

Richter Case file No. 51308.1

1908, one year shy of Roosevelt's second term in office and the beginning of something that would change my life forever. One of the things that I knew was sure of was that crime was about to get really heavy. The cities all over the country were growing enormously and by this year there were more than 100 cities with populations over 50,000. I was in one of the cities the big apple. Being that I am an immortal I can't go around calling myself by my own name so ever few years I would use an alias and then use my own name every ten years or so. Well in 1908 I was using my own name and I was a small time private eye trying to do what I could for the good people of this city. I decided to become a private eye because there was too much corruption in the police and with no one yet to regulate things it was a lost cause.

I had a small office on Washington Street in Brooklyn where I could see the Manhattan Bridge being built. I didn't advertise and I didn't charge much, hell I had more than enough money. Many times I would work a case for free and because of that many of my clients were poor but didn't matter to me. Money or not they needed help and I wanted to give them that help. However the woman who walked into my office that cold October morning was far from poor.

A woman by the name of Rachel Moss opened my office door, walked in and that chilly October air brought in with it her the smell of her Jasmine perfume. She was stunning; blonde hair, red full lips, a body to die for and a face and smile to match.

"Are you Richter," she asked in a sultry voice.

"Yes, I'm Tobias Richter; what can I do for you miss..."

"Moss, Rachel Moss."

“Well Miss Moss, why don’t you have a seat? Can I get you anything, coffee or a drink?”

“No” she answered and began telling me why she had come in to see me. She had been dating Black Heavyweight Boxer Jack Johnson for almost a year and she was afraid for his safety. Johnson was a sure contender for the heavyweight championship but then current champ Tommy Burns refused to fight him. While blacks were entering and competing in the same sports as whites boxing was another story. Whites thought that the championship was sacred and the thought of having a black man as champ was sickening to a lot of people.

She told me that Burns had been ducking Johnson for a long time and that Johnson had been following Burns almost around the entire world. He had bought a ring side ticket to every fight that Burns had over the past two years. According to Miss Moss Burns was about to give in and give Johnson the title shot but it didn’t look like it would matter. Both she and Johnson had been receiving threats and I knew it was because of their relationship and his want to become champion. However the threats became real when Johnson disappeared two days earlier. She gone to the police but they refused to help her because they didn’t care that a black man had disappeared let alone Johnson. She was in frantic and didn’t know what to do. It was likely that someone in Burns’ camp had something to do with it but I wasn’t going to jump to any conclusions without checking out first and that is what I told her I would do.

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I showed Miss Moss to the door and told her that I would keep in touch. I can tell you see wasn't hard on the eyes and she looked great walking out of my office. The obvious thing to do was to go and speak to the Burn's camp and see if I could pick anything up from one of them. Burns and Johnson had not been in New York for almost a year but here they both were. I could only assume that they had already decided to fight each other because both of them were not just here visiting but training. I had no information that Burns would be fighting here in the city anytime soon. As a matter of fact as far as I knew his next heavyweight defense of the Title was supposed to take place overseas...Australia I think. Well, that didn't really matter. The fact was that both of them were here, well at least Burns was and it was my job to find out where Johnson had disappeared to.

Burns was training at a small gym not far from where my office was so I headed over there to take a look. Even though there were a few Cadillac's available at that time I decided against having one. Hell not many had any roofs and the one that did didn't have any windows. I was still riding my horse in the city as many did but many had horse pulled carriages. It took me 25 minutes to reach the gym and the smell of testosterone in the air was almost nauseating. I asked around if anyone had seen Burns but of course no one wanted to talk to me but one thing always makes people talk. I slipped the gym manager 20 bucks and once he had that money in his hand he had no problems telling me what I needed to know. He told me that Burns hadn't been there since late morning but he expected him back anytime now.

He pointed out that one of Burns' trainer was here scouting out sparing partners. Burns didn't have a manager or a promoter; he did all that on his

own. However he did have “people”. I walked over to him and introduced myself.

“Excuse me; are you Tommy Burns’ trainer?” I asked him. The son of a bitch didn’t even look my way; he just kept about his business as if I wasn’t even there. I repeated myself and again he ignored me. This time I yelled as hard as I could...

“HEY,” that got his attention.

“Who the hell are you and what do you want?” He answered me.

“My name is Tobias Richter, I’m a private investigator and I had a few questions that I wanted to ask you.”

