

Apocalypse 188

Chapter 188 Injuries

However, her perspective shifted upon reviewing Reeve's status window. She realized that Reeve's survival played a crucial role, prompting her to reconsider her initial plans. Additionally, she anticipated that Aston would resent her if she acted impulsively and harmed innocent people before identifying the true traitor.

And even though her heart has already turned cold and can't trust that easily, she was not irresponsible and wouldn't kill without reason. If she was, she wouldn't even bring Clyde, Fred, or anyone else with her to travel to safety when she didn't know if they would eventually betray her for whatever reason.

After everyone grasped what was required, they took action accordingly. Those, like Reeve, who were willing but apprehensive about inflicting injuries on themselves sought assistance from Aston, Sparrow, and Vulture. Some even requested to be visibly bruised and battered, ensuring their ruse appeared convincing.

Kisha couldn't help but watch them as they endured, their muffled groans filling the room. It was clear they were handling it admirably, and she trusted Aston, Sparrow, and Vulture not to overdo it, ensuring the injuries inflicted were just enough to appear convincing without causing lasting harm to their health.

Once the three had finished assisting the others, they each retrieved their own daggers, meticulously cleaning them before deliberately inflicting superficial wounds and scratches on themselves. They exchanged a few controlled punches before mutually agreeing to stop.

When Kisha prepared to inflict injuries upon herself, Duke shot her a silent, disapproving glare, conveying his stance that while he consented to let the others play their roles, she needn't join them. Both Kisha and Duke saw themselves as stronger figures in their group, as leader and vice-leader respectively.

It seemed fitting to let Sparrow and Vulture, whom they considered their "Lackeys", would take on the task of simulating injuries in their place.

But Kisha was determined to ensure their plan was foolproof and wouldn't raise any suspicions. Duke, however, was deeply reluctant. "If you're set on harming yourself," he said firmly, holding the dagger close to his chest, "then I'll take a severe or even life-threatening injury before I let you step outside with that intention."

Kisha's heart nearly jumped out of her ribcage at Duke's seriousness. "Alright, alright, I understand. I won't hurt myself. Put that down," she said, motioning towards the dagger.

Hearing Kisha step back to prevent him from hurting himself, Duke smiled at her briefly. Lowering the dagger, but then he swiftly stabbed it into his left shoulder and then his right thigh. Kisha was taken aback and momentarily stunned by Duke's unexpected actions; she hadn't anticipated him going to such lengths.

She was filled with anger, grief, and frustration as she rushed to Duke's side and helped him up. It wasn't necessary to assist him; he showed barely any sign of pain on his face. He hadn't even winced when he decisively stabbed himself, nor did he break into a sweat. Duke continued to act as if nothing was amiss.

If Kisha hadn't witnessed him inflict those wounds upon himself and seen the blood, she might have thought the dagger he used was merely a retractable prop.

Everyone, including Kisha, was taken aback by Duke's actions. They had all held back with the injuries they inflicted on themselves, which now seemed like mere scratches compared to Duke's self-inflicted

wounds. Kisha quickly retrieved the first aid kit from her inventory and began applying medication to Duke's injuries.

If it weren't for their need to deceive the Coltons and appear authentic, Kisha would have opted to have Duke drink a healing potion and use makeup to disguise any remaining bruises. However, they knew they would face medical examination upon reaching the shelter, and the professionals there would surely inspect and dress their wounds thoroughly.

She refrained from hurting herself, knowing Duke would add more injuries if she attempted to do so. She couldn't bear to see Duke hurt any more than he already was.

After everyone had tended to their wounds and deliberately made themselves look more disheveled, they continued their journey. Kisha stored all their supplies in her inventory, leaving only a few backpacks for them to carry, creating the impression they had salvaged some items. Duke then orchestrated the destruction of the truck: Sparrow deliberately rammed it into a nearby building.

Making it look like the impact caused a fire, creating the illusion that the driver had been distracted during their escape, leading to the accident. But in reality, after Sparrow rammed the truck, Duke set it on fire with his fireballs.

Due to their injuries, the scent of blood emanating from their wounds drew the attention of nearby zombies. Forced to fight while fleeing, they appeared genuinely desperate, as if they were being hunted by the zombie horde. This dramatic scene unfolded before the gatekeeper and others stationed at the lookout tower, who witnessed it from a distance.

They were initially alarmed by the billowing dark smoke rising from a distance, catching the lookout tower's attention first. Soon after, they observed the chaotic scene unfolding as Kisha and the others approached, visible through their binoculars.

"Captain, incoming survivors at 3 o'clock!" the lookout urgently radioed, spotting Kisha and her group fleeing from a horde of zombies. The entire team appeared wounded and struggling, with Kisha supporting Duke as they ran.

No matter how battered and struggling they appeared, they didn't stop running. Once the lookout confirmed they were survivors, they began sniping the zombies closest to Kisha's team to provide support.

While the lookout tower provided support, the soldier stationed atop the wall awaited the moment their targets came into view before opening fire. Currently, only the lookout tower had clear sight of Kisha and her team. The gatekeeper was confident that the incoming survivors were their commander and his companions, so, he ensured everyone paid full attention and provided necessary support.

He promptly alerted the standby medics upon hearing reports of incoming wounded individuals. Tension gripped everyone as they awaited Aston and the others' arrival at the gate, hearing the continuous gunfire from the snipers stationed above.

"What's the situation out there?" The gatekeeper radioed the lookout tower urgently for an update.

"Sir, it's confirmed that Commander McMillan's team is incoming. They appear battered and injured, closing in on the 500-meter mark. Prepare for their arrival down there," the chief lookout responded, maintaining a steady stream of gunfire.

He quickly relayed the information to the soldiers on the wall and signaled for those standing behind the gate to be ready to open it at a moment's notice. The brief wait felt interminable and nerve-wracking.

