

Kryptonian 621

Chapter 621 Beating up Penguin to get clues is a daily routine in Gotham City!

At the same time, Batman Bruce Wayne frowned, like a volcano about to erupt, and his inner anxiety and uneasiness were like the undercurrent of the river, constantly impacting his calmness and rationality.

The appearance of the Terminator was like a sudden storm, breaking the relatively calm situation in Gotham City.

As the guardian of Gotham City, Bruce has always shouldered a heavy responsibility.

He knew that the peace and harmony of this city were hard-won, and there were countless struggles and sacrifices behind it.

Therefore, he was highly vigilant against any factors that might threaten the stability of Gotham City.

However, the appearance of the Terminator made him feel unprecedented pressure.

This powerful enemy not only has power beyond ordinary people, but also has a cold and ruthless desire to kill.

Every time he appears, he will bring panic and chaos to Gotham City.

Bruce originally thought that he had developed some tactics and equipment against the transcendent, but reality gave him a cruel blow.

He found that his previous efforts seemed so pale and powerless in front of the Terminator. The opponent seemed to have evolved to a new level and became more difficult to deal with.

This feeling of powerlessness made Bruce feel very frustrated and helpless.

He sat deep in the Batcave, looking at the wall of surveillance screens, his heart was full of confusion and bewilderment.

He didn't know how to deal with this powerful enemy, let alone how to protect the city he loved.

The appearance of the Terminator has caused chaos in the entire Gotham City.

Although on the surface, the city has become better, with singing and dancing, everyone living and working in peace and happiness, as if it is only a few levels away from the ideal state of no picking up on the road and no locking the door at night.

But Bruce knew that this was only the calm on the surface, and there was a huge crisis hidden under the undercurrent.

He clearly remembered what the Joker once said to him: "Bat Head, we all appeared because of you. It is your existence that attracted us to Gotham City."

This sentence pierced his heart like a sharp knife.

The violent behavior of the Terminator not only cannot solve the problem, but will aggravate the chaos and division of society.

Because violence will only attract violence, and fear will only attract fear.

The appearance of the Terminator is not accidental, but a reflection of the deep-seated problems of Gotham City.

He is racing against time, racing against time in this situation where he doesn't know when the false peace will be broken.

"Batman has already provoked the Joker, the Scarecrow, the Riddler... So what will the Terminator provoke?"

Thinking of the crazy Joker, and a lot of mental patients and villains, Batman is already having a headache.

And the things that can be attracted by the Terminator...

In this confusion and confusion, Bruce began to step up his research on the abilities and characteristics of the Terminator.

He hopes to find the opponent's weaknesses, so as to develop more effective tactics and strategies. He consulted a lot of information, analyzed every action and attack method of the Terminator, and tried to find out the rules and flaws.

In this process, Bruce also began to re-examine the relationship between the Transcendent and the Terminator. He suspected that there might be some connection or commonality between the two.

If this mystery can be solved, perhaps the key to defeating the Terminator can be found.

However, this mystery does not seem to be easy to solve.

Bruce spent a lot of time and energy on research and analysis, but still could not come to a definite conclusion.

He can only hope for future investigations and explorations, hoping to find more clues and evidence.

In fact, Gotham City, a city full of mystery and chaos, has really seen different undercurrents recently.

The news spread like wildfire, and people outside heard that a human god appeared in Gotham City. He ruled the city with the body of a god, and used his powerful power to intimidate the darkness and evil of Gotham City. Such legends, like magnets, attract all kinds of people who seek excitement, curiosity or have plans.

Luther, the guardian of Gotham City, is patrolling the sky over the city tonight in his Decepticon vertical take-off and landing aircraft. The moonlight sprinkled on the metal shell of the aircraft, flashing a cold light. He supported his cheek with one hand, and his eyes swept through every corner of the city, looking for possible threats.

However, the patrol days are always so monotonous and boring, and Luther can't help feeling a little bored. He yawned, and the charming figure of Catwoman began to emerge in his mind. Tonight, Catwoman couldn't go out for physiological reasons, which made Luther feel a little lost. He sighed

and thought, if Catwoman was there, they could still play some naughty games in the Decepticons, such as petting and sucking cats, to kill time.

However, Luther soon realized that he couldn't always indulge in such games.

"I, Luther, am the pioneer of crime, the nemesis of justice, bah, the pioneer of justice, the nemesis of crime, the knight of light and the guardian of Gotham City, how can I be so decadent!"

"From today on, stop playing with cats!"

He is a guardian, his duty is to protect the city, not to play with cats in the aircraft.

He shook his head and drove these distracting thoughts out of his mind.

At this moment, Luther's eyes suddenly became sharp.

He felt an unusual breath, a dangerous breath. He quickly focused his attention on the front, and saw a Stinger missile whizzing towards him.

This Stinger missile was extremely fast and accurate, and soon hit the side of the aircraft.

"Bang!" With a loud bang, the Decepticon's shell was hit by the missile, and sparks instantly appeared.

The aircraft began to shake violently, and Luther felt a strong impact coming from all directions. He held the joystick tightly and tried to keep the aircraft stable.

However, the power of the Stinger missile was extraordinary. It not only damaged the outer shell of the aircraft, but also had a serious impact on the internal system of the aircraft.

The engine of the aircraft began to make a strange roar, and the speed gradually slowed down.

"Damn, someone can bring a stinger into Gotham City. Penguin, wait for me, I will beat him up and ask for clues later!"

Luther's mouth corners rose. It has been a long time since he met such a tough guy.

If measures are not taken as soon as possible, the aircraft is likely to crash.

He quickly checked the various systems of the aircraft, trying to find a solution.

However, the destructive power of the Stinger missile was too strong, and many systems of the aircraft had failed. All he could do was to try to control the descent speed of the aircraft and find a relatively safe place to make an emergency landing.

Chapter 622 Today the bell tolls for you!

Gotham City, the notorious crime capital in the second dimension, is like a charming poppy flower. The more you understand it, the more you can feel the deadly temperament of this city.

Whenever the city with the highest crime rate is mentioned, many people will think of Gotham City first. It is a playground for lunatics and psychopaths, a paradise for serial killers and criminal geniuses.

Sin and darkness have long been engraved in the bones of this city like DNA, and the superhero born in this bizarre and chaotic stage is Batman.

The Joker, the Penguin, Two-Face, the Riddler, Killer Croc, the Black Mask, Bane, Harley Quinn, Captain Boomerang, Deadshot, Deathstroke, Mad Hatter, Professor Pig, Firefly, Solomon Grundy, Harley Quinn, Poison Ivy, Mr. Freeze, Clayface, Man-Bat, Ninja Master, Silence.

The stories presented by these numerous villains and classic works have made Gotham, the crime capital, and Batman.

Unlike other superheroes, he does not walk on the bright side of the world to enforce justice, but merges with the darkness and punishes criminals in his own way.

As he said, "To overcome fear, you must become fear." In the first few years of his becoming Batman, the Gotham Police Department thought that his behavior crossed the line more than once, but in fact, no one knows better than Batman what the bottom line is.

