

Apocalypse 184

Chapter 184 You Are Now My People

Hearing his explanation, Kisha breathed a sigh of relief, though her expression remained unchanged. Reeve now sat with his legs curled up to his chest, burying his face in them. Kisha sensed no malice from Reeve, and the Slave Contract didn't react either, indicating Reeve likely meant no harm and his words might indeed be true.

If Reeve were a traitor skilled in deception, the Slave Contract held sway over his soul and heart, preventing him from deceiving it. Even harboring the slightest malice towards her would trigger the contract's punishment.

Kisha crouched down to meet Reeve at eye level and gently patted his head. He seemed so young, perhaps as young as her own brother, Keith. Hearing his fears and worries, and understanding why he had fled to such a dangerous place for safety, softened her heart.

And hearing about his other friends in the same idol group experiencing such horrors made her blood boil. She couldn't imagine the anguish they must feel, the hopelessness they endured as they suffered such torture, especially considering they were just kids.

"Would you like to rescue your friends?" Kisha asked, her voice softening slightly.

Reeve stopped crying and, through hiccups, slowly raised his head. His misted eyes looked towards Kisha, but his vision was still blurred by tears, making it hard to see her expression. However, he could sense genuine concern in her voice. He absentmindedly nodded but then hung his head low again.

"But... the soldiers said they might be dead by now after being tortured by Young Master Colton," he said, clenching his jaw tightly. He felt a mix of anger and helplessness.

"If they are dead, then avenge them. If they survived, then rescue them and help them get back on their feet," Kisha said, her gaze steady. She wasn't showing sympathy or empathy; she was merely presenting the options available to him and indicating her willingness to help. "There's only so much you can do. Worrying about what you can't change is pointless.

Focus on what you can do and take action." She shrugged her shoulders, conveying that while she understood his helplessness, ultimately, it was his life and his choice.

Reeve cried softly for a few minutes, not saying anything. Then, he nodded with determination. He knew he was powerless, and Kisha's offer to help was the best deal he could hope for, especially when he had nothing to offer in return.

In his heart, he had already sworn to do anything to help Kisha in the future, even becoming her hands and feet if necessary. He resolved to become stronger, determined never to feel as powerless as he did now. He hated being helpless and at the mercy of others.

Seeing the determination in Reeve's eyes, Kisha nodded in agreement and glanced around. She exhaled deeply before speaking. "You've all witnessed how fickle the human heart can be, and I can assure you that no matter the lessons you've learned today, this won't be the last time you experience such treachery.

You won't be able to avoid it, especially in a world like ours, where human hearts are pushed to the extremes of cruelty."

She paused, her gaze shifting to the horde of zombies in the distance. "But if you have power, as you've seen with me and my team, power can dictate outcomes. We've always lived in a society where power dictates all, and it has always been a survival of the fittest. The rules have just changed a bit. I hope you all learn to guard yourselves against what may come.

Remember, you are now my people, and as you've seen, I do not take kindly to betrayal."

Kisha's words ended with a steely resolve, her teeth gritted in pure hatred.

Kisha turned around and gestured for everyone to stand. Without waiting for the others, she strode straight toward the path Sparrow had mentioned. 'Time waits for no one, especially now that danger lurks everywhere,' she thought. 'I don't have time to babysit them.'

Duke, Sparrow, and Vulture followed her immediately, without question. They knew that despite Kisha's seemingly detached demeanor, she deeply valued her people. Her earlier declaration had been more of a reminder to herself than a warning to them.

Vulture and Sparrow had a vague idea about Kisha's experiences, unlike Duke, who had started to understand her more deeply. Observing her every movement and word, he noticed her hidden fears and scars. Although she had shared most of her experiences from her previous lives to make them believe her, she hadn't allowed them to delve too deeply.

Some scars were best left unopened, as revisiting them would only cause pain without benefiting anyone.

When Aston and his people came to their senses, they noticed Kisha and her team were already some distance ahead. They had fallen into a trance while listening to Kisha, captivated by her aura and wisdom as if hearing a king's decree. Once they snapped out of it, they immediately followed with renewed determination and understanding, as if a new path had been revealed to them.

Kisha headed straight to the edge of the warehouse's roof where a thick pipe, as wide as a man's waist, ran across. Several pipes were clustered close together, forming a makeshift bridge they could use to escape.

The warehouse being relatively new meant that the piping was well-maintained and sturdy, capable of supporting the weight of 4-5 adults simultaneously. This allowed them to cross without any concerns. Kisha led the way, followed by Duke and Vulture, then Reeve and the other younger team members. Aston crossed as second to the last, followed by Sparrow guarding the rear.

After crossing the pipes, they moved through the second warehouse in a similar manner, eventually reaching the roof of the worker's dormitory. Descending to the high walls of the dorm was straightforward, thanks to Vulture's ability to create bridges or stairs as needed, making the task effortless for the team.

Now able to utilize their awakened abilities without hesitation, their journey back to their truck became significantly easier compared to their arrival. Kisha and the others opted for the quickest and most direct route, a straight line, moving swiftly toward their vehicle.

The journey that had originally taken half a day was now reduced to just two hours on the return trip. Fortunately, they encountered no evolved zombies along the way; however, the regular zombies prowling the streets had grown stronger and more agile since the second blood rain, a fact noticed by everyone.

Thanks to Kisha and her team's protection, they navigated through the surroundings unharmed despite being constantly surrounded. Aston understood that without Kisha and her team, he and his group would not have survived outside in such conditions.

Kisha and her team pressed on without stopping, fortunate that their journey was easier than anticipated. They managed without rest, encountering less stress as they avoided engaging with zombies. Their safe passage was ensured by the escort of massive bees as tough as steel and swift as bullets.

Before the bees' buzzing ceased, the zombies were already reduced to mincemeat, especially when Bell took action, turning the encounter into a swift and decisive massacre.

It was a little reassuring but scary at the same time.