidney hesitated, missed the payment deadline, and his son vanished, never to be seen again.

This disaster made Sidney realize that money also needed protection. So, when **Falcone** extended an olive branch, he accepted it without hesitation.

When power and money perfectly combined, a new philosophy was born.

He realized that the most profitable business in the world was not drugs, smuggling, or robbery—it was **building a nation**.

*You create the rules, make others follow them, and all the money generated under those rules is yours.*

Understanding this, Sidney set about establishing **Central Bank**, using Falcone's power to gradually modify Gotham City's financial rules.

He firmly believed that as the rules were perfected, century-old magnates like the Wayne Family, the Elliot Family, and the Kane Family would also become sacrifices under the system.

He eagerly looked forward to that day.

In his luxuriously decorated villa, Sidney returned to his study after dinner for his daily private time.

A lot had happened today, and he had to take out his notebook to write it down. First, there was his boss, Falcone. **Batman's** statement online had enraged him, ordering that Batman be silenced at all costs.

Then there was the bank matter. At ten o'clock this morning, the internal server was hacked. Fortunately, the technicians reacted quickly and fixed the vulnerability. This was important and needed a thorough investigation.

Besides those two things, there was the investment in **ShowMe**.

Thinking of this, Sidney suddenly felt the urge to laugh. That young man, **Luke Shaw**, was an utter fool. A simple trick was enough to leave him completely bewildered.

*\$300 million!*

Sidney shook his head dismissively. He crossed out Luke Shaw's name and circled **Robert Downs's** name.

Although Robert Downs was despicable, he at least had one-eighth Jewish blood and deserved one chance. As for Luke Shaw, once Alexander recovered, Sidney would have him taken care of. Anyone who dared to stand against Falcone could not be allowed to live.

After reviewing the day's gains and losses, the time was 9:30 PM.

Sidney yawned and was about to turn off the light and leave. Just then, a shadowy figure flashed past his vision. He instinctively looked behind him.

Explore up to **20 chapters** in advance!

### **Chapter 40: Sidney's Terror**

The space behind him was empty. There was no one there.

**Sidney** frowned, finding it odd, and looked back again.

A giant shadow appeared in the window, its black cape obscuring the body and absorbing even the moonlight. Two prominent points on its head made it look like a demon from the abyss.

**"Batman!"**

Sidney was startled and instinctively tried to flee.

The black shadow swooped in, followed by an agonizing, bone-deep pain. Sidney hunched over, about to scream for help, when a dark fist suddenly appeared before his eyes, rapidly expanding.

**BANG!**

A fierce impact struck him.

Sidney was sent flying backward, crashing heavily onto the floor. His nose was excruciatingly sore, and his head felt like it would explode.

Bruce grabbed his collar, leaped out the window, and deployed his grapple gun mid-air, hooking onto an upper-floor sculpture. The rope went taut, pulling both of them upward.

Once they reached the rooftop, Bruce slammed Sidney onto the concrete floor, clamped his left hand around his throat, and used his right fist to deliver a rapid series of strikes to his chest, stomach, and abdomen.

Punch after punch, like hitting a sandbag, each one sinking into the flesh.

Sidney gasped, trying to claw at the hand clamped on his throat, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't pry it open. That hand was as solid as steel talons. He let out a suppressed moan, his eyes filled with desperate pleading.

*Stop! I'm going to die! Please!*

Perhaps hearing his silent plea, Bruce stopped. He hauled Sidney up by the collar until the man could see his rage-filled eyes.

**"Dominic Sidney?"**

Sidney trembled, tears and snot streaming down his face.

"I'm not a criminal, I'm a businessman! I haven't broken the law! Please, spare me."

Bruce stared into his eyes, speaking distinctly, word for word.

**"Martin Jessie**, current Mayor of Gotham City. March 2nd, 2001, 10:30 AM: transfer of \$360,000. May 7th, 2002, 4:00 PM: transfer of \$1,030,000. April 9th, 2003, 1:00 PM: transfer of \$2,760,000."

Sidney's pupils contracted slightly, a look of horror flashing in his eyes. *How could he know this? Who leaked it?*

Bruce continued, **"Killian B. Robb**, Gotham City Police Commissioner. July 3rd, 1996: transfer of \$2,400,000. Christmas 1996: transfer of \$3,000,000. May 8th, 1998: transfer of \$960,000. Thanksgiving 2002: transfer of \$4,800,000. And **Torque Marshall, Brut Dean, Fisk J. Clay, Lindell John...**"

With every name mentioned, the despair in Sidney's eyes deepened. He frantically shook his head.