“Questions about what,” he asked.

“About Jack Johnson,” I told him.

“I ain’t got anything to say about that nigger”

“Excuse me; but I would appreciate if you don’t use that word while I’m here.”

“What are you some kind of nigger lover or something?”

“Listen I am not going to tell you again. I really don’t like that word so as long as I’m here I would appreciate you not using it.”

“Well then maybe it time you leave,” a voice said from behind me. I turned around and saw one of the shortest boxers I have ever seen...Tommy Burns. He was only 5’7” and I am 6’1” so you do the math. He may have been short but he was also one of the hardest punches the sport had seen and he wanted me out of the gym.

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“Mr. Burns, good to see you. I have a few questions that I would like to ask you and then I’ll leave.”

“You’ll leave now or I’m gonna put my fist through you face.”

“If you want to keep boxing I wouldn’t advise that.”

“Who the hell do you think you are?” He asked me.

“I’m the man that gonna shatter your arm if you piss me off.”

“This isn’t a joke pal,” his trainer said.

“You see me laughing,” I said to him.

“This is the World heavyweight champion you know.”

“I know who he is and if he wants to keep fighting I suggest that you shut the hell up and answer my questions.”

Of course just as I expected he wasn’t going to do what I said and Burns took a swing at me. I moved out of the way grabbed his right arm and ever so gently tweaked it. I didn’t shatter it like I said I was going to because after all he was the heavyweight champion and he needed to fight again. I now had his right arm behind him; he was slightly hunched over, and grunting in pain.

“Now I just have a couple of questions about Jack Johnson and then I’ll go. If I let go do you think we can have a conversation?”

Burns agreed and I let go of his arm. They told me how Johnson had been following Burns around everywhere hoping to get a title shot and they thought that he was crazy. Burns wasn’t dodging him it just wasn’t there time he said.

Burns was one of the first boxers to break the color barrier and fought all comers black or white. Burns didn't care if the person he was fighting was black or white. He told me that he and Johnson had agreed to fight this December in Australia and that he wanted the fight to happen. Some would think that maybe Burns was lying but I didn't. I could see flashes of Burns and Johnson together but shaking hands and seemingly finalizing their deal. If Burns and his camp were behind this they had found a good way to hide it from my visions.

I left the gym and it seemed as if Burns and his trainer were happy that I did. Since I couldn't find anything out with Burns I decided to have another chat with Miss Moss. Maybe she could tell me where Johnson liked to hang out and I wanted to know where he was training. I didn't know details about Johnson but just like many people I followed the sport and I was known to catch a match here and there.

I arrived at the hotel where they were staying and headed up to their room. I started to turn the corner of the hallway leading to the room but stopped when I saw four men in dark coats loading their guns. They were only a few feet away from Moss' room and no doubt they were there for her. I had to think fast. I needed to get their attention, get them away from her door and minimize as much gunfire as possible. I wasn't worried about getting shot considering it wouldn't hurt me but I was worried about all the other people in the hotel.

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I took off my coat and suit jacket. I rolled up my sleeves slightly, pulled down my tie just a bit, unbuttoned the top button, and messed up my hair. I threw some water on my face, hair, and shirt from a flower pot from a nearby table to make it look as if I was sweating and staggered up the hallway singing and humming in a drunken voice. I had my eyes a little closed, squinting as much as possible to make it seem like I was pretty messed up and crying.

“Why, why, why did you leave me my love,” I continued singing. I wasn’t singing a real song however drunken people say the dumbest shit so why fight it.

They all turned around and saw me coming down the hall and one of them spoke to me.

“Son of a bitch, get out of here you drunken bastard!”

I moved toward that man and said “come on man don’t do me like that. I’m suffering here, my girl just left me and I don’t know why.”

“It’s probably because you’re an annoying piece of shit that’s why.”

“Hey there’s no need to get nasty,” I said to them.

“Come on beat it, ya drunk.”

“OK, OK I’m going,” I said as I stumbled into one of them hitting him in the gut. He hunched over “OMG I’m sorry, here let me help you.” I reached for him but then purposely slipped backward into one of the arms of the other men, kicking the one that I had hit in the gut in the face knocking him out.

“Oh shit, I killed him.”

