

Apocalypse 182

Chapter 182 Information

After he promised to share the information she eagerly sought, Kisha gave him a sweet smile. The young man choked on his sob, momentarily stunned, he was momentarily caught off guard by Kisha's smile, it was supposed to look sweet and beautiful like how it used to, but Kisha also forgot that she was currently wearing a disguise, so her smile only looked more threatening.

And instead, her smile seemed to convey a message: if he lied to them, he'd face dire consequences — being thrown back into the warehouse, now packed with zombies like sardines in a can.

The young man nodded vigorously. "Yes! I've always been tasked by the Minister of Defense to deliver important messages to the Coltons' Young Master, even before they cornered the Winters in the Central part of the Western District." He almost shouted to emphasize his point, but Kisha remained silent, encouraging him to continue.

"They were aware that Commander McMillan was allied with the Winters and viewed him as a potential power rival, especially since many soldiers supported him."

"The Minister of Defense and Young Master Colton feared that the alliance between the Winters and Commander McMillan would lead to their defeat. So, they joined forces to achieve their goals. However, the Minister didn't completely trust Young Master Colton, so he secretly sent me to ensure no one returned alive.

This plan was made possible because Commander McMillan's second-in-command informed them about the fate of the Colton's men. The Coltons and the Minister were aware of everything Commander McMillan knew."

"The Minister rejoiced at the news of the Coltons' diminished manpower, confident that he would rise to the top once he eliminated the Commander." He revealed everything he could recall about the Minister of Defense's scheme.

"As for the Coltons' hideout, they're merely using Villa #5 as a front, blending in with a regular group. Their actual base is a hidden underground bunker accessible through a small shed at the back of the villa.

Meanwhile, the Minister of Defense and his associates are stationed at Villa #9, collaborating closely." He volunteered all this information to Kisha, fearing repercussions if he appeared uncooperative.

"Anything else?" Kisha maintained her inscrutable expression, which intensified the young man's pressure to recall any additional crucial information he might have overlooked. His mind raced, feeling as though it were spinning like a top.

"They... they've concealed 80% of their supplies—like medicine and firearms—in their respective villas. They maintain communication with camps in the western district using a satellite radio. A-And... despite their formidable appearance, after losing four Colton camps, they're now just a hollow shell.

That's why they're so determined to eliminate Commander McMillan this time, hoping to eradicate the Winters as well. Last they knew, despite the Winters' struggles in the central area, they were still trapped due to overwhelming numbers of zombies."

"They knew Commander McMillan had embarked on a mission to find and rescue the Winters from their predicament. Despite its seeming impossibility, their goal was simply to ensure the demise of all their adversaries here," the young man said, his voice trembling with fear as he broke into another bout of sobs. He was increasingly unnerved by Kisha's unsettling smile, which bore an ominous menace.

To him, she appeared like a devil ready to devour him if she detected any falsehood, leaving him no choice but to reveal everything he knew.

"Anything else?" Kisha repeated, her expression unchanged.

The young man shook his head vigorously. "No, I've told you everything..." Before he could finish his sentence, Kisha stood up. He thought she might leave him alone after turning away, but before he could even exhale in relief, Kisha swiftly kicked him off the roof and back into the warehouse.

The young man plummeted off the roof, landing directly among the waiting zombies below. His enraged scream of "Fuuuuuucccccck Youuuuu, Bitttcccch!!!!" echoed through the air as he fell. The brief, gut-wrenching scream that followed was unsettling, ending abruptly within seconds.

It was clear he was likely torn apart swiftly by the zombies, his demise quick and brutal. For Kisha, it was a swift and relatively painless end for him.

His death was already her showing mercy to him—a swift end with little pain compared to the suffering and loss he had caused countless lives through his selfishness and scheming.

No one questioned her this time. They all understood that a man like him, cowardly and scheming, could not be trusted. Even if everything he said was true, it wouldn't absolve him of his actions. His betrayal of his own people suggested he would do so again if it served his selfish interests.

No one, except Duke, had anticipated Kisha's swift action, but there was little sympathy for the man—especially among Aston's team. Upon hearing his former comrade's confession, Aston now fully understood the extent of their depravity. He felt validated in his decision not to collaborate with them from the beginning.

He was seething with anger. If he hadn't hired Kisha and her team as guides and escorts this time, he and his people would have faced certain death without understanding how it came to pass, possibly implicating the Winters in the process. Unaware that he had surrounded himself with treacherous individuals, he unwittingly provided his enemies with information that led to their current predicament.

He felt a heavy sense of responsibility weighing on him, head hanging low in remorse as he recalled his former comrade's urgent plea: "We must save the Winters!" Quickly addressing Kisha and her team, he scanned their now zombie-filled surroundings. He could catch glimpses of the densely packed road where hordes of zombies marched, emphasizing the overwhelming number they faced.

"Please, help us find the Winters again. We must save them," Aston pleaded urgently, his tone reflecting increased desperation. He was on the brink of kneeling before Kisha and her team, fully aware of their formidable abilities. Knowing their strength, he believed they were the only ones capable of rescuing the Winters now.

"Please..." His plea was filled with desperation, almost on the verge of wanting to kneel before her, hoping it might soften their hearts or earn their favor.

"They are safe," Kisha said, abruptly cutting off Aston's plea.

"Pardon?" Aston and his team looked at Kisha with incredulous expressions, which seemed almost comical. Aston still didn't grasp the meaning behind Kisha's statement. He struggled to hear amidst the surrounding zombie growls, unsure if his ears were playing tricks on him.

"The Winters, including Duke, are all safe and sound. They're far from here," Kisha explained matter-of-factly, without even glancing at Aston as if discussing a mundane topic. Then, she turned her attention to Sparrow. "Have you spotted a good exit route for us?"

"Yes, young madam. I followed that man and discovered his escape route," Sparrow said with a smug look. He was clearly proud of himself. Before capturing the traitor, he had meticulously tracked him to ensure he had identified the escape route.

Only after confirming and double-checking the route did he capture the traitor, tie him up, and drag him back to present to their young madam, ready to extract more information and assist with the situation.

Vulture could hear the smugness in Sparrow's voice and couldn't help but sigh as he listened from the side.