

Apocalypse 181

Chapter 181 Choose

Viewing the battle from above provided them with a clearer perspective of Kisha and her team's formidable abilities. Unlike their obscured view from ground level, this elevated position allowed them to witness the precision and effectiveness of each move against the zombies, realizing the true extent of their skills in action.

And one thing was certain: Kisha and her team weren't just strong; they were frighteningly powerful. Aston now began to understand how Kisha and her team managed to survive outside and protect everyone without letting anyone slip through their grasp.

He felt as though he was witnessing a whole new world unfold before him, and a surge of power coursing through his body, igniting a newfound determination to become like them in the future.

And he wasn't alone. Everyone witnessing Kisha and the rest fight with their awakened abilities found renewed hope that someday, they too could become like them and protect the people they hold dear.

After the five ascended to the warehouse roof, Kisha, Duke, and Vulture also climbed up the rope. Kisha recalled the dog back to her territory space and left Bell and the other scarlet bees to continue their work. Sparrow, agile as a monkey, evaded the zombies effortlessly—they couldn't lay a finger on him.

Aston and his team watched in disbelief as Kisha, Duke, and Vulture effortlessly outpaced them in climbing speed, reaching the roof in mere moments. When Vulture signaled Sparrow with a whistle, Sparrow promptly abandoned his post and ascended without needing the rope.

Aston and his team were not just surprised but also filled with excitement and a twinge of jealousy towards Sparrow's remarkable ability. Everyone yearned to soar through the air like him, making it a moment of unparalleled novelty for them all.

In mere moments, Sparrow reached the roof's summit, closely followed by Bell, while the other scarlet bees stayed below, collecting crystal cores. Kisha and her team took a brief rest before resuming their journey forward.

Sparrow began gathering the rope with Vulture's assistance, while the rest of Aston's team watched Kisha's team as if they were witnessing celestial beings descending into the mortal realm. Their admiration for them didn't just double but increased a hundredfold.

After Sparrow and Vulture took care of the ropes, Kisha stored them in her inventory, which sparked further wonder and curiosity among Aston and his men. Sparrow then walked a short distance away from them. When he returned, he was dragging an unconscious man tied up like a cocoon.

Aston and his men narrowed their eyes upon seeing their comrade, who was supposed to be guarding the breached door.

Sparrow then poured water on the unconscious man's face to wake him up. Almost instantly, he regained consciousness, appearing dazed and confused. When he saw Kisha and the others standing before him, his confusion turned to fear, and cold sweat formed on his back.

He had witnessed firsthand the savagery of Kisha and her team during their battles, including what they had done to another traitor who attempted to assassinate them in the clock tower.

His limbs trembled subconsciously with fear, his heart pounding loudly in his chest. He dared not imagine how he might meet his end at this moment, the fear creeping in more intensely with each passing second.

"Scared?" Kisha's voice, dripping with bloodlust, pierced his ears amidst the cacophony of zombie growls, intensifying the chilling effect of her words. The man involuntarily shuddered at the sound, a reaction not lost on Kisha as an evil smile crept onto her lips.

"Now, now. How about telling me who sent you?" Kisha's voice was laced with a chilling calmness, her gaze fixed on the man like a predator stalking its prey, ready to strike. The weight of her presence pressed him into the ground, the metallic tang of blood in the air mingling with the tension.

The man's teeth chattered uncontrollably, rendering him unable to utter a word out of fear as he shook his head frantically. But Kisha wasn't satisfied.

"Sparrow, how about tying him down and letting the zombies feast on his flesh while he's still alive?" Her suggestion came with a smile that didn't touch her eyes, her voice chillingly cold, sending shivers down their spines.

"Young madam, should I bleed him like I did to those two men from the southern part of the Coltons' camp to really get the zombies going?" Sparrow added with a menacing tone, clearly unnerving the young man even further.

Sure enough, the moment they heard it, the gears in their heads started to turn and they slowly pieced the information together and came up with one answer. Sparrow was the one who attacked the southern part, before it was impossible for them to even think about it, but, after they witnessed his ability and what everyone could do, they thought that nothing would be impossible for them anymore.

Even Aston and his people felt a lump in their throats, realizing they had only scratched the surface of Kisha's team's ruthlessness. The thought left them uneasy, now more than ever, about potentially offending them.

When Kisha heard Sparrow's suggestion, she nodded almost instantly and Sparrow did not wait for even a second and started doing his job. Seeing that Sparrow was not just scaring him and was really about to do what he said, the young man who was still tied broke into bitter tears.

"I'll talk, please spare me!" he pleaded through sobs.

"Speak," Kisha replied, devoid of any sympathy.

"I... I was... sent by the... Minister of Defense," the young man stuttered through sobs, trying to catch his breath. Then he continued, "He... he wants to make sure..."

that Commander McMillan is dead. He didn't trust that Young Master Coltons's men could handle the Commander..."

Kisha remained silent, almost as if she had anticipated his response and was verifying it with him. It was evident that the actions of the two traitors were not coordinated; one was a reckless death warrior, arrogant but clumsy, while this one was cunning and adept at scheming. He had even devised his own escape plan swiftly.

Unfortunately for him, Sparrow had been lurking in the shadows, watching every move.

To discover that this traitor had been plotting to steal the supplies he believed were still hidden in the truck left Kisha convinced of his cowardice and weakness, using schemes to compensate for these shortcomings. He likely held a position of significant trust within the Minister of Defense's organization.

She doubted that the Minister of Defense would allow someone with such cunning intelligence to languish without a purpose or position. Perhaps he had been a spy all along, which would explain his adeptness at acting and his skill in evading detection.

Unfortunately for him, his cowardice also turned him into a double-edged sword that could easily spill the beans when cornered, much more torture. The truth of the information he imparted would be tested once they obtained it.

"You have two options," Kisha began, her voice carrying a chilling edge. "Either you tell me what you know, or I'll let the zombies feast on you while you're still breathing. But remember, whether you talk or not, I have ways to find out. Your life hangs on your decision. I'm sure you understand," she added cryptically, a faint smile playing on her lips.

"After all, you witnessed what happened to the Coltons' camp," she scoffed.

The young man's eyes widened in fear as Kisha confirmed their earlier suspicions with her statement. He now felt like he had kicked an iron bucket and was completely cornered. No matter how much he cried now, he knew he had only one option left.

He vividly remembered the ruthlessness with which the Coltons were handled, based on their findings from the investigation. If Kisha's team was indeed responsible for it, it indicated she would follow through on her words without hesitation.

"I... I'll speak!!!" Without a moment's hesitation, he knew he had to talk. The prospect of being thrown to the zombies like bait chilled him to the bone, leaving him no choice but to cling to the Kisha for his life, the Minister of Defense can't blame him for jumping camp like this because he didn't know how scary Kisha looked right now.

"If... If you want to know the Coltons' hideout inside the shelter, I'll tell you. Just please have mercy..." he hurriedly stammered, tears and snot streaming down his face.