

Kryptonian 631

Chapter 631 Confused Passer-by Dachao

The smugglers didn't know they were being targeted. They were still busy moving the smuggled goods. However, they didn't know that the god of death had quietly arrived.

Luther moved, his movements were as swift and graceful as a cheetah. He walked through the dark corridor, avoiding the surveillance cameras one by one, and quietly approached the smugglers.

Every step he took seemed to be precisely calculated, without any hesitation or delay.

Finally, he came in front of the smugglers. His appearance was like a flash of lightning that cut through the darkness, shocking everyone.

They tried to resist, but Luther was faster than them. He easily snatched the gun in his hand, and then smashed a smuggler's body with one punch.

The flesh and blood body seemed so fragile and vulnerable in front of Luther. He seemed to be a death god from hell, harvesting these sinful lives.

The smugglers fled in panic, but Luther did not let them go.

He hovered in the air like a falcon, looking for the next target. Each of his moves was precise and deadly, making everyone feel desperate and terrified.

When the last smuggler fell, Luther stopped.

He stood there, overlooking the corpses and messy goods on the ground. There was no mercy or sympathy in his eyes, only disgust and hatred for sin.

Clark looked at the Terminator's devastating massacre in disbelief.

He felt as if he was not seeing a superhero, but the god of death, the killer.

Clark witnessed the whole process from a high-rise building.

He saw the Terminator rushing into the enemy group like a tiger descending from the mountain, and his figure looked extremely tall under the light. He walked towards the enemy's leader step by step, facing the enemy's gun bullets.

Those bullets hit him, as if they hit a copper wall and iron wall, and could not cause any harm to him at all.

When the Terminator walked in front of the leader, he punched hard.

That punch seemed to contain the power of artillery shells and explosives, directly blowing up the leader's body.

Blood and minced meat splattered everywhere, and the scene was extremely tragic.

The power of the Terminator has surpassed the limits of human beings. His body seems to be made of steel and concrete, indestructible.

His eyes are full of complex emotions.

He looked at the Terminator, his heart full of doubts and uneasiness.

This is completely different from the scene he imagined. He originally thought he would see a heroic battle and a messenger of justice, but the reality gave him a heavy blow.

"Who?"

At this moment, Luther looked up at Clark. His eyes were as sharp as a knife, as if he could penetrate all hypocrisy and lies. Clark's heart tightened, he knew he was discovered. He was a little panicked, not knowing whether he should get close, but the next moment, he saw Luther rushing towards him.

Luther's speed was very fast, and his figure quickly enlarged in Clark's sight. Clark could clearly see the firmness and coldness on Luther's face, as if nothing could stop him.

Clark's heartbeat accelerated, and he felt an unprecedented pressure.

The speed was very fast, and it only took one second to cover a hundred meters. However, it was still very slow in Clark's eyes. He could clearly catch the figure of the other party. In just a few breaths, Luther appeared in front of Clark.

"Terminator..."

Clark looked closely at this tall and strong man with a dark golden circuit board pattern in a black tights.

Luther was a little curious about who he was, but when he saw Clark, he was even more surprised.

Superman?

How could Superman appear in Gotham City?

Luther then saw through Clark's inner thoughts and knew that he wanted to come to Gotham City to find him.

He was attracted by himself.

So that's it, Superman who was in a confused period, traveling around the world, and working in the polar oil field.

Luther didn't expect that he could lead the plot to such a degree.

Wasn't he just having a blast in Gotham City? Why did Superman come?

"Who are you?"

Luther pretended not to know Clark.

Clark Kent stood opposite him, wearing ordinary casual clothes, but his deep eyes revealed a light beyond ordinary people. He tried to stay calm, but his heart was full of tension and expectation.

He raised his head, met Luther's eyes, and said: "My name is Clark Kent, and I'm a traveler."

He wanted to ask Luther if he was his kind, that is, an alien, but he felt that it was too rude and unlikely.

"What are you doing here?"

Luther continued to ask.

Clark paused, then said: "I... I was attracted."

"Attracted?"

Luther frowned.

"What do you mean?"

Clark took a deep breath, then said: "I don't know how to explain, but your power... I think you are very special, so I want to come and see."

There was a hint of uncertainty and confusion in his words.

"Are you... the same as me?"

Clark asked suddenly, with a hint of trembling and expectation in his voice.

"I don't know what you are talking about. If you are a tourist, then welcome to Gotham, but don't go out too late."

Luther said calmly.

There was a hint of warning in his words, as if telling Clark that this place was not as safe as he thought.

Clark couldn't help but feel a little disappointed after hearing Luther's words.

He continued with some reluctance: "I, I have the same power as you."

There was a hint of eagerness and desire in his words, as if he wanted to prove his identity.

As he spoke, Clark broke off the iron railing next to him. The steel in his hands was no different than a soft one wrapped around his fingers. It was like mud for him to play with, making a creepy metal friction sound.

"Stop!"

Luther felt stung.

Clark seemed to realize his gaffe. He quickly put away his strength and looked at Luther with some embarrassment.

"Sorry, I...I just wanted to prove it to you."

He whispered, a hint of apology and uneasiness in his voice.

Luther was silent for a while, and then said: "I don't know who you are or your purpose. But if you really have power, you should learn how to control it instead of showing it at will."

"It's my natural talent."

Clark paused, and then continued: "You know, I have always felt that I am a monster because I have this power. I dare not tell others, and I dare not show it easily. But now, I meet you, I Finally no longer alone."

Chapter 632 Dachao as assistant?

"Sorry, my power is not innate, but obtained through my own research."

Luther was talking serious nonsense.

Clark had a look of disappointment on his face when he heard Luther's words.

He originally thought that he had finally found a being like himself, a companion who also had super powers.

However, reality told him that Luther's power was not innate, but acquired through his own hard work.

Clark has felt lonely and confused since he was a child because of his differences. His power is powerful and dangerous, and he can hurt others if he is not careful.

Therefore, he is afraid of contact with people and is afraid of being regarded as a monster. After learning that he was an alien, he even chose to run away from home to escape reality.

However, even though he was wandering in loneliness, Clark still longed to be part of a group and to have friends deep down in his heart.

He longs to be recognized and to live like an ordinary person. However, his strength has become the biggest obstacle to his integration into society.

Clark knew how terrifying his power was, and he didn't dare show it to anyone easily. He is afraid that he will hurt others if he is not careful, so he always carefully hides his power.

He even felt disgusted and afraid of himself deep down, feeling that he was a monster.

But when he met Luther, he saw hope. Luther also has superpowers and doesn't seem to be as bound by his powers as he is.

Clark thought he had finally found someone he could talk to and rely on. However, reality disappointed him again.

Clark didn't give up completely, though.

He thought about it and felt that even if Luther's power was obtained through research, it was still power!

"Can I...can I stay by your side?"

