

Apocalypse 178

Chapter 178 Breach

Despite the loud banging on the big door, Kisha managed to fall asleep, comforted by Duke's presence. His warmth and protection made her feel secure, knowing that no matter what happened, Duke would never let anything harm her.

Just like in their previous life, no matter how subtle his actions were, he always protected her from the shadows, acting like a silent hero.

Everyone was occupied with their respective tasks. Sparrow was out on reconnaissance, while Vulture was busy preparing food on a makeshift table using two large drums and a big piece of plywood.

Two to three people alternated manning the drone, while the rest guarded the three exit points of the warehouse, ensuring they reported any zombie movements that might result in a breach at their assigned door.

Her rest was abruptly disturbed by a loud explosion nearby, so close that she felt the shockwave pass through her. The ground trembled slightly from the blast. This explosion felt different from the destructive ones caused by the explosives Sparrow had placed around the three camps.

This one was just a single explosion that was brief and just a little muffled.

Clang-

"Master, it's time," Bell's cute voice rang inside her head, reminding her.

"So, there really was one more traitor, huh?" Kisha mockingly asked.

"Yes, master. Only one." Bell said while she made sure that one of the scarlet bees was on the traitor's tail. Not that they needed it because, the task that Sparrow really received was not to scout an area, because they knew to themselves that there were no Winters around the area, nor survivors, so, sending Sparrow out was just wasting his energy and time.

So instead, she used this task as a guise to let Sparrow wait nearby and see if someone would sneak out.

Kisha wasn't certain if there was more than one traitor among them. There could be a single spy or several sent by different factions with various tasks. Regardless, Kisha was determined to root out all traitors and spies still hiding while carefully assessing the situation.

If there were no more spies and she was simply being paranoid, that was fine. It was better to play all her cards now than to let a snake follow them into their sleep and strike when they were unprepared.

Initially, she suspected Reeve of being a traitor. After all, he seemed to be hiding something and was too useless in a one-on-one fight with a zombie. His insistence on joining the mission, despite having nothing to offer aside from his good looks, was highly suspicious.

Kisha scanned the entire room, observing each person closely. Everyone appeared shocked and seemed to be processing the recent explosion, absentmindedly staring in the direction it had come from.

From among those manning the drone was Reeve. Kisha fixed her gaze on him; he appeared frightened but managed to gather himself and reach for a gun, unlike the others who still seemed bewildered and were likely questioning what had occurred. However, the loud roar of approaching zombies from that direction quickly made it evident to all that they had been breached.

In mere seconds, the zombies would reach their position. The realization dawned on Aston's team, their faces paling as they exchanged uneasy glances, each silently questioning if someone from their own ranks had opened the path for the zombies. With Sparrow and one other team member missing, suspicion fell heavily on Kisha, some even wondering if she had orchestrated this intentionally.

They now suspected her of killing Aston's second-in-command because he had discovered something about Kisha and was silenced. Ignoring the evidence in Kisha's favor, they placed all the blame on her. Despite this, Aston stood resolute at the largest entrance of the warehouse, which remained intact.

The breach had occurred at the smallest and most concealed entrance located at the rear of the warehouse.

Aston's team began to panic as the breach occurred. They hastily grabbed their guns, abandoning the idea of using melee weapons against the hundreds of zombies they anticipated flooding into the warehouse. Doubt and fear gripped them as they faced the imminent danger, unsure if they would survive. In their anxiety, they turned their accusing gazes towards Kisha.

She remained calm, slowly rising from her position, seemingly unperturbed by the impending threat. This calm demeanor only served to further agitate Aston's team, reinforcing their belief that she was responsible for the breach—a death warrior sent to eliminate them all.

Kisha remained composed, showing no urgency to defend herself or address the suspicions brewing among Aston's team. Her focus was fixed on observing how everyone reacted under pressure, waiting to see if any more traitors would reveal themselves amidst the chaos.

With Aston stationed at the main door, she felt the breach at the smaller entrance was manageable, unlike the potential catastrophe if the largest door had been breached.

She observed Aston's gaze intently, trying to discern if he harbored suspicions about her orchestrating their current predicament. After all, it had been her decision to push closer to the central part, a move that increased their risk of being surrounded and overwhelmed. Adding to the suspicion, one of her own team members was missing.

What surprised her more was the absence of the young man, barely older than Reeve, who had always shown enthusiastic admiration towards her and her team, almost treating them like idols.

The young man had diligently assisted them in moving their belongings into the villa when they received their rewards. He had proven himself reliable in paying attention to details and ensuring the safety of Aston and the others.

Kisha sneered inwardly, not directed at anyone else but herself. She understood not to judge people solely by their actions but by their consistency and intentions. Human hearts are fickle and complicated, capable of turning against you over the smallest disagreement—most of them, at least.

Kisha and her team moved swiftly into action, their coordination seamless and silent. Vulture surged forward, wielding his massive axe with a deadly efficiency. In a single sweeping motion, he cleaved through three zombies who recklessly lunged at him, each strike like a butcher carving through meat.

Duke swiftly joined the fray, his long spear dancing through the air with grace and power. With every thrust, he struck with precision and force, his skill evident as he killed nearly a dozen zombies in quick succession.

With their swift and effective actions, Kisha and her team caused Aston's team to experience a mix of emotions. Doubts began to creep in as they questioned whether their suspicions were truly justified or merely paranoia. Throughout the entire journey, it had been Kisha and her team leading the way and protecting them.

There were numerous instances where Aston's team felt on the brink of demise, only to be saved at the last moment by Kisha and her team, despite the possibility that they could have left them to perish.

When Kisha saw them readying their guns to fire at the approaching zombies, she quickly intervened. "Using firearms might seem like a faster solution compared to cold weapons," she cautioned, "but gunfire will only attract more zombies.

If they breach the other doors, we'll be in serious trouble, and I can't guarantee everyone's safety if that happens." Kisha spoke with a shrug, appearing unfazed by their current predicament.