At this moment, Batman is standing quietly on the roof, staring at the distant sky with a torch-like gaze.

In the night, a dazzling fire broke through the sky, accompanied by a huge explosion, the Terminator's Decepticon aircraft swayed in the air, and finally fell heavily, raising a cloud of dust.

Batman frowned, and a rare serious expression appeared on his face.

He whispered to himself: "Violence... is it always unavoidable?" There was a bit of helplessness and sadness in his voice.

At this moment, Batman turned over, his body jumped up like a light swallow, and followed closely, chasing in the direction of the Decepticon aircraft falling.

His figure quickly disappeared on the roof, leaving only a faint moonlight sprinkled on the place where he had just stood.

Soon, the smoke and dust gradually dissipated at the place where the Decepticon aircraft crashed, revealing a huge pit.

Luther strode out of his Decepticon.

"Your wings are gone, God of the World."

In the dim twilight, a figure suddenly appeared in front of him. The figure was like a beast lurking in the dark, suddenly leaping out, ready to give the prey a fatal blow.

The figure was wearing orange armor, which was covered with scratches and traces of battle, showing the extraordinary experience of its owner.

The mask covered most of his face, revealing only a fierce eye, like a hungry beast, staring at the prey, ready to pounce at any time.

He was sturdy and muscular, standing there like a hill. The two samurai swords behind him flashed cold light in the sun, and the blades seemed to contain endless power, which made people shudder.

Luther looked up.

He recognized this man - Slade Wilson, codenamed Deathstroke, a legendary figure with a great reputation in the mercenary world.

His existence is like an insurmountable nightmare, which makes countless enemies terrified.

If Batman is DC's biological father, then Deathstroke is DC's uncle.

Slade Joseph Wilson has various enhanced abilities, ten times the physical fitness of ordinary people, and a brain development rate of up to 90%, which makes him a tactical genius and good at analyzing the enemy. Such abilities are attributed to his years of military and combat operations against various heroes.

Slade Joseph Wilson's blood has a healing factor, which makes his healing speed for physical injuries much faster than a normal person, but there are still certain limitations, such as his lost right eye and limbs cannot regenerate.

If you are fatally injured, although you can recover, it will make you crazy and bestial for a short time.

The most outrageous record is in the N52 comics, where he defeated Wonder Woman in a hand-to-hand fight. That's Wonder Woman!

And even without kryptonite, he can escape from Superman.

"Today's death knell will toll for you."

The voice of the death knell was low and cold, as if it came from the depths of hell. He slowly pulled out the samurai sword behind him, and the blade drew a perfect arc in the air, exuding a cold murderous aura.

"You broke my aircraft, so take your money to pay off the debt, mercenary."

Luther sneered and said, his figure suddenly flashed.

The pupils of the death knell shrank, and he immediately noticed Luther's movements.

However, Luther's speed was far beyond his imagination, and he rushed towards him like a flash of lightning.

"You broke my aircraft, so take your money to pay off the debt, mercenary."

Before Luther finished speaking, his figure had already rushed towards the death knell like lightning.

The pupils of the death knell shrank, and he could not catch Luther's disappearing figure at all.

At the moment when Luther rushed over, the death knell slightly turned his body to try to avoid this fierce attack.

However, Luther's movements were a few points faster than he expected. He only felt a huge force coming, and the whole person lost his balance.

"Shua——!"

Luther's fist, with the sound of a sonic boom and tiger roar, smashed into the abdomen of the bell. The fist seemed to contain a thousand pounds of force, and the air trembled wherever it passed. The pupils of the bell suddenly contracted, and he could feel the horror of that force.

However, at this moment, he had no way to avoid it. He could only grit his teeth and take the blow.

"Bang——!"

A dull sound rang out, and the abdomen of the bell was hit hard by Luther's fist. At that moment, he seemed to hear the sound of his internal organs shattering. His abdomen instantly sank, and blood and internal organs splashed out.

The severe pain spread throughout his body, and the bell felt that his internal organs seemed to be shattered. His body lost balance in the air and flew backwards like a fallen leaf.

"Cough!" The bell spit out a mouthful of blood, staining his mask red. His body rolled in the air, and every roll brought an unbearable pain. He felt as if his internal organs were torn apart, and the pain made him almost unable to breathe.

However, the bell did not give up.

He endured the severe pain in his abdomen and ignored the internal organs that splashed out.

He quickly inserted the knife into the ground, using the resistance of the earth to slow down his backward flying speed. His body rolled in the air, but the samurai sword in his hand was always tightly held.

Finally, after flying backwards for dozens of meters, Deathstroke's body came to a stop.

He covered the deep, bloody wound on his abdomen, and blood flowed out through his fingers

Chapter 623 Crushing

His face was as pale as paper, as if all the blood had been drained in an instant. Cold sweat rolled down his forehead, and every drop condensed extreme pain and struggle. However, in this seemingly desperate situation, the body of the bell showed an amazing vision.

New organs and tissues began to grow slowly in the originally broken wounds. Those broken internal organs and torn blood vessels began to reassemble and heal under the action of a mysterious force. It was like a torn painting, which was gradually repaired under some magical power and restored to its original integrity and beauty.

This is the self-healing ability of the bell, a magical power beyond the understanding of ordinary people. There is a special healing factor in his blood, which makes him heal physical injuries much faster than a normal person. This ability makes him almost immortal in battle, and no matter how serious the injury is, he can recover in a very short time.

However, this self-healing ability is not without cost. Every injury will put a huge burden on the body of the bell and consume a lot of energy. More importantly, this self-healing process will seriously affect his mood and mental state. Every time his wound heals, his emotions become more violent and crazy, as if an invisible force is eroding his sanity.

At this moment, the bell is no longer the calm killer. There is a flash of violent and crazy light in his one eye. His chest rises and falls, and every breath seems to be filled with the wrath of thunder.

His heartbeat echoes in his ears, like the beating of a war drum, stimulating the murderous intent deep in his heart.

"Ho ho~~"

The roar squeezed out from the teeth of the bell is like a roar from the depths of hell, full of endless murderous intent and anger, enough to scare anyone who hears it.

The body of the bell trembles violently under the violent energy, his muscles are as tight as steel, and every inch of his skin is beating with violent flames.

Every nerve in his body seems to be injected with electricity, making his movements extremely fast and agile.

There is a crazy light flashing in his eyes, as if he has lost his mind, leaving only endless desire and murderous intent for prey.

He was on all fours, like a wounded cheetah, ready to pounce on his prey at any time.

He rushed towards Luther frantically, and every move was full of wildness and madness.

His hands were like steel claws, grabbing Luther fiercely, as if to tear him into pieces.

Every time he jumped and sprinted, there was a strong sound of breaking through the air, which made people shudder.

"He actually entered the mad dog state all of a sudden?"

Luther looked at the death knell like this.

He knew how much damage his punch had caused to the death knell. His super vision allowed him to penetrate the flesh and bones of the death knell and clearly see that the punch shattered his internal organs and crushed his ribs.