The man that had caught had thrown me off of him and I lunged at one of the others head butting him so hard that he was also knocked unconscious. I fell back holding my head and then tripped and fell catching one of the last two men in the testicles with the back of my head. Now I wasn't happy at the fact that the back of my head hit this man's sack but at least I wasn't facing forward. He dropped to the floor and as I stumbled to get up I elbowed him in the face, at the same time I saw the last guy go for his gun so I reached for the gun of the man that I just knocked out. I jumped to my feet, put the gun to his temple and spoke...

"If you move or say another word I'll blow your goddamn head off. Do you understand?"

He shook his head in confirmation that he knew that I was serious and hit him with the gun forcing him join his friends on the floor. I dragged all of them into a closet down the hall. One of the other guests was coming out of his room when I looked at him.

"Too much to drink, I guess he can't handle his liquor." The man went right back into his room with a strange look on his face.

I knocked on Miss Moss' door; as soon as she opened it I told that we needed to get the hell out of there and for her to get her stuff. I knew that the men that were in the hallway weren't the only ones there and if the others didn't start hearing gunfire soon that they would be heading up to her room real soon. Once she had whatever she could carry I grabbed her by the arm and headed out the emergency exit and out the back of the hotel.

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Richter and Miss Moss escaped through the alley at the back of the hotel and headed to a safe house that Richter knew about.

“Ok what the hell is going on,” Richter asked her once they arrived at the safe house.

“What are you talking about?” she asked him.

“Don’t play dumb with me or take me for a fool. This isn’t about some black fighter fighting a white fighter; it something else.”

“Why do you think that detective,” she asked.

“Because if this was just about a black and white fighter then they wouldn’t be going after you; if they wanted the fight not to happen they could kill him. This isn’t about that; this has something to do with you and you better start telling me what it is or I’ll take you back to the hotel and hand-deliver you to them myself.”

“My name really is Rachel Moss. I come from a very wealthy and very old family.”

“Is that why Johnson is dating you,” Richter asked.

“No Jack and I genuinely like each other. What I told you about him disappearing a few days ago was true but what I lied about was the reason why.”

“So what’s the reason,” he asked her.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you and you might think I’m crazy.”

“Try me, I might surprise you.”

“My family has been around for over 100 generations and in that time one man has been hunting us.”

“Go on,” he said to her.

“Did you not hear me detective I just told you that one man has been after my family for over 2000 years?”

“I heard you and I said go on. Like I said Miss Moss I might surprise you. Who is he and what does he want?”

“He has gone by many names over the years but I believe he goes by Syn now.”

“What does he want from you?”

“Centuries ago my first ancestor was entrusted with a map...”

“A map to what,” Richter asked.

“A map that shows the location of a key,” she replied.

“A key to what,” he asked her.

“A key that can unlock the gates of hell,” she said.

Richter couldn't believe what he had heard. Was this possible that she was telling the truth and was it possible that there was really such a key in existence?

“You're kidding me right,” he said to her sarcastically.

“No detective I am not,” she told him. “This is not some story, the key is real. If this man were to find the key he could open the gates of hell and unleash evil onto this world.”

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“Ok let me get this straight; you’re family has been around for over 2,000 years and they have been the guardians of a map that leads to a key that can unlock the gates of hell?”

“Yes,” she told him.

“Are you kidding me; why in God’s name would there be a key to unlock the gates of hell?”

“I wish I could answer that but I can’t. When our ancestor was first entrusted with this it was passed onto him from someone else. Stories in our family say that an angel who was entrusted with the key was its protector but was almost killed and believed that hiding it on Earth was the best thing. We were told that for every lock there must be a key and he was doing what he could to make sure that the key did not fall into the wrong hands. He was killed by the man that has been after my family.”

“Killed by this man,” Richter said in curiosity.

“In order to protect the key, he hid it and created a map and passed it to my ancestor. That map has been passed down from generation to generation and none of us have waived in giving it away.”

“If this man that you said killed this angel how do you protect yourselves against someone like this?”

“We run and that the map never stays with one member of the family for too long. The protector of the map changes every six months and since our family is large we are not short of where we can hide the map. He knows that he cannot threaten our family directly nor the holder of the map because he knows that we are all prepared to die to protect this so he preys on our friends and loved ones. He knows that while we may sacrifice ourselves we are not willing to sacrifice others. He has tried to threaten the loved ones of members of our family that is not the current holder of the map but he found out the hard way that putting us together is not a good thing.”

“How do you mean,” he asked her.

