

# Rebirth Of The God Of War Chapter 6 by Chilton Buntun

## Chapter 6 The Black Market

Calvin was not an ordinary man. His breathing had been steady all the time, and his eyes never left Betty's face. "I want to buy a few things, and I'm going to sell things too."

Betty laughed. "Of course! People all come here to sell and buy. Let's get down to business."

Calvin took out a piece of paper and handed it to Betty. "These are the things I want to buy."

Betty didn't take his words seriously at first. She just picked up the paper with her two fingers and glanced at it casually. But soon, surprise and vigilance crept across her face. "Let me see. Knives, guns...Wow! Where are you going to use these things? You are not a terrorist, are you? What? Are you planning to carry out a terrorist attack in Nova City?"

It would be so much better if it was just a terrorist attack. After all, the apocalypse was countless times more terrifying than any terrorist attack.

But of course, Calvin wouldn't say that. "As far as I know, your auction house won't ask clients questions. Don't you know the rules, Miss Molina?" There was silence between them since Betty did not respond. "I just want to know if you can get them or not," Calvin continued after a moment of pause.

Betty loosed her grip and let the paper fall to the desk. She shook her head and said, "We can figure out a way to get the knives. But as for the guns and bullets, it will be a little tricky."

Calvin had already expected this. The weapons he listed were restricted only for military use. "It's okay. I will take the knives, but don't fool me with dummies."

Betty withdrew her legs, took out a tablet, and searched for it. Then she said, "Don't worry, the quality is absolutely guaranteed. You can check the goods before paying. Let me see. I have some of the knives here. We can arrange a shipment for the rest. These knives are under strict national control but of course, there won't be any problem. Still, your requirements are tricky, so the price is a little high. I will charge you one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. What do you say? Of course, it already comes with the hush money."

"Money won't be a problem."

"That's great then!" Betty stood up and reached out her hand for a handshake, which meant they had a deal. "So what do you want to sell?"

“Stolen goods. Some antiques, jade, gold and silver jewelry, and a large amount of cash with consecutive serial numbers,” Calvin said in a slow but firm tone, staring at Betty coldly.

Such a stare made Betty’s heart skip a beat. For a moment, she felt like she couldn’t breathe. Suddenly, cold sweat broke out on her back.

She sensed a strong murderous intent from Calvin. He must have committed murder before. And he must have killed more than one person.

Deep inside her, Betty was shocked, wondering if she might have made a mistake today. Calvin could actually be a professional killer.

“What now? Can you take these things?”

“Of course,” Betty responded when she regained her senses after a while. She let out a heavy sigh of relief. Just now, she even forgot to breathe. “Of course, as long as you can bring them here.”

After their deal, Betty watched Calvin leave before sitting back in her chair.

The auction house was not interested in small amounts of stolen goods. But if they were extremely valuable or there were a lot of them, the auction house would be interested. And judging from Calvin’s tone of voice, he had plenty of them.

Actually, such a transaction couldn’t fluster Betty. After all, she had been in this business for a long time

. What kind of dirty trade hadn’t she seen yet? It was just that Calvin’s indifference just now gave her a strange feeling. She felt like he could kill people like killing ants. And the thought of it was what made her tremble with fear.

Stolen goods were nothing to her. It was Calvin that she was afraid of. At that moment, she felt like she had come within a whisker of death.

“That man...”

For a moment, Betty couldn’t find a word to describe Calvin. She picked up the phone in a daze, then slowly put it down.

After leaving the auction house, Calvin went to the bank and withdrew eight thousand dollars with his credit card.

One could only withdraw half the credit limit. Actually, he had called to ask the bank to increase his credit limit. The bank had it doubled, so his new credit limit was now one thousand six hundred dollars.

It was already noon when he got out of the bank. He entered a restaurant and ordered steak for lunch.

When the food was served, he ate very slowly and carefully.

This was his first meal since he was reborn. The taste of the steak aside, the comfortable environment alone made him sigh with pleasure.

In the apocalypse, he couldn't possibly eat this kind of food. In fact, even a piece of stale bread was already precious there.

Many things, indeed, could only be truly appreciated when they were gone forever.

After enjoying his first hard-won lunch, Calvin didn't rest. Instead, he went to the mall and bought a set of dark blue work clothes. Then, he took a taxi to the general hospital. He waited at the back of the building for about ten minutes before he saw several closed medium-sized trucks at the back door.

Calvin came here not to buy medicine but to steal them.

The trucks were here to deliver medicine to the hospital. Several workers in dark blue overalls got out of the trucks, opened the car doors, and began to carry boxes to the building one by one.

Calvin put on the work clothes he bought. It was very similar to what the workers were wearing, except for the logo on the chest and back. But if one didn't take a closer look, it was not easy to notice the difference.

Calvin stooped and sneaked to the trucks. Then, he carried a box of medicine and followed the people in front into the medicine warehouse of the hospital.

After carrying two boxes in succession, Calvin slipped into the building unnoticed. Soon, he followed his memory and came to a door, which was the dressing room of the male doctors.

Calvin tried to turn the doorknob, and the door opened easily. He leaned in and had a look. No one was there. So he rushed in to get his purpose. And when he came out, he had already changed his clothes.

Calvin was now wearing a white cap, white coat, and blue mask. There was also a nameplate hanging on his chest. He looked like a real doctor.

Dressed like this, he didn't go somewhere else but turned around and went back to the medicine warehouse. Some people greeted him on the way from time to time, but he just nodded slightly without responding.

The hospital was very busy at the moment, and in times like this, they usually didn't have time to look at each other. So no one noticed that he was not really a doctor here.

The medicine warehouse was still a hive of activity. Calvin pretended to check the medicine casually and then walked to a corner, where his target, the epinephrine, was placed.

Pretending to check the shelves there, he secretly stole four boxes of medicine and stuffed them into his pocket.

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