The organs in the chest of the death knell, which should have been soft and elastic, turned into a bloody chaos at this moment. The heart was smashed to pieces, and blood gushed out, staining his chest red.

The ribs were like dry wood smashed by a giant hammer, breaking into countless fragments and piercing into the surrounding muscles and blood vessels.

These fragments of flesh and bones were forced to gush out of the mouth and excretion cavity of the bell due to the huge squeezing and impact force. The scene was extremely tragic.

The ground was full of these bloody things, and the air was filled with a strong smell of blood, which was disgusting.

However, it was shocking that the bell could still stand up with such injuries, and became even more crazy and fierce.

His self-healing ability was frantically repairing the damaged body. Although the process was painful and long, he seemed to be completely unaware of it.

However, the recovery process was not without cost.

The bell had completely lost his mind now, and the hunger tortured him crazy.

The only thing left in his mind was the desire for blood and killing, which was the only way to relieve the pain and violence in his heart.

Just when the bell was about to pounce on Luther, Luther suddenly moved.

Luther kicked out fiercely, as fast as lightning.

His toes kicked accurately on the chin of the bell, making a crisp sound of bone breaking.

The kick dislocated the jaw of Death Bell, and his neck was immediately broken. The whole person flew up like a kite with a broken string, and did three and a half backflips in the air, and then hit the wall heavily.

"Bang!"

A deafening roar echoed in the empty field, shaking the air around him.

Death Bell, a warrior who was once known for his violence and cruelty, fell heavily to the ground like a boulder hit by a giant hammer.

His body smashed a deep hole in the ground, stirring up a cloud of dust.

Death Bell's chest rose and fell violently, and every breath seemed to use up all his strength.

His one eye looked at the sky absent-mindedly, and a trace of blood flowed from the corner of his mouth, mixed with the dust, looking extremely embarrassed.

Although his body was still trembling slightly, he no longer had the violence and cruelty he had before, but was replaced by a deep fatigue and weakness.

Luther's face was expressionless, as if the battle just now was just a trivial matter to him.

He glanced at the bell lying on the ground, then walked over, each step seemed steady and powerful.

Just as Luther was about to walk to the bell, the bell suddenly opened his eyes.

A fierce light flashed in his eyes, as if he had returned to the violent warrior.

His body bounced up from the ground at an incredible speed, and he pounced on Luther like a cheetah.

His mouth opened, full of white teeth, aiming directly at Luther's throat.

Luther's reaction speed was no less than that of the bell. He calmly observed the bell's movements and accurately grasped the bell's offensive.

Just as the bell's teeth were about to touch his throat, Luther suddenly stretched out his arm and grabbed the bell's neck.

The bell's throat was tightly strangled by Luther, and he felt a huge force coming from Luther's arm, as if to crush his neck.

He struggled desperately to break free from Luther's control, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't shake Luther at all.

The bell's eyes began to become bloodshot, his breathing became more and more rapid, and a low roar came from his throat.

His heart was beating wildly in his chest, and every beat seemed to burst his chest. His blood vessels bulged under his skin, like green earthworms wriggling.

However, no matter how the death knell struggled, Luther remained calm and composed.

Chapter 624: Same treatment as Batman

He tightly strangled the neck of the bell, and the force almost deformed the neck of the bell. The bell's body struggled in mid-air, his limbs fluttering, trying to break free from Luther's control, but no matter how hard he tried, the iron-like hand never loosened.

As time passed, the power of the bell gradually disappeared under Luther's suppression. His originally fierce single eye began to blur, and his pupil lost focus, and he could only stare at Luther unconsciously.

He let out a last low roar in his throat, and there seemed to be some unspitted blood and minced meat in his throat, making his voice sound even more weird and terrifying.

However, even this last roar gradually became weaker until it disappeared completely.

The body of the bell gradually softened under Luther's control, his limbs drooped weakly, and finally lost the ability to resist completely.

Luther looked at the bell coldly, without a trace of pity or sympathy in his eyes.

He let go of his hand and let the bell collapse to the ground.

Death Bell's chest was still rising and falling slightly, but his one eye had lost its light, like an empty shell that had been drained of life.

His breathing became weak and short, and every breath seemed to be racing against death.

"You lost."

Luther said lightly. Although his voice was not loud, it was full of majesty and unquestionable power.

Death Bell did not answer, he just lay quietly on the ground, having lost all consciousness and perception.

Luther did not kill Death Bell, after all, he wanted to squeeze Death Bell's money.

At this moment, a sharp whistle broke through the sky, and a bullet flew from a distance, with a deadly trajectory, directly shot at Luther.

"Bang!"

The loud noise was like thunder from the ground, shaking the surrounding air.

The collision of the bullet with Luther's body was like the collision of iron and stone, bursting out dazzling sparks, and the sound of metal and iron clashing echoed in the air, which was palpating.

However, Luther's body was as solid as a rock and stood firm.

The bullet shattered into slag at the moment of impact, and the sputtering fragments flew everywhere, as if they were drawing cold tracks in the air.

Luther frowned slightly and looked up in the direction where the bullet came from. His eyes revealed firmness and calmness, as if no challenge could shake his determination.

In the distance, a figure gradually appeared in Luther's sight. He was wearing a striking orange windbreaker, with a red scope replacing the position of his right eye, and holding a sniper rifle in his hand.

He stood at a height of a thousand meters away, quietly observing Luther, as if he was a cheetah lurking in the dark, waiting for the prey to reveal a flaw.

This sniper was the famous death shooter - Floyd Lawton Jr. As a mercenary and professional killer, he was famous for his extraordinary marksmanship and ruthless character.

He was hailed as "the world's most deadly shooter" and "the most accurate shooter on earth", and countless assassinations proved his strength and reputation.

Floyd Lawton Jr.'s mastery of firearms has reached the level of unity between man and gun.

He can use the rebound effect of bullets when shooting to accurately hit the target, and can even shoot blindly without looking at the target, and the hit rate is still amazing.

His superb marksmanship has reached the level of perfection, which is amazing.

In addition to his outstanding marksmanship, Floyd Lawton Jr. also has a set of sturdy and durable armor.

This set of armor is made of advanced materials and technology, and can withstand large explosions and dense gunfire, ensuring that he can be safe and sound when performing tasks.

The mask of the armor is equipped with a red sight, which not only enhances his shooting accuracy, but also allows him to better observe the surrounding environment and grasp the dynamics of the enemy.

The function of the sight is even more powerful.

It is like a pair of electronic eyes that can accurately detect the surrounding environment, with radar and thermal sensing functions.

Through the sight, Floyd Lawton Jr. can clearly see the target in the distance, and even hear the sound of a hummingbird flapping its wings.

This extraordinary perception ability makes him more handy and invincible when performing tasks.

His appearance surprised Luther, but it was just a surprise.

"Good guy, what kind of Batman treatment, Deathstroke and Deadshot are here, will there be Black Mask and Joker next?"

Luther complained.

At the same time, Floyd Lawton Jr., a sniper known for his calmness and precision, was concentrating on observing Luther's every move.