Clark hesitated, then worked up the courage to ask. He knew he might be a little presumptuous, but he really didn't want to go back to a lonely life again.

Luther raised his eyebrows, "What's going on, young man?"

It seems very gay for you to speak like this.

Luther did have his own unique insights into the selection of assistants.

He prefers those beautiful young ladies and understanding elder sisters as his assistants. It seems that such a combination can bring him a different kind of pleasure.

Whenever he thinks of those smart, capable and considerate female assistants, a smile will always appear on his lips unconsciously.

However, when his thoughts drifted back to reality, he couldn't help but start to imagine what it would be like if Superman Clark could become his assistant?

Imagine that in the future, Batman's assistants are heroic warriors such as Robin, and his assistant is Clark, the superman who has invincible power and can fly and escape! Such a combination is undoubtedly very shocking.

However, Luther had a clear understanding of Clark's character and beliefs. He knew that Clark was a kind and kind person, which was incompatible with his ruthless behavior.

"Are you sure? I don't need that kind-hearted trash, that will only hurt more people."

Luther looked at Clark, his eyes were firm and cold, and his tone was full of no doubt.

Clark was shocked by Luther's words. He hesitated, not knowing how to respond.

He recalled the scene when he saw Luther going on a killing spree, and he was really shocked by the ruthless and cruel style. This was completely contrary to the education he had received since childhood and made him feel at a loss.

"Clark, you have to remember, kill one person to save a hundred people."

Luther said calmly.

"They all deserve to die. Our laws cannot judge them. Although the law is fair, the people who enforce it are not fair. Therefore, the best way is to send them to hell and let the devil judge them!"

These words made Clark think deeply.

He had never killed anyone or even thought about killing anyone.

The education he received since childhood was kindness, mercy and justice. He believed that everyone should be treated fairly and not be deprived of life at will.

However, he also understood that what Luther said was not entirely unreasonable. In this world full of sin and injustice, sometimes someone really needs to stand up and uphold justice in a more direct and decisive way.

He never imagined that he would kill someone, let alone imagined what it would be like to kill someone. If he really did this, he didn't know whether he could sleep peacefully at night or whether he would have nightmares.

However, Luther seemed not to give Clark much time to think.

He turned and walked away, leaving Clark alone in a daze. Clark looked at Luther's retreating back, feeling filled with confusion and confusion.

In the days that followed, Clark began to try to understand Luther's ideas and actions.

He tried hard to think about whether those so-called "dead" people really deserved to die and whether they really could not get a fair trial through the law.

He tried to see things from Luther's perspective, to understand the idea of sacrificing individuals for the sake of greater justice.

The kind of method that uses violence to fight violence and killing to stop killing.

Luther was not idle either. Although Deadshot was a waste, his head was picked up by Batman and sent to prison.

But Deathstroke and Batman are not done yet.

The two tactical masters began to make plans based on Luther's situation.

Deathstroke, a tactical master known for his ruthlessness, proposed a bold idea.

He planned to try to use larger caliber weapons to test whether the Terminator really had an indestructible, invulnerable steel body as rumored.

He firmly believed that no carbon-based creature could withstand the fierce attack of thermal weapons. This proposal immediately aroused Batman's opposition.

Although the use of large-caliber weapons may cause certain damage to the Terminator, it will also bring great risks to innocent citizens.

Therefore, he firmly opposed Deathstroke's proposal and believed that a method must be found to deal with the Terminator and protect the citizens to the greatest extent.

At Batman's insistence, the two began to explore other possibilities in depth. In the end, Batman decided to create a new set of armor-anti-Terminator armor.

He knew that in order to defeat the powerful Terminator, he must rely on advanced scientific and technological forces.

Now Deathstroke is a tester of the "anti-Terminator armor".

Iron Man Tony Stark's armor can resist anyone he fights against, but Batman is different. His armor can really resist anyone he says he will resist.

Chapter 633 Anti-Terminator Armor!

In the design process of the anti-Terminator armor, Batman first focused on the flexibility and mobility of the armor. He knew that a armor that restricted his movements was useless even if it had strong defense.

Not to mention the Terminator's terrifying speed of 100 meters per second. For Batman, he must not let himself become slow in battle, like a heavy turtle shell.

Therefore, in order to achieve the goal of fighting the Terminator, Batman used the most advanced artificial muscle technology to inject unprecedented vitality and strength into his armor.

Artificial muscle technology is undoubtedly a major breakthrough in the fields of biotechnology and mechanical engineering in recent years. This artificial muscle is not only highly similar to real muscles in appearance, but also can simulate the movement of real muscles and achieve highly flexible movements.

Through precise sensors and control systems, the armor can respond to Batman's every action intention in real time, as if it is integrated with Batman's body, making him more comfortable in battle.

Inside the armor, artificial muscle fibers are arranged according to the fiber structure of human muscles to simulate the movement principle of real muscles.

This allows the armor to stretch and retract like real muscles and respond quickly to Batman's movements. Whether it is a quick punch, a flexible dodge, or a powerful sprint, the armor can easily do it and provide strong support for Batman.

At the same time, this artificial muscle also has super strength and toughness.

Inside the artificial muscle fibers, there are high-density energy storage units that can quickly release energy when needed to provide powerful power for the armor.

This allows Batman to burst out amazing power in battle and easily cope with various challenges.

In addition to flexibility and strength, the strength and toughness of the armor are also the focus of Batman's attention. He knows that in the battle with the Terminator, the armor must be able to withstand strong impacts and attacks. Therefore, he uses precise calculations and tests to ensure that the armor can maintain structural integrity and stability when it is subjected to strong impacts.

The surface of the armor is covered with a layer of special alloy material, which can withstand high temperature and high pressure, and can resist various chemical corrosion and electromagnetic interference. This alloy material uses advanced nanotechnology to accurately match and combine multiple metal elements, thus forming unique physical and chemical properties. This alloy material not only has extremely high hardness and toughness, but can also effectively absorb and disperse impact force, providing comprehensive protection for Batman.

Batman took great pains in choosing the material of the armor.

He finally chose spider silk fiber technology as the main material for making armor.

Spider silk fiber is a biological material composed of protein silk secreted by spiders. It has extremely high strength and toughness, stronger than steel, but much lighter.

This allows the armor to maintain strong defense without bringing too much burden to Batman. In addition, spider silk fiber also has good elasticity and wear resistance, and can maintain good performance even in long-term use and combat.

In addition to spider silk fiber, Batman also used a variety of high-tech materials to enhance the performance of the armor.

For example, he added nano-enhanced materials to the key parts of the armor, which can improve the physical and chemical properties of the materials at the microscopic level, thereby improving the strength and toughness of the armor.

In addition, he also used advanced thermal imaging and night vision technology, so that the armor can maintain a clear field of vision and keen perception in various harsh environments.

