

Apocalypse 133

Chapter 133 Deal?

"You're scamming us?!" Said one of Clyde's friends, they all knew how hard it was to gather such supplies and Duke's group was asking for a sack for each, which meant they would need to give 14 sacks of supplies that even they could not gather just like that.

Coming from affluent backgrounds, they were keenly aware that wealth held little significance in their current reality. What mattered now were essentials like food, medicine, and water, which were poised to become the new currency, sustaining their survival until they discovered a comparable commodity for trade in the future to become a new currency.

What Kisha was asking as her payment underscored the urgency of securing vital supplies. Clyde couldn't discern whether Kisha was testing their resolve or simply driven by greed, leaving him to clench his jaw in frustration as he glanced at his companions who had embarked on this perilous journey with him.

Clyde and his friends exchanged uneasy glances, their reluctance and worry palpable in the air. After what felt like an eternity, Clyde finally nodded in reluctant agreement to Kisha's proposition. "Miss, we'll comply," he conceded, his voice laced with tension.

Drawing a deep breath to steady his violently pounding heart, he continued, "However, if you're asking for this much, I must insist that you ensure the safety of every member of my group throughout this journey." Clyde acknowledged the reality that they were essentially seeking assistance from Kisha's team to reach the shelter.

Despite his uncertainty, a gut feeling nudged him to trust in this alliance as their best chance for survival.

Clyde understood that his companions had reached their breaking point, particularly his steadfast bodyguards. These individuals, entrusted to him by his father, were the pinnacle of loyalty, having steadfastly accompanied them from the journey's inception to their current juncture. Along the way, they had endured significant losses, sacrificing comrades to uphold Clyde and his friends' safety.

Clyde couldn't bear the thought of further casualties among his loyal protectors.

Observing Clyde prioritize the well-being of his group over his pride, Kisha smiled with satisfaction. She began to see potential in Clyde, sensing his underlying goodness and deeming him worthy of temporary trust, albeit under close scrutiny. Aware of the possibility of betrayal from Clyde and his group, Kisha remained vigilant, prepared to act swiftly if necessary.

Despite acknowledging the likelihood of Clyde's affiliation with the Coltons, Kisha decided to take a calculated risk. She found Clyde's gifts and talents too enticing to ignore, foreseeing their potential collaboration in the future, particularly once his latent abilities were fully awakened.

"Understood," Kisha clarified with Clyde and his group. "We'll need to wait for the rain to cease and for one of our team members to arrive before proceeding."

Kisha's statement sent a shockwave of complex emotions through Clyde's group. The idea that someone from Kisha's team was out alone in the midst of zombie-infested streets, with the expectation of returning unharmed, seemed utterly absurd. They speculated that perhaps this individual had become separated from the group, leading to a mix of worry and hope for their safe return.

Clyde glanced out the window, thinking, 'That's wishful thinking at best.' However, he refrained from voicing his skepticism, instead nodding in agreement. With heavy rain pouring outside, venturing out would be futile and dangerous regardless.

Despite Clyde and his group's concerns, Kisha and her team remained indifferent. Currently, one of Bell's scouts was with Sparrow, providing Kisha with the updates she needed to confirm Sparrow's safety and the overall situation outside the bank. The information was crucial, although alarming, especially if others were to discover it.

She also speculated that the shelter was likely already under siege, even though they couldn't hear any other noises coming from that direction. It could be that the sounds were masked by the raging Blood Rain, or perhaps the shelter was relying solely on firearms for defense without employing bombs or grenades. Regardless, they would find out more tomorrow.

Despite this uncertainty, she felt reassured, confident that the shelter would overcome this initial obstacle.

After wrapping up their conversation, Duke escorted Kisha away, guiding her back to the chair where she had been resting earlier. He ensured she was settled comfortably before joining Vulture and Tristan, who were busy preparing a meal.

"Wifey, why don't you rest first? Hmm?" Duke's voice, though soft, carried across the room, catching the attention of those nearby, including Clyde. The revelation that Duke and Kisha were married surprised Clyde; he hadn't realized their relationship was so intimate. A hint of bitterness gnawed at him, realizing his little love was crushed, even before it could fully blossom.

Despite this, he found a corner to settle into, seeking some comfort amidst his mixed emotions.

Clyde's group swiftly entered the office, ensuring to shut the door securely behind them. They remained vigilant, aware that zombies from the upper floors still roamed unchecked. They understood the risks of any oversight, knowing that even a small lapse in attention could leave them vulnerable to unexpected attacks later on.

After they all entered, they gravitated to a corner where they sat in silence, refraining even from breathing loudly out of respect and fear for Kisha's group. Mrs. Winters, sensing their apprehension, approached Clyde's group. "Have you guys eaten? Are you hungry?"

Clyde and his group interpreted her question as a subtle reminder about the supplies they owed Kisha. "We've eaten, but we'll gather the necessary supplies before we leave," Clyde replied, his lips pressed together in a tight line. He understood the need for caution in such circumstances, but being met with suspicion was a blow to his pride.

Mrs. Winters felt dismayed at being misunderstood by the young people before her. They were likely only 18 or 19 years old, and she couldn't help but recall Duke at that age, which tugged at her heartstrings. Her intention was simply to offer help. Despite taking the initiative, she remained mindful of Kisha's potential disagreement. If Kisha objected, she wouldn't insist.

However, like Duke, Mrs. Winters and the rest of the Winters family sensed that Kisha was somewhat receptive to this group of youngsters, so she felt it was acceptable to invite them to eat.