He is not the kind of person who is easily swayed by emotions, but at this moment, his heart is full of tension and expectation.

He carefully observed Luther's body language and expression changes through the scope.

He knew that an experienced fighter could often find the opponent's flaws and weaknesses from the subtleties. However, Luther made him feel a little overwhelmed.

Luther's eyes were firm and calm, as if nothing could shake his determination. His body also revealed a strong aura, as if it was an indestructible mountain. Floyd Lawton Jr. couldn't help but sigh that this opponent was indeed extraordinary.

He took a deep breath and tried to calm his heart.

As an experienced sniper, he knew that the most important thing at this moment was to stay calm and focused. He raised the sniper rifle again and aimed at Luther.

"Fuck, what kind of monster is this?"

Floyd Lawton's pupils shrank, and an indescribable chill surged in his heart.

Floyd Lawton's heart was beating wildly in his chest, as if it was going to break through the thin flesh wall and jump out directly.

The sniper rifle in his hand seemed to become several times heavier than usual at this moment. His fingers were tightly on the trigger, but he dared not pull it.

As an experienced sniper, he claimed to be a master of firearms, but when facing the opponent in front of him, he felt unprecedented pressure.

It's not that he hasn't seen people with outstanding physical fitness, but it's the first time he has encountered a completely unreasonable monster like Luther.

From the video provided by the employer, he has seen Luther's strength.

That terrifying physical strength is completely beyond the scope of human beings, as if it is a monster in some science fiction movie.

However, as a master of firearms, Floyd Lawton does not believe that there is anything invincible.

He firmly believes that as long as there are enough bullets, any defense can always be penetrated.

However, only by seeing it with his own eyes could he truly feel the horror that was almost indescribable.

Chapter 625 Death Shooter

The bullets left only a tiny mark on Luther's body, not even making him shake.

Each of those carefully selected bullets contained enough power to penetrate steel, but in front of Luther's indestructible body, it was like hitting something indestructible and unshakable.

When Floyd Lawton saw this scene in the scope, he felt an indescribable shock in his heart. He knew that he was no longer facing an ordinary enemy, but a real monster.

Floyd Lawton's worldview seemed to be completely overturned at this moment.

He originally thought that his sniping skills were sophisticated enough to deal with any enemy.

However, when facing an opponent like Luther, he found that the skills he mastered seemed to be useless.

He took a deep breath and tried to calm his inner fluctuations. As a sniper, he knew the importance of mentality. He had to stay calm and focused to perform at his best.

He raised the sniper rifle again and carefully observed Luther's every move through the scope. There was a firm light in his eyes, as if he wanted to see every subtle movement of the other party. Some of his worldviews collapsed, and he felt refreshed.

There was a firm light in his eyes, as if he wanted to see every subtle movement of the other party. He had to go all out to ensure the successful completion of the mission.

"If one bullet doesn't work, then ten, a hundred!"

Floyd Lawton Jr. muttered in his heart.

He firmly believed that as long as he could hit the same position continuously, he would be able to break Luther's defense.

After all, even the most indestructible metal will wear out under continuous attacks. What about flesh and blood?

However, it is not easy to do this.

He must accurately control his breathing and heartbeat to ensure that every bullet can hit the target with the highest speed and accuracy.

This requires extremely high concentration and patience, and the slightest mistake may lead to failure.

So he took a deep breath and adjusted his breathing and mentality.

He raised the sniper rifle again, and every movement seemed unusually calm and firm.

The crosshairs in the scope slowly aimed at Luther, the target he had to eliminate. His finger rested lightly on the trigger, as if he could feel the subtle touch of the trigger.

He knew very well in his heart that every bullet that followed would carry a huge responsibility. This was not only about the trust of his employer and the success of the mission, but also about his life and death.

Every bullet must hit the target accurately and without any error.

His eyes locked onto Luther through the scope.

He recalled the rigorous training he had received, the sweat and hard work in those days, all for the purpose of being able to perform at his best at the critical moment.

He also remembered the countless experiences of fighting the enemy on the battlefield, each time a life-and-death contest, and each time made him more determined in his beliefs.

He told himself that he had to go all out to ensure the successful completion of the mission.

He took a deep breath and tried to calm his inner tension and anxiety.

He knew that he was an experienced sniper with excellent marksmanship and a calm mind. He believed that he could complete this mission.

However, just as he was about to pull the trigger, Luther suddenly moved.

His figure was as fast as a flash of lightning, and he disappeared from the spot in an instant.

A trace of surprise flashed in Floyd Lawton's eyes, and he quickly adjusted the angle of the sniper rifle, trying to re-lock Luther.

But Luther's speed and reaction ability far exceeded his imagination.

He seemed to be able to see through Floyd Lawton's attack, and he was always able to dodge at the most critical moment.

This made Floyd Lawton very angry and frustrated. He kept adjusting the angle and strength of the sniper, trying to find Luther's flaws.

However, no matter how hard he tried, Luther seemed to be an unbeatable enemy.

He kept changing the shooting angle and method, sometimes using continuous shooting, sometimes using point shooting, trying to find a flaw in Luther during high-speed movement.

However, Luther seemed to have the ability to predict, and he could always make accurate dodges at the moment he pulled the trigger.

Floyd Lawton began to feel a little powerless.

He understood that although he was an excellent sniper, his marksmanship seemed useless in the face of such an opponent who was almost unrestricted by the rules of physics.

His figure kept flashing in the scope, but he could never be locked.

Floyd Lawton Jr. began to feel a sense of frustration he had never felt before.

What was the use of guns in the face of such an enemy?

However, because he had predicted the current situation, no matter how unwilling he was, the Death Shooter would still prepare a retreat for himself.

He quickly threw away the sniper rifle and jumped down from a height.

He had already made preparations, and the hook on his back was firmly buckled on a cable that had been prepared long ago.

This cable was very strong, enough to withstand tens of tons of tension, ensuring that he would not be hurt during the fall.

He also prepared a suspension device that allowed him to rotate 360 degrees freely during the fall to deal with possible emergencies.

Little Floyd Lawton's movements were very fast and smooth, but the next moment, he was startled by the figure on the cable.

Isn't that his target, the Terminator!

Lawton's pupils suddenly contracted, and an indescribable fear surged in his heart.

Damn, how did he get up?

He had clearly occupied a favorable position, how could he be caught up so quickly?

Death Shooter looked at himself in disbelief as he slid to the feet of the Terminator, and then the Terminator stepped on his buckle.

So he was hanging in the air.

"You run pretty fast."

Luther said with a smile.

Death Shooter swallowed a mouthful of saliva, then he suddenly raised his hand and fired a grenade!

The pistol handguards modified on his hands can fire most modified ammunition, and this grenade is one of them.

Such a close-range grenade will definitely affect him, but Death Shooter thinks this is a good opportunity.

After all, he is aiming at Luther's weakness as a man!

Even if you are a body of steel, that place is definitely soft!