In the functional design of the armor, Batman showed his unique creativity and talent. He designed an intelligent control system that can receive and analyze Batman's action instructions in real time through highly integrated sensors and processors.

Whether it is a simple punch, kick, or complex tactical action, the intelligent control system can respond quickly and drive the armor to complete the corresponding action.

This allows Batman to focus more on the battle itself in battle without being distracted by operating complex equipment.

In addition, the armor is also equipped with advanced communication equipment and positioning systems. Through these devices, Batman can keep in touch with other teammates at any time, share combat information, and fight together.

At the same time, the positioning system can also display Batman's position and movement trajectory in real time, providing strong support for tactical decision-making.

In order to ensure the durability of the armor, Batman adopted a modular design. This design allows each part of the armor to be disassembled and replaced separately, which is convenient for rapid repair and upgrading in battle.

When a part is damaged, Batman only needs to replace the part without replacing the entire armor, which greatly reduces the cost and time of repair.

This modular design not only improves the reliability of the armor, but also allows Batman to adjust the configuration of the armor at any time according to combat needs.

Batman also spent a lot of thought on the appearance design of the armor. He used dark tones as the main color, making the armor more concealed at night.

At the same time, the surface of the armor also uses reflective materials, which can reflect light at critical moments and provide additional protection for Batman.

"Death Knell!"

Batman shouted and put on the anti-Terminator armor. The supercomputer immediately locked onto Death Knell's figure and calculated his next movement trajectory.

A heavy punch went straight to the face, cutting through the air and leaving a sharp afterimage in the air.

Deathbell's pupils shrank, and he felt a strong sense of oppression coming at him, which was caused by the air squeezed by Batman's heavy punch.

He quickly adjusted his body shape and dodged the heavy punch by a millimeter.

Batman took this opportunity to quickly launch a counterattack. His body shape was like the wind, his movements were swift and precise, and every punch and kick contained powerful power.

Although Deathbell was also a top fighter, his advantage was greatly weakened in front of Batman's anti-Terminator armor.

Under Batman's control, the artificial muscle fibers inside the armor moved flexibly like real muscles, presenting his every movement perfectly.

Whether it was fast movement or precise strikes, the armor could respond quickly and provide strong support for Batman.

At the same time, the alloy material on the surface of the armor also played a huge role.

It could not only withstand the fierce attack of Deathbell, but also disperse the impact force to the entire armor, reducing the damage to Batman's body.

This allowed Batman to display his strength more confidently in battle.

Chapter 634: Crushing

Deathbell realized the power of Batman's armor, and his brows were furrowed. Simply relying on strength to fight hard is undoubtedly a futile attempt.

This is still a very rare situation for Deathbell, except for the freak Terminator.

His strength and speed have exceeded the limits of human beings, but he has been repeatedly defeated in Gotham. It's really outrageous!

His figure is erratic, like a ghost, leaving a trail of afterimages on the battlefield. Every move he makes seems to have a certain rhythm, as if he is dancing a silent dance. His movements are so fast that it is almost impossible to see his true position.

However, Batman is not an easy opponent to deal with. The anti-Terminator armor he wears is not only extremely strong, but also has a built-in supercomputer that can analyze every detail on the battlefield in real time. Through precise calculations, Batman can accurately predict the movement trajectory of Deathbell and respond accordingly in advance.

For a time, the battlefield was shadowy, and the two of them fought back and forth, and it was difficult to tell. Although the bell is extremely fast, Batman can always accurately find his flaws and launch fatal attacks with the advantage of the armor.

Every attack makes the bell overwhelmed. He has to focus all his energy on dodging and counterattacks, but even so, he still can't get rid of Batman's entanglement.

Batman's armor is not only extremely strong, but also highly intelligent and almost impeccable.

However, the bell did not give up. He knew that giving up now would be tantamount to admitting defeat, and he never had the idea of admitting defeat. He gritted his teeth and continued to fight with Batman.

In a fierce confrontation, the bell finally caught a flaw in Batman. He rushed towards Batman, his body like a black lightning that cut through the night sky, and the air around him seemed to be torn apart by him.

There was a fanatical light in the eyes of the bell. He was eager to defeat Batman in one fell swoop. Although he was testing the armor, the bell did not like the taste and feeling of failure!

However, Batman's reaction speed was extremely fast. He sensed the threat almost at the moment when Deathstroke launched the attack. He quickly adjusted his posture, leaning back slightly to avoid Deathstroke's attack route. His eyes were calm and firm, as if he had already seen through Deathstroke's intention.

Just as the two were about to collide, Batman suddenly launched a heavy punch. He had been preparing for this punch for a long time, and now he finally found the time to release it. The fist wind whistled past, carrying strong airflow and shock. Deathstroke only felt a huge force coming, and his attack was easily resolved by Batman's punch.

The huge force instantly poured into Deathstroke's body, and he only felt a sharp pain, and the whole person was knocked out. He rolled several times in the air and then fell heavily to the ground. His body was well protected by the armor, but his internal organs were strongly shaken, and a strong sense of nausea surged into his heart.

Deathstroke struggled to stand up, but Batman did not give him any chance to breathe. He immediately rushed forward, ready to launch the final attack. Seeing this, Deathstroke flashed a glimmer of madness in his eyes. He gritted his teeth and used all his strength to get up from the ground.

He was no longer as erratic as before, but chose to confront Batman head-on. He rushed towards Batman, clenched his fists, and hit Batman's head hard. His movements were swift and powerful, as if he wanted to vent all his anger and unwillingness on this punch.

Although Batman reacted quickly, the attack of the bell was too sudden, and he could only barely dodge the blow. However, the attack of the bell did not stop. He continued to launch a crazy offensive, punch after punch, trying to defeat Batman completely.

The two fell into a fierce battle again. This time, their battle was more intense, and every attack was full of murderous intent. The bell seemed to have gone completely crazy. There was only the figure of Batman in his eyes, and there was only one thought in his heart-to defeat Batman.

Batman remained calm all the time. Relying on the advantages of the armor, he flexibly avoided the attack of the bell and looked for opportunities to counterattack.

He knew that he could not be affected by the madness of the bell, otherwise he would fall into passivity. He kept adjusting his posture and pace, looking for the flaws of the bell.

The supercomputer ran frantically, deleted the previous data, and re-analyzed it with the current bell.

Then it re-locked the bell in the state of explosion.

Finally, in a confrontation, Batman found a perfect opportunity. He hit the bell's chest accurately with a heavy punch. The bell only felt a huge force coming, and the whole person was knocked out again. This time, he fell heavily to the ground and never got up again.

The bell lay on the ground, gasping for breath, his eyes full of unwillingness and anger. He knew he had lost, but he couldn't accept this fact. He always thought he was the strongest fighter, but today he was defeated by Batman. This frustration made him unacceptable.