“Along with the map we were given a means to protect us if we were all brought together and someone attempted to kill our family. We were given an ancient Sumerian spell that when brought together for whatever reason hurts this man.”

“There is something that I don’t understand, why would a man that is trying to find the map for this key try to kill you?”

“I never said that those men worked for him.”

“What, those men just tried to kill you; if they don’t work for this Syn then who the hell do they work for?”

“They work for an organization known as Ordinul de Lumina or the Order of the Light. They are an organization of people that have sworn to protect their beliefs in religion and to stop anyone that threatens that. They also have been hunting our family but for a long time but they are not trying to find the map, they are trying to kill all of us off. They know about the map and the key and they want to protect the Earth from someone finding the key and releasing the devil onto this world. Still we have been able to protect ourselves against them better than we have been able to against Syn.”

“This man Syn, what does he look like?”

“He is a large man, over seven feet tall; I have never seen a man so large in my life. However he is not just large he is large, muscles everywhere...”

She continued describing the man to him and with every additional description he knew who she was talking about. The man who had been hunting her family was the man that he had been hunting, the man who had killed his race of people, the man that shares his bloodline as his brother; the man known as Deathsong!

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“Ok, we can’t stay here, we can’t go back to your hotel and we certainly can’t go back to my office or home. I need to find a place to keep you safe while I find Johnson.” Richter said to Miss Moss.

“I have a ship at the docks, it was our transportation here. I have guards there that can protect me.”

“You have a ship at the docks? If you have a ship there then why are you staying at a hotel, why not stay on the ship?”

“Detective we have been traveling for some time now and we wanted to stay on dry land and get away from the water for a change.”

“It doesn’t matter anyway I am sure that Syn knows that you have ship there and is watching it.”

“Like I said Detective Richter I have guards there that can protect me while you proceed with your investigation.”

“Let me explain something to you Miss Moss. You said that man has been following your family for a long time now so I am sure that you know that he is not mortal. In addition I can tell you that the men that are working for him aren’t human.” He told her.

“I know what they are Detective...they are demons. Jack doesn’t know what they are and I should have never gotten involved with him knowing my situation but I did. Take me to the ship and finish your investigation I will be safe there.”

“You’re body guards can’t protect you from Syn or his men.”

“I know that they cannot however I was informed by telegraph the same day that I went to see you that my family had procured the protection of someone who can,” she told him.

“Who are you talking about,” he asked.

“The man’s name is Wade,” she replied.

“Simon Wade,” he interjected.

“Yes, do you know him?”

“I know of him and his family. According to legend his family have been hunting and killing demons for thousands of years. The only humans capable of killing demons; their family is older than yours.”

“The Wade family, by my understanding is older than even you Detective.”

He looked at her stunned. He wondered why she wasn't surprised by his knowledge of what was going on or who Syn was and the people that were working for him. She told him that she knew who he was although details into his background were cloudy at best.

“How did you get Simon Wade to help you?”

“Things had become worse lately and we attempted to find anyone to help us. My father knew the family but it took time to contact them. We tried more than just the Wade family. We tried to hire a bounty hunter named Jade and we tried to find a man that everyone told us would put an end to this man hunting us forever, his name is White I believe but we couldn't find him. Have you heard of him at all?” She asked Richter.

“I've met Jade and I heard of this White person but I can't say that I have had the pleasure of his company.”

They ended their conversation and made their way to the Brooklyn docks where Miss Moss' ship was waiting. It was the biggest ship there and although it would be a safe haven for her Richter decided not to get any closer. He knew that the hunter Wade would be arriving to protect her but he didn't know if he was there already. He could see men on her ship and they appeared to be under her employ but he needed to make sure first. Richter raised his right hand in the direction of the ship, closed his eyes and waited. He could see the people on the ship and although he had never seen Wade before he knew he was on the ship as well. Every head of the Wade family that had become a hunter was branded with a W on their right upper arm to let anyone especially demons that he or she was. It also helped to scare the piss out of demons that saw it because they knew that this was no normal human and if he was close to one of them that it was only a matter of time before he killed them. It didn't matter who the hunter from the Wade family was at the time they were the only humans on the planet that struck fear into any demon.

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With the knowledge that Miss Moss' newly obtained body guard was on the ship and no signs of anyone around they made their way to it. They continued to walk but with about 500 feet away from the dock they were suddenly stopped by a group of men. Richter couldn't understand how these men were able to sneak up on them considering that he had used his psychic abilities to make sure that no one was around. Obviously someone had found a way to disrupt his visions.

