

Kryptonian 641

Chapter 641 Riddler, get out of Gotham City!

The psychopaths at Arkham Asylum already know.

The Terminators are probably different from Batman. Batman doesn't know how to kill, so they dare to challenge Batman, even if they use a folding stool or a broom to hit him.

However, the Terminator is different. He kills people like crazy, regardless of whether the opponent is really crazy or fake.

"It's really a mental illness. It's so pitiful. I'd better help you and send you to heaven for relief."

Luther's voice was cold and ruthless, as if he was saying something insignificant. As he finished speaking, there was another gunshot, and an innocent life disappeared.

However, Luther did not kill innocent people indiscriminately.

He can tell who is the real madman and who is the innocent victim. So while he's killing people along the way, every pull of the trigger is carefully considered.

Finally, Luther came to the gate leading to the center of the island.

This is a completely closed door with no gaps, giving people an indestructible feeling. He walked to the door and found a combination lock and a monitor-like thing above his head.

At this moment, an arrogant voice came from the gate's broadcast: "Give up, Batman, you can't fight the smartest man in the world!"

When Luther heard this, he couldn't help but feel speechless.

This person is talking nonsense without even seeing clearly who is coming. It's really ridiculous. He had already guessed the owner of the voice—Edward Ingmar, the self-proclaimed smartest Riddler in the world.

The Riddler is a genius criminal with a very high IQ and has been obsessed with all kinds of decryption games since he was a child. He considers himself the smartest man in the world and often sets up complex puzzles to challenge Batman.

His actions always make people laugh or cry. On the one hand, his puzzles are indeed difficult to solve, and on the other hand, his arrogance and arrogance make people feel very annoying.

So there is a classic saying that is popular in the circle: "The Riddler, get out of Gotham City!"

"Go away!"

"It turns out to be the Terminator, you idiot. My puzzle was not set up for you, a stupid waste. Only Batman is qualified to let me have a little fun before he completely fails. You don't even have the qualifications."

The Riddler's voice came from the radio again, full of ridicule and disdain.

However, Luther was not angry.

Facing the puzzle set by the Riddler, Luther chose to kick the door open with one kick!

“Bang————!!!”

The deafening sound echoed in the hall, as if it was tearing the entire space apart. The door instantly collapsed under Luther's powerful power and turned into countless fragments flying around. Smoke and dust were everywhere, and the entire hall was shrouded in a gray mist.

Luther's figure was looming in the smoke. He looked at the empty door coldly, with a sneer at the corner of his mouth. He knew that his kick not only knocked down the door, but also kicked away the Riddler's dignity and confidence.

"You rough monkey!!!"

The Riddler's voice came from the radio, full of anger and unwillingness. His puzzle, his challenge, was just kicked away by Luther. To him, this was simply an unbearable insult and provocation.

He would never admit to this Alexander-style solution to the problem.

However, Luther ignored the Riddler's anger.

He looked at the empty door coldly, with a sneer on his lips.

The Riddler's puzzles and challenges are nothing more than child's play and not worth his time to think about. He prefers to solve problems in the most direct way, which is rough but very effective.

"Incompetent rage."

Luther said lightly, as if the kick just now was just a piece of cake for him.

His words were full of disdain and ridicule, making the Riddler even more furious. However, Luther did not give him a chance to vent his anger. He had already crossed the kicked-off door and continued to explore forward.

After entering the interior, Luther immediately noticed the change in the air.

He smelled a faint green gas, which was the fear gas released by the Scarecrow. However, Luther did not show any symptoms of discomfort, as if he was immune to the poisonous gas.

The Scarecrow quickly noticed Luther's presence, and he quickly adjusted his posture and prepared to attack. He thought that Luther had inhaled the poison of fear and would fall into fear and chaos and become his puppet. However, he was wrong.

Luther was not affected by the fear gas. He calmly observed the Scarecrow's movements and prepared for his attack. When Scarecrow attacks Luther with a crane move, Luther is ready to counterattack.

A glint flashed in his eyes, and with a movement of his body, he dodged the scarecrow's attack. Then, he quickly counterattacked and punched the Scarecrow in the chest.

The scarecrow flew backwards and hit the wall.

"Tiger and crane?"

Luther's eyes lit up and he felt very interesting.

Even though Scarecrow has a doctorate in biochemical gas and psychology, he is also a kung fu master.

Scarecrow is still very familiar with hand-to-hand combat.

In addition to being a master of Crane Style Kung Fu, Scarecrow has created a fighting style of his own known as the "Dance of Violence."

It incorporates Drunken Master and makes full use of his long arms and legs.

I have to say that it is quite interesting to see the Crane Kung Fu and Drunken Boxing in the Tiger-Crane Double Form on a foreigner.

In Scarecrow's hand, there are five injections for injecting liquid fear gas.

This is a five-fold dose. If Scarecrow had hit him with the Crane Starter just now, he could have directly injected liquid fear gas, but he didn't have this opportunity.

Seeing Luther coming towards him, Scarecrow couldn't believe it.

"How could you not be affected!"

Then he opened the can on his back, and the liquid fear gas immediately flowed all over the floor.

"Because of the example of Batman, you just adapted to it?"

Luther complained, shouldn't Scarecrow keep shouting impossible, and then be killed by him before he could react?

It can only be said that with Batman's foreshadowing in the front, Scarecrow found it unbelievable, but he still reacted quickly and responded.

The liquid fear gas evaporated quickly, and it was so thick that even the air turned into a light green mist visible to the naked eye.

The scarecrow was submerged in the poisonous gas of fear and disappeared.

But Luther was too lazy to continue playing with the scarecrow. He raised his hand and shot, hitting the scarecrow accurately.

Chapter 642: Go through five levels and kill six generals, kill the scarecrow first!

The scarecrow widened his eyes in horror. He originally thought that under the cover of the fear gas, he would be the winner of this contest. However, he was wrong, extremely wrong.

The scarecrow fell to the ground, his heart was beating violently, and the part where he was shot was bleeding profusely, staining his clothes red. He couldn't believe that this man named Luther could stay awake in the fear gas dose five times that of a normal person, not to mention that he could accurately hit himself.

Five times the fear gas of a normal person, that is enough to make anyone lose their mind in extreme panic, or even be scared to death. However, Luther was like an emotionless machine. There was no fear in his eyes, only indifference and determination.

"How is this possible..." The scarecrow muttered to himself, his voice full of despair.

Luther did not answer him, but silently raised the gun and pointed it at the scarecrow's head. There was no trace of pity in his eyes, only coldness and determination towards the enemy.

"Go to hell with your fear, and play with the devil and the demons." Luther's voice was cold and firm, as if it came from the depths of hell.

"Bang!" A gunshot rang out, and the scarecrow's head exploded instantly, with blood splattering everywhere. His eyes were full of fear and unwillingness, but he eventually fell into endless darkness.

