

# Rebirth Of The God Of War Chapter 3 by Chilton Buntun

Calvin cursed. He clenched his fist before he spun around by pivoting on his heel and landed a roundhouse kick on Keith's cheek.

Keith tried to dodge the attack, but Calvin's foot landed on his cheek before he could even react, causing him to fall to the floor.

Bang!

Keith wailed and writhed on the floor in pain. He spat out two teeth, as well as a mouthful of blood.

Calvin scoffed and narrowed his eyes at Keith, wondering what he would do next.

On the other hand, Keith felt as if he had just been hit in the head by a hammer. The whole world was spinning before his eyes, making him feel nauseated.

"Goddamn it! Let's beat the shit out of him!" Keith got up from the floor and let out an angry shout before sprinting towards Calvin.

Meanwhile, the two other men looked at each other for a few seconds. That was when they reached a silent agreement and closed in on Calvin from two sides, attempting to trap him.

Calvin fought the urge to groan. He didn't want to deal with people like Keith because he had just woken up, and his body wasn't as strong as in the apocalypse. Otherwise, his kick would've easily shattered Keith's skull and killed him on the spot.

But even though that was the case, he had extensive experience when it came to combat. That was why even though he knew that he was at an absolute disadvantage, he was also more than certain that Keith and the others wouldn't be able to hold him in place for that long.

Calvin had a chance to learn some skills in Thai boxing.

This was the right time for those skills to come in handy. After all, he was aware that normal people like Keith wouldn't be able to withstand them even if they tried.

Thus, all three men ended up lying on the floor, wailing in pain as they struggled to get up. Their battle only lasted for less than two minutes.

"Please spare me!" Keith pleaded. He forced himself to get up and kneel on the floor despite the unbearable pain that he felt throughout his body. He was no longer arrogant and even begged Calvin for mercy.

"Spare you?" Calvin grimaced and crossed his arms. "I asked you to leave, but you didn't want to. And now you're having second thoughts about it? Don't you think it's to

o late for that?"

Keith gulped as he felt his body tremble in fear. He knew that Calvin was just going to keep beating him up if he didn't do anything, so he did the only thing that came to mind. He slapped his face as hard as he could and apologized over and over again.

"We have money!" Keith pulled out a wallet from his pocket. He took out all of his money and forced his two companions to do the same even though they were in agonizing pain. Then, he cupped all the money in his hands and showed them to Calvin. "This is all of our money. I know it's not much, but this is all we have."

Since there were still 27 days before the apocalypse, Calvin knew he couldn't kill them. After all, the social order hadn't collapsed yet, and the world was still restricted by law, so dealing with them would just be a waste of time. If he got caught by the security guards, he wouldn't have any way to carry out his plan.

Not to mention, he was still weak. Diving head-first into trouble would only get him into a predicament, so he believed it would be better for him to keep a low profile.

If this was the apocalypse, any normal person who would dare to set foot in front of him would be digging their own grave, especially if they were looking for a fight.

Calvin narrowed his eyes at Keith as he thought about that, forcing himself to calm down. He eventually reached out for the money and counted it. The amount was approximately \$3,000.

"Put your hands behind your back and press your forehead on the floor. Stay like that for exactly thirty minutes. After that, all of you can leave the rooftop. And if any one of you disobeys, I won't hesitate to slit your throat," Calvin ordered, emphasizing his point by swiftly sliding his index finger against his neck.

Keith and his friends immediately bobbed their heads and did exactly what Calvin instructed them to do.

Calvin slowly walked down the rooftop and put the money in his pocket. But as soon as he passed through the gate, he took a deep breath and heaved a sigh, rubbing his sore limbs in the process.

'This body is so frail. I should probably find a way to improve it as soon as possible. Or else...' Calvin thought with a worried look.