There were a dozen or so in the group but they were hardly men. Although no one else could see what they really were Richter could. They were demons and they were there with a purpose. As they moved in closer Richter and Miss Moss could see Jack Johnson tied up and gagged being pushed toward them. Rachel Moss cried out for Jack and he tried to call back to her but his voice was eclipsed by the gag. By the time they had gotten close enough they had back Richter and Moss to edge of one of the docks. The smell of fish was strong in the air and unpleasant but it was about to get even more so. From behind them a voice spoke to them.

"I see that you are still aligning yourself with the riff raff little brother." It was the man that Rachel Moss knew as Syn but the man that Richter knew as not only Deathsong but his brother. He calmly walked on the water toward them with one arm behind his back and the other on his chin. His seven foot frame seemed was intimidating and it became more so as he got closer. His long black coat was slipping into the water but was somehow staying dry.

"The only riff raff I see here is you," Richter replied.

"Still as witty as always, I see. When I heard that this slut here had hired someone to find this poor excuse for a human being I knew she had found you. I knew that you were here little brother but up until you got involved in this I didn't see the point in bothering with you. However now that you are here I suppose it is just an added bonus that I get to kill you on top of finding the map."

"That's not going to happen today," Richter told Deathsong.

"Oh no and why is that," he replied.

“Well because I don’t much feel like dying today.” Richter could go toe to toe with Deathsong but he couldn’t protect Moss and fight off Richter and his demons. So while Richter continued his idle chit chat with Deathsong he used another one of his powers and contacted Simon Wade. In the midst of the conversation he sent out a telepathic message to Wade alerting him to the situation and was now just buying a little time until he arrived.

“Enough of this shit! I know that killing you won’t do anything but if you don’t start talking bitch then I will snap this Nigger’s.”

“There’s that word again; I hate that word.” A high pitched whistle moved through the air quickly and then one of Deathsong demons fell to ground. When they turned around to look at him they could see an arrow sticking out of his neck. At the same time the vision of a dark silhouette moved through the light fog and a voice traveled through it.

“Lucky guy that one, he died quick. Can’t say the same for the rest of you, quick it won’t be, you’re all fucked!”

The man that stepped out of the fog was 6’3’, short red hair, muscularly built, olive colored skin, a goatee with no mustache, a scar just below his left eye, and a pissed off attitude.

“Holy shit, its Wade,” one of the demons said.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here,” another yelled.

“You will...” Deathsong tried to scream but was tackled by Richter. Wade jumped at the demons knocking them all down and took position near Rachel Moss and spoke.

“So which one of you fuckers do I kill next?”

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The demons that were facing Wade and Moss were arguing with each other about what to do next.

“Stand your ground, he’s just a human,” one of the demons said.

“Human, he’s not just a human, that is Simon fucking Wade,” another one replied.

“Stand your ground I said; he can’t kill all of us.”

“Ha ha,” the demons turned only to see Wade laughing at the comment that was just made.

“This is bullshit; I’m outta here, who’s with me?” Three others agreed and started running away.

“When Deathsong finds you he will kill you all for running.”

“We’ll take our chances,” one of them yelled back.

“Those guys were smart”, Wade told the rest. “Too bad you guys aren’t.” Wade reached behind his back as he made that statement and in a quick motion threw a bola at the demon that was telling the others to stay where they were. The bola whistled through the air until its scream was suddenly halted when it wrapped itself around the demon’s neck severing his head from his body.

“Holy shit,” the other demons all yelled. They looked down at their fallen comrade and realized that everything that they had heard about the Wade family was true. They could kill demons, not just their host bodies but kill their souls too. They turned their attention toward Wade and screamed and scattered because Wade was now charging at all of them.

Meanwhile, Deathsong and Richter were still struggling on the ground. Deathsong managed to throw Richter off of him and stood up, dusting himself off in the process.

“You touched me,” Deathsong said to him.

“Yeah, well I’m about to do a hell of a lot more than just touch you,” Richter replied.

“This is pointless, you can’t beat me, and you never could little brother.”

“Well from where I’m standing you could never beat me either.” Deathsong looked at him with frustrating from what was just said. With anger as his fuel he charged at Richter. Using his own momentum against him Richter hurled Deathsong into the air, off of the docks and toward the water. Positioning himself in a three point stance like a lineman on a football team he was able to stop his momentum and avoid his unwanted bath. He looked up at his brother who was less than a hundred feet away and took to the air charging at him.