He turned and left, leaving only the gradually cooling body of the scarecrow and the poisonous gas of fear in the air.

Luther was unstoppable all the way, passing through five levels and killing six generals.

The death of the scarecrow was like a boulder thrown into the calm water, which instantly caused an uproar in Arkham Asylum. This land, which was originally full of chaos and violence, was now swept by the wind and waves and fell into complete madness.

The lunatics imprisoned in the asylum seemed to be summoned by some mysterious power and began to run around, like wild horses that could not be controlled.

They frantically destroyed everything that could be destroyed, walls, doors, windows, and furniture, none of which was spared. Under their hands, the entire madhouse seemed to have become a ruin.

Their screams, roars, laughter and cries intertwined to form a terrifying and harsh symphony. The sound echoed in the night sky, making people shudder.

Every note was full of madness and despair, as if telling the pain and struggle in their hearts.

And those criminals also took this opportunity to start planning their escape plan. They knew that this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

They colluded with each other and took advantage of the chaos in the madhouse to try to find a way to escape from here. There was a cunning and greedy light in their eyes, as if they had seen the dawn of freedom.

However, their plan was doomed to fail. Because in the depths of this madhouse, there is an even more terrifying existence-mental patients.

These patients have completely lost their minds, and their behavior is completely unpredictable. They may suddenly attack anyone, or they may kill each other.

Their existence makes this madhouse more dangerous and terrifying.

Often criminals are killed by mentally ill patients who suddenly rise up while planning to escape. These mentally ill people can't distinguish between friend and foe, and their strange behavior makes people hard to guard against.

Their existence makes this lunatic asylum like a huge trap, which may swallow anyone who dares to step into it at any time.

At this time, several helicopters are hovering over Arkham Asylum.

These helicopters are driven by reporters from Gotham City. They are using searchlights to capture the most real and terrifying side of this lunatic asylum.

Their cameras are aimed at the chaotic scene below, and they keep shooting, hoping to capture some shocking pictures to attract the audience's attention.

The light of the searchlight illuminates this chaotic land, making everything seem so real and cruel. Under the light, the faces of those lunatics appear more distorted and hideous, and the eyes of those criminals appear more cunning and greedy.

The helicopters of those reporters are hovering, and their cameras are closely following Luther's figure, recording his every movement and expression.

Their voices were broadcast live throughout Gotham City, allowing citizens to see the heroic figure of the Knight of Light.

"Look, that's our Knight of Light, he is bravely facing those lunatics and criminals!"

"He is so great, he can always bring us a sense of security!"

"I believe he will succeed, he is our hero!"

The citizens' discussions were one after another, and their hearts were full of admiration and trust for the Terminator. They believed that as long as he was there, Gotham City would be able to maintain peace and tranquility.

However, some people expressed concerns and doubts about the Terminator's actions.

"Although the Terminator is powerful, the lunatics and mentally ill patients in Arkham Asylum are not a joke. Can he really handle it?"

"And I heard that this invasion was premeditated, and a large number of gang forces and foreign gangs joined forces to get rid of the Terminator."

"Yes, I heard that they seemed to have prepared some secret weapons specifically for dealing with the Terminator."

Although these discussions were not loud, they were like an undercurrent, quietly surging in the hearts of the citizens.

Their concerns and doubts about the Terminator also reflect their deep concern about the madness and evil of Arkham Asylum.

At this time, Batman was hiding in a hidden corner, silently watching everything in Arkham Asylum. He was wearing a black tights and a signature mask on his face, and the whole person seemed to blend into the darkness.

His eyes were as sharp as a hawk, staring at the crazy criminals and mentally ill patients through the cracks in the window.

He turned a deaf ear to the citizens' discussions about him, and his heart was full of complicated emotions. He originally planned to take action himself, go deep into Arkham Asylum, and catch all the criminals in one fell swoop.

However, the appearance of the Terminator disrupted his plan.

He knew the strength and ability of the Terminator, and believed that he could complete this task. However, he still couldn't let it go. He had deep worries and concerns about the madness and evil of Arkham Asylum.

He stood up and walked out of his hiding place.

He knew that he couldn't just sit there and watch. He had to take action to save more people from the Terminator and couldn't let the Terminator kill them.

He took a deep breath, sorted out his equipment, and prepared to meet the upcoming challenge.

Chapter 643: Unstoppable

At the same time, deep in Arkham Asylum, Deathstroke was also secretly observing all this. He was like a cheetah lurking in the dark, ready to attack at any time.

He was wearing a black leather jacket, which was close to his skin, as if it was his second skin. The leather jacket glowed coldly under the dim light, giving people a mysterious and dangerous feeling.

He had a cold smile on his face, as if he had seen through all the hypocrisy and lies in the world.

Deathstroke sneered at the so-called plans of those gangsters and Arkham Asylum. In his view, the Terminator is an invincible existence, and any power that wants to challenge him is overestimating its own strength.

The power of the Terminator exceeds that of ordinary people, and he is unmatched in both physical strength and skills. He is like a ruthless killing machine, and any obstacle in front of him will be ruthlessly destroyed.

However, Deathstroke also knows that the Terminator is not invincible. If he really encounters a force that can restrain him, then the myth of the Terminator's invincibility may be broken.

Therefore, he was also secretly paying attention to the dynamics of Arkham Asylum, wanting to see if they really prepared any secret weapons.

Luther walked quickly in the corridor, his steps were firm and powerful. His eyes were like torches, and he observed the movements around him vigilantly. He knew that he was in the core area of Arkham Asylum, which was full of danger and madness.

Suddenly, a violent vibration came, as if something was waking up deep underground. Luther immediately raised his head alertly, only to see the wall suddenly burst open, rubble splashed, and smoke and dust filled the air.

Several figures rushed out of the rubble, their bodies were twisted and huge, their skin was covered with blue veins and blood vessels, and they looked extremely hideous.

These were ordinary criminals who were injected with Titan venom. They used to be the dregs of society, but now they have become like this.

Titan venom made them extremely powerful, but also made them lose their minds, become crazy and violent.

They roared and rushed towards Luther, their voices like the roar of wild beasts, shaking the entire corridor. Their eyes were full of madness and violence, as if they wanted to destroy everything in front of them.

However, Luther was not afraid at all. He rushed towards the criminals.

Luther threw a punch, and a powerful force burst out instantly. There was a dull bang in the air, as if something was torn apart. A criminal was punched out by him, smashing the wall, leaving only one leg outside. The leg was still twitching, as if telling the horror it had just encountered.

The remaining criminals were stunned by the situation, and before they could react, Luther had already thrown three punches in an instant. Each punch contained a powerful force, and each punch was like thunder. Those criminals could not resist at all, and were knocked out by Luther one by one. Their bodies drew arcs in the air, and then fell heavily to the ground.

Luther's movements were swift and smooth, as if they had been tempered by thousands of hammers. Each of his punches was accurate and powerful, and each of his kicks was steady and solid. He was like a sophisticated machine, performing his tasks efficiently and ruthlessly.

