

Apocalypse 190

Chapter 190 Another Traitor Uncovered

"Master! We have news!" Bell's sweet voice interrupted her thoughts.

"What is it?" Kisha inquired.

"I received a report from the scarlet bees we left behind," Bell's voice turned somber as it continued, "It seems there were still traitors among us who waited for our departure to act against the Winters we left behind. The scarlet bees followed them to the Coltons' hideout and confirmed its location at the shed behind Villa #5, just as the traitor had disclosed."

"They all thought that since you left, you wouldn't be able to control the scarlet bees and wouldn't be able to keep them monitored," Bell reported while sending Kisha the visuals of what happened from the scarlet bee who was spying on the person who almost managed to contact the Young Master Coltons and told him about all the information he kept hidden.

It turned out that there were still two spies deeply embedded within Duke's ranks, holding crucial positions such as vice-captains, and strangely, they were the only survivors of their team. Their survival was not due to luck but because they were covertly undermining their colleagues, discreetly eliminating them while avoiding suspicion.

By acting in this manner, they not only evoked suspicion but also clandestinely gathered more information. Due to their cautious approach, they refrained from carrying any communication devices that could link them to the Coltons, avoiding direct contact with their men.

They seized the opportunity to report back to Young Master Colton only after ensuring Kisha and her core members had left the area, under the assumption that Kisha no longer had surveillance capabilities since it was believed the scarlet bees had a limited range under her control.

Which was partially true. Fortunately, Kisha had been excessively cautious and deployed two scarlet bees per person. Initially, she assigned them as guards to ensure everyone's safety while she focused on identifying any remaining hidden traitors. It turned out to be a prudent decision in the end.

After confirming the Coltons' hideout and the entry route, the scarlet bee cleverly eliminated the traitor and took measures to conceal any evidence linking the deceased to the Winters. The remaining scarlet bees gathered together, leaving only one to continue the surveillance on their targets while the others transported the traitor's body and discreetly disposed of it in a secluded location.

This ensured that if discovered, any finder would likely dispose of it by incineration, fearing potential virus transmission.

Working together, the eleven large scarlet bees faced the challenging task of moving the dead body. Despite the difficulty, they managed to succeed, showcasing their intelligence far beyond that of regular bees. This heightened intelligence was due in part to the imprinting Bell passed down to each of its offspring.

This imprinting served as a comprehensive knowledge base, imparting awareness of their responsibilities and capabilities. As a result, they could effectively carry out their duties and adapt to circumstances independently, ensuring their ability to survive and thrive without constant oversight.

The Winters were faring well, seamlessly blending in with the other survivors while maintaining a facade of normalcy. They couldn't ignore the disappearance of two of their members, initially suspecting that

the Coltons had tracked them down, captured the two, and subjected them to interrogation and torture. However, Mr. Winters' astute judgment prevailed, preventing any premature actions.

Instead, they patiently awaited Kisha and her team's return, a decision that ultimately proved wise.

Now that Kisha had a clearer understanding of the events that unfolded at the shelter in their absence, she realized the extent of the Coltons' infiltration. Thanks to her careful planning and precautions, they had narrowly averted disaster during her absence. She shuddered to think what the Coltons might have done had they captured the Winters.

She didn't even want to entertain those thoughts because she was certain that the outcome would be disastrous.

She waited patiently outside the tent for Duke and the rest to be done with their treatment, most of them passed out and needed to be transported via stretchers and transferred to the medical tent where they should be resting so the tent in the gate would still remain as the full body examination tent for those who came from the outside.

Once one of the tents became available, a medic ushered her inside for a full-body examination. After briefly resting while informing the gatekeeper of the events, she quickly entered the tent, removed her clothes, and placed them in a basket.

Her full-body examination didn't take long since she didn't have any visible wounds, just a few bruises from running and fighting.

Once finished, she followed her team to the medical tent situated near the center of the shelter.

Many soldiers glanced their way as they were escorted to the medical tent. Despite not appearing to be at death's door, they deliberately presented themselves as severely injured. Aston and the team had carefully orchestrated their appearance, sparing no effort in exchanging calculated blows, creating bruises and wounds to heighten the illusion.

Now, as their audience witnessed their performance, a smug satisfaction couldn't help but swell within them.

Those who had passed out were simply too exhausted. Once they realized they were in a safe place, their stiff muscles relaxed and the rush of adrenaline ceased, making them appear vulnerable and pitiful.

Even the fierce-looking Duke, appeared injured and battered, prompting everyone to imagine the severity of their ordeal before escaping the clutches of death. News of their return in such a state began circulating throughout the shelter, causing concern even among the Winters. However, Mr.

Winters advised patience, urging them to wait for Kisha and her team to make contact to ensure their sacrifices were not in vain. Only then did Mrs. Winters and the Patriarch heed his advice and remain in place.

Even the Winters' bodyguards were eager to check on their master and young madam to ensure their well-being, yet they refrained from causing any trouble by remaining patient and staying put.

Despite Kisha being uninjured, the medical staff insisted she lie down on one of the makeshift beds inside the medical tent, alongside her team and Aston's team, occupying the entire space. Duke lay beside Kisha, adding to the crowded scene within the tent.

"How are you feeling?" Kisha asked Duke with concern etched on her face. She retrieved a vial of blue liquid from her inventory, but Duke shook his head, indicating he didn't want to use it just yet, knowing it could disrupt their plan. Kisha sighed softly, reluctantly returning the vial to her inventory.

"This injury is nothing, you don't have to worry," Kisha said softly, gently holding Duke's hand as he reached out to touch her face. She supported his hand as it rested on her cheek, a tender expression on her face mirroring his smile.

"Then rest. I'll stay here and keep watch while you sleep," Kisha said, gently patting Duke's hand. Instead of looking pained, Duke appeared to be enjoying himself, as if receiving a treat rather than being cared for after a beating.

"Would you sleep beside me?" Duke asked, opening his arms as if inviting Kisha to rest in his embrace.

"Stop that. You're injured. Just rest for a bit," Kisha reprimanded Duke gently.

"It's not like I'm planning to do something indecent," Duke murmured, casting a pitiful glance at Kisha in an attempt to invoke her pity and coax her into pampering him.