This time Richter wouldn’t be so lucky in avoiding the attack. Richter was hit hard and thrown into one the metal storage container that outlined the dock’s landscape. The force of it pushed him right in to it ripping a whole in it. There was no movement or signs of life coming from the storage container which prompted Deathsong to investigate. He moved closer to the container and peeked inside. A blue light had begun to faintly emerge when he looked inside. Deathsong’s eyes opened wide and he had begun to turn but it was too late. The once faint light exploded out of the container blasting Deathsong with so much power that it caused the docks to shake. Once the blast was clear, Deathsong was nowhere to be seen. However Richter knew that he hadn’t killed him. He knew that Deathsong had gone to fight another day. Deathsong was no fool and unlike the demons that he commanded he used his head. The two of them could have gone on fighting forever consider that neither of them could kill one another. Deathsong didn’t leave because he was losing the fight but he couldn’t stay there forever either.

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As it was stated before the Wade family had been killing demons for a long time more time than Richter had been alive. However that doesn't explain how a human being would have the ability to kill a demon. How could a human being have that ability that was only bestowed to one other person who wasn't human? The only other person with the ability to kill a demon was once an angel and the Wade family were nothing more than normal humans.

No one knows the exact year but thousands of years before the birth of Christ and thousands of years before Deathsong or Richter walked the Earth is where the legend of the Wade Family began. The first member of the Wade family to obtain this power was also named Simon had come across four men beating another that was on a dirt road. While many other people passed them by allowing them to continue beating the defenseless man Simon could not.

He interrupted the men and told them to step away. Of course they didn't listen but he spoke to them again, once again telling them to leave the man alone. The four men stopped and turned to look at Simon, while the man that was being beaten had told Simon to run. Simon didn't listen and once again spoke to the four men in an ancient language that legends still cannot identify.

"Who do you think you are, telling us what to do?" One of them said to him.

"I am no one but I am pleading with you to leave him alone before you kill him." Simon replied.

What Simon didn't know is that the four men were demons and although that family did not have the ability to kill a demon he did know how to kill a man. Even back then the members of the Wade family who some of the best fighters in the world and while those four demons put up a good fight their host bodies were killed all the same. He may not have killed the demons that possessed those bodies but he was able to kill the shells that they were using to abuse the helpless man.

It wasn't until after he had taken the man back to his home to tend to his wounds was he informed that they were demons. However what Wade didn't know was that the man that he had saved was also a demon. However that man no longer wanted to serve Lucifer and had escaped and had escaped with a secret. He had stolen many of the weapons that were used in the attempted

take-over of heaven in hopes that he would be able to use them to help put an end to his former king. His injuries however were too extensive and passed the weapons to Wade informing him of what they were before he died. With the weapons and this knowledge the legend of the Wade family was born.

Richter walked over to Wade, Moss, and Johnson who they had freed. Johnson was suffering from several injuries and looked to be in bad shape but he was alive. Richter walked right up to Johnson and punched him so hard in the jaw that he shattered it and knocked him unconscious.

"What the hell did you do that for?" Wade asked him as Miss Moss went to her knees to tend to her boyfriend.

"He's seen too much. If he tells anyone what he saw here or what he's seen over the past few days they will lock him up and he'll never fight again. He is important, he is about to play an important role in history and he can't miss it."

"How the hell is he gonna do anything, he already had enough injuries and you just gave him another." Wade said to him.

Richter went down to one knee; put his hands over Johnson's body and all of his wounds had begun to heal. Both Moss and Wade were awl of what they had just seen but Richter wasn't done just yet. He put his right hand onto Johnson head letting off a bright blue light and then got back to his feet.

"He'll be fine and he won't remember anything that happened over the past few days. Miss Moss you have to go. You know as well as I do that you can't stay with him. Don't worry he won't remember what happen the past few days but he will remember you. I'll take him back to his hotel room where he'll be safe."

Miss Moss did as he asked and left with Wade on her ship. It turned out to be perfect, Miss Moss and Wade actually married and had children and the map of the Key to hell was now going to be protected under the seal of the Wade Family. As for Johnson he went on to become the first black heavyweight boxing champion in history beating Burns in December of the year in Australia. As for Richter, well there are a lot more cases yet to solve...