

Apocalypse 147

Chapter 147 Her Account

It took him a few moments to recall Kisha and her group. Their formidable display of fighting prowess upon arrival at the shelter, executed effortlessly, had left a lasting impression on him. However, this impressive demonstration also put him on guard in their presence.

Their extraordinary power hinted at their exceptional nature, leading him to suspect they were not ordinary individuals. It was only upon discovering they were special agents that he slightly eased his guard.

His brow furrowed slightly as he inquired, "Are you the group responsible for completing this mission and creating this map?" He watched Kisha and her companions closely, silently assessing their reactions, seeking to glean something from their demeanor.

Kisha simply nodded in response, offering no further explanation. The man's brow furrowed even more tightly, his frustration evident at the lack of forthcoming information from Kisha. Deciding to confront the issue directly, he spoke sternly, "Then, explain the markings you left on the map and provide a detailed account of what you observed out there.

"We cannot afford incomplete reconnaissance missions or false information meant to deceive us." Each word carried a weight of warning as he addressed Kisha and her team.

With a cursory glance at each member, he gestured for them to come closer, conveying the seriousness of the consequences they would face if caught attempting to deceive the authorities by passing off incomplete or falsified mission reports.

Kisha and her companions exuded confidence as they stepped forward. Knowing Sparrow had meticulously mapped out the western district, he took the lead, leaning in towards the table.

With deliberate gestures, he pointed to various markings on the map, asserting, "I'm most familiar with these markings as I was responsible for mapping them while our team conducted our reconnaissance." The man's gaze followed Sparrow's movements, taking in the detailed map. Sparrow continued, "Our scouting commenced from the outskirts of the western district, moving inward.

We identified small encampments surrounding the central hub, where the majority of zombies congregated. Each encampment was equipped with lookout posts positioned along the perimeter, which we've indicated on the map with corresponding circles to denote their surveillance areas.

Beyond these individuals, the area appeared deserted." With his explanation complete, Sparrow stepped back, rejoining Kisha.

The man's expression contorted in deep contemplation, his thoughts inscrutable to Kisha and her companions. Yet, his seriousness was palpable, indicating he was deliberating something before speaking again.

"Did these individuals protect you from the zombie raid while you were outside?" His tone suggested a hint of skepticism as if he himself couldn't quite believe the question he was posing, yet it was clear he sought to grasp something significant.

Kisha responded with a deadpan expression, her tone matter-of-fact. "No, we were already in the outer part of the western district when the zombie raid occurred."

The man's frown deepened. "You mentioned that the central part of the western district was overrun with zombies. Was the situation dire? Did you venture beyond the central area?" Despite his attempt to maintain composure, a hint of tension crept into his demeanor, evident in the stiffening of his neck muscles. Whether this was due to nervousness remained unknown to Kisha.

Kisha and her team remained silent, their expressions revealing their reluctance to delve into their harrowing experiences. The man seemed to realize the futility of his previous question and tried again. "I've heard you've escorted several survivors back to the shelter. Have you encountered any others since then?" There was a glimmer of hope in his eyes as he looked to Kisha and her companions.

The term 'a few' hardly did justice to their accomplishment; escorting over 20 survivors was a monumental task, fraught with challenges. They knew all too well the difficulty of ensuring the safety of such a large group, and they couldn't guarantee that everyone would make it back alive.

In addition to completing their mission, Kisha and her team successfully escorted survivors back to the shelter, who, despite their exhaustion, were all in good condition thanks to their careful protection.

"What exactly do you want to know?" Kisha's tone was chilly, withholding further details. The man sensed her intent to extract answers from him instead.

"We were searching for specific individuals in the area, but they weren't among those you escorted back," the man conceded, his defeated demeanor reflecting profound exhaustion as if the essence of life had drained from him. Observing him closely, Kisha pondered his intentions. From the outset, she suspected they were hunting for the Winters.

Initially, she entertained the idea that they sought the Winters family's precise location to launch an attack. However, this seemed unlikely given the Coltons' extensive surveillance of the western district to

prevent the Winters from fleeing. Furthermore, the individuals before her appeared unfamiliar with the Coltons' activities beyond the walls.

If this were a mere ruse orchestrated by the soldiers, Kisha couldn't help but admire their skillful deception.

Despite acknowledging that these individuals might not be affiliated with the Coltons, Kisha remained uncertain of their intentions. Even if they maintained friendly relations with the Winters, the possibility of hidden Colton operatives lurking in the shadows couldn't be discounted.

Kisha attempted to gauge the soldier's reaction and to test the waters. "No, we encountered those individuals in the outer layer of the western district, near the bank. When the zombie raid occurred, we sought refuge inside the bank." Her words trailed off momentarily, a hint of recollection crossing her features.

The soldier's posture stiffened, sensing the significance of Kisha's pause, and he awaited her next words. Kisha didn't keep him waiting. "Before we reached the bank, we heard loud explosions reverberating throughout the western district, and if my memory serves me right, they originated from locations marked on our map."

Kisha wasn't just gauging the soldier's reaction; she was strategically distancing their group from any implication in the events at the Coltons' camps. While they might still be under suspicion, her aim was to ensure they weren't the primary suspects.

Even if they were affiliated with the Coltons' incident, it would be difficult to align the timing of the explosions with their location using only calculations of distance and time. Such precision would confirm Kisha's truthfulness and remove her from the suspect list.