

Apocalypse 164

Chapter 164 The Traitor

She instantly sat up and scanned the room, her eyes narrowing as she spotted Sparrow and Vulture lying on the floor. "Duke!" she called out, reaching for him beside her. But when she looked over, Duke was in a deep sleep too. Kisha quickly placed her hand under his nose, only relaxing slightly when she felt the warm breath of his exhale.

"What do you want?" Kisha asked, not even bothering to lift her head. She knew the traitor would act, and now he was arrogantly standing in the middle of the room, looking down at her while she checked if Duke was still alive. The traitor couldn't help but let out a sneering laugh as he stepped closer to her.

"What do I want? That's the wrong question, little missy," he sneered. "The question is what my master can provide for you."

He had witnessed Kisha and her team's battle prowess up close and knew he couldn't defeat them in direct combat. So, when he offered to help with the cooking, he took his chance. While Sparrow and Vulture weren't looking, he helped scoop the food and the soup into bowls. He made sure to add knockout powder to everyone's meal, except Kisha's.

He only added a small amount to her soup to make her lightheaded and powerless. If she disagreed with his proposal, he could easily slit her throat and end his mission right then and there.

Since he didn't have any poison, using the knockout drops without anyone noticing was his best option. Poisoning them would have been a loss if Kisha agreed to join their side. This way, he hoped to hit two birds with one stone. Watching Kisha try to look fierce while she could barely protect herself, with her loyal bodyguard out cold, was almost comical.

The traitor wasn't even in a hurry to deal with Aston and his team. He looked around smugly, admiring his handiwork and showing disdain. No one had noticed his intentions, and he felt elated by his success. 'No matter how strong these people are, they still fell into my hands. Ha!'

He took a step back from Kisha, laughter echoing through the room. The feeling of power surged through him, knowing that despite Kisha and her team's strength, they were utterly powerless now. Their lives rested in his hands; if he decided to kill them like flies, they couldn't even cry out. He hadn't realized how exhilarating it felt to have such control over someone's life and death.

"So, Kisha, what's your decision?" the traitor sneered, looking down at her with a condescending gaze as if the entire world lay beneath his feet.

"How can I make a decision when I don't even know who your master is or what benefits you're offering my team and me?" Kisha's voice remained steady, her eyes fierce despite her weakened state. She positioned herself defensively in front of Duke, a sight that only amused the traitor. To him, she resembled a lion cub futilely guarding its fallen mother—bravely defiant, yet hopelessly naive.

"Feisty, I like it," the man chuckled, giving Kisha a lecherous once-over. He didn't bother considering her face, focusing solely on the curves of her body. In his twisted mind, Kisha would make an excellent sex slave; they could just make her wear a mask while they fuck her senseless.

The mere thought of it made his blood boil with excitement, and he began imagining the possibility of selling her service for supplies if they ever ran short.

He was already formulating a plan for the future, dismissing Kisha's answer because he was certain she wouldn't turn them down. His only thoughts were on how to maximize their Young Master's benefits by

exploiting Kisha and her team. Though the team members were unattractive, their physiques were impressive, especially the one Kisha was guarding.

His strong and sexy body could be trained to serve both men and women, even if he wasn't initially skilled in bed.

"My master is Young Master Colton, the one running the City B shelter behind the scenes," the man said smugly as he pulled a dagger from his back. He crouched down to intimidate Kisha further, slowly slapping her cheeks with the flat of the blade. "He could offer you countless supplies and protection.

Even if you have the strength to fight for yourself, don't you still want a strong man to protect you, a strong arm to lean on?"

To think that he would try to entice Kisha by seducing her! He must have assumed that she was only pretending to be tough, secretly yearning for protection like any other woman. In his mind, women were weak and meant to stay at home, waiting to serve their men.

If Kisha could read his thoughts, she wouldn't hesitate to kill him over and over until her anger was sated. "So it was Young Master Coltons," Kisha said with a weak but meaningful smile. The man mistook her smile for interest, assuming she was socially awkward due to her unattractive face and had never truly smiled before.

"Oh, you've heard?" The man's smile widened, pleased that Kisha seemed aware of Young Master Coltons' background. "Since you're already familiar with his status as a Young Master of one of the 8 great families in the capital, do you accept our offer?"

We can discuss supply distribution, taxes, and the entire package once we're back at the shelter." He spoke amiably, eager to fulfill the mission given to him by the Young Master himself.

"To the shelter? I thought the Coltons weren't there," Kisha remarked, tilting her head and regarding the man with suspicion. "My team and I sought out the Coltons when we arrived, but they were nowhere to be found. Are you posing as the Coltons to swindle people?" Her gaze remained guarded as she awaited his response.

Instead of being offended, the man's happiness only intensified upon learning that Kisha and her team also sought to join them, making the situation much easier to handle. He cackled happily as he leaned forward, disregarding Kisha's intimidating appearance.

"Young Master was simply biding his time in the shadows, observing his enemies scurry about like headless chickens," he explained proudly, a grin spreading across his face.

"Enemies? Do we have enemies?" Kisha questioned, not thinking twice about hastily aligning herself with the Coltons. The man, however, became even more amiably, interpreting Kisha's inquiry as a sign of her readiness to join them. He proceeded to share details about their adversaries, assuming Kisha was already on board with their cause.

"Right, we are up against the Winters, who've been antagonizing the Coltons for a very long time," he explained, his tone laden with hatred. "They even tried to ambush us when we were fleeing from City A to City B.

Have you not seen the devastated camps we've passes through?" His question carried a weight of accusation as if he expected Kisha to be aware of the severity of their conflict with the Winters.

"Yes, it was a devastated camp," Kisha replied, her expression unreadable.

"That's right," the man affirmed, his voice tinged with bitterness. "The ruthless Winters did that. Those were the Coltons' camps, set up so we could easily gather supplies for the shelter and the people."