While firing the grenade, the Death Shooter unfastened the buckle on his body with his other hand and fell rapidly to avoid the subsequent explosion.

Chapter 626 Death Shooter: I would like to call you the strongest man in the world

Death Shooter fell to the ground, the cold floor tiles pressed against his back, making him shiver involuntarily.

He was just immersed in the joy of defeating his opponent, and before the pride had completely dissipated, he fell into another dilemma.

The Terminator's iron claws clamped his throat tightly, making it almost impossible for him to breathe.

Death Shooter's eyes widened, full of disbelief. Just now, the grenade he fired, with terrifying power and fire, shot straight at the Terminator.

He saw with his own eyes that the grenade exploded on the Terminator, with flames and smoke everywhere, but the Terminator seemed to be fine, except that there was a thin layer of gunpowder ash on his battle suit.

That layer of tights, seemingly ordinary, revealed an unusual breath.

It fits tightly on the Terminator's body, as if it were his second skin, showing the Terminator's muscular body and giving people a sense of indestructibility.

Death Shooter couldn't help but wonder in his heart, what material is this suit made of? It can withstand such a fierce grenade bombardment and remain intact.

However, he soon realized that the problem was not the suit, but the Terminator himself. This guy's body seemed to be an incredible miracle.

What kind of monster is he? Is it really made of solid cast steel?

Death Shooter struggled and tried to get rid of the Terminator's control. But the Terminator's power seemed endless, and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't shake it at all.

The fear in his heart became deeper and deeper. He had never met such a powerful opponent.

The Terminator looked at him coldly, and his eyes seemed to be able to see through all the falsehoods.

He didn't speak, but expressed his attitude with his actions. He waved his hand lightly and threw Death Shooter aside like throwing garbage.

Death Shooter fell to the ground in pain, coughing and gasping.

He felt that his throat was as painful as if it was torn, but he was more concerned about the incredible power of the Terminator. He looked up at the Terminator, his eyes full of awe and fear.

At this moment, he was willing to call the Terminator "the strongest man in the world".

Just because he took a grenade with his weakness as a man, he felt that the Terminator could apply for the Guinness World Record.

He no longer had any arrogance or conceit, because he knew that in front of the Terminator, he was just a tiny existence.

The Terminator ignored the surprise and fear of the Death Shooter, as if he had gotten used to such scenes. He stood there quietly, his eyes deep and firm, as if thinking about something.

The air around him seemed to solidify, with only the breathing of the Death Shooter echoing. He knew that he had been completely defeated, defeated by this seemingly ordinary man with incredible power.

However, he was not willing to fail like this.

He struggled to stand up, with an unyielding light in his eyes. He knew that he might not be able to defeat the Terminator, but he would at least try his best to fight.

At this moment, Luther's voice broke the silence. He said lightly: "Such passion is not suitable for you, Death Shooter. Think about your daughter, she is still waiting for you to go back."

This sentence, like a sharp needle, instantly pierced the tranquility of the air and pierced into the heart of Death Shooter fiercely.

A trace of astonishment flashed in his eyes, as if he was suddenly attacked by the cold wind in the winter, catching him off guard.

Because he had never told anyone that he had a daughter, this secret was hidden deep in his heart, like the most precious treasure, guarding it, and not daring to leak it at all.

"You...how do you know?"

Death Shooter's voice trembled a little, his hands clenched into fists, trying to hide the shock and fear in his heart.

He never thought that his secret would be known by the man in front of him.

Luther smiled slightly, and his eyes revealed an unfathomable light.

He did not directly answer Death Shooter's question, but continued: "You shot me and gave me a grenade. These accounts are not small. I want you 50 million is not too much?"

Fifty million!

This number is undoubtedly an astronomical figure for the Death Shooter.

Countless thoughts flashed through his mind in an instant, trying to find reasons to refute Luther.

However, when he saw Luther's calm and firm eyes, he knew he had no choice.

"This is really expensive..."

The Death Shooter smiled bitterly, his heart was full of helplessness and unwillingness.

He originally thought that his career as a killer would allow him to live a carefree life, but now, he has to worry about this astronomical ransom.

However, he knew more clearly that he had no room for bargaining now.

The man in front of him was not only powerful, but also ruthless, and he dared not resist at all.

"If it was an ordinary person who had died twice just now, I spared your life, do you think it's not worth it?"

Luther said lightly, his tone revealed an unquestionable majesty.

His eyes seemed to be able to see through the heart of the Death Shooter, making it impossible for him to hide or resist.

The Death Shooter's heart trembled, he knew that Luther was telling the truth.

If Luther hadn't shown mercy, he would have died long ago. He took a deep breath and tried to calm his inner turmoil.

Then, he nodded and said, "OK, deal. I'll give you 50 million, but you have to promise not to pursue this matter again."

Luther nodded slightly to show his agreement.

There was a cold light in his eyes.

"As long as you do what I say, I won't hold you responsible."

"Only if you don't come to Gotham again."

Luther added.

Hearing Luther's words, the Death Shooter rolled his eyes.

He smiled bitterly in his heart. Gotham has a monster like you who is invulnerable and has a body of steel. Why is he still here? Is he going to smash his own sign?

"There is one more thing. I want to know who hired you and him to come here to kill me."

Luther said coldly.

This question made the Death Shooter a little embarrassed. He frowned and said, "Sorry, I don't know this either. I just took the task on the killer network. Your head is worth 10 million. This price is something I can't refuse."

There was a hint of helplessness and bitterness in his words.

As a killer, he only knows how to execute tasks, but never asks about the identity of the employer.

This is also the rule of the assassin industry, and he doesn't want to break this rule out of curiosity.

"Only 10 million? I thought my life was worth at least hundreds of millions."

Death Shooter smiled bitterly and said, "10 million is already an astronomical figure. For assassins like us, this is a rare big order."

Chapter 627: Dogs bite each other and end up with a mouthful of fur; evildoers need to be dealt with

Spending 100 million to kill one person is probably crazy!

But today, Deadshot felt that even if there were 100 million people, no one could kill the man in front of him.

Deadshot felt the chill on Luther's body, and his heart tightened.

He knew that he could not offend this man, otherwise the consequences would be disastrous.

So, he quickly explained: "Really, I really don't know who the employer is. I just saw the mission information on the killer network, and then accepted the order to execute it."

Luther was silent for a while, seeming to think about whether Deadshot's words were credible.

Then, he said calmly: "Okay, I believe you. But if you dare to lie to me, you will bear the consequences."

Deadshot breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that he was safe for the time being. However, he also knew that he owed Luther an astronomical ransom and might face Luther's revenge.

"Next, take Deathstroke away. You will be responsible for interrogating Deathstroke. One-tenth of it will be your commission."

Luther said calmly to Deadshot, without a trace of ripples in his voice, as if he was just describing a trivial matter.

When Deadshot heard Luther's words, a glint suddenly flashed in his eyes.

For him, this deal was like pie in the sky.

Not only would he get a hefty commission, but he would also have the opportunity to squeeze even more money out of Deathstroke. For a person like him who lives by evil, this kind of thing that kills two birds with one stone is naturally what he wants.