Ordinary boxers can jab in seconds, let alone Luther?

The criminals hit by Luther no longer had a human form, only some broken limbs and arms were left scattered on the ground. Their blood dyed the ground red, mixed with gravel and dust, forming a tragic and terrifying picture.

At this time, in a monitoring room in Arkham Asylum, Bane was watching all this through the screen. His face was solemn, his brows were furrowed, as if he was thinking about something.

"The power is far beyond Batman and the people injected with Titan venom..."

Bane muttered to himself.

After realizing that the Terminator and Batman were not the same type of enemies, Bane changed the plan in the original plot, because the Terminator would not bother to capture the escaped criminals and mentally ill people...

The Terminator would not be consumed by these criminals at all, he would just ruthlessly destroy them all.

It is impossible to consume the Terminator's physical strength and spirit in this way, so Bane intends to use this crazy Arkham night to find out the Terminator's intelligence.

Bane realized that he needed to re-evaluate this enemy. The Terminator is not an opponent like Batman who can be dealt with through wisdom and skills. His strength and speed are far beyond ordinary people and can hardly be dealt with by conventional methods.

Bane began to think about a new plan. He knew that in order to defeat the Terminator, he must find his weaknesses. However, the Terminator does not seem to have obvious weaknesses. His body is indestructible and his power is endless.

However, Bane did not give up. He believed that as long as he observed and analyzed carefully, he would be able to find the Terminator's flaws. After all, no matter how powerful the enemy is, there will be weaknesses. It just takes time and patience to find them.

So, Bane continued to observe the situation on the monitoring screen, while also thinking about new countermeasures. He knew that this battle had just begun, and the real contest was still to come.

A huge bat suddenly swooped down on Luther from the darkness, and its wingspan was so large that it almost occupied the width of the entire aisle. Luther was startled. He almost thought that Batman was attacking him, but he immediately rejected this idea.

Although Batman is also symbolized by the bat, he would never attack him at this time.

This huge bat is the human-bat Kurt Langston.

Kurt was originally an outstanding zoologist who had in-depth research on the hearing ability of bats.

He wanted to cure his deafness, so he developed a drug containing bat DNA serum and injected it into his body without hesitation.

However, he did not expect that the drug would have such strong side effects. Although Kurt successfully cured his deafness, he also turned into a half-man, half-bat monster.

Kurt the human-bat roared and rushed towards Luther, his voice was sharp and piercing, as if it could pierce a person's eardrum.

Luther grabbed Kurt's two claws, and then suddenly exerted force to tear Kurt the human-bat in half.

Blood and minced meat splattered, and the whole corridor was filled with a disgusting smell of blood.

Then Luther threw a fire bomb to burn Kurt the human-bat's body to prevent him from regenerating.

Although Luther didn't know whether he could regenerate like this.

But killing people must be finished!

Luther waited for a while until the thermite completely turned Kurt the human-bat into ashes before moving on.

Then he encountered his first problem.

Chapter 644 Killing Machine

"Terminator, look around, these are policemen and security guards, you don't want to see them die because of you, right?"

In the open courtyard of Arkham Asylum, the atmosphere suddenly became tense.

The gangsters stood not far away, holding their weapons tightly in their hands, with a sly smile on their faces.

They were frightened by the Terminator's ruthless killing methods. They no longer tried to fight with force, but turned to a more sinister method - hostage threat.

This problem is undoubtedly a huge challenge for the Terminator.

He stood in the middle of the open field, his eyes swept coldly over the shivering policemen, security guards and doctors and nurses of Arkham Asylum. Their faces were haggard, and it was obvious that the changes of this night had exhausted them.

Batman, who followed, quietly hid in the dark, watching the development of the situation with a sharp eye.

He was looking for an opportunity to save the hostages. Batman would not put his hope on the Terminator's choice. No matter what the Terminator's choice was, Batman would only put saving and protecting the hostages first.

This is Batman!

Deathstroke was also keeping an eye on the situation from a distance, with a hint of playfulness in his eyes. In his opinion, this might be a good opportunity to observe the Terminator's reaction.

After all, as the guardian of Gotham City, the Terminator now shoulders the responsibility of protecting the hostages.

Faced with so many hostages, what choice will the Terminator make?

Over the sky of Arkham Asylum, the helicopter of the TV station was hovering, and the camera lens was tightly locked on this scene. The eyes of the entire Gotham City were focused here, waiting for the next move of the Terminator.

"Hurry up and put down your weapons and surrender!"

The criminals shouted triumphantly, they believed that their strategy had worked.

After all, in this society full of moral constraints, it is impossible for a hero to watch hostages being hurt.

They seemed to see the weakness of the Terminator. In their opinion, as long as there were hostages in their hands, they could make this superhero helpless.

However, the Terminator did not lay down his weapons as they wished. He stood there with a firm look, as if thinking about something. He knew that every move he made would affect these innocent lives.

However, he also knew that if he surrendered now, these criminals and lunatics would continue to do evil and bring more disasters to Gotham City.

Batman silently observed the Terminator's reaction in the dark, and his heart was full of contradictions. He knew that the Terminator was now in a dilemma. As the guardian of Gotham City, he could not easily intervene.

Deathstroke had an expression of watching a good show. He did not care about the life and death of these hostages. He just wanted to know how the Terminator would deal with this situation.

The helicopter of the TV station hovered over Gotham City, like a huge eye, watching everything in the city. The camera lens locked tightly on the confrontation scene that was happening, and every detail was clearly transmitted to every viewer.

The citizens of Gotham City stopped what they were doing and looked up at the sky, full of expectations and tension. They knew that the result of this confrontation would determine the fate of many people and would also affect the future of the entire city.

At this moment, the Terminator suddenly moved.

He slowly raised the gun in his hand and pointed it at the criminals and lunatics. Every detail revealed the Terminator's firm determination.

However, although the Terminator's eyes were cold and firm, his eyes never left the trembling hostages.

Their faces were full of fear and helplessness, as if they had become the only concern in the Terminator's heart.

"Do you think you can threaten me with hostages?"

The Terminator said coldly, revealing an unquestionable majesty in his voice.

"I'm not the kind of hero you think I am. I won't be soft because of your threats."

His voice echoed in the air, like a cold wind, blowing away the fluke in the hearts of the criminals.

The criminals realized that something was wrong and they began to panic.

One of them shouted loudly: "Quick, kill a few hostages to deter him!"

They wanted to threaten the Terminator with more cruel means so that he would not dare to act rashly.

However, at the moment when they were about to pull the trigger, the Terminator suddenly moved.

His movements were as fast as lightning, and it was almost impossible to see his figure.

A series of gunshots rang out, dense and rapid like a rainstorm.

"Bang bang bang bang bang bang———"

He pulled the trigger, and a series of gunshots rang out in the air, like an exciting symphony.