Batman walked to the side of the bell and looked down at him. He didn't say anything, just stood there quietly, as if waiting for something.

The bell looked up at Batman, and a complex emotion flashed in his eyes. He knew that he was no longer able to compete with Batman.

"Your armor can defeat me, but it will never defeat the Terminator."

Death Knell sneered, his eyes revealing deep provocation and disdain.

Batman stood at the edge of darkness, his eyes deep and firm. He raised his head slightly, his eyes penetrated the provocation of the bell and shot further. He did not respond to the bell's words immediately, but fell into deep thought.

However, Batman is not a person who gives up easily.

He knows his mission and responsibility well, and he will not back down no matter how powerful the enemy is. He nodded slightly, and said calmly and firmly: "I know."

"But I will find a way."

His voice was calm and firm, as if he was ready to face any challenge.

The bell was slightly stunned. He did not expect Batman to respond to his words so calmly. He frowned and wanted to continue to provoke, but finally chose to remain silent.

Batman turned around and left.

Batman returned to the Batcave, a secret base deep underground. As soon as he entered the Batcave, he was surrounded by a familiar and reassuring atmosphere.

He walked to a huge console and began to study ways to deal with the Terminator.

Chapter 635 Clark

He began to analyze the combat data and characteristics of the Terminator, trying to find its weaknesses.

He turned on a huge display screen, which showed various combat images and data of the Terminator. He carefully observed every detail, trying to find the flaws of the Terminator.

He began to upgrade his armor, hoping to better deal with the Terminator's attacks.

On the other side, after several days of observation, Clark finally found the Terminator.

At this time, Catwoman was with the Terminator, and Clark saw Catwoman's agile figure and cold eyes clearly with his own eyes.

She killed those criminals mercilessly, and every shot was clean and neat, as if she was carrying out some sacred mission. Clark couldn't help but feel a palpitation, he had never seen such a cold and ruthless person.

However, it was this cold and ruthless that made Clark feel an impulse. It was not the impulse to join, but the impulse to stop.

He felt that he could not kill people as lightly as the Terminator and Catwoman, and he could not accept this way of fighting violence with violence.

He knew that he could not change his mind after all. He could not become the guardian of Gotham City like the Terminator. He also didn't want to be a cold-blooded killer like Catwoman.

So, he came to say goodbye.

Clark was silent for a moment, then said: "I can't accept your way. I think killing is not the solution to the problem. I don't want to be like you."

"Really? That's a pity."

Luther really felt it was a pity that his cards were gone.

But it wasn't that bad.

Clark didn't know what to say. He saw that the security in Gotham City had improved, and he also heard from other ordinary citizens of Gotham City how bad Gotham City was before the Terminator appeared.

Even if there was Batman, Batman made Gotham City worse. Because of Batman, a lot of freaks appeared in Gotham City. In the past, Gotham City might only have bank robberies, murders, and gang fights every day, but in actual calculations, Gotham City's crime rate was actually lower than that of New York City.

Until Batman appeared, super criminals and mentally ill people like Scarecrow, Riddler, and Joker began to appear, and they would drag the entire Gotham City together to make big events or something.

It was simply chaos, surpassing the level of chaos in New York City at one point.

The Terminator appeared at this time, ending the darkness and saving Gotham City.

He saw the smiles and sense of security on the faces of the citizens, all of which were brought by the Terminator. He knew that the Terminator was a hero and a guardian for Gotham City.

However, Clark also understood that not all places needed heroes like the Terminator. Some places need a more gentle and kind force, and people who use justice and reason to solve problems.

"Why? Do you think I did something wrong?"

Clark shook his head: "No, you didn't do anything wrong. Gotham City has become safer because of your appearance, and the citizens have lived a more stable life. These are all your credit."

"But I always think that justice should not be maintained by violence and killing."

Clark continued.

"Clark, I understand your thoughts. However, the world is not always so kind and gentle. Some criminals cannot be redeemed, and they will only bring more harm and pain to society. My way may be a bit extreme, but I think it is the most effective way."

Luther said with a smile.

Clark sighed: "Maybe you are right. But I still cannot accept your way. I think we should solve the problem in a more rational and humane way."

Luther nodded: "I understand your position, Clark. Although we cannot reach a consensus, I still respect your choice. Go ahead, I hope you can find your own way."

"Thank you very much for your education and guidance."

Clark nodded gratefully, then turned and left.

The differences between himself and Luther could no longer be bridged, but the respect and understanding between them still existed.

He will continue to move forward and find his own way. He knows that this road may be difficult, but he believes that as long as he persists, he will be able to find his own answer.

"I hope I won't meet Louise."

Luther said, looking at his back.

It can be said that Superman's transformation began with Louise.

At night, the streets of Gotham City were shrouded in a dim street light, adding a bit of mystery to the dark corners of the city.

A group of hooligans, dressed in tattered clothes and with unruly faces, were chasing a graceful girl with a smile on their faces.

The girl was wearing a tight dress and her long hair fluttered in the wind. She kept shuttling between the narrow streets, trying to shake off the annoying flies behind her. Her face was full of anxiety and fear.

At this moment, Luther was patrolling in the air in the Decepticon vertical take-off and landing aircraft that he had repaired after hitting it with a hammer. His eyes were sharp, as if he could penetrate the night and see through everything. He noticed the movement on the street below, and a playful smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"What a clumsy show."

Luther watched with interest. Although it looked normal, Luther was used to seeing people with his heart, so he knew what was going on.

Talia took action. She really couldn't find the true identity of the Terminator. In desperation, Talia could only use the old-fashioned beauty trap and the hero saving the beauty.

When she saw the flawless white biplane above her head, Talia knew that her plan had succeeded in the first step. The next step was...

But before Talia could prepare.

At this moment, the Decepticon aircraft suddenly changed.

Two black cannons suddenly appeared on the originally flawless white wings.

Luther installed two 7.62mm caliber cannons on the Decepticon, fully charged.

Seeing this scene, Talia couldn't help but take a breath.

Those gangsters naturally saw this scene. After seeing the two cannons, their minds, which were originally full of passion and desire, became sober in an instant.

They screamed in fear and tried to turn around and run away, but it was too late.

Luther did not give them any chance to escape. In fact, even if they turned around and ran, they could not escape the speed of the machine gun.

He pressed the firing button of the machine gun without hesitation.

The two machine guns fired instantly, making a deafening roar.

"Boom boom boom boom—————"

Chapter 636 Something happened

The 7.62mm caliber full-powered machine gun bullets, like dense raindrops, broke the tranquility of the night sky and mercilessly shot at the street thugs. The originally noisy streets were instantly shrouded in gunfire and explosions, and the shocking sound echoed in the night sky.

The thugs were originally arrogant and unprepared for the sudden situation in front of them. They stared with wide eyes and looked at the flames spewing from the white aircraft in horror. With the whistling sound of bullets, they felt unprecedented fear.

