

Apocalypse 214

Chapter 214 How They Will Proceed

After the woman pulled back the blanket, the young man let out a soft, pained groan but did not stir or open his eyes. His face was as pale as a sheet of paper. Kisha didn't wait any longer. Using her telekinesis, she unlocked the cell door with a soft 'click' and strode straight inside.

The woman, crouching beside the young man, heard the sound and turned her head instantly to see Kisha walking in. She stared at Kisha with wide eyes, astonished that she hadn't seen her use any keys to open the cell.

Kisha crouched down beside the young man. He did have a teardrop mole under his left eye, though it was barely visible under the grime covering his face. The filth, possibly their own feces, was everywhere, a result of being unable to clean themselves properly and have no toilet to do their business.

The overwhelming stench of urine mixed with human waste was so strong it could cause a headache, likely explaining why there were no guards inside the dungeon apart from those at the entrance.

Kisha didn't flinch as she reached out to check the young man's breathing and pulse. Feeling a faint pulse on his neck, she sighed in relief. She then pretended to pull a vial of blue liquid from her pocket and carefully fed it to the young man.

The young man gulped down the liquid like a fish out of water. The speed at which he swallowed made it feel like it got stuck in his windpipe, and he started to cough. Fearing he might spit out the liquid, Kisha quickly covered his mouth to prevent him from spitting the healing potion.

When his coughing subsided, he lay back down silently, but the color began returning to his lips, and his breathing steadied a little.

The woman beside Kisha stared at her in astonishment, as if she were a divine healer capable of bringing the dead back to life. Not long after, the young man regained consciousness and stared blankly at the ceiling. It took him a moment before he shifted his focus around the cell and met Kisha's strong, confident gaze. He was mesmerized by the depth of strength he saw in her eyes.

He felt that, with a little more effort, he could be as strong as she was. He had already given up on life, believing that the misery of the apocalypse, combined with the humiliation suffered at the hands of the Coltons' Young Master, had broken him too deeply to envision a good ending for himself.

Seeing her felt like seeing light after a storm. His heart shivered, and his insides trembled as if an invisible hand had touched something deep within him.

Uncontrollable tears of hopelessness and frustration for being powerless streamed down his face. Kisha silently let him shed these negative emotions, understanding that by doing so, he would be able to move forward and become stronger.

There were no words of comfort she could offer the young man, but she could give him a little encouragement to keep moving forward. Maybe, in time, he would find something that made life worth living again.

Kisha had been in his place before, so her heart went out to him.

She reached out and gently tapped the young man's head. Her expression was cold and indifferent, but her words were warm as if sharing some of her strength with him. "I can't say that things will get better from here on, but what I can tell you is this: strength says it all. You have to be stronger than the trials coming your way, so no matter what happens, you will never feel worthless again."

Kisha didn't like flowery words because she knew that no matter how good they sounded, they remained just words. What mattered were actions. She couldn't offer him much, but if the young man decided to grit his teeth and fight back, maybe he would have a chance to see how she fought her own misery and set an example for others.

Having lived through her 100th life, something inside Kisha had obviously broken, changing her forever. Yet, it also taught her how to be stronger, not just physically, but mentally and this kind of misery will not consume her.

Growing older doesn't necessarily mean carrying more wisdom. Knowledge may accumulate, but true wisdom often comes from experience and discernment, things you can only truly understand by living through them yourself.

Kisha stood up, not expecting the young man to grasp her words immediately; she trusted time would bring understanding. "Wait here, everyone. I'll bring back clothes for all of you and secure the perimeter." As she walked slowly, she brushed her hand lightly over each cell door, almost as if tracing her path.

To the astonishment of everyone watching, each door she touched unlocked and swung open in sequence.

After releasing everyone from their cells, she ascended a few flights of stairs and retrieved several sets of clothes, packing them into a backpack. With a wave of her hand, a portal materialized out of thin air.

"Alright, it's your time to shine, everyone," Kisha calmly directed towards the portal. Within seconds, one after another, the Winters' men emerged from the portal onto the stairs, appearing well-rested but still in awe of their recent experiences inside.

Four Hours Ago...

"Listen up, everyone! We've located the Coltons' hideout, but we still need to find the entrance. I'll go undercover to infiltrate them from within and then signal for you all to come in." Kisha's voice was confident as she scanned their shocked expressions, each face questioning how this would unfold.

"Young Madam, wouldn't that be dangerous?" Bald Eagle yelped.

"In the apocalypse, everything is dangerous. But I have a plan," Kisha replied, casting a glance behind her where Duke stood, looking grim and disapproving. His expression made it clear he didn't approve of the plan, especially if he wasn't accompanying her.

"Listen to what I have to say first, then decide if it's worth a shot," Kisha said calmly, aiming to present her plan comprehensively rather than argue her point.

Reluctantly, everyone listened. They knew proposing an alternative to infiltrating the Coltons or finding their entrance was futile; the Coltons were on high alert after the attacks on their four camps, barring strangers. Despite their efforts in recent days, they hadn't gathered any new information.

Moreover, they had come to trust that Kisha never spoke without certainty or would endanger them, so everyone gradually quieted down, their expressions showing readiness to listen.

Once Kisha saw them waiting for her explanation, she began. "Firstly, I need Duke to remain in the villa." Immediately after her statement, she heard a snarl behind her. Kisha met Duke's furious gaze squarely, raising an eyebrow, and continued.

"Among everyone here, I trust that no one could outperform Duke in terms of his hacking ability. We don't have your IT team to assist us with hacking the Coltons' system, so Duke will need to hijack their surveillance cameras and acquire their hideout's blueprint without triggering their firewall," Kisha explained, shrugging slightly.

Hearing the compliment in her words, Duke puffed up his chest with pride, a smug smile playing on his lips. Sensing that Kisha had successfully defused Duke's anger, she continued.