

Apocalypse 159

Chapter 159 Coltons' Young Master

The young man gritted his teeth as he crawled closer to the Young Master, who sat in his chair like a king watching a dog beg for food. The Young Master relished the sight of beautiful men and women trembling before him, deriving pleasure from their fear. He didn't care if the person riding his cock is a woman or a man; what mattered was their beauty.

He had amassed a collection of such individuals in his basement, and those who disobeyed met a grim fate after being toyed with by the Coltons' Young Master.

And there were those who fought tooth and nail for survival, much like the young man standing before him. They had battled against the relentless onslaught of zombies outside, only to find themselves imprisoned within the confines of the Coltons' villa, reduced to mere objects of pleasure.

Fueled by resentment, they are not even treated as proper human beings because they are another mouth to feed when the shelter is already starting to get low on supplies.

The young man clenched his jaw tightly as he obediently took the Coltons' Young Master's cock into his mouth. Meanwhile, the Young Master leisurely sipped his wine, enjoying the sensation as the young man pleased him. Occasionally, he released low, pleasure-filled groans, his breath coming out in heavy pants.

"A man really knows where to find another man's weak spot." the Young Master sneered between labored breaths. Gripping the young man's hair, he forced him to take more of his cock into his throat, ruthlessly jerking his head up and down.

Leaning back in his chair, his eyes rolling in ecstasy, he remained indifferent to the discomfort of the young man's throat, indifferent to his uncontrollable gagging and he paid no heed to the tears and mucus now streaming from the young man's face.

All he cared about was his own pleasure, and once he finished deep into the young man's throat, he grunted in ecstasy, paying no heed to the young man's desperate struggles for air. Even as the man flailed his arms, suffocating, the Young Master held firm, relishing his control.

After a final few violent thrusts, he cast the young man to the ground, leaving him barely conscious and gasping for air like a fish out of water. The room, once silent, now resonated with the young man's harrowing gasps, a haunting reminder of his torment.

The Coltons' Young Master wasn't finished. Downing the last of his wine, he rose from his chair and discarded his black robe. Gripping the young man's hair once more, he forcefully dragged him to the bed, showing no concern for his well-being.

Ignoring any signs of distress, the Coltons' Young Master callously penetrated the man with his cock, displaying a complete disregard for his condition or his life which was already hanging by the thread.

He was used to rough plays, and often his victims perished under the strain of his sexual torture before he could even finish. Yet, he remained indifferent, proceeding to fulfill his desires before callously discarding the lifeless body onto the floor and summoning someone to clean his room.

Fortunately, the young man was still alive, albeit barely. Observing his shallow breaths, the individual tasked with cleaning the room of the supposedly dead body made a callous decision. Instead of summoning medical aid or showing concern for the young man's condition, he heartlessly dragged the young man's limp body back to the basement, leaving his fate to chance.

Whether he lived or perished was now at the mercy of fate. If he managed to survive until the next time the Young Master required another victim, then so be it—he would have another chance to endure.

The young man lacked the energy even to cry out in pain or to cling to the remnants of his fading life. Darkness enveloped him, swallowing his consciousness whole.

On Kisha's side, they finally reached the western area where the aftermath of the explosion had left debris strewn across the streets. Large chunks of building walls, shattered glass, and scattered furniture created a scene reminiscent of a war zone as if an aerial bombardment had ravaged the entire west area.

Among the wreckage, zombie corpses lay crushed beneath heavy objects, while human bodies were scattered throughout. The buildings themselves were no longer recognizable as intact structures, with substantial sections having collapsed and exposed the interiors to the elements.

After a heavy rain the previous night, the bloody walls and streets had been washed clean, leaving only remnants of the zombie carcasses and human flesh behind. However, despite being crushed under collapsed walls and heavy debris, some zombies still remained alive and squirming, struggling to free themselves from the objects and pinning them down.

The entire area exuded an eerie sense of dread, casting doubt on the possibility of salvaging any useful items from the wreckage. However, the pressing concern was the presence of numerous zombies despite the recent explosion. Their numbers appeared to have multiplied significantly, far exceeding expectations.

Kisha took charge, directing her team to clear the area while assigning Bell and the scarlet bees the crucial task of gathering the crystal core. Meanwhile, the regular bees continued patrolling the vicinity to maintain security.

Kisha efficiently directed her team, guiding them on where to focus their efforts. Initially, only her own team adhered to her commands with unwavering trust, treating her directives as law. However, witnessing the effectiveness of their tactics in combatting the zombies, Aston and his team gradually began to place greater confidence in her judgment.

Seeing her strategies in action allowed them to truly appreciate her capabilities. They now trusted her insights on where zombie concentrations were highest, understanding that her keen observation skills provided a comprehensive view of their surroundings. It was as though she had eyes everywhere, ensuring their safety with her vigilant watchfulness.

Aston's team found their admiration for Kisha and her team reaching new heights as they witnessed firsthand their exceptional skills and efficiency in action. They began to believe that their chances of survival greatly increased by sticking closely to Kisha's leadership.

But Kisha did not care what they thought and she and Duke continued to fight back to back in the midst of the zombie horde, Duke's long spear was fast and powerful that he could kill 2-3 zombies in an instant while Kisha was precise and agile with her dual sword dancing in her hands, everywhere they go.

Together, they left a trail of black blood splatter in their wake, effortlessly clearing a path through the chaos.

Standing back to back, they ensured mutual protection, a testament to their trust and unity. Vulture and Sparrow, having grown up together, shared an instinctual bond akin to that of Kisha and Duke, seamlessly dispatching zombies while safeguarding each other.

Their collaboration compensated for individual weaknesses, creating a synergistic force where their strengths complemented each other harmoniously.

Without their awakened abilities, the task proved more difficult and time-consuming, leaving them fatigued. If they had employed their awakened abilities, killing the zombies would have been swift, and they would likely be preparing their meal by now, as it was already lunchtime.

Aston's men were exhausted, their breaths labored and their bodies feeling as though they were weighed down by lead. Moving became an arduous task as they pressed on through the horde.

Unlike Aston and his team, Kisha and her team fared better. Despite their exhaustion, their precision and agility remained steadfast as they fought on. Their eyes still blazed with determination as they efficiently killed multiple zombies at once, a feat beyond the capabilities of Aston's team, who could only manage one zombie at a time.

The disparity in combat abilities was striking, leaving Aston and his team feeling inadequate compared to Kisha and her group. However, this only reinforced Aston's belief that hiring them as escorts was his best decision yet.

Refocusing on the task at hand, Aston redoubled his efforts to ensure they eliminated all nearby zombies while prioritizing their safety, determined to prevent any bites or scratches.

As Aston pondered his thoughts, a sudden gust of wind startled him. In the blink of an eye, Kisha was at his side, and he found himself splattered with thick, coagulated blood. The events unfolded so rapidly

that Aston couldn't process them in real time. When he turned to where Kisha stood, he witnessed her with both swords raised high, a zombie's head soaring through the air.

Kisha's swords moved swiftly, resembling a pair of scissors, as she expertly severed the zombie's head with precise speed. And the speed of the zombie that jumped in as soon as an opening was presented to it was a little scarily faster than normal zombies.

After seeing Kisha like that and one of his subordinates sitting on the floor on his butt while groaning in pain, he speculated that after one of his subordinates fell on his ass, a zombie took the opportunity to jump in on him and Kisha saw this and saved him by a thin margin.