Each bullet hit the target accurately, and the criminals fell to the ground almost at the same time, their heads exploded as if they were hit by a heavy hammer, and blood splattered.

Gun smoke filled the air, and the pungent smell made people frown.

However, in this chaos and gun smoke, the hostages were unharmed.

They stared at the scene in front of them blankly, as if they couldn't believe their eyes, and their frightened eyes gradually revealed a light of surprise and relief.

They couldn't believe that the Terminator could kill all the criminals one by one in such a short time, and didn't hurt them at all.

The Terminator was so fast that it could get rid of all the criminals in such a short time.

Batman also saw this scene, and his heart was filled with shock.

He always thought that he was an excellent warrior and hero, but at this moment, he deeply felt his own shortcomings.

He wanted to help the hostages block the bullet, but his speed was not as fast as the bullet.

More importantly, he saw that all the criminals' heads exploded almost at the same time, and this speed and accuracy were beyond his imagination.

Batman knew that someone could use a revolver to fire two shots in 0.0175 seconds and blow up two balloons at a certain distance at close range.

That was an amazing record in the firearms industry, requiring extremely high skills and concentration.

However, the speed and accuracy shown by the Terminator in front of him far exceeded that record. He used an automatic pistol, and the firing rate and accuracy of an automatic pistol were much lower than that of a revolver.

More importantly, the Terminator did not seem to use any special skills or aiming. He simply raised the gun and pulled the trigger.

This speed and accuracy were as perfect as a machine.

Batman couldn't help but have a question in his mind: What kind of person is this Terminator? Why does he have such amazing abilities?

Chapter 645: Continue the Killing

However, in this tense and chaotic moment, Batman knew that now was not the time to think about these deep-seated problems. He quickly gathered his mind and refocused his attention on the scene. He knew that only by being calm and focused could he survive this life-and-death battle and protect innocent lives.

Batman turned his eyes back to Terminator Luther, who was standing there with a faint smoke coming out of his gun. The series of shooting actions just now were accurate and decisive, demonstrating his extraordinary strength and calm mentality. However, there was no expression on Luther's face, as if everything just now was just a trivial part of his daily work. This coldness and ruthlessness made Batman feel a little uneasy.

Batman knew that he couldn't just stand by and watch. Although the Terminator had solved the crisis at hand, there were still more criminals and lunatics he needed to face. This was a war without gunpowder smoke, and every decision might be related to life and death. He took a deep breath, adjusted his state, and prepared to join the battle again.

He knew that this battle had just begun, and he would continue to move forward. No matter how many difficulties and challenges lie ahead, he will persist until the final victory.

The helicopter of the TV station continued to hover in the air, transmitting this scene to every viewer in real time. The citizens of Gotham City looked at the pictures on the TV screen, and their shock and admiration were beyond words. They saw the heroic performance of Batman and the Terminator, and also saw their efforts and sacrifices to protect the city.

"Awesome!"

"Kill all the criminals in one go, so cool!"

The praises of the citizens came one after another, and they were proud and fortunate to have such a hero.

Luther put away his double guns, turned around and said to the hostages: "It's okay, you go." His voice was calm and firm, as if everything just now was really just a trivial part of his daily work.

However, the hostages did not relax because of this. They looked at Luther's cold and firm eyes, and an inexplicable fear surged in their hearts.

"But the passage to Arkham Asylum has been blocked, and we can't get out." One of the security guards stood up with a tremor in his voice.

Arkham Asylum is located on an island, and there are only a few fixed passages for entry and exit. Now these passages are blocked by criminals, and the hostages can't escape at all.

Luther frowned slightly when he heard this. He really didn't think about this problem. However, he believed that Batman would definitely think of a way. After all, this dark knight can always get out of danger at a critical moment.

"Then hide and wait for me to deal with all the enemies." Luther said calmly. Although there was no warmth in his words, it gave people an inexplicable sense of security.

At this time, Batman was indeed thinking about how to solve this problem. He knew that he couldn't let the hostages stay here all the time, otherwise once the criminals launched a more violent attack, they would be in a more dangerous situation.

So he quickly contacted Alfred and asked him to send a yacht to transport the hostages. The Wayne Group is a big family, so naturally there are luxury yachts and ships on standby at any time. However, in order to hide his identity, Batman did not use his own yacht.

Soon, several yachts and ships came to the vicinity of Arkham Asylum. Under Batman's command, the hostages were transferred to yachts and boats in an orderly manner. At the same time, Batman also arranged people to patrol the island to prevent criminals from taking the opportunity to attack.

Watching the hostages leave safely, Batman finally breathed a sigh of relief. He knew that his next task would be even more difficult. He needed to face more criminals and lunatics to protect the safety of the city.

However, he did not fear or retreat at all. Because he knew that this was his mission and responsibility. He would continue to move forward until the last moment.

Luther continued to move forward, and suddenly felt a strong malice coming from the front. He stopped vigilantly and scanned the surroundings with a torch-like gaze.

Suddenly, a black shadow rushed out of the darkness and pounced on him. Luther reacted quickly, dodged the attack with a sideways move, and grabbed the other party's arm at the same time.

At this time, he saw the other party's true face-it was a hideous and burly monster, covered with scales, and sharp teeth and nails flashed cold light in the moonlight.

This is the new enemy Luther encountered-Killer Croc!

Killer Croc's real name is Waylon Jones. He was born with an extremely rare atavism disease.

This disease made his teeth and nails become extremely sharp, and scales began to grow on his body. As time went on, his appearance became more and more like a crocodile, which made him suffer endless discrimination and exclusion in society.

When he was a child, Waylon used to scrub his body with water to prevent this terrible change.

However, every scrubbing brought great pain, as if countless knives were cutting his skin.

In the end, he had to give up this futile attempt and let his body grow scales, becoming more and more like the ferocious crocodile.

"Killer Croc? Are you crazy again?"

Luther, who grabbed Killer Croc's arm, threw the powerful villain to the ground with an agile shoulder throw. Dust flew, Killer Croc roared in pain, and his body struggled on the ground, trying to stand up again.

Luther didn't give him any chance. He quickly took out his pistol and fired at Croc. The gunshot was deafening, and each bullet hit the target accurately.

"Bang, bang, bang, bang!!!"

The bullets hit Croc's body with a dull thump.

Surprisingly, these bullets were able to penetrate his originally indestructible body. Croc screamed miserably, and blood gushed out of his wounds, staining his scales red.

Luther didn't stop his movements. He continued to shoot until Croc completely lost the ability to resist. In the end, Croc lay on the ground, motionless, with only a faint gasp.

Luther put away his pistol, walked to Croc's side, and looked down at him.

He noticed that although Croc's body was riddled with holes, new granulations were vaguely visible under his scales.

"The regeneration speed is not bad, but..."

Luther mercilessly finished off the knife and sent Croc away.

Some versions of Killer Croc are good guys, but more often he's a bad guy.

