

Apocalypse 211

Chapter 211 The Search

At first, she thought she would be sent to the dungeon immediately with the other captives. If that were the case, it would have been easy to rescue them and wreak havoc in their hideout.

But now, she wondered if the Young Master Coltons always treated captives this way, making them feel safe before exploiting them. If so, he was truly evil, giving them hope only to crush it with his own hands. 'A sick bastard,' she thought.

"By the way, stop calling me Young Master Coltons. It sounds so distant. Just call me Alex," he said, leaning forward on the table, his deep eyes staring at her with clear possessiveness.

"Host, you are clearly disgusted with this man. Why are you pretending to be weak and staying here when you could just start killing them? The answer to everything is killing them all, don't you agree?" 008 said, his disdain for the man standing before Kisha evident. 008 despised lunatics like Alex, especially those who treated human life as worthless.

"Do you think I don't want to?" Kisha replied through gritted teeth. She had already hidden her hands under the table, clenching them into fists so tightly that her knuckles turned white from the strain.

"Well, I can hear your brain screaming 'Kill' repeatedly," 008 said with such vigor, as if delivering good news rather than inciting brutality. "So, what's stopping you?"

"I promised Reeve I'd help him find his friend, who was captured by the Coltons, and save him," Kisha sighed inwardly in frustration. "My hands itch to kill all these animals, especially the man in front of me. But if I massacred them all and failed to find the captives, Reeve would be broken beyond repair."

He would blame his own weakness and never grow strong, wasting his talent and gift." Kisha explained solemnly. She had been in his shoes before and knew how destructive it was to one's mental health.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that Reeve would be consumed by regret and possibly lose his sanity. His fragile spirit reminded Kisha of herself when she first lived through the apocalypse and witnessed her family's repeated deaths. She had constantly sought ways to save them, only to face the same devastating cycle over and over again.

Somehow, she saw her past self in Reeve. With weak resolve and easily broken, he would need rigorous training to grow stronger, both mentally and physically. However, such transformation would demand considerable time and patience—resources Kisha wasn't sure she could fully provide. For now, she resolved to do what she could and entrusted Sparrow and Vulture with his training.

Now that Reeve and the others were her responsibility, Kisha was determined to support them to the best of her ability.

"Since you've reached level 2, why not scan this whole place and find the dungeon for me?" Kisha instructed 008, who immediately complied, springing into action.

"Now that you mention it, host, after my upgrade, I can now perform more comprehensive scans of the surroundings—not just radar-like detection, but also identifying traps along the way. My capabilities have significantly expanded. So, you've entrusted the job to the right person..." 008 paused, then added, "Well, technically, I'm not a person but a system.

So yes, you've entrusted the job to the right system." With that, 008 retreated into the recesses of Kisha's mind to perform its task.

As Kisha waited for 008 to finish searching for the dungeon, she maintained her facade with the Young Master, suppressing her revulsion while facing him.

Not long after, the awaited meal arrived—a lavish spread of cooked frozen seafood and meat, prepared as a luxurious feast just for the two of them. Kisha noticed the server's longing and hunger as he looked over the spread, almost drooling. Clearly, he must have been enduring a diet of dry rations and unpalatable biscuits for some time.

Alex generously invited Kisha to begin eating, serving her the delicious food he had chosen. Kisha accepted graciously, not making a fuss and pretending to be thankful, all the while urging 008 to hurry. She also mobilized the scarlet bees to assist 008 in scouting the area and tracking the movements of people within the hideout, hoping to pinpoint the location of the dungeon.

On the other side of the shelter, Duke sat at his computer, typing rapidly as he stared intently at the screen, fully engrossed in his task. While Kisha kept the Coltons' Young Master distracted, Duke successfully infiltrated their system through hacking.

He started by playing a recorded video of himself and Kisha supposedly sleeping in their room, which was displayed on the camera they had placed there. Duke also looped footage of Vulture and Sparrow patrolling the villa perimeter, and the Wyatts moving around inside the villa.

He replayed the saved videos from the camera's archive to avoid raising suspicion among those monitoring them. Meanwhile, he deactivated all of the Coltons' listening devices and attempted to check in on Kisha. Despite his trust in her abilities, he couldn't shake off his worry for her now that she was inside the wolf's den.

Once he was certain that she was eating undisturbed, he focused on obtaining the map of the Coltons' underground hideout. Bell perched on his shoulder, observing everything unfold.

This precaution ensured that if 008 overlooked any details, Duke could assist and transmit any crucial findings via Bell, who served as their discreet communication link.

However, the Coltons were well-prepared against hackers and had securely stored their important files, including the hideout's blueprint. Duke carefully navigated their system in silence, taking his time to search for any vulnerabilities without raising any suspicion. So far, no one has detected anything amiss.

008 successfully completed its mission to scan the area, presenting Kisha with a radar-like system interface that displayed the concentration of human activity. Several spots on the screen showed significant clusters of people, likely indicating areas such as training grounds or entertainment areas. Kisha refrained from acting immediately without confirmation, to avoid alerting them prematurely.

Kisha instructed 008 to focus on the areas with large clusters of stationary people, as she believed the captives would likely be confined and unable to move freely, either restrained or kept in cages.

Now that Kisha could see the density of people in the Coltons' hideout, she was convinced that the Minister of Defense was unaware of the true extent of the Coltons' manpower. Alex deliberately kept this information hidden to ensnare the Minister in a trap.

By showing apparent losses and creating the illusion of weakened power, Alex aimed to manipulate the situation and seize the Minister's position. Once he succeeded, Alex would likely eliminate the Minister

under the guise of self-defense, preserving his reputation among the shelter's residents, even if they discovered his role in the Minister's demise.

Kisha considered this possibility because, as far as she could tell, there were approximately a hundred people visible on 008's radar-like system interface. She doubted the Coltons could have amassed such a large number of beautiful men and women in their dungeon.

"Alright, host!" 008's crisp voice echoed in Kisha's head just as she finished her meal. Alex then took her hand and led her through his labyrinthine hideout. They passed various entertainment areas: an underground swimming pool, a bar with billiards, and even a theater.

Along the way, they encountered many of the Coltons' men casually enjoying themselves, drinking, playing darts, billiards, and engaging in other activities, as if they were on a team-building outing rather than amidst an apocalypse.

As Kisha and Alex passed by, the Coltons' men would shout in unison, "Young Master is blessed to have Young Madam as your partner!!!" They treated Kisha as if she were already Alex's wife, and he never corrected them, smiling contentedly at their remarks. Meanwhile, Kisha simmered with anger, nearly reaching her breaking point.

Despite her rising anger, Kisha maintained her composure and kept silent, biding her time as she played along with Alex. Her eyes burned with suppressed fury in the corners. Alex, mistaking her red eyes for excitement and touched emotion, felt proud of himself. Having encountered many women in his life and having played games with them, he considered himself adept at reading women.

Unbeknownst to him, Alex had completely misread the situation. Standing beside him, Kisha struggled to contain her bloodlust, fighting the urge to twist his neck at that very moment. Each time Alex's hands

strayed toward her, especially towards her backside, Kisha feigned discomfort, pretending to be shy and innocent to the core. In reality, she was barely keeping herself from acting out.

If Alex touched her again, her restraint might shatter, leading her to snap and potentially kill them right then and there.

She reserved the pleasure of torturing and killing them for Duke; that's why she refrained from acting independently. Kisha understood Duke's deep-seated anger and hatred toward these individuals for brutally murdering his people and instilling fear by targeting his family. She intended to let Duke unleash his pent-up emotions upon them.