However, fear could not save them.

The machine gun bullets were like the sickle of the god of death, ruthlessly harvesting lives. One bullet after another penetrated the air, hit the target accurately, and beat the thugs to pieces. Blood and flesh splashed in the air, and the street suddenly turned into a pool of blood.

The power of the machine gun bullets was huge, and each one was enough to kill. They penetrated the bodies of the thugs, tore their flesh, and blood and flesh splashed in the air.

The street suddenly turned into a pool of blood, and the tragic scene was unbearable to watch.

Screams and wails came one after another, and the gangsters fell in the pool of blood, struggling in pain. Their faces were full of fear and despair, but all this was irreversible.

Their lives were ruthlessly taken away at that moment, leaving only endless pain and regret.

Talia stood not far away, staring blankly at the white aircraft above her head. Her heartbeat was accelerating, and the scene in front of her made her feel shocked and scared.

She had never seen such a brutal scene. To deal with a group of gangsters, heavy weapons such as machine guns were actually used. This was completely beyond her imagination.

Batman was not so brutal.

(Batman: That's right, the machine guns on my Bat Fighter are all equipped with bubble bombs, which can't kill people. As for those that can break concrete walls and iron sheets, they are just foam props.)

At this moment, she suddenly felt a strong vibration. She looked up and saw that the white aircraft had flown over her. She subconsciously covered her ears, but the roar of the machine gun was still deafening.

She saw the gangsters fall one by one under the machine gun, their bodies were torn apart, and blood was splattered.

Talia originally thought that Luther would appear next, after all, he was a hero saving the beauty, and she was dressed so hot.

The tight hip skirt wrapped around her hips, and her two slender thighs were bright white in the dark night. The unbearable burden on her chest deliberately broke a few buttons as she ran, and now it is ready to burst out.

Talia was confident that even if the Terminator had a heart of steel, he could not ignore her beauty.

Although there was a little problem with this heroic rescue plan, it was not a big problem. These gangsters were supposed to die, but Talia did not expect the Terminator to use such violent and brutal means.

As a result, after the Terminator beat the gangsters into "scum", the Terminator did not seem to notice her existence. The aircraft drew a graceful arc in the air and then disappeared into the depths of the night sky.

"Damn it!"

Talia kicked off the heels of her high heels. She had just run for a while in high heels. Even though she had received training, it didn't mean that Talia could ignore the pain of high heels.

It's just that she tried so hard, but the Terminator didn't even look at her, which made Talia feel like a failure.

"He must be blind!"

"Or is Catwoman in the aircraft?"

"Or does he not see me clearly at all?"

Talia kept talking to herself. Her charm as a woman was denied or even ignored, which made Talia unable to control her emotions.

Just then, she received a call from someone.

Arkham Asylum, this name is almost known to everyone in Gotham City.

It is located on a small island outside the main urban area of Gotham City, connected to Gotham City only by a narrow road. It looks like an ordinary asylum, but it is actually a peculiar building that perfectly combines prison and mental hospital.

Every inch of land and every building on the island reveals an indescribable depression and madness.

The entire island is surrounded by high walls, and the tops of the walls are covered with barbed wire, giving people a feeling of being insurmountable. The buildings on the island are even more full of weirdness and gloom.

Arkham Asylum is divided into three parts: West, Central and East.

The three parts are relatively independent and do not connect to each other. The central part is the entrance and exit of the island, connected to Gotham City.

The roads leading to the west and east are strictly checked, and only people with specific permits can pass. This layout makes Arkham Asylum seem like a self-sufficient closed world, isolated from the outside world.

The western part of the island has a unique terrain, partly surrounded by mountains, and a platform open space in the middle. On this open space, there are two buildings-the medical center and the suppression center.

The medical center is a five-story building. Although its appearance is similar to that of an ordinary hospital, it has an indescribable gray tone, as if it is shrouded in haze.

The suppression center gives people a more depressing feeling. Its architectural style is full of coldness and heaviness, as if it is a fortress specially used to imprison demons.

The medical center is one of the most important buildings on the island, responsible for providing treatment and care for patients. However, the treatment method here is different.

Doctors not only have to deal with patients with serious mental illnesses, but also with criminals with crazy and aggressive personalities.

Here, treatment and repression are often intertwined, making the medical center a place full of contradictions and conflicts.

The repression center is the most terrifying place on the island. It holds patients who have gone completely crazy, are aggressive, and can hardly communicate.

They are locked in iron cages or tied to special beds and cannot move freely. The security guards at the repression center are armed with live ammunition and are always ready to deal with possible emergencies. The atmosphere here is tense and depressing, as if even the air is filled with a suffocating atmosphere of terror.

In addition to these two buildings, there are some small rooms and observation towers on the ground in the west of the island. These small rooms are similar to security rooms, where the security guards rest and monitor.

The observation tower can monitor most of the western part of the island from a high position to ensure that no abnormal situation occurs.

The security guards on the island are another line of defense for Arkham Asylum. Although they can barely be regarded as members of the Gotham City Police System, they do not belong to the Gotham City Police Department.

Chapter 637 Arkham Asylum

Their immediate superior is the director of the asylum, Sharp. Sharp, this name is as shocking as thunder in Arkham Asylum. He is not only the manager here, but also a shrewd capitalist.

He cleverly used his power and wealth to build Arkham Asylum into a kingdom independent of Gotham City, like a closed and self-sufficient ecosystem.

Sharp's control over Arkham Asylum can be described as meticulous. He knows every detail of the island, whether it is the daily life of the patients or the patrol routes of the security guards.

He strictly controls every patient and security guard, as if they are just chess pieces in his hands, at his mercy.

On this island, there lives a group of special people. Some of them were sent here for treatment because of mental illness, and some were imprisoned here for serious crimes.

Their identities and backgrounds are different, making Arkham Asylum a place full of unknowns and dangers. Here, everyone is trying to find their own way of survival, while also trying to uncover the secrets of this place.

The sea around the island is like a hidden giant beast, ready to devour any life that accidentally approaches. The sea is blue and deep, but it hides endless dangers.

The sharp reefs are like sharp blades lurking under the water. They wait quietly, and once a ship accidentally touches them, they will tear the hull mercilessly.

The sharks cruising in this sea are even more frightening. Their sharp teeth flash coldly in the sun, and their ferocious temperament makes this sea a forbidden area for life.

However, in such a place where almost no one dares to set foot, an uninvited guest was welcomed today.

He is not a patient or employee of Arkham Asylum, but a completely unfamiliar outsider. This man is burly, with bulging muscles, clear lines like a knife and an axe, and as burly and strong as an iron tower.

He is wearing a black vest, leather trousers, iron boots, a respirator mask on his head, and several tubes inserted behind his back, which looks very weird. His eyes were firm and deep, as if they contained endless power and wisdom.