"I didn't do it! I don't know who they are! I don't know them at all! Believe me, believe me!"

"Still trying to deny it."

Anger surged in Bruce. He grabbed his collar and threw him over the edge of the building.

Sidney's body traced an arc, falling from the rooftop of the thirteen-story building.

Sidney's eyes widened. He was completely stunned. He had never dreamed that one day he would die from a fall. The night wind howled in his ears—the call of death.

Sidney was overcome with despair, wildly flailing his limbs, struggling like a drowning man.

"No! Please, save me!"

"Don't!"

**BANG!**

When he reached the ninth floor, a powerful tug came from his ankle. The intense force yanked his body upward, all the way back to the rooftop.

His body was suspended upside down by a rope, swinging in the night wind.

Sidney gasped for air. The feeling of escaping death is only known by those who have experienced it. He had gone through it once and never wanted to go through it again.

Bruce pulled him up close, asking him word by word.

"Where are the **Central Bank internal ledgers**? Tell me."

"I... I... I..."

Sidney stammered, unsure if it was from the cold or the terror. Seeing the other man about to let go again, he quickly blurted out.

"They are in the **safe in my study**

."

"What's the code?"

"9... 9... 9, **99347!**"

After uttering the last number, Sidney was completely exhausted, a look of near-death on his face.

Bruce snorted. He leaped into the air, his black cape stretched taut, gliding like a nightingale to the study window.

He found the safe and entered the code.

Inside, besides cash and jewelry, were several thick stacks of folders.

Bruce pulled out one document and quickly flipped through it. It recorded Central Bank's black market trade over the years, mainly three categories: **illegal currency exchange**,

**arms dealing, and drug trafficking.** All accounts, times, locations, and personnel were present.

After a quick glance, Bruce picked up the second one.

This document recorded Central Bank's commercial activities, with several pages detailing the various coercive measures used to force competitors into submission, along with the necessary expenses incurred while performing those tactics.

Bruce gritted his teeth, put the document away, and picked up the third one.

This was what he was looking for: **Central Bank's internal ledger**, the bribery list. Names, positions, bank accounts, dates of bribes, locations, and expenditure receipts—all there. At the bottom of every page was a summary and **Falcone's own signature**.

Martin Jessie, Killian B. Robb, Torque Marshall, Brut Dean, Fisk J. Clay...

All the major figures in Gotham City were on the list, along with some people who shouldn't have been.

Bruce gripped the document, his right hand actually trembling.

Just then, footsteps sounded outside the door.

"Master, the bathwater is ready."

Bruce snapped back to awareness. He grabbed all the documents and darted out the window like a nocturnal feline.

Outside the study, the maid, **Connie**, looked puzzled. Her employer was usually punctual about his rest time, leaving the study for the bedroom before ten. What was the matter tonight?

"Master, do you want to wash up?"

After a moment, there was still no reply.

Connie felt something was amiss. After thinking, she said quietly,

"I'm coming in."

She turned the doorknob and pushed the door open to enter the study. Sidney was standing by the window, motionless, seemingly lost in thought.

Connie smiled. "You're in your study!"

Sidney grunted.

"Notify the butler to prepare the car. I need to go out."

"Understood."

Connie nodded. Although surprised by her employer's behavior tonight, she didn't ask any questions. She put down the tea and left.

At 10:30 PM, a heavily disguised Sidney drove away from the villa, heading north along Central Avenue. There was no one else in the car, just a large box filled with items.

The Gotham night was cold, but he felt his heart was colder.

*Thirteen years!*

Thirteen years of effort, all gone.

**"Batman!"**

Sidney gnashed his teeth, wishing he could rip the flesh from the hero's bones.

The files in the safe concerned the fate of the Falcone family, and now they were in Batman's hands. If Falcone found out about this, he would definitely not spare him.

Having worked together for over a decade, Sidney knew Falcone too well.

There was only one path left: **escape**. He needed to get as far away as possible before the news broke, preferably finding a secluded place to hide and observe the aftermath.

If Falcone won, he would hide in Europe and never return. If Batman won, he would change his name and face and return to Gotham City. With the resources he had on hand, he could certainly make a comeback.

"Just you wait, you rotten Bat. I will repay the humiliation you inflicted on me many times over."

Sidney clenched his jaw. While turning a corner, he accidentally nearly crashed into a **black Lamborghini**.

"FUCK YOU! Can't you drive?! I'll kill you!"

Sidney raised his middle finger and cursed loudly. After shouting, he suddenly felt something was wrong.

*A Lamborghini!*

*Black!*

He gasped, his eyes reflecting limitless terror.

Explore up to **20 chapters** in advance!