Chapter 646: Can Batman break through Arkham Asylum in one night?

Killer Croc, the notorious criminal in Arkham Asylum, was finally ruthlessly killed by Luther, the Terminator of Gotham City.

His body fell in a pool of blood, and his eyes, which were once full of violence, were now closed forever.

With the death of Killer Croc, the number of criminals in Arkham Asylum is also decreasing rapidly.

These villains who once kept the citizens of Gotham awake at night are now falling one by one under the iron fist of the Terminator. Although Luther's behavior is cold and ruthless, his appearance has brought a rare peace to this city that has been tortured by crime and madness.

After all, the crimes committed by the criminals in Arkham Asylum were outrageous and brought endless pain and disaster to the city.

The citizens talked about it, and they all knew that the Terminator had the idea and ability to clean up Arkham Asylum. His appearance seemed to indicate that Gotham City was about to usher in a new era, an era without sin and madness.

However, at this moment full of hope and expectation, the hearts of the citizens were also full of contradictions and entanglements.

They think the Terminator's behavior is correct and necessary.

After all, the harm those criminals have brought to the city cannot be described in words.

However, due to political correctness and human rights, they cannot publicly agree with the Terminator's approach.

They are worried that if they support the Terminator, then one day, when they become like this, will the Terminator also kill them mercilessly?

At that time, no one will defend them, and no one will stop the Terminator, because everyone knows that this is right and just.

Everyone knows what justice looks like, but it does not mean that they need this "absolute justice"!

This worry and fear continue to spread in the hearts of citizens, putting them in a dilemma.

They want to see the criminals in Arkham Asylum completely eliminated, but they are afraid that their rights and freedoms will be violated. This contradiction makes it impossible for them to make a clear statement, and they can only weigh and struggle silently in their hearts.

But Luther will not be shaken by these ideas.

He has his own beliefs and principles. He will not care about other people's opinions and evaluations, he will only care about his own actions and results.

To put it bluntly, I am happy to do it, who are you?

"Can Batman break through Arkham Asylum in one night?"

He is more decisive and ruthless than Batman, and he can get rid of these criminals faster.

He shot a guy hiding in the corner in the head with a casual shot, and the gunshot echoed in the empty corridor, which was heart-pounding.

Another shot penetrated the ceiling, and a criminal on the second floor was shot in the balls. He screamed in pain, and his voice was shrill and desperate.

Luther's telepathy told him that this criminal was a pervert who had attacked innocent little girls and boys. Therefore, he felt that letting the other party die of excessive blood loss in pain was the best punishment for him.

The patients originally thought that they were the controllers, and they were the ones who besieged the legendary Terminator, the one who could challenge all the lunatics in Arkham. However, as the situation developed, they gradually discovered that the situation seemed to be completely reversed.

The Terminator, who was supposed to be confined to a corner, now seemed to be the king of this land, and they, this group of lunatics who once thought they were right, seemed to be surrounded by a ferocious beast.

A group of sheep in wolf skins surrounded a lion?

No, they surrounded a Tyrannosaurus Rex!

The facts were right in front of us. They were no longer hunters, but prey.

Luther, the Tyrannosaurus Rex, crushed everything mercilessly.

Luther walked slowly through a dim corridor. His steps were firm and powerful, as if every step was on everyone's heart.

Suddenly, his legs sank into the ground, as if there was some force under the ground pulling him.

Then, the entire ground began to fluctuate violently, as if it was shaken by a huge force, and bricks and soil splashed everywhere, which was terrifying.

Just like the surface of the water being hit by a falling rock, ripples were overflowing, and every corner of the corridor seemed to be affected by this force.

Luther frowned, he knew that this could not be a natural phenomenon.

"What's going on?"

He whispered to himself, looking around vigilantly.

Just then, a huge figure floated up from the ground and appeared in front of him.

It was a life form made of clay, with a strange color all over its body, as if it was made of a mixture of clay of various colors. Its body kept wriggling, as if it had its own life.

"Mud face?" Luther recognized this life form at a glance.

The body of Mud Face can change shape at will. It can become soft like mud and penetrate any object, or it can become hard like iron and resist all attacks.

Moreover, it can also become the appearance of anyone, making it hard to guard against.

What's more terrifying is that Mud Face is almost impossible to kill. Its body is like it is made of clay. Even if it is smashed to pieces, it can quickly reassemble and recover as before.

"Humph, Arkham Asylum is getting more and more lively."

Luther sneered.

Mud Face seemed to have sensed Luther's aura. It let out a low roar, and the sound echoed in the corridor, making people feel palpitations.

Then, it swung its huge fist and smashed towards Luther. The force of that punch was enough to raze any building to the ground.

However, Luther simply extended a hand and easily blocked the punch. His palm collided with Mudface's fist, making a dull sound.

At that moment, the entire corridor seemed to tremble. Mudface showed a surprised expression on his face. It seemed that he had not expected that this seemingly ordinary human could withstand such a fierce blow from him.

Luther sneered, and he pushed hard, and Mudface's fist was pushed back. Mudface's body was shaken back a few steps by this force, but there was no fear on his face, but it became more ferocious.

It roared again, and its body quickly changed, forming a huge sickle, slashing towards Luther. The speed of this attack was so fast that it was almost impossible to see clearly.

However, Luther did not need to dodge at all. He just raised his arm to block. In the case of a head-on collision, the sickle, which was not as hard as his arm, deformed and broke by itself.

Mudface felt as if he had chopped something indestructible and unshakable.

Clayface let out a scream, and its body changed again, turning into a giant tentacle that wrapped around Luther.

Chapter 647 Clown

However, Luther seemed to have seen through its movements long ago, and he slowly raised his foot.

When the tip of the tentacle was less than a foot away from Luther, Luther suddenly exerted force and stepped hard on the tentacle.

At that moment, the whole space seemed to tremble, and a loud "bang!" sounded in the air.

The tentacle was instantly crushed under Luther's feet, like porcelain hit by a giant hammer, shattering. The shattered tentacles turned into a pile of clay-like substances, scattered on the ground, forming a sharp contrast with the surrounding stone bricks.

"Sure kill... Forget it, let's just use an ordinary punch." Luther muttered to himself. He did not choose to use any gorgeous moves, but chose a simple and unpretentious punch.

This punch looks ordinary, but the power contained in it is enough to scare any enemy. Luther clenched his fists, and the muscles in his arms were as tight as steel, as if he wanted to concentrate all his strength on this punch. The fist rubbed against the air and made a sharp whistling sound, like a lightning that cut through the sky.

When the fist came into contact with the body of the mud-faced monster, amazing energy burst out instantly. The energy was as fierce as an exploding bomb, making people unable to help but step back a few steps. The air in the corridor was directly blown up by this punch, and a strong airflow swept out, rolling up the surrounding dust and gravel.

Under the impact of this airflow, the body of the mud-faced monster was hit hard, and the whole body flew back several meters away. It hit the wall, making a dull impact, and then fell heavily to the ground.