He accomplished an incredible feat - swimming over with his bare hands and landing on the west side of the island.

During the swim, he was attacked by a shark. But shockingly, he did not retreat or get hurt, but showed amazing fighting power and a calm mind.

He cleverly avoided the shark's attack, and at the same time defeated the sharks one by one with powerful force, dyeing the sea red. These sharks became food for other fish, and he successfully landed.

"Captain, there are people here!"

Inside the western security room, a "beep" sounded, which was the alarm of the monitoring system.

The security guards quickly gathered in front of the screen, only to see a figure approaching them. They had never seen such an outsider, and they didn't know how he avoided many obstacles and successfully landed on the island.

"How could someone appear there? Go and bring him to me."

The security captain said, with a hint of tension in his tone. They knew the dangers of Arkham Asylum and the unknown risks that any outsider might bring. Therefore, they decided to act quickly to control this man.

There were seven security guards in the security room, all of whom were elites who had been strictly selected and trained.

Originally, two of them should have been on the observation deck, but it was around two o'clock in the afternoon, the temperature was very high, and the sun was scorching the earth. No one wanted to go up to the sun to be scorched by the scorching sun, so they all stayed in the air-conditioned security room.

They picked up real guns and prepared to deal with possible dangerous situations.

"Don't move! Stop! Put your hands up!"

The security guards shouted at the man while keeping a safe distance. They didn't want to take the risk of approaching the man, after all, his identity and purpose were unknown.

However, the man didn't seem to hear their shouts, nor did he stop. He just stood there quietly, as if thinking about something.

Suddenly, he reached out and pressed a button on his body, and then the tubes behind him began to wriggle. These tubes seemed to be connected to his body, transmitting some kind of liquid into his body.

Seeing this, the security guards were shocked. They didn't know what the man was doing, nor did they know what this liquid was. However, they knew that this man was not a good guy and had to subdue him as soon as possible.

This man was Batman's archenemy - Bane!

The main effect of Titan's "poison" was to make Bane's physical fitness reach a low-level superhuman level, but this was only the most basic ability of the "poison". This liquid was like a mysterious switch. Once activated, it could give Bane superhuman power. However, the strength of the "poison" was not fixed, it depended on the amount Bane injected into his body.

When Bane injected the "poison" into his body, he could feel a powerful force surging in his body. His muscles seemed to be injected with new life, becoming harder and stronger, as if they could tear apart all obstacles. His physique also became more sturdy, with more obvious muscle lines, standing like an iron tower.

However, the strength of the "poison" is not fixed, it depends on the amount Bane injects into his body. He can adjust the injection amount as needed to control his strength. This allows him to flexibly respond to various situations in battle, whether facing a single enemy or an entire legion, he can handle it with ease.

Even without using "poison", Bane's strength and physique are still amazing. His muscles have been strictly trained, and every inch is full of strength and explosiveness. This allows him to show amazing combat power without using any external force. His movements are swift and powerful, and every punch or kick seems to tear the air apart.

Facing the shouts and threats of the security guards, Bane seemed not to hear them. There was no expression on his face, as if he was used to such scenes. He continued to stride towards the security guards, and every step seemed to challenge their bottom line. There was a firmness and determination in his eyes, as if he was ready to deal with everything.

"Stop!" The security guards shouted again, but there was a hint of panic in their voices. They knew that facing such a powerful enemy, any rash action could have disastrous consequences.

Chapter 638 The stage is set

However, Bane seemed not to hear their warnings, and he continued to move forward firmly.

Under the fierce and scorching sun, his steps seemed unusually firm and powerful, and every step made the ground tremble slightly, as if every step was trampling on the dignity and courage of the security guards.

His figure seemed to be getting taller and taller, like an unshakable mountain.

Seeing this, the security guards looked at each other in surprise, knowing that this man's strength should not be underestimated.

They quickly adjusted their positions and formed a tight line of defense. Everyone's eyes were fixed on Bane, fearing that he would make any unexpected moves.

"Bang bang bang bang bang!!!"

The dense gunfire echoed in the sky, and the security guards aimed at Bane's limbs and fired without hesitation.

They hoped to limit Bane's ability to move by hitting his limbs, so that no matter what he came to do, there would be no need to worry.

However, their plan fell through.

The bullets shot at Bane like meteors, but the moment they touched his body, they seemed to encounter an invisible barrier.

After hitting his limbs, the bullets were only embedded in his skin and could not penetrate deeper.

His skin shone with a strange luster in the sun, as if protected by a layer of mysterious power.

His skin seemed to be as hard as iron, and the bullets could only leave shallow marks on his body.

Seeing this, the security guards couldn't help but feel a sense of despair.

They couldn't believe that this enemy was so powerful and almost impossible to defeat. Their attacks seemed to have no effect on this enemy, but made him more ferocious.

But Bane seemed to be unaffected. He continued to stride forward, as if those bullets were just insignificant pebbles. His eyes revealed a kind of coldness and cruelty, as if he had regarded the security guards as lambs to be slaughtered.

The bullets hit Bane, making a "ding-dong" sound, but could not penetrate his indestructible body. He seemed to be a tireless war machine, rushing towards the security guards mercilessly.

The security guards began to feel fear and wanted to escape, but Bane did not give them any chance.

He rushed forward suddenly, like a chariot out of control, unstoppable. His figure left a long afterimage in the sky, and the security guards were knocked out wherever he passed.

"Ah--!"

Screams came one after another, and the security guards twisted their hands and feet in mid-air, obviously with multiple fractures and even internal bleeding. Their weapons drew parabolas in the air, and finally fell heavily to the ground with a dull sound.

However, Bane did not stop his steps, he continued to move forward, as if nothing in the world could stop him. In his eyes, there was only the front, only his goal-the dangerous patients in Arkham Asylum.

The security guards were already scared to death, they dropped their weapons and turned to run away. However, Bane was much faster than them, and he soon caught up with the fleeing security guards.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Bane swung his fists and knocked the fleeing security guards to the ground one by one. Their bodies seemed extremely fragile, as if they could not withstand a single blow. Each of Bane's punches was full of power, as if to tear their bodies apart.

Soon, all the security guards fell to the ground, groaning in pain, while Bane, like a cold god of death, continued to walk deeper into Arkham Asylum.

Bane came to the gate of the asylum, and without any hesitation, he punched the door.

The gate collapsed under his power, making a deafening sound. This sound seemed to awaken the sleeping demon, and the atmosphere in Arkham Asylum became tense in an instant.

He walked through the dark and gloomy corridors and came to the cells where the mentally ill criminals were held. He pushed open the cell door with force and released the criminals who were imprisoned in Arkham Asylum by Batman.

The Joker, the Scarecrow, the Riddler... these criminals who once caused panic in Gotham City are now free with the help of Bane.

