

Apocalypse 166

Chapter 166 How a Traitor is Handled

Besides, they were all trained to handle drugging and poisoning incidents, so their bodies had developed a certain level of immunity, making drugs or poisons have minimal effect on them. Duke, on the other hand, had complete immunity. He wasn't even affected by the knockout drops and had been pretending the whole time.

Since they were all around Aston's team and Kisha suspected a 90% chance that a traitor was lurking within the group, she discreetly communicated with her team using hand gestures from the beginning. This kept Sparrow and Vulture constantly informed and prepared for any surprises. Kisha only used a note once with Duke to test if the traitor was secretly spying on them without their knowledge.

If the traitor had known about the note, they would surely have tried to ask about it at least once, given that it might contain information about the Winters or any other useful details. Kisha and Duke's suspicious behavior regarding the note would naturally draw the traitor's interest.

However, the traitor never mentioned it, possibly forgetting to ask or planning to inquire once they had Kisha and her team secured.

Either way, the traitor is now dead, and they no longer need to be cautious about everything. They can now focus all their attention on fighting the zombies and figuring out how to escort Aston and his people for the investigation outside. Kisha felt all the tension leave her body, turning her knees to jelly. Fortunately, Duke was right behind her and caught her before she collapsed to the floor.

Duke let out a melodious chuckle as he gripped Kisha's waist and pulled her to his side. "Are you alright? Hmm?" he asked teasingly.

Kisha pouted as she glared at Duke. Unlike Duke and his team, she had no immunity to drugs or poison and was still feeling the effects of the knockout drop. She had considered buying an antidote from the mall point, but at 500 points, it seemed like a waste—especially since it was an all-rounder antidote capable of countering paralysis, poisoning, and more.

So, she relied on sheer willpower to stand earlier and used her telekinesis to control Sparrow's dagger, swiftly and cleanly slicing the traitor's neck. The traitor never expected such a counterattack, and Kisha's strike was so stealthy and fast that he was decapitated before he even realized what was happening.

Seeing Kisha's weakness and her limbs turning soft after pushing herself too hard, Duke scooped her up like a princess. He carried her to a comfortable corner, placing her gently on his lap, and rested her head on his sturdy chest. Cradling her in his arms, he looked down at the woman who had been acting tough as if she were carrying the world just moments ago.

Now, she was quietly enjoying Duke's pampering without protest. He tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear and murmured, "You've done great. Now, rest and leave the rest to me, hmm?" His voice was soft, coaxing her into relaxation.

His voice was so calming and sexy that Kisha's eyelids instantly grew heavier, and before she knew it, she had fallen asleep. Duke's caring and gentle demeanor vanished as he lifted his head and gave a cold command to his two subordinates. "Impale that man's body and put it at the top of the tower. I don't care if the sun dries it out or if birds eat it—traitors don't deserve a just death."

If given the chance, Duke would have relished the opportunity to torture the man for his vile words directed at Kisha. However, he saw no purpose in dismembering the body after death—it would only disrespect the dead without serving any practical goal. Instead, he opted to impale the man's body, a method reminiscent of ancient punishments for traitors, and display it as a warning.

Though there were no people to warn in their current situation, Duke believed in providing the traitor with a proper, albeit symbolic, end.

And once the remaining people found out about this when they woke up and saw the body up on the top of the tower, they would know the message, Duke was trying to convey.

As soon as they got the order, Vulture swiftly hoisted the traitor's body onto his shoulder like a sack of potatoes while his free hand grabbed the head of the head that was on the floor like he was carrying a plastic bag. Sparrow led the way upstairs to light the way.

They both don't feel bad for the traitor who had backstabbed Aston for the benefit the Coltons give or maybe he was someone the Coltons placed under Aston's command to serve as a spy so that Aston's every move would be known by the Coltons.

Regardless of the traitor's motives or how he infiltrated Aston's team, their priority was the safety of their own. With the threat neutralized, they felt a weight lifted from their shoulders. When Sparrow and Vulture reached the top of the tower, they located a single door positioned in front of the towering clock, serving as the maintenance entrance for the clock mechanism.

Sparrow and Vulture glanced up at the top of the tower, where a sharp metal rod protruded from the roof, its design unwittingly serving as a potential impaling tool. Without hesitation, Sparrow seized the traitor's body by the collar from Vulture's shoulder and leaped into the air.

Hovering atop the tower within his whirlwind, Sparrow swiftly released his grip on the traitor's body, letting it plummet towards the waiting rod below. With a sickening thud, the lifeless form collided with the sharp metal, impaling the traitor's stomach from behind. The length of the rod ensured the body halted midway, its limbs swaying in the air for a moment.

With a satisfied smirk, Sparrow descended to join Vulture.

As Sparrow began his descent, he noticed Vulture still holding the traitor's head. Realizing his oversight, he ascended back up, this time taking care to delicately position the head atop the rod as if crafting a morbid sculpture. Once satisfied with his work, he dusted off his hands and admired the macabre display. With a self-satisfied smile, he descended once more to rejoin Vulture.

Vulture remained silent as they made their way to the middle section of the clock tower. They harbored no sympathy for the traitor, believing that such treatment in death was fitting for his dishonorable actions. This, they felt, was the appropriate fate for a traitor and how they should be handled.

This grim task only reinforced their memory of the mole who had infiltrated their ranks, leading to the discovery of their team by the Coltons and the subsequent loss of many comrades. The haunting images of their mission to locate the Winters and the subsequent rescue of one of their fellow captains remained etched in their minds, a constant reminder of the betrayal within their midst.

The rage that surged through their veins remains vivid even now, etched into their memories like a scar that refuses to fade. Each face of their fallen brothers remains hauntingly clear, a painful reminder of lives cut short, each one a cherished comrade who had shared laughter and camaraderie just hours before their tragic end.

Every time they close their eyes, their minds replay the scenes of innocence shattered by betrayal, a solemn tribute to those they had lost.