The body of the mud-faced monster was shattered into clay all over the ground under the impact, and each piece was like a clay sculpture that had lost its life, lying there quietly, without any movement. However, Luther knew that this guy was just pretending to be dead.

The mud-faced monster, like the sandman in Marvel, has an ability that is almost immortal.

As long as its body components are not completely destroyed, it can be reassembled and restored to its original form. This characteristic allowed it to survive many battles in the past.

However, this time, it encountered Luther.

He reached out and grabbed his back, and an object seemed to appear out of thin air between his fingers - it was thermite.

Thermite, a chemical that can produce high temperatures.

He sprinkled it evenly on the clay on the ground, and each piece of clay was covered with thermite, as if covered with a layer of silver coat.

Then, Luther quickly ignited thermite.

At that moment, it seemed that an invisible force was driving all this to happen. The moment thermite came into contact with the clay, a violent chemical reaction occurred.

Thermite burned rapidly, releasing a lot of heat and light.

The light was so dazzling that it seemed to illuminate the entire aisle. At the same time, accompanied by the violent reaction, a heat wave came over, making it almost unbearable.

The clay began to change under the high temperature burning.

Its color gradually changed from dark brown to bright, as if it was ignited.

Those clay blocks that seemed dead began to melt gradually under the high temperature, becoming sticky and hot. They kept rolling and twisting under the high temperature, as if struggling in pain.

The chemical reaction between thermite and clay became more and more intense. This reaction is not a simple physical effect, but a complex chemical process.

The aluminum in thermite and the oxygen in the clay underwent an oxidation-reduction reaction at high temperature, releasing a large amount of heat energy. This heat energy not only melted the clay, but also made the surrounding air hot.

As the thermite continued to burn, the clay began to gradually melt into a sticky liquid.

They kept rolling and bubbling under the high temperature, making a hissing sound.

And those clay fragments that had originally tried to reassemble into the shape of a mud face also completely lost their activity under the high temperature and became lifeless.

During the whole process, a strange smell spread.

It was the unique smell produced by the chemical reaction between thermite and clay, which was both pungent and disgusting.

This smell filled the corridor, making it almost impossible to breathe. However, Luther seemed to be indifferent to it, and he stared at the melting clay.

Finally, under the continuous burning of thermite, the clay on the ground completely melted into a sticky liquid.

They lost their original shape and activity and became lifeless. And the clay-faced monster also completely lost its vitality under the burning of this high temperature and became motionless.

Luther looked at the scene in front of him and turned to leave this corridor full of stench and destruction.

The air was filled with heat waves and stench.

And in his departing back, the melted clay began to gradually cool and solidify.

They turned into pieces of hard soil and lay there quietly.

Luther didn't see the remaining Professor Pig Face, Mr. Freeze, Mad Hatter, Ventriloquist and the like, and didn't know if they hadn't been captured to Arkham Asylum or hadn't been born yet?

Then Luther encountered the most difficult villain for him in theory.

The Joker!

The Joker, a criminal known for his madness and chaos, has always been one of the most difficult patients in Arkham Asylum. His jumping thoughts and unpredictable behavior always bring fatal blows to people when they least expect it.

The clown sat on the chair, folded his hands on his chest, and looked at Luther calmly. There was exaggerated makeup on his face, and a weird smile hung on the corner of his mouth.

Luther looked beyond the clowns to the police, security guards, medical staff, and the clown gang members, criminals, mentally ill people, and lunatics sitting in rows behind him.

They all had different expressions on their faces, some were frightened, some were indifferent, and some were laughing maniacally.

All of them were strapped with bombs. These bombs were brought by Bane, and the number of them was enough to blow up the entire Arkham Asylum.

"Hello, Terminator."

The clown looked calm and not crazy at all.

Just like when he saw Superman and thought Superman was boring, the Joker wasn't very interested in Luther either.

"You know, I've been looking forward to meeting you."

The Joker continued.

"You are one of the most powerful beings in the world, possessing unparalleled strength and wisdom. However, you choose to tie yourself to this little Gotham and hang out with lunatics like us."

The Joker studied Luther and found that the research was not thorough. For the first time, Luther became a transcendent, showing unimaginable technological power. Then now, he became a terminator, showing unparalleled power and power.

Chapter 648 Three Clowns

"Hello, Terminator."

The clown's voice was low and hoarse, with a hint of provocation, as if he was enjoying a crazy symphony he had planned himself. He sat on the shabby chair, his hands crossed in front of his chest, a strange smile on the corner of his mouth, and a flash of madness and expectation in his eyes.

"Welcome to my crazy party."

The clown didn't care about Luther's silence, he had long been accustomed to this silent atmosphere. He liked to see people show expressions of fear, surprise or despair on the stage he carefully arranged, and that pleasure made him feel extremely satisfied.

"You know, I've been looking forward to meeting you."

The clown's tone was full of teasing and provocation.

"You are the guardian of this world, and I am the destroyer of this world. The contest between us is destined to be a wonderful performance."

The clown stood up and walked to a madman.

He gently patted the madman's shoulder, as if awakening a long-sleeping demon.

The madman immediately became excited, his eyes widened, as if he saw something terrible. He began to shout loudly, dancing, and the bombs on his body began to shake.

"Look, this is my art."

The clown pointed at the madman and said.

"I can inspire their madness and make them work for me. And you can only watch them fall one by one."

The clown's smile became more weird and crazy, as if he had seen the perfect ending in his mind. He likes to see people struggling in fear and despair, and that feeling makes him feel extremely excited and satisfied.

However, Luther was not affected by the clown's madness. He stood quietly in place, watching the clown's every move with a torch-like gaze.

He knew that the clown was an extremely dangerous and crazy person, and his behavior and way of thinking were incomprehensible to ordinary people.

The clown looked at Luther's calm eyes, and the fire of provocation in his heart seemed to be poured with a basin of cold water. He frowned, seeming to be a little dissatisfied with the result. However, he did not give up the idea of provoking Luther, but became more crazy and provocative.

"To be honest, I'm a little disappointed."

The clown suddenly said.

"It would be great if you could shoot me right away. That way, the game would be more interesting and exciting."

The Joker's words were full of anger and dissatisfaction, as if the whole world owed him something.

He walked to the center of the room and began to shout and wave his arms.

His voice was sharp and piercing, as if he was going to tear the whole room apart. His movements were crazy and exaggerated, as if he was performing a drama that only he could understand.

The Joker was connected to a lot of trigger wires. As he walked and went crazy, these wires were also swinging wildly, and they could trigger bombs at any time, making people's scalps numb, creepy, sweating, and their souls flying.

The atmosphere in the whole room became more tense and depressing.

But Luther didn't react at all, just staring at the Joker coldly, as if he was watching a mime actor perform a mime.

Because Luther knew that the Joker would not use such a non-technical way to play his crazy game, and he was not a self-destructing maniac. Although the Joker didn't mind self-destructing, he had to see what he wanted to see.