They were like evil spirits crawling out of hell, with madness and cruelty flashing in their eyes.

Bane didn't say much to these criminals. He just told them a few simple words and then left the asylum.

Of course, he only left on the surface. In fact, this was a stage.

The chaos in Arkham Asylum was as fierce as a storm, and was soon noticed by people outside.

The originally quiet night was broken by a burst of hurried footsteps and terrified shouts.

The security captain, a man who was usually calm and composed, was now full of fear and despair on his face.

He stood at the door of Arkham Asylum, looking at the flames and smoke in the asylum, and a sense of powerlessness surged in his heart.

He knew that he and a few security guards alone could not stop the madness inside. He quickly took out his mobile phone and called the police.

"Quick! Come quickly! Arkham Asylum has been attacked! Those criminals have been released!"

There was a trace of trembling and despair in the voice of the security captain, and his voice was echoing, as if foreshadowing the coming disaster.

After the Gotham City Police Department received the call, the entire police station immediately fell into panic.

Arkham Asylum is one of the most strictly guarded prisons in Gotham City, where extremely dangerous mentally ill criminals are held. These criminals are not only extremely destructive, but their crazy behavior is often unpredictable.

Any criminal who escapes may bring great disaster to the city.

Inside the police station, the sound of telephone ringing, shouting, and running came one after another. The police acted quickly, mobilized a large number of police forces, and rushed to Arkham Asylum with weapons and equipment.

Police cars drove out of the police station one after another, flashing red and blue police lights, which were particularly dazzling even in broad daylight.

The sirens were sharp and piercing, breaking the originally quiet afternoon.

The police looked solemn. They knew that this would be a difficult and dangerous battle, but they must also do their best to protect the safety of the citizens.

However, when the police arrived at Arkham Asylum, they found that the situation was beyond their control.

The hospital was in chaos with flames and thick smoke. The criminals were running rampant in the yard like wild horses, destroying everything they could.

The police tried to organize a defense line, but soon found that their weapons had no effect on these crazy criminals. These criminals seemed to have no fear of death, and there was only madness and the desire to destroy in their eyes.

Chapter 639: Night in the Madhouse

When the police were helpless, the situation fell into unprecedented tension and chaos.

When they arrived at Arkham Asylum, it was already dusk.

The night was as dark as ink, and the shadows of Arkham Asylum looked even more bizarre in the moonlight, as if hiding countless unknown horrors.

At this moment, a vague figure slowly walked out of the darkness in the distance, as if coming from the depths of hell. He was wearing a tattered scarecrow costume, with straw hanging messily on his body, swaying gently with the night wind, making a rustling sound, as if whispering some ancient spell.

The scarecrow wore a terrifying mask on his face, and his two eyes flashed with a faint light, like two burning hellfires, which made people shudder.

The light seemed to come from the messenger of hell, with endless evil and weirdness. He held a bottle of green liquid in his hand, and the liquid glowed with a weird luster in the moonlight, as if it contained some powerful power.

This figure was the scarecrow, Jonathan Crane.

He stood on a high ground, overlooking the entire Arkham Asylum, where the chaos and madness seemed to be under his control.

He laughed up to the sky, his voice full of pride and madness, as if the whole world was trembling under his feet.

The laughter echoed in the night sky, with a kind of heart-pounding magic, as if it could penetrate people's hearts and make people feel endless fear.

His laughter became more and more rampant, as if he had seen the horror he had carefully planned about to take place.

Suddenly, he suddenly opened the bottle in his hand, and a green gas quickly gushed out of the bottle, like a green dragon tumbling in the night sky.

The gas quickly spread and filled the sky above the entire Arkham Asylum, with a strong toxicity, as if it was going to swallow everything.

The green gas had a strange magic, and as long as people inhaled a little, they would immediately feel an inexplicable fear.

All kinds of horrible illusions began to appear in front of their eyes. Some saw the monsters they feared the most, and those monsters were waving their claws and fangs, as if they were trying to break free from their dreams; some saw the tragic death of their loved ones, and those tragic scenes made them feel heartbroken.

The police soon discovered the weirdness of the green gas. Their originally firm eyes began to become panic and terrified, and their bodies began to tremble.

They tried to resist this fear, but the toxicity of the green gas was too strong, and they soon lost the ability to resist.

Their bodies seemed to be bound by the fear gas, unable to move, and could only watch the criminals wreak havoc in the hospital.

Those criminals seemed to have gained some kind of power, becoming more crazy and cruel, and mocking and insulting the police wantonly.

The entire Arkham Asylum fell into chaos and terror. The Scarecrow stood on a high place, admiring his masterpiece.

He felt like God, who could control the life and death and fear of others. His heart was full of satisfaction and pride, as if he had reached the pinnacle of life.

He walked up to a policeman who was controlled by the fear gas. The policeman had dull eyes and a stiff body, like a puppet whose soul had been taken away.

Scarecrow took the communicator from him with contempt, then held it high and said to the other end of the communicator in a terrifying and low voice: "Tonight, Arkham Asylum will be my stage. Batman and the ignorant Terminator, welcome to my world!!! We now have more than a hundred policemen as hostages. You'd better obey, otherwise..."

His voice echoed in the night sky, full of provocation and arrogance. Every word was like a cold blade, cutting through the tranquility of the night.

Batman was standing at the other end of the city at this time, with a frown and a firm light in his eyes.

He received the message from Scarecrow, and his heart was full of worry and anger.

He knew that the policemen controlled by the fear gas were in danger, and Scarecrow's cruelty and arrogance made him intolerable. He must rush to Arkham Asylum as soon as possible to stop Scarecrow's crazy behavior.

At the same time, Luther also received the news.

He stood on his Decepticon aircraft, overlooking the entire city.

"It's too much for these lunatics to live in a luxurious single room!"

Luther said angrily.

"And they don't have to work and they get free food and accommodation. It's a waste of taxpayers' money! They live in this world and only make food more expensive and less!"

His words were full of dissatisfaction with Arkham Asylum and disgust with criminals.

In his opinion, these criminals are the dregs of society and have no value at all.

He is determined to end it all and restore peace to Arkham Asylum.

"Tonight, the Terminator will end everything!"

He pressed the start button on the aircraft, and the Decepticon aircraft slowly took off and flew towards Arkham Asylum.

The white fuselage drew a bright arc in the night sky, as if it was a challenge signal from Terminator Luther.

Luther did not take Catwoman to Arkham Asylum with him.

In his opinion, in such a dangerous place, Catwoman is just a drag.

When he just arrived above Arkham Asylum, the moon in the sky seemed to tremble, and the silver moonlight flickered in the darkness, but it could not dispel the haze that was about to fall.