He had long heard of Deathstroke, the number one mercenary, and knew that he must have a lot of wealth in his hands.

Now, Luther actually handed him this hot potato and promised to give him one-tenth of the commission. This was undoubtedly a huge temptation for him.

He can't wait to get started on his "job" of squeezing as much profit as possible out of Deathstroke.

"No problem, leave it to me. I'm a professional in this area!"

Deadshot said, patting his chest, his eyes flashing with excitement. He seemed to have seen the beautiful picture of extracting benefits from Deathstroke, and he couldn't help but feel a strong expectation in his heart.

Luther nodded, indicating that Deadshot could take action.

He didn't say much because he knew that Deadshot was a smart and cunning person and didn't need too many reminders and explanations from him.

Deadshot walked up to Deathstroke and looked at his twisted and painful face, feeling a surge of joy in his heart.

He likes this profession and the feeling of controlling other people's lives and deaths. Now, he wants to take this feeling to the extreme and squeeze the maximum benefit from Deathstroke.

He skillfully untied the rope from Deathstroke, then carried him on his shoulders and took him to a remote place. This place is deserted, with only some dilapidated buildings and abandoned vehicles, making it an excellent place for torture.

Deadshot threw Deathstroke to the ground and began to tie him up.

Deathstroke was now unconscious and had no idea what was about to happen. His face was pale, and there was still blood on the corner of his mouth, making him look extremely embarrassed.

Deathstroke looked at Deathstroke's appearance and couldn't help but feel a sense of pride in his heart.

He knelt down, patted Deathstroke's cheek with his hand, and then said: "Deathstroke, I didn't expect you to have this day, right? Don't worry, I will entertain you well and let you taste what it means to live worse than death!"

After speaking, he stood up and began to prepare the tools for torture.

He has a set of professional torture techniques and knows how to make people reveal secrets in severe pain.

And for tough guys like Deathstroke, he has a unique way of dealing with them.

As time passed, Deathstroke began to wake up.

He felt excruciating pain all over his body, as if countless insects were gnawing at his flesh. He opened his eyes and saw the ferocious and cruel face of Death Shooter.

"You...what do you want to do?"

Deathstroke asked with difficulty, his voice hoarse and weak.

"What are you doing? Of course I'm going to torture you!"

Deadshot sneered and said.

"Tell me, what is your bank account? What is your password? As long as you are willing to tell me, I will let you go."

When Deathstroke heard this, a trace of anger flashed in his eyes.

As the number one mercenary, he has his own principles and bottom line.

"Hmph, did you think I would tell you?"

Deathstroke sneered and said, that is all his net worth.

Deadshot frowned when he heard this.

He didn't expect Deathstroke to be so harsh, which surprised him. However, he did not give up. Instead, he became even more determined to extract information from Deathstroke.

"Okay, since you won't tell me, then I'll let you try my methods!"

Deadshot said, and began to torture Deathstroke.

He first twisted Deathstroke's arm hard, causing him to scream in pain.

Then, he used a sharp blade to make cuts on Deathstroke's body, and blood suddenly poured out.

Deathstroke struggled and groaned in agony.

But he still refuses to disclose his bank account, as if he wants money or his life.

Deadshot is not in a hurry, he has plenty of time and patience. He believed that under his own control, Deathstroke would eventually succumb.

He continued to use various methods to torture Deathstroke.

Deathstroke fainted again and again in severe pain, but was awakened each time by Deadshot pouring cold water on him. His body was bruised and bruised, but his spirit remained strong and unyielding.

In this process, Luther did not intervene.

He stood at the door of the warehouse, quietly observing all this. There was no expression on his face, as if he was just enjoying a performance that had nothing to do with him.

He knew that Deadshot was a professional torturer with rich experience and methods. He believed that Deadshot would be able to extract more information from Deathstroke.

Moreover, he was also happy to see the notorious guy Deathstroke suffer such cruel torture.

Time passed little by little, and night gradually fell.

In this remote place, only a dim light shines on the figures of Deadshot and Deathstroke.

Deathstroke was already dying, his face was as pale as paper, and his eyes became empty and lifeless. His body had been tortured into shape, but his mouth was still tightly closed, refusing to reveal any information.

Looking at Deathstroke's appearance, Deadshot couldn't help but feel a sense of frustration in his heart.

He didn't expect that he would be helpless in front of this tough guy.

"It's okay, it's just the first day."

Deadshot put the drip on Deathstroke, and then said coldly.

Chapter 628: Alliance

However, Death Shooter didn't expect Batman to be there.

Before coming to Gotham, Death Shooter would naturally understand the situation in Gotham City, and maybe his business would be expanded here in the future.

The chaos and darkness of Gotham City are both challenges and opportunities for him.

Death Shooter is not completely ignorant of Batman.

He has heard of the guardian of this city, the guy who is always hiding in the shadows.

However, because they have never met, Death Shooter's impression of Batman is only rumors and hearsay.

He thinks Batman is just a freak, or a self-righteous guy who always thinks he can change the fate of the entire city by himself.

Luther noticed the existence of Batman, but deliberately did not remind Death Shooter, but turned away.

Batman has been following Luther, the Terminator, tonight and observing him.

Witnessing the death knell being beaten to death, Death Shooter almost became a dead dog.

Lamenting the Terminator's brutal nature, BUG's body is like a beast, and at the same time mourning for himself for three seconds, I don't know when I can turn over.

Seeing Deathstroke being tortured by Deadshot and asked about his bank account password and where he keeps his money, Batman realized that his chance has come.

He can't be the opponent of the Terminator alone, so he needs help!

There are no absolute enemies in this world, only people with different positions. He believes that as long as they can find a common goal, even enemies can become temporary allies.

Batman in this period is still very flexible, and it can be seen from joining the Justice League later that he doesn't care about seeking help from others to deal with enemies that cannot be solved.

He can't rely on his own plans for opponents like Darkseid, Steppenwolf, and Parallax.

When the power is greater than his prepared plan, Batman is helpless.

However, Batman is still very cautious and patiently waited for a long time, so long that the Terminator has disappeared for several hours and Deadshot has almost finished maintaining his gun before he started to act.

This is Batman's patience. His unparalleled will makes him have extraordinary execution no matter what he does, such as going crazy.

Death Shooter finished the maintenance of the gun and began to pack up his equipment. He didn't realize that Batman had been secretly observing him, looking for the right opportunity.

Batman knew that it was not the time to act yet.

He had to wait for a more suitable time to ensure that he would hit the target. He continued to patiently observe Death Shooter's every move, looking for flaws that could be exploited.

Time passed little by little, and the night became darker and darker.

Batman's heartbeat always maintained a steady rhythm, and his senses became more acute in the dark, as if he could capture every subtle change in the air.

Finally, in the dead of night, Batman saw an opportunity.

Death Shooter seemed a little tired, and he began to relax his vigilance.

His movements became slow and clumsy, and there was a hint of sleepiness in his eyes. Batman immediately took action, and he approached Death Shooter quietly, ready to attack.

