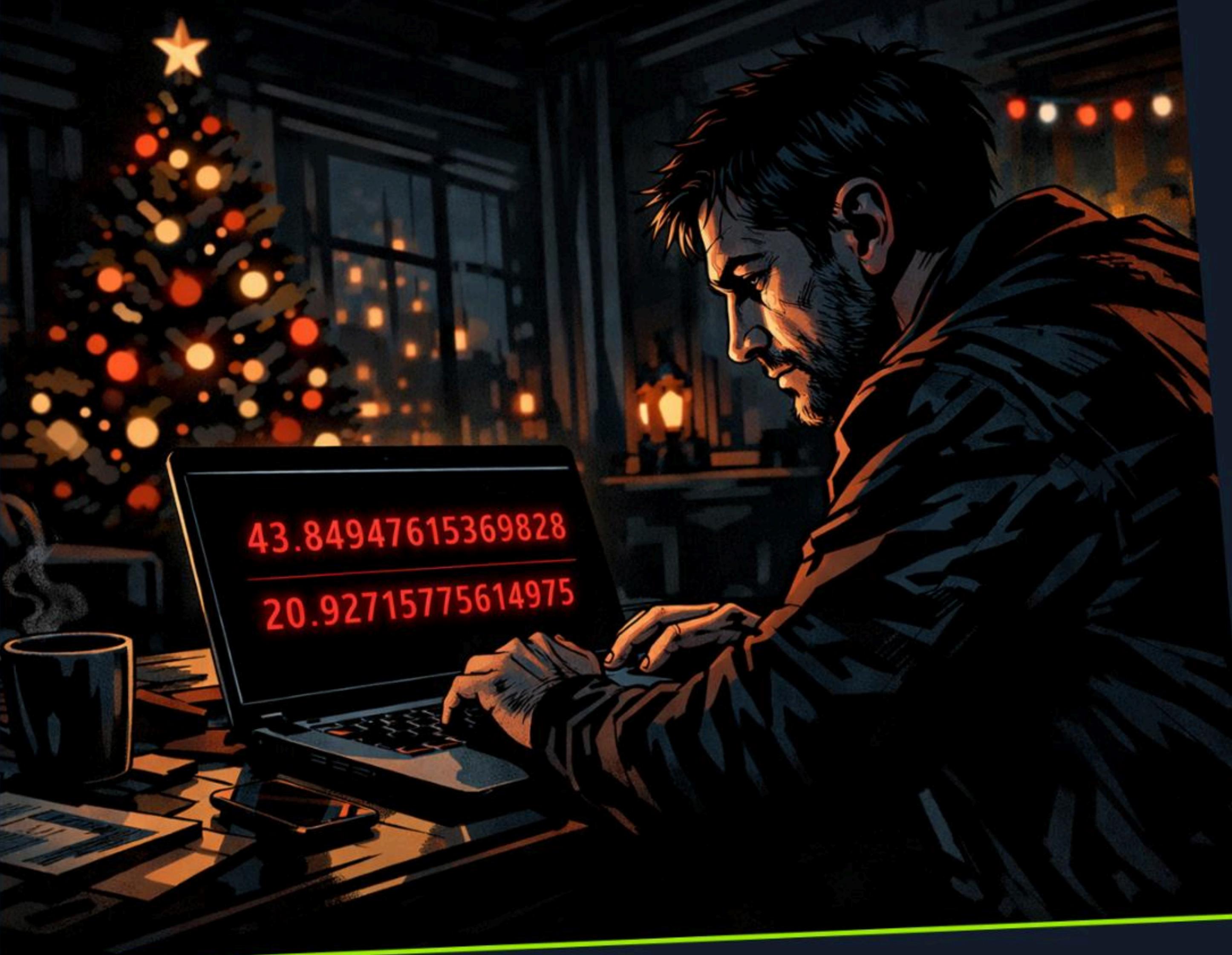


Advent of The Relics

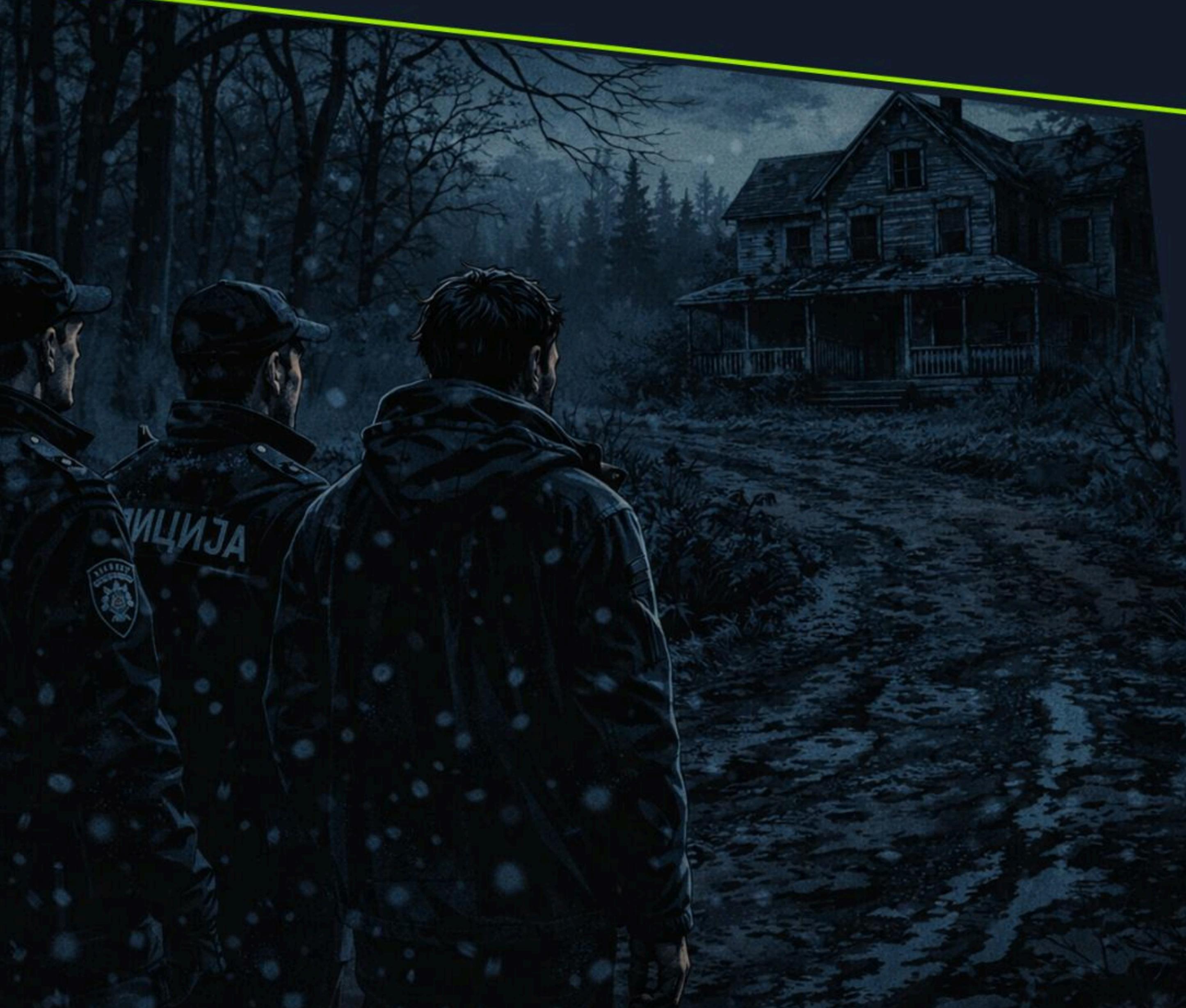
Part 3: The Abandoned Farmhouse



He immediately contacted the Serbian police, and they moved fast. No long meetings, no paperwork theater, just action.

A raid was approved. Word went out. Gear up.

At first light, they'd roll out and head straight for the coordinates.



Inside, the place was wrecked. Computers lay scattered across the room, cases cracked, cables torn out, drives smashed to pieces.

That was all the confirmation they needed: they'd found the right spot. In the ruins of one machine, they recovered a single disk that wasn't fully destroyed. It was sealed and sent straight to forensics.

After the forensic analysis, the investigator struck gold: a hidden forum where the crew had been coordinating in the dark.

They dug deeper, followed the crumbs, and found something... coordinates.

No one knew what the criminals were preparing. No clear target, no full plan, just the stench of something nasty on the horizon. But coordinates mean a place. And a place means evidence.



They reached the coordinates. It was winter, and the day had already bled away into early darkness.

The place was remote, the kind of nowhere you don't stumble into by accident. A farmhouse sat there like a fossil, weathered and silent, as if nobody had stepped foot inside for years. No lights. No movement. Nothing.

They took positions, checked signals, and got ready to breach.