Several rockets suddenly rose from the ground and pierced the night sky. Their tail flames were like demonic tentacles, twisted and wild. These rockets hit his Decepticon aircraft accurately, so fast that no one had time to react.

"Boom————!!!"

A loud bang exploded in the night sky, making the entire Arkham Asylum seem to tremble. Under this sudden attack, the Decepticon aircraft was instantly hit by a rocket. The fuselage shook violently and made a harsh sound of metal tearing.

The fire spread across the fuselage and quickly engulfed the entire aircraft, turning it into a huge fireball. The fire shot up into the sky and illuminated the sky above the entire lunatic asylum. The light was dazzling and hot, as if it was going to burn everything.

"Hahahaha, surprise!"

A maniacal laughter sounded in the firelight, full of provocation and triumph.

I saw a few criminals in clown costumes standing on a tall building not far away. Their faces were painted with exaggerated makeup, and their red lips were grinning, revealing ferocious smiles.

They all held rocket launchers in their hands, and these were weapons carefully prepared by Bane for them.

It was they who fired the rocket that hit the Terminator's aircraft and caused this thrilling explosion.

Chapter 640: Massive Killing

"Do you think you are heroes? Hahaha, you are just toys in our hands!"

The members of the Joker Gang grinned, their eyes revealed madness and cruelty, as if they were completely immersed in the pleasure of destruction and killing.

The weapons in their hands flashed with cold light, as if announcing their cruelty and ruthlessness.

However, just when they thought they had won, Batman quietly hid in the dark, observing everything.

He did not move, did not make any sound, as if he had merged with the darkness around him. His figure was looming in the moonlight, like a cheetah lurking in the dark, waiting for the best time to attack.

Batman was wearing a black cloak, like a ghost in the night.

His eyes were as sharp as an eagle, staring at the members of the Joker Gang through the darkness. His heartbeat was steady and powerful, like an experienced hunter, waiting for the appearance of prey.

He knew that he could not act rashly, and had to wait for the right time to give Scarecrow and the Joker Gang a fatal blow.

Suddenly, gunshots were heard from the falling aircraft, and six gunshots were almost continuous. Six bullets accurately blew up the heads of six members of the Joker Gang, and their bodies fell down instantly, and the blood stained the ground red.

This scene made the entire Arkham Asylum quiet, as if time had frozen at this moment.

In the fire, a figure slowly walked out.

He was wearing a black and gold tights, like a warrior walking out of hell. His figure looked particularly tall and mighty in the firelight, and every step seemed to step on the hearts of everyone.

His armor was filled with the smell of gunpowder, and the flames licked his body, but he was unscathed, which was daunting.

His mask eyepiece lit up with golden light, like two bright stars, shining in the darkness.

"Tonight, the Terminator will end everything!"

The owner of the figure said calmly.

Although his voice was low, it was full of determination and strength. His eyes swept over everyone present, as if he wanted to see through their souls.

The Joker was holding a telescope, watching the scene with a smile. He showed a surprised expression on his face, but then he became unbridled and laughed.

"I like him, he is different from Bathead!"

The Joker said loudly, his laughter echoing in the night sky, which was particularly harsh.

The Scarecrow was amazed at the side, he was glad that he did not act rashly, otherwise he would be shot in the head by this Terminator from a distance.

As soon as Luther stepped into the gate of Arkham Asylum, a cold breath came to his face.

The strong smell of medicine and disgusting stench filled the air, making people frown involuntarily. However, Luther seemed not to smell it, and his eyes quickly swept around, looking for potential threats.

Suddenly, a group of mental patients rushed out from all directions, holding various weapons and firing wildly at Luther. Gunshots, screams, and shouts came one after another, and the whole asylum seemed to be caught in a vortex of chaos.

However, Luther was like an unshakable mountain. He stood there unscathed, allowing the attacks of the mentally ill patients to fall on him.

He seemed to have an invisible shield on his body, blocking all attacks.

"It seems that you don't understand what real power is."

Luther said coldly, with a kind of disdain and ridicule in his voice.

Indeed, there are many mentally ill patients with special abilities or strong strength in Arkham Asylum.

Some of them were locked up because they were too crazy, and some because they had some power that was not understood by the world. However, in front of Luther, they seemed so vulnerable.

Mental illness, killing is not illegal, so many "mental patients" are in Arkham Asylum, and another place is Blackgate Prison.

But even the people of the Joker Gang appeared, which seemed normal. This time, the gangs in Gotham City who were swept by the Terminator and the people of the Court of Owls could not sit still, and planned to get rid of the Terminator through Arkham Asylum!

I have to say, it is very imaginative and in line with Luther's stereotype of American comics.

For example, the Flash, whose speed is comparable to the speed of light or even faster than the speed of light, has been caught more than once.

Perhaps, they have been playing low-end games, so now they think they will be solved by the lunatics in Arkham Asylum.

Luther has two guns in his hands, he pulls the trigger, and a hail of bullets breaks out instantly.

The golden bullets and silver bullets intertwine to form a deadly barrage.

Each bullet hits the target accurately, knocking down the mentally ill one by one.

"Bang bang bang bang bang————"

The sound of gunfire echoed in the asylum, and each sound was accompanied by the fall of a patient.

Their bodies trembled under the penetration of bullets, and blood gushed out of the wounds, staining the ground red.

However, Luther did not stop.

He continued to pull the trigger, and the bullets in the two guns seemed endless and kept shooting. There was no mercy or hesitation in his eyes, only the pursuit of power and the coldness of the enemy.

The medical staff and patients in Arkham Asylum screamed in fear and fled in all directions. However, Luther did not let any of his enemies go. He shuttled through the asylum, and every move was accompanied by a burst of gunfire.

Those mental patients who tried to resist seemed so powerless in front of Luther.

His two twin guns are the largest caliber Desert Eagles, one gold and one silver!

Solid gold version of Desert Eagle and silver alloy Desert Eagle.

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When the 50AE is fired from the 6-inch barrel of the Sand Eagle, the kinetic energy is around 2,000 joules, which is roughly the same as the kinetic energy of the AK47. However, since the .50AE is basically a bullet that is easy to expand and deform after entering the body, and the kinetic energy is transferred more directly, it is The last shot of this thing is worse than a shot from a rifle.

Luther held on to the trigger, and the two infinite-bullet Desert Eagles each output ten bullets per second, which really knocked down a large group of people in front of him in an instant.

Now this group of mental patients have intuitively experienced this feeling firsthand.

Without a bulletproof vest, being shot was worse than being bitten by a wild animal. There was only a hole in the surface of the body, but a large gash was opened on the back, and the swollen flesh exploded and splashed in all directions.

Then these mentally ill people ran away in fear.

"If you actually know how to be afraid, then you are not mentally ill at all!"

Luther said immediately.

There are also those who don't run, Luther can kill them with one shot.

"How dare you pretend to be a mental patient? You must not be a mental patient!"