He shuttled through the darkness like a ghost, and each step was so light that it was almost silent.

His heartbeat seemed to blend into the night wind and the surrounding environment. He approached Death Shooter quickly and accurately, ready to end the fight with his steel arms.

However, just as Batman was about to attack, Death Shooter suddenly raised his head alertly.

A trace of fear flashed in his eyes. After all, normal people would be scared when they suddenly saw a big bat, especially this bat was as big as a person, but it was immediately replaced by a fierce light.

He quickly pulled out the pistol from his waist and pointed it at Batman.

Batman did not panic. With his extraordinary reaction speed and agility, he successfully avoided Death Shooter's shooting.

He rushed towards Death Shooter like a cheetah, with a dazzling speed. Death Shooter tried to shoot again, but Batman had already arrived in front of him.

A heavy punch hit Death Shooter's abdomen hard, and he bent over in pain.

However, even in such a predicament, he still struggled tenaciously and tried to raise the pistol again.

Batman did not give him this opportunity.

He quickly snatched the pistol from the hand of the dead shooter and threw it far away. Then, he strangled the neck of the dead shooter with his arm and pressed him to the ground with force.

"You...how come you are here?"

The dead shooter gasped hard, his eyes full of horror and confusion.

"I have been watching you secretly,"

Batman said coldly.

"Your crimes will not be forgiven."

The dead shooter felt that he could not breathe, and his face became paler and paler. He tried to struggle, but Batman's strength was far greater than his, and he could not move at all.

"You want to kill me?"

The dead shooter said with difficulty.

Batman was silent for a while, and then unexpectedly said to the dead shooter: "No, although violence can solve the problem temporarily, in the long run, it will only bring more pain and hatred."

When the dead shooter heard this, a trace of complex emotions flashed in his eyes.

He seemed to not understand Batman's thoughts, but at this moment he was powerless to refute.

Then he was strangled by Batman.

Batman threw Death Shooter to the ground.

Then he stood in the warehouse, his eyes as sharp as a hawk, tightly locked on Deathstroke.

The moonlight shone through the gaps in the iron shed on the roof, sprinkled on his resolute face, outlining his sharp outline.

His eyes were deep and firm, as if he could see through people's hearts and see through all hypocrisy and lies.

"You're awake."

Batman said in a deep voice, with a unique low voice, and it was completely incomprehensible without looking at the subtitles.

Deathstroke raised his head and met Batman's eyes.

His mad dog state was gone long ago, not to mention that Death Shooter still gave him an IV.

Originally, Death Shooter wanted to continue to torture him so that he wouldn't die, but he helped Deathstroke, and now Deathstroke has recovered.

There was an unyielding wildness in his eyes, like a trapped beast, looking for a chance to escape.

His face was pale, but his eyes were extremely sharp, as if he could penetrate all obstacles and look directly into the enemy's heart.

"Are you the Bat-freak?"

Deathstroke said bluntly, his voice revealing contempt and disdain.

He was not impressed by Batman, the so-called "messenger of justice", and felt that Batman was like a psychopath.

Chapter 629: Looking for help

Batman did not answer Deathstroke's question, but continued: "I know you, Deathstroke. You are an excellent mercenary, known for your ruthlessness and efficiency. Your existence is a threat to many people, but I don't care about your past or your future. I only care about your current behavior and whether it threatens the peace and tranquility of Gotham City."

Deathstroke sneered and said: "Peace and tranquility? That's just a lie made up by you so-called messengers of justice. In this world, there is no absolute peace and tranquility. Only the strong can survive, and the weak can only be eliminated."

Batman frowned, he didn't agree with Deathstroke's point of view.

But he also knew that there was no point in arguing with someone as stubborn as Deathstroke.

It's like he couldn't convince the Terminator.

What he needs is to find out why Deathstroke came to Gotham City and whether he is in cahoots with other criminals.

"What brought you to Gotham City?"

Batman asked directly.

"To kill another one of your freaks here."

Deathstroke said coldly.

He has never suffered such a big loss, but it doesn't matter, Deathstroke is not a death shooter, he has no weaknesses, so he will definitely not give up.

"I won't let you do whatever you want in Gotham City."

Batman said coldly.

Deathstroke smiled and said, "It depends on whether you have the ability."

"After all, you are just a guy abandoned by this city."

Deathstroke's words could tear open a wound, but Batman didn't care.

"You are no match for the Terminator."

Batman's calm voice echoed in the dark warehouse, and every word was like a cold steel needle piercing Deathstroke's heart.

Deathstroke leaned against the wall, with a hint of amusement and ridicule in his eyes.

He glanced at the skin on his wrist that had been worn by the chains. The blood had solidified, leaving dark red traces.

"What, do you want this city to accept you again?"

A sneer appeared at the corner of Deathstroke's mouth, his voice full of disdain and provocation.

"I need you to help me deal with him. No matter how much your employer pays you to kill him, I will pay double."

Batman remained calm and said without any emotion.

Deathstroke was silent for a moment, seeming to consider Batman's proposal.

Then, he said: "That's ten million."

There was a greed and desire in his voice.

Batman said without blinking: "I'll give you twenty million."

Deathstroke's eyes suddenly lit up, and he looked deeply at Batman, as if he wanted to see through the man's soul.

Then, he exerted great force, and the chains on his body were broken by him.

The sound of broken chains echoed in the warehouse, which was particularly harsh.

He stood up and moved his muscles, making a clicking sound.

His muscles were well defined, as flawless as a sculpture.

Batman's pupils shrank, and he realized that Deathstroke's power was far greater than he imagined.

But he didn't show any panic, he just calmly observed Deathstroke's every move.

What is going on in this world? Have times changed and humans evolved?

Even for him, he needs skills or equipment to hold open the chains. It is impossible to do it like Deathstroke, who can do it purely by physical strength.

However, Batman recorded all this through the camera inside his bat helmet, and Batman felt that he needed to develop an "anti-Deathstroke suit" for Deathstroke.

Deathstroke said coldly: "Deal, how do you want the Terminator to die?"

There was a coldness and cruelty in his eyes, as if the life and death of the Terminator were just a game to him.

Batman took a deep breath and said: "I need you to cooperate with me to subdue the Terminator and then hand it over to me. I can't let him continue like this."

"Subduing him? That's not an easy task."

Deathstroke's tone revealed a defiance and defiance, as if mocking Batman's naivety.

Batman said: "I believe you have a way. You are one of the best mercenaries. Your intelligence and strength can help me subdue the Terminator."

Deathstroke didn't answer immediately, as he seemed to be thinking about Batman's words.

After a while, he said: "Okay, I'll do my best. But you have to remember, I'm not fighting for justice. I'm just fighting for money."

Batman nodded and said, "I understand. As long as you can help me subdue the Terminator, money is not an issue."

Deathstroke sneered and said, "Let's get started, I need to prepare."

After saying that, he turned around and walked towards the exit of the warehouse.

The next mission will be a life and death battle, but he also looks forward to gaining more benefits from this mission.

