

Apocalypse 131

Chapter 131 Proposition

"How would we know who you are? You should have carried a banner with you for everyone to recognize," Vulture retorted, dismissing any notion of social status holding sway in their current circumstances. In this new reality, power and influence were relics of the past, offering little protection without one's own forces.

Duke's chilling presence silenced the man mid-stride, compelling him to halt and close his mouth.

"Did they finally decide to come down?" Kisha's raspy voice interrupted them as she rubbed her eyes, her hair slightly disheveled. Despite her sleepy state, she looked adorable. The man who had just barged in stared at Kisha with his mouth wide open, utterly stunned. Not only was Kisha beautiful and immaculate, but she also seemed entirely unfazed by the danger around her.

In his eyes, she appeared pure and protected by the people surrounding her.

He glanced at himself and his companions, noticing their dirty and smelly appearance in stark contrast to Kisha and her group, who were all clean. Realizing that rain was imminent, they all sought refuge in the building to take a shower, but they didn't expect that the bank's generator was damaged. None of his friends could even wash a dish, let alone fix the broken generator.

Moreover, the faulty water system meant they couldn't use the water from the faucets.

The only water they had was the drinking water provided by the bank for its clients. Unsure how long they would need to stay safe inside the bank's supply storage, he and his friends refrained from using the water for menial tasks like washing their faces or taking showers.

Despite the lack of power and water, they considered themselves fortunate to have found the supply storage to hide in. One of his friends had a father who worked at the bank and had a key, which made it easier for them to sneak around. They were also lucky to be children of wealthy families where learning martial arts was a must due to the constant threat of kidnapping.

This knowledge helped them navigate outside for a week while trying to reach safety, but they lost many of their guards and friends. Now, only 14 of them remained alive. Most of their family members were scattered in different places, and they planned to meet at the nearest evacuation centers and shelters.

They had been traveling for a week and had grown accustomed to fighting zombies and dealing with the deaths that came with it.

They didn't get flustered around zombies, but this was the first time they had encountered living humans. When someone saw people approaching the bank from the window, they anticipated these newcomers would check for survivors and help them. However, after waiting for hours with no one coming to their aid, they decided to go down the stairs and find the people themselves.

But now that they were facing Duke's group, they realized that these people had no intention of helping them as fellow survivors. The man initially felt a surge of anger, but when he saw Kisha approaching like an angel amidst the chaos, his words got stuck in his throat. His friends were similarly speechless, while the girls in their group, naturally more timid, stayed silent.

Duke noticed how the newcomers were staring at Kisha. Before they could form any ideas, he stepped closer to her and, when he was near enough, wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her close. "Did you have a good sleep?" he asked in a low, seductive voice. Their intimate gesture did not escape anyone's notice, making it clear to all that they were a couple.

Kisha didn't push Duke away; instead, she leaned into his chest. "Yeah, I was in a deep sleep. I feel good," she replied, yawning and stretching her limbs a little, looking like a lazy cat. The sight was so cute that Duke's cold eyes softened into a warm gaze as he stared at her.

Kisha looked around and she could hear the loud sound of the rain from outside the window, so she asked Bell. "Have you gotten visuals of Sparrow?"

"Yes master, he was already within the 500-meter radius and is heading this way." Bell hesitated a bit but still continued to report. "Also master, the zombies outside are all in an uproar and the majority was rushing to the shelter while there are zombies crowding just outside the bank."

Kisha just nodded because she has already anticipated this to happen and the rain would last until tomorrow morning, the outside looked so eerie and gloomy because of the rain coupled with the revenues roars and growls of the evolving zombies outside, even if they failed to evolve the first time, the zombies would still be much stronger and much faster than they were before so that danger still increase.

She knew the shelter must be struggling to defend itself, and everything was in chaos. Every Blood Rain turned into a hunting season for the zombies, who would devour anything living without sparing a piece of meat. Whenever a base fell to a zombie raid, by morning, nothing remained but the aftermath of a horrendous night: bones upon bones scattered across the bloody ground.

The zombies wouldn't even give a human the chance to turn into one of them; they would devour their victims within minutes, like starved wolves. During the Blood Rain, the zombies became even stronger and more frenzied, akin to people on drugs. That's why the Blood Rain was so terrifying.

Most people dreaded hearing those words, often breaking down at the mere mention of it, knowing they would likely lose someone important. Over time, the term "Blood Rain" became taboo, yet everyone silently agreed to prepare for it whenever it loomed.

The first evolution of the zombies was supposed to occur only after most survivors had awakened their abilities. Given the current situation, it seems as if the world isn't giving humans or other living beings a chance to survive.

Now that Kisha has met other survivors outside of the Blood Rain, she feels her sense of righteousness stirring. However, she restrains it, knowing that these feelings won't help anyone. To protect those important to her, she needs to be dependable and strong. Thinking about others is beyond her current capacity.

"Old habits really die hard," she thought, pushing her righteous instincts to the back of her mind.

"What brings you here, ladies and gentlemen? Surely, you don't expect us to save you, right?" Kisha asked lazily, leaning against Duke's chest with her arms folded. Duke, meanwhile, happily supported her, enjoying the warmth and softness of her body against his.

Kisha's words made the man choke on his own saliva. He had been about to ask her group to take them to a safe place, which was essentially the same as asking to be saved. However, his pride as a young master prevented him from bowing to anyone, even if it meant ensuring their safety.

"We are here to propose a cooperation with your group. I am assuming that you must have come here to seek refuge in the shelter in City B as well as my friends and I.

So, the more people we have, the safer it would be for all of us to travel, besides, we know that you came here by foot and that's already commendable, but, my friends and I have secured an armored bus with us, which will make our journey easier." The man said.

Kisha raised an eyebrow at the man, fully expecting them to demand that her group take them along, given the bravado they had shown by barging into their safe space but she did not expect the man to want to cooperate instead. She gave the man a once-over, and under her scrutinizing gaze, he couldn't help but straighten up and tense his muscles.

Despite their arrogance, he and his friends were not entirely unreasonable. He had come prepared with a proposition, knowing that offering a benefit could motivate people. Since Kisha's group had not come to rescue them, he figured an alternative approach would be to entice them into becoming their bodyguards.

He also noticed that the imposing man from earlier was now gently holding the beautiful woman in front of him. Realizing she must be the one in command, he directed his proposition to her, deliberately ignoring Duke. Duke, though clearly enjoying Kisha's warmth in his embrace, was still attentively listening to the conversation.

He had left the negotiation to Kisha, ready to execute whatever she decided.

If his subordinates could hear his thoughts, they would definitely facepalm, as the ruthless and commanding master they knew was nowhere to be seen.