

## Apocalypse 165

### Chapter 165 The Traitor 2

Kisha observed as the man shifted all blame onto the Winters. She couldn't discern if he was genuinely unaware of the situation or shamelessly deflecting responsibility.

Perhaps he sought to vilify the Winters in her eyes, knowing they weren't present to defend themselves, or perhaps he aimed to incite hostility towards them, thus avoiding the need to order her team to fight them when they eventually crossed paths.

But unfortunately for him, the people he was slandering were just standing before him and did not even realize it. Kisha was about to execute him but he was still sharpening her knife before giving it back to her. How ironic that was for the whole situation that Kisha found herself being amused by how things turned out for them.

'Was it really this easy to uncover a traitor?' she mused in herself.

"Then, where was the Coltons' Young Master in the shelter? Why can't we find him earlier? We were planning to join his command the moment we heard that he was there but we couldn't even find his stronghold, everyone wanted to seek shelter under him. Where was it exactly?"

"If we knew from the beginning, we wouldn't be in this situation, don't you think?" Kisha then let out a defeated sigh as he lowered her head.

The man erupted into maniacal laughter, doubling over with his hands clutching his stomach. His expression and demeanor shifted dramatically, exuding a palpable aura of menace. "What a clever ploy,

attempting to catch me off guard and extract information!" he spat out between fits of laughter. "Did you truly believe I was so naive?" His teeth clenched, jaw tight with veins pulsating visibly.

A furious intensity flashed in his eyes, their hue shifting to a menacing red. He resembled a serial killer teetering on the brink of a violent rampage.

Kisha realized that her intentions had been uncovered. The man, who had initially seemed foolish, now revealed himself to be far more menacing and experienced than even the death warriors they encountered while with the Winters.

Perhaps, while Kisha attempted to glean information from the man, he too was assessing her sincerity in desiring to join the Coltons versus potentially spying on them, akin to his actions with Aston.

"Yeah, I think you really are so naive and stupid," Kisha responded coolly, her gaze unwavering.

His demeanor shifted entirely, veering into the realm of the unhinged. "You're already at my mercy, yet you still act tough," he sneered. "Imagine how it would feel if I had my way with you and fuck you senseless, then systematically dismembered you while you remained alive. Or perhaps I should start with your team, slowly ending each of their lives in front of you?"

It appears that unlike Duke, who has cultivated a group of elite bodyguards comparable to the country's top special agents to elevate the Winters family, the Coltons have instead fostered death warriors to carry out their bidding and execute nefarious deeds like assassinations and the like.

"Is that so?" Kisha said indifferently before rising from the ground as though nothing had happened. Her facade had dissolved upon the revelation of her true intentions. She saw no purpose in continuing the charade to uncover the location of their headquarters.

Even if the man's claim about the Coltons' Young Master being in the shelter was true—or just a ruse to gauge her response—it warranted investigation. Moreover, there was little chance of extracting further information from him, as it was highly unlikely he would divulge more.

For all she knew, every word he uttered could be a fabrication, considering his track record of deceit from the outset. Perhaps he was genuinely withholding information, or perhaps he simply had nothing substantial to disclose. Either way, it rendered him useless to their cause.

As Kisha rose to her feet, the man's reaction betrayed no surprise; instead, he assumed an offensive posture, akin to a beast poised to strike at any perceived weakness. Kisha inferred that he had likely been silently studying her fighting style from the outset, perhaps not just hers, but that of the entire group.

And he was fully prepared for this kind of scenario so he was not surprised to see her unaffected by the knockout drop he put in her soup.

The man snickered to himself, his demeanor akin to that of someone intoxicated with excitement, eager for a one-on-one confrontation with Kisha. His reddened face betrayed a fervent anticipation, resembling that of a combat enthusiast thirsting for battle, regardless of the opponent's strength. Gripping his dagger tightly, he exhaled with heightened excitement.

Despite his demeanor, Kisha remained composed, standing tall before him, her sword still sheathed as she calmly observed his demeanor.

Slash-

thud-

Before he could act, he felt a stinging sensation on his neck. As darkness enveloped his vision, he witnessed his head rolling off his body, his eyes wide with shock and resentment, tears of blood staining his cheeks. His demise was swift and abrupt, leaving him with a tragic expression frozen on his face. Unmoved, Kisha regarded him indifferently, seeing no purpose in prolonging the encounter.

Granting him a swift death was the kindest mercy she could offer.

As his head struck the floor, his body collapsed with a resounding thud, scattering a fine veil of dust upon impact.

"That was quick," Duke's magnetic voice sounded from behind her. He sat as if enjoying the unfolding scene. "I was expecting a bit of a fight from him," he jests menacingly, his glare fixed on the man's lifeless form as if contemplating further violence.

Still holding grudges over the man's vile intentions toward his wife, Duke wished to end his life himself, perhaps even prolong his suffering, but Kisha had swiftly put an end to it.

"At last, it's over. I've been dying to scream in pain ever since I stubbed my toe on the table edge, but I had to play unconscious," Vulture grumbled, rubbing his toes resentfully as he slowly sat up from the ground.

"You're lucky it was just your toes; I slammed my face into the table edge. It's still throbbing now, and I think it's bruising!" Sparrow sat up indignantly, rubbing his sore face.

"What's there to worry about your face? It's not as if you'll be uglier than you already are," Vulture teased, attempting to stand up after rubbing his toes through his shoes a few times. But Sparrow, holding a grudge, swiftly kicked him in the butt, causing Vulture to tumble to the floor face first.

"Fuck you!" Vulture shouted, his head snapping to the side to give Sparrow a death glare but Sparrow paid no heed to him and stood up as he started searching the traitor's body.

They were all part of the act.

Kisha gave them a heads up through their simple finger gesture that was only known to their people, that's why they allowed someone to help out preparing the food, the reason why Vulture was always the one preparing the food was not only because he was good at it but also to make sure that no one could tamper their food but since Kisha gave a go signal, they let someone to help them, hoping that this person would knock them out, poisoning is out of the question for them because even if it does, they are sure that Kisha would have a solution to that, that's why they blindly followed her.