

Apocalypse 210

Chapter 210 Leading The Wolf Into Your House

"Is the Young Master in the backyard?" Kisha asked tentatively, her voice trembling with a hint of fear. None of the escorts responded, surrounding her on all sides as if they feared she might attempt to escape.

And soon after, they led Kisha to a large, rundown shed. It appeared unassuming and plain, not suspicious at all. Even her scarlet bees hadn't discovered the entrance as described by the traitor, which had kept her from taking action thus far. Now, however, they were inviting the wolf into their own home, so they can't blame her for it.

She concealed the smirk playing on her lips as she lowered her head.

They refrained from laying a hand on her or using force because she appeared timid and compliant from the start. Seeing no reason to make things difficult, they aimed to present her as a clean, blemish-free gift to their Young Master. This strategy promised rewards in the form of alcohol and food supplies, which brought them immense satisfaction.

If they were fortunate and their Young Master found their gift satisfactory, he might even grant them a taste of his collection of sex slaves he was keeping for himself.

Little did they know, they were unwittingly leading the wolf into their midst, unaware that it would soon wreak havoc in their homes, turning the tables and becoming the hunter instead of the prey.

As they entered the shed, Kisha took note of its interior: ragged and filled with dust, with planks strewn across the corners and stacks of used tires occupying half the room. The man leading them crouched

down near one of the tires, his hand reaching out to flip a lever. Kisha could hear the creak of metal as he strained to move it, muscles bulging with effort.

After flipping the lever hidden under the tires, the wall covered in planks and boards emitted a soft clicking sound, as if gears were in motion. Slowly, the disguised section of the wall slid open, revealing the true entrance.

Kisha then saw the heavy iron door behind the facade, resembling the entrance to a military bunker, confirming that the planks and boards were merely a camouflage for the door.

They urged Kisha onward, leading her down several flights of stairs until they reached another metal door. One of the men activated it with a fingerprint and retina scan, and it swung open to reveal a secure area. Surprisingly, there were no guards stationed inside or outside the door, relying solely on its thick construction and biometric security measures.

They proceeded through a silent, dimly lit corridor that seemed eerily quiet and dark. As they walked, the corridor automatically illuminated with each step they took. Continuing onward, they reached another massive door, standing two meters tall and a meter and a half wide. With a push, they opened it to reveal a vast indoor garden.

Roman pillars adorned with intricate carvings supported a lofty ceiling, culminating in a glass-like dome at its center. Kisha couldn't help but wonder about the location of this concealed underground garden with its dome-like glass, which had somehow eluded detection by her Scarlet Bees despite their thorough inspection of each location in the shelter.

In one corner of the garden, a massive man-made waterfall cascaded freely, its waters meandering through the lush surroundings where fish lazily swam. Bridges connected an island-like platform in the

garden's center, adorned with a comfortable rattan outdoor chair and table, inviting one to relax and enjoy the serene atmosphere.

Seated at the table, engrossed in his reading and sipping from a teacup, the man perked up at the sound of approaching footsteps. He glanced up from his tablet, momentarily stunned by Kisha's presence before a warm and captivating smile spread across his face.

He appeared refined and immaculate, sporting gold-rimmed glasses and neatly combed hair. Beaming at Kisha, he gestured to the men around her to seat her in front of him. As Kisha hesitated before taking her seat, she cast him a shy glance, nervously twirling her fingers, a faint blush painting her cheeks.

The man's smile widened as he noticed Kisha's reaction, his eyes lighting up with approval. His gaze remained fixed solely on her, ignoring his men completely. Impatiently, he waved away the others to leave.

"A-Are you Young Master Coltons?" Kisha stuttered nervously. She glanced up shyly at him, finding him smiling warmly, yet his eyes betrayed a hunger that didn't surprise her. Hera had already heard from Reeve that this man kept a collection of beautiful women and men as his ex-slaves.

"Yes," his calm and gentle tone resonated through the garden, its angelic quality enhanced by the faint echo. Who would have known, that this seemingly angelic voice could transform into something chillingly devilish when he erupted into mad, cackling laughter that could forever give others a nightmare they would carry for life?

"May I know your name?" He asked, maintaining his composed demeanor in front of Kisha, who bloomed like a magnolia flower—innocent, pure, and noble. She embodied the perfection he had sought in a woman for so long, and he found himself truly captivated by her.

"Kisha, Kisha Aldens," she answered softly, her voice crisp and gentle. It had been a long time—so long, in fact, that the last time she spoke like this was before the apocalypse.

"What a beautiful name," he replied warmly. He gently reached out to hold Kisha's hand, which was resting on the table and fidgeting nervously. Kisha felt an urge to pull away but restrained herself; she needed to locate the captives first. What if he lost control and harmed them? Wouldn't her efforts be in vain then?

"I'm glad you survived the apocalypse. Did you come here with your family?" he asked, interrupting her train of thought.

"N-no... I was saved by a good person, but he died on the way here," Kisha answered quietly, her head bowed, hiding her expression. Despite her best efforts, she struggled to maintain her composure with the bastard's firm grip on her hand, feeling a creeping sense of disgust crawling under her skin.

"Don't worry. From now on, you can live with me here, and I'll protect you from any danger that comes your way, that is, if you're willing to stay here with me," the Young Master Coltons said, his thumb gently rubbing the back of Kisha's hand.

"T-thank you, Young Master Coltons..." Kisha answered, her voice trembling. The man interpreted Kisha's response as her being emotional, thinking she was moved to tears by his promise of protection. However, in reality, Kisha's voice trembled with anger.

'Protect me from danger?' You're the biggest danger out there, you bastard!' Kisha seethed silently in her mind, cursing him vehemently while fighting the urge to tear him to pieces on the spot.

"Are you hungry? Why don't we eat first? Hmm?" Before Kisha could respond, he had already rung the small hand bell resting on the nearby pushcart to summon an attendant. Shortly after, a burly man entered from a different door, bowing slightly to the Young Master Coltons upon approaching.

As they discussed the meal arrangements, Kisha discreetly scanned the garden, particularly the two doors opposite the one she entered through.