The Joker said he was disappointed that he didn't shoot him right away because he didn't want to see a Terminator that would be constrained by the secular world.

But the Terminator would still be constrained, which made the Joker very boring, or in other words, there was already a more interesting bat head, and the Joker was not interested in the Terminator.

However, at this moment, the Joker suddenly stopped.

He stood there, panting, staring at Luther. A strange smile appeared on his face, as if he was admiring his masterpiece.

"Hahaha!" The Joker laughed.

"You are such an interesting guy, Terminator. I am looking forward to the next game more and more."

The Joker's spiritual core is a twisted joy and madness.

He enjoys the process of finding fun in chaos and destruction. For him, the world is a huge playground, and he is the craziest player in this playground.

His way of thinking is also different. He is not bound by any morals or ethics, but only follows his inner desires and impulses.

His behavioral logic is even more crazy and chaotic. He may make unexpected moves at any time and anywhere, making everyone feel terrified and uneasy.

Then the Joker suddenly shouted: "You damn machine! Do you think you can really protect the world? You are wrong! What the world needs is chaos and madness! Not a cold machine like you!"

As he said, the Joker suddenly took out a gun and pointed it at Luther.

His eyes were full of madness and murderous intent, as if he wanted to put Luther to death.

However, Luther did not show any panic expression, he just stood there quietly, waiting for the Joker's action.

At this moment, the Joker suddenly laughed. His laughter was sharp and piercing, as if it was going to tear the whole room apart.

He put down the gun in his hand, shook his head and said: "No, this thing can't kill you. And killing you is too boring. I want you to watch the world become a mess, and let you feel your powerlessness!"

Batman had a headache. He didn't know what kind of collision would happen between the Joker and the Terminator, especially now that even a fool knew that the Joker must have connected all the bombs.

It was impossible to save the hostages or to subdue the Joker.

There were criminals and lunatics in the crowd. Maybe they would be afraid of their lives and dare not move, but there was the Joker Gang. They were not afraid at all. Instead, they watched their boss's performance excitedly and applauded. They didn't seem to worry at all whether the bombs on their bodies would be triggered by their intense body movements.

Luther never cared about bombs and hostages. He was just curious about which clown this clown was.

Generally speaking, clowns always hurt people because of pleasure, rather than hurting people to make the clown feel happy.

But sometimes they put the cart before the horse, because they got pleasure from hurting people who had nothing to do with them, so the three clowns became the best explanation for eating books.

What the Joker often did was to formulate a crime plan, force Batman to participate in it, do it according to his pace, and watch Gotham burn while fighting wits and courage with Batman.

Chapter 649: Disappointing Clown

The so-called coercive means is the hostage threat. Although this move seems inferior, it has to be admitted that it does have a surprising effect for superheroes with superhuman abilities. In an emergency, an innocent life is enough to make any hero hesitate and waver.

However, the Joker is not satisfied with just this one method. Facing those heinous criminals, he has a more sophisticated way to make them surrender or even be controlled by him. These criminals are like chess pieces on a chessboard in front of the Joker, being played with in the palm of his hand.

The Joker's tactics and strategies are perfect, which makes him like a fish in water in the criminal world. He can always find the opponent's weakness and then hit it hard. He is like an excellent director, carefully planning every crime drama and letting every character perform according to his script.

However, from Luther's point of view, this clown does not seem to have reached the height he expected.

He has seen all kinds of clowns, but the one in front of him makes him feel a little disappointed.

He remembered the Joker played by Heath Ledger, whose crazy and mysterious temperament was unforgettable; Jerome's Joker was a different kind of madness, challenging the order of the world in his own way.

Although Leto's Joker was also extreme and crazy, he gave people a sense of deliberateness, like a bear child in clown skin, crazy for the sake of madness.

The Joker in front of him was a replica of Leto's Joker.

He had the same madness and extremeness, but lacked the evil and charm that penetrated into the bone marrow. His performance was more like a farce, making people laugh and cry.

"As you wish."

Luther's voice was cold and firm, echoing in the empty room. He held the pistol tightly in his hand, his fingers exerted pressure on the trigger, and every subtle movement seemed so determined.

The Joker showed a surprised expression on his face, and he didn't seem to expect Luther to really shoot. But after just a moment of surprise, his eyes became expectant, as if he was welcoming some special moment. He straightened his chest, put his hands on his hips, and did not dodge at all, as if to show Luther his fearlessness and arrogance.

Luther did not hesitate, he pulled the trigger.

"Bang!"

The gunshot exploded in the room, deafening. The bullet flew out of the muzzle in an instant, rushing straight at the clown with the breath of death.

The clown's body shook slightly, as if he was shaken by the gunshot and stood a little unstable.

But surprisingly, he was not hit. It turned out that at the moment Luther pulled the trigger, the clown had quickly turned his body to the side and dodged this fatal bullet.

A smug smile appeared on the clown's face, and he looked at Luther sarcastically.

"Haha, do you really think I will stand there and let you hit me?"

The clown sneered.

"You are just a poor creature bound by the rules, and I am the real free man!"

He quickly adjusted the direction of the muzzle and aimed it at the clown's throat. This time, he would not give the clown any chance to dodge.

"Bang!"

The gunshot sounded again, and this time, the bullet did not miss.

It penetrated the clown's throat, bringing up a bloody flower.

The clown's face suddenly showed an expression of fear and pain. He covered his throat, and blood gushed out from between his fingers, staining his palms red.

He opened his mouth wide and wanted to make a sound, but his throat was pierced by the bullet, and he could only make a weak groan.

The clown's body began to tremble, his face turned pale, and beads of sweat rolled down his forehead. There was a gurgling sound in his throat, as if something was blocked and he couldn't breathe.

At the moment when the clown was shot through the throat, his physiological reaction was extremely intense. The impact of the bullet instantly tore his throat tissue, causing great pain and blood loss.

His throat was full of blood, and he couldn't breathe or speak. He tried to cover the wound with both hands, but blood kept pouring out from between his fingers, staining his hands red.

His face turned pale, and sweat rolled down his forehead. His heartbeat accelerated, and his breathing was rapid, as if he was racing against death.

His eyes began to blur and his consciousness gradually blurred. He felt that his body was losing control, as if he was being dragged into the abyss of darkness by some force.

"Bang bang bang bang bang————"

Luther did not stop, he continued to pull the trigger until he was sure that the clown had lost his life.

Everyone around was stunned, as if time had stopped at this moment.

They stared blankly at the clown lying on the ground, their hearts full of shock and confusion. The clown died just like that? What about the bombs on them?

Just as everyone was panicking, as the clown fell, the fuse of the bomb tied to him was triggered. The bombs tied to them began to make a harsh countdown sound, and every second seemed to be beating their hearts.

"It's this old-fashioned countdown again..."

"Can't it explode all at once?"