Batman looked at Deathstroke's back and couldn't help but feel worried.

He knew that while Deathstroke was a powerful ally, he was also a factor that was difficult to control. He must handle his relationship with Deathstroke carefully, otherwise once it gets out of hand, the consequences will be disastrous.

However, he had no other choice at this moment. The threat of the Terminator was imminent and he had to act quickly. And Death Knell is his best choice at the moment.

Deathstroke saw Deadshot lying on the ground and kicked him away.

Deadshot crashed into the warehouse wall and hit the ground.

"Knell!"

Batman immediately stopped Deathstroke.

"Don't worry, I won't do anything unnecessary."

Deathstroke said calmly that his account with Deathstroke would not be settled until the mission was over.

What the two didn't know was that Talia was there.

She was surprised to see Luther's Decepticons shot down, so she ran over to watch the excitement, but she didn't expect to find Deathstroke, Deathstroke and Batman following.

Batman had been missing for so long, and people thought he was killed by Luther or for some reason. Now he seems to be looking for allies to deal with the Terminator.

But how could the Terminator be so easy to deal with?

Deathstroke left on his own, and he gave Batman an account to act as soon as he received the money.

How could Grandpa be short of money? A mere 20 million was not even pocket money for Grandpa.

So he transferred the money very quickly.

Deathstroke was also stunned when he saw 20 million in the account. Even his previous employers had never paid the full amount so readily, not to mention that the mission had not been completed yet.

"This Bat-head is really generous."

Deathstroke thought, maybe he could become a long-term customer.

Deadshot woke up and found himself in the police station.

Gordon was called by Batman in the middle of the night to arrest Deadshot, so he didn't know what to say.

Chapter 630 An unexpected event

"This is what superheroes are..."

Clark Kent whispered to himself, his eyes locked on the newspaper in his hand.

On the front page of the newspaper was the magnificent figure of Gotham City's superhero, the Terminator.

His body is burly and muscular, like a towering mountain, giving people an indestructible feeling.

The headline of the newspaper clearly read: "The guardian of Gotham City, the Light Knight Terminator once again repels the forces of darkness!"

Clark felt an indescribable excitement in his heart.

He has lived in a world where supernatural powers have always been the stuff of comic book fantasy.

In this DC world where there have been no superheroes and only Marvel Comics, it can be said that the Terminator and Batman are the first generation superheroes.

After all, Wonder Woman Diana only became active during World War II and went into hiding not long after.

Of course the world doesn't know about her, and as for Green Lantern, even fewer people know about it.

The young man wore a white mask on his face and a hat on his head, covering his face tightly.

Clark Kent!

This is not a Superman who incarnates justice, but a Superman with a delicate mind who is still in a period of confusion and hesitation.

He has a "divine" side, selfless and fearless, but at the same time he also has a human side. He is confused and has human love and hate. He does not look at things from a god's perspective like Dr. Manhattan, but from an ordinary perspective. Think from a human perspective.

He has always been confused about his own existence. He faces the past and the future, and is questioned by humans.

His father Jonathan told him before he died.

"People are afraid of things they don't understand, that you're going to break their minds, and they're not ready for a miracle like this."

But now, Clark sees a god emerging in Gotham City.

The god on earth is also a god, and Gotham City praises him, praising him as the guardian of Gotham City, the Knight of Light.

One man reduced the crime rate in Gotham City to unprecedented levels.

And he, Clark Kent, an alien with superhuman abilities, has been hiding his true identity. He often feels confused and helpless, not knowing what the meaning and value of his existence are.

He raised his head and looked at the sky outside the window, feeling an indescribable excitement in his heart.

Clark has always felt that he is special. He has superhuman strength, can fly in the sky, and has a nearly invincible body.

However, he has always hidden his identity and lived an ordinary life. He is afraid that his presence will cause panic and that he will be regarded as a monster.

Now, however, he saw the Terminator.

This superhero not only has powerful power, but more importantly, he uses his power to protect the city and guard people's peace. His appearance allowed Clark to see the meaning and value of his existence.

"Can I protect the world like him?"

A strong desire surged in Clark's heart.

He imagined that he was like the Terminator, wearing a battle armor, flying over the city, and fighting evil forces. He imagined himself using his own power to protect people's smiles and happiness.

However, he is an alien, not an earthling.

This often left him feeling lonely and isolated. He fears that his true identity will be revealed and that he will be ostracized and isolated.

Clark took off his hat and mask, revealing a handsome and resolute face. There was a firm light in his eyes, as if he had made up his mind.

A strong impulse surged in his heart. He wants to find this Terminator, wants to get answers from him, and wants to know the meaning and value of his existence.

Clark embarks on a journey to Gotham City. He crossed the vast fields and mountains, and flew over the boundless ocean and sky. His heart was full of anticipation and excitement, as if a brand new world was about to be revealed.

Finally, he arrived in Gotham City.

Gotham City, a city full of darkness and sin, now has an existence known as the "God on Earth" - the Terminator.

Like a bolt of lightning, he pierced the night sky of Gotham City, frightening those once unscrupulous criminals. His appearance has reduced the crime rate in Gotham City to unprecedented levels, and also made people full of expectations and hope for the future.

Clark stood on the street, looking at the innocent smiles of the children, and listening to them praising the heroic deeds of the Terminator, he couldn't help but feel a surge of complicated emotions in his heart. He understood that the Terminator used his power to guard the city and bring peace and happiness to people.

Clark stood on the top of a tall building, overlooking the entire Gotham City.

He began to search for traces of the Terminator in Gotham City.

He traveled to every corner of the city, asking everyone who might know the whereabouts of the Terminator.

However, the Terminator seems to be a mysterious existence, and his whereabouts are always erratic and elusive.

Although Clark has superhuman perception, he has never been able to capture the exact location of the Terminator.

As night falls slowly, the neon lights of Gotham City begin to light up one by one, like stars falling from the sky into the mortal world. Every lamp tells a story that belongs to the city, whether happy or sad, bright or dark.

Clark stood quietly on the top of a tall building, his eyes piercing through the dark night, overlooking the entire city. Every corner of the city seemed to become clear in his sight.

He was looking for the figure called the Terminator.

The Terminator, a terrifying name, an existence that keeps criminals in Gotham City awake at night. He is like a clear stream in the city, constantly washing away the filth of sin.

However, the Terminator is not omnipotent. Although he can easily resist the invasion of bullets and can smash the enemy's body with one punch, he also has his own limitations.

He cannot take care of all the sins at the same time.

Smuggling, drug trafficking, human trafficking... These crimes are still growing in the dark of Gotham City.

Tonight, the Terminator's eyes are fixed on the scene of a smuggling activity.

Smuggling, this seemingly insignificant crime, hides endless sins and darkness. Smuggled items are often not just simple goods, but also the interests of countless people behind them.

He stood in the shadow of an abandoned warehouse, his eyes like a torch. He was tall and strong, standing like a mountain.

His face was expressionless, like a sculpture, with only his deep eyes flashing a firm light in the darkness.