

# Rebirth Of The God Of War Chapter 5 by Chilton Buntun

A soft tinkling sound came from the wind chime, announcing the arrival of a client.

The client looked around the venue for a moment before he stopped in front of the receptionist. The receptionist smiled sweetly. "Welcome to Palmer Auction House. What can I do for you?"

She leaned forward a bit to show her exposed cleavage. Her attire wasn't out of the ordinary since she was simply wearing a business suit, but the collar of her shirt was unbuttoned, which was also a way for her to tell her clients that she would be interested in getting to know them better.

Many rich and influential people came to the auction house, and since the receptionist had always wanted to hook up with a big shot, she thought that was the perfect time for her to shine. In fact, she didn't mind being someone's mistress as long as she could live a better life.

Sadly, no one showed any interest in her despite her best efforts.

After Calvin came in, he took a closer look at the venue. That was when he recognized the layout of the hall. The place looked the same as it did in his memory, but at the same time, it didn't. During the apocalypse, the place reeked of dead bodies. There were bloodstains everywhere, and all that could be seen were human bones, feces, and many other filthy stuff.

Palmer Auction House seemed to be running a perfectly legal business on the surface, but many people didn't know it was a black market.

A black market was considered a place where people could get stuff that people couldn't buy through legal channels. Basically, it was an underground trading place for various people who would prefer doing illegal things.

While Calvin looked around, the receptionist eyed him from head to toe. She fought the urge to grimace in disgust when she noticed that he was wearing cheap clothes.

With just one glance, she estimated that Calvin's outfit was less than \$500, but she still tried to force out a smile and be polite to him despite his appearance.

'Damn it. I'm going to have to wait for the next client,' the receptionist thought while she bit the inside of her cheek.

After Calvin was finished looking around, he glanced at the receptionist and said, "I want to go to the 13th floor underground."

Was there the 13th floor underground in Palmer Auction House? There wasn't. There were only two floors underground. And what Calvin said was code words.

Upon hearing what Calvin said, the receptionist looked around for a moment before she pressed the button under the table. Then, she glanced back up at him and gave him a faint smile. "Please wait for a moment."

A man in a black suit came after a few minutes.

He let out a snort as he eyed Calvin from head to toe. "Follow me," he ordered.

Calvin nodded in response and followed the man into the hall. But instead of going inside the elevator, they went to a passageway next to the elevator and went down two floors. Then, they walked through a few corners in the parking lot until they arrived at a storeroom.

The room was empty. The only thing inside was a door to another elevator.

"Are you here to shop or drink some tea?" the man asked out of the blue as both he and Calvin stood in front of the elevator's doors.

To shop meant to buy, and drinking tea meant to sell.

"Both," Calvin replied. "But I want to see your manager first."

"Is that so?" the man asked as he raised an eyebrow. He didn't expect Calvin to answer him that way. "Do you have an appointment?"

Calvin shook his head. "No, I don't."

"Do you know anyone that can vouch for you?"

Calvin shook his head again.

"Are you serious? Nothing?" The man frowned. "In that case, you can't see our manager."

"Sorry, but I have to see your manager. It's important."

Calvin raised his right foot and was about to kick the man in his crotch, but the man grabbed Calvin's ankle just in time.

"I knew you were up to no good!" the man roared and attempted to grab Calvin's neck with his other hand.

Calvin, however, suddenly crouched down, making the man's attempt to strangle him unsuccessful. Then, he leaned back, raised his arms, and balanced himself

with both of his hands before he put all his force on his left foot and kicked the man's jaw.

The man grunted and fell back because of the heavy blow, which also made him involuntarily loosen his grip on Calvin's right ankle. Calvin then pulled his ankle out by force and kicked the man in his gut.

He didn't intend to stop there. He quickly got to his feet and sprinted towards the man, raising his right leg to knee his groin again.

The man wailed in pain as he knelt on the floor, holding his crotch.

As he rolled on the floor, his consciousness slowly faded until he eventually fainted.

That was when a guard from outside suddenly kicked open the door and burst inside the room. It didn't take him long to find the man lying on the floor. He let out a loud roar and charged at Calvin.

Calvin stepped backward until he was near the elevator doors, narrowing his eyes at the guard the whole time. He didn't rush to attack, but he made sure to get back to his fighting stance to ready himself.

Just when the guard was almost near Calvin, he suddenly stopped in his tracks. His eyes widened for a moment as he pressed his index finger on device in his ear. He nodded and said yes.

The guard slowly crouched down and put his hand on the man's neck to check for a pulse. When he noticed that the man was perfectly fine, he stood back up and announced, "Our manager is waiting for you on the third floor." Then, he took out a card from his shirt pocket and swiped it beside the elevator doors.

Ding! The elevator doors instantly opened.

After a few minutes, Calvin entered an office.

There was a sexy woman sitting at the desk.

She wore a black business suit, which hugged her perfect figure quite well. She also wore black stockings and a pair of black high heels. She was the embodiment of temptation, especially because of her purple lipstick that practically screamed danger.

"You're the manager?" Calvin asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You bet I am!" Betty chuckled. "You're an interesting man, though. Would you mind telling me your name?"

"You can just call me Calvin."

Betty looked at Calvin from head to toe, raising an eyebrow before leaning back and putting her legs on the desk. She gave him a charming smile. "I'm Betty Molina. You can call me Betty or Miss Molina; either way is fine. I just want you to tell me what you want from us."

If an ordinary man stood in front of her, he would undoubtedly feel embarrassed because of Betty's current position. She put one leg over the other, which made her heels hit the table from time to time. She also covered her private area with her thighs, so it wouldn't be possible to look up her skirt.