Luther complained about the clown's lack of rigor.

However, despite his complaints, Luther's movements were not slow at all. He moved and turned into a gust of wind, passing by everyone. His movements were so fast that they were almost invisible, and only afterimages could be seen flashing before his eyes.

In the surprised eyes of the crowd, Luther untied the bombs tied to them at an unimaginable speed. His fingers fiddled with the bombs quickly, and every movement was precise and fast. After a while, the bombs on everyone were untied by him.

However, this is not the end. Luther did not stop his movements. He grabbed the untied bomb and rushed to the seaside of Arkham Asylum at a faster speed. His figure flashed before everyone's eyes, and the next moment he appeared at the seaside.

He stood on the edge of the cliff, took a deep breath, and then threw the bomb in his hand into the sea with force. The bomb drew a beautiful arc in the air and then fell heavily into the sea.

"Boom————"

A loud bang exploded on the sea surface, and a huge splash of water rushed into the sky, like a blooming white flower. The sea water was splashed everywhere, forming a huge water mist.

The shock wave generated by the explosion spread on the sea surface, setting off huge waves.

The power of the explosion was amazing, enough to flatten the entire Arkham Asylum.

However, under Luther's amazing strength, the bomb was thrown thousands of meters away, avoiding direct damage to Arkham Asylum.

Although its power was amazing, it was also mitigated by the buffer of seawater.

The huge energy generated by the explosion quickly spread in the seawater, forming a series of turbulent waves.

Chapter 650 End

These waves rolled on the sea, raising white waves.

The shock waves generated by the explosion rippled on the sea, and circles of ripples spread outward. The waves rolled, rushing to the shore with the shocking force, hitting the reefs and making bursts of roars.

The air was filled with the smell of gunpowder and a faint smell of sulfur. That was the trace left after the bomb exploded, which made people feel palpitations.

As time went by, the shock waves generated by the explosion gradually subsided, and the sea surface returned to its former calm.

After solving the threat of the bomb, Luther returned to his original position. His eyes fell on the body of the clown.

The body of the clown did not seem to be affected too much, and it still lay there quietly. However, Luther noticed something wrong.

He carefully observed the body of the clown, and his deep eyes seemed to be able to penetrate all the illusions. In places that the naked eye could not reach, a crazy and chaotic atmosphere was quietly spreading. That was the power of the clown toxin, which was like an invisible plague, eroding everything around it.

The Joker's blood contains this terrible toxin. As long as you come into contact with it, you may be infected and become the next Joker. This way of infection is more terrible than a bite from a zombie, because it can complete the transformation silently, making people become slaves of the Joker without knowing it.

The origin of the Laughing Bat in the comics emerged in Luther's mind. It was because of the tragic fate of killing the Joker but being infected by the Joker's blood. However, for Luther, this toxin is not a big threat.

He himself is a Kryptonian with transcendent power, with strong strength and resistance. Before he recognized his own essence, he might still be afraid of this toxin. But now, he has completely mastered his own power, and naturally he can't be infected by the Joker's toxin.

As he waved his hand, a powerful energy surged from his palm, instantly enveloping the Joker's body.

Under the high temperature of hundreds of thousands of degrees, the Joker's body was instantly vaporized, turned into a puff of green smoke, and disappeared. What Joker toxin, naturally, also disappeared under this high temperature, and could no longer pose a threat to anyone.

Shortly after Luther resolved the threat of the Joker, Bane quietly left Arkham Asylum.

He had been secretly observing the situation of the Terminator and concluded that he was invincible.

The strength shown by the Terminator amazed Bane.

He knew that it was almost impossible to defeat the Terminator head-on. Therefore, he decided to adopt another strategy-cooperate with those who came to him in Gotham City.

Luther did not care about Bane's departure. His current mission was to rescue the hostages in Arkham Asylum. He shuttled through every corner of the asylum and used his powerful strength to rescue the prisoners one by one.

With his help, all the hostages in Arkham Asylum were soon rescued.

This day was called "Arkham Liberation Day" by the citizens of Gotham.

Because of the actions of the Terminator, more than 70% of the mentally ill criminals and lunatics in Arkham Asylum were cleared.

Now most of the remaining ones are just some mentally ill people with depression.

Although their presence still makes people feel uneasy, the safety of Arkham Asylum has been greatly improved compared to before.

Batman silently observed all this from a distance, his heart full of helplessness and entanglement.

He knew that although Luther's behavior was a bit extreme, it was for the safety of Gotham City. However, as an incarnation of justice, he could not watch Luther act so recklessly.

Batman also worked hard in this chaos, trying to save more criminals. However, facing Luther's powerful strength and determination, he seemed powerless.

He didn't dare to confront Luther now, because he knew that it would only put himself in a deeper predicament.

Moreover, he didn't dare to anger Luther at this time, otherwise the consequences would be disastrous.

So Batman could only helplessly watch Luther killing people in Arkham Asylum. He knew that he needed to find a more effective way to fight the Terminator. Otherwise, the future of Gotham City would become darker and more chaotic.

"Terminator!"

Catwoman Selina saw Luther return safely, and her heart was finally put down. She walked up quickly and hugged Luther's arm tightly, as if she had found support.

She was restless all night, fearing that she would receive unfortunate news about Luther. Whenever the TV news broadcast news about Arkham Asylum, her heartbeat would accelerate, and her worry was beyond words.

However, Luther firmly ordered her to stay where she was and not to act rashly.

Although Catwoman was anxious, she also knew that her strength was not enough to bring any help to Luther, but might become a burden to him. Therefore, she suppressed her uneasiness and did not go to Arkham Asylum.

What's more, the passage to Arkham Asylum had been blocked by the police, and the Decepticon aircraft had been driven away by Luther. Even if Catwoman wanted to help, she was unable to go.

Now seeing Luther come back unscathed, her excitement and admiration in her heart were beyond words.

In the eyes of Catwoman Selina, Luther was like an impeccable hero. He could handle the various dangers in Arkham Asylum with ease, just like walking on flat ground.

Like walking into an empty space!

His strength and bravery gave Catwoman a strong desire to burrow into a hole, and she wanted to be his woman and stay by his side.

However, Terminator Luther did not seem to have that idea for her.

He treated Catwoman like a cute pet cat, just gently stroking her fur, giving her some comfort and warmth. This made Catwoman feel a little frustrated, but she also understood that she could not force anything.

Being able to accompany the Terminator was something that many women could only dream of but not ask for.

At the same time, another woman also had the idea of burrowing into a hole.

She was silently watching Luther's every move.

She was Talia, a smart, independent and ambitious woman.

She watched Luther's performance in Arkham Asylum throughout the whole process, invincible, invincible, and invincible.

Before Superman Clark appeared in front of the world, Luther's performance was undoubtedly the strongest man in the world.

Talia looked at Luther with admiration and desire in her eyes.

She admired Luther's strength and courage, and longed to be as strong as him.