

Apocalypse 219

Chapter 219 Operation Underway

It was only then that he noticed the large window was slightly ajar, allowing him to catch faint sounds from inside as he cautiously peered through.

"Ah! Yes! Right there, harder! Fuck me harder!" Sparrow heard a woman's loud moans. As he cautiously peeked inside the office, he witnessed the Minister vigorously engaging in intercourse with a woman on his desk, the woman bent over the desk, and the Minister thrusting from behind and slapping her buttocks with fervor.

The Minister's back was turned toward Sparrow, half-naked, with his fat ass bouncing in front of Sparrow's view. Sparrow felt nauseated upon witnessing it. It seemed he was always unlucky enough to stumble upon such scenes during missions. He felt a deep sense of discomfort, though no tears came to his eyes.

Since there were no other people inside the office aside from the Minister and the woman, Sparrow immediately entered through the window and hit the Minister on the back of the neck, Sparrow didn't even concern himself in trying to catch the Minister's body as it heavily fell on the floor which surprised the woman and instantly looked behind her only to see Sparrow and before she could even scream in fright, Sparrow has already hit her behind the neck and avoided looking at her naked body.

After dealing with the people inside, he opened the office door for the others to enter. Upon entering, Vulture and the rest were greeted by the sight of a naked woman and the Minister, pants down, with his private parts fully exposed.

They shared a good laugh before taking action: they tied up the Minister with a rope and draped a blanket over the woman to cover her before tying her together with the Minister.

After ensuring they had the Minister secured, Sparrow left three of Aston's men to guard the prisoners. He then led the rest of the team to eliminate the remaining individuals at the Minister's base.

On the other side of the shelter.

Kisha led the rest of the Winters' men down to the dungeon to pacify the captives, distribute the clothes, and provide them with a small meal to ensure they had enough energy to run along with them.

When she descended the stairs followed by the Winters' men, she saw the captives had already left their cells and were standing in the corridor, supporting each other with shaky legs. Hearing the movement from the stairs, they looked over with vigilance and fear, starting to back away.

But when they saw Kisha approaching with a bag, followed by men carrying more bags, their fear subsided slightly. However, they remained in a defensive stance, scanning Kisha and her group with vigilant stares.

Kisha noticed the wary stares from the others but said nothing. She opened the bag and slowly distributed clothes. Since she didn't know how long it had been since they last ate, she only gave them small portions of food to provide energy, avoiding the risk of hurting their stomachs, which might have thinned due to prolonged hunger.

No one complained about the food they were given. Their trust in Kisha deepened, as they finally felt they were escaping the hell they had endured, and they decided to follow her.

Kisha gave them time to dress and eat, offering some reassurance. Though she wasn't very skilled at it, she still tried.

"I and my people will be bringing you out of here, but I need your cooperation. Do not stray from us or panic and run around on your own. Doing so will not only endanger your lives but also put everyone else at risk. So, I hope you are all with me," Kisha said with an indifferent expression, straightforward and without sugar-coating her words.

Hearing that she would be bringing them out of there, the captives all nodded fervently as they tightened their grip. They don't know the probability of getting out of there alive but they still want to give it a try instead of rotting away in those cells and being subjected to the same hell they've been through for days.

Once they regained some strength, Kisha positioned the captives at the back while she led the group out of the dungeon.

With the captives joining her team, Kisha could now see them as green on her minimap, indicating they were allies. This helped her avoid confusion while they proceeded in their tracks. Kisha aimed to bring all of Colton's men alive to Duke so he could exact his revenge on his own terms. She pulled out knockout drops from her inventory and distributed them to the Winters' men.

After ascending a few stairs and leaving the gloomy hallway that led to the dungeon, the captives, who had been holding their breath with fear, finally took a deep breath. They struggled to contain their sobs, feeling a sense of relief at finally leaving that hellish place behind.

But then, Kisha noticed movement on the minimap: four red dots slowly approaching their position. She signaled silently to the Winters' men walking behind her to prepare for contact, and they all moved close to the wall near the intersection.

As the four dots drew near, Kisha signaled for the Winters' men to release knockout powder while covering their noses, allowing the powder to spread through the hallway ahead of them.

The unexpected knockout powder caught the approaching red dots off guard, causing them to inhale the powder and collapse limply to the ground. Kisha and her team remained cautious, allowing the powder to settle. She then distributed masks to everyone, including the captives, to protect them from the effects of their own weapon.

After ensuring everything was under control, they cautiously emerged from the intersection. When the captives saw the Coltons' men lying helpless on the ground, some recognized their tormentors and rushed towards them to vent their grievances. Kisha's team reacted swiftly, intercepting the captives and preventing any further escalation.

"Don't. We'll let you see them suffer all at once. Hold your horses for now," Kisha commanded in a cold, indifferent voice. No one dared to respond, and with great effort, they restrained themselves from taking action. However, they couldn't help but glare daggers at the Coltons' men lying on the floor.

Kisha then signaled for her men to tightly bind the Coltons' men and they dragged them away like livestock. This action slightly pacified the captives, who had endured tremendous torture at the hands of the Coltons'. Now, they eagerly awaited the retribution Kisha would mete out to the Coltons, especially the Young Master who was the main culprit of their suffering.

Their eyes burned with hatred, and their hearts pounded with anticipation, imagining themselves in the role of torturing their tormentors.

Now, the captives felt their hearts beat with fervent anticipation to witness this. Even in their weakened state, they found strength in these thoughts and pushed their battered bodies to continue walking forward.

Kisha understood that this was what they needed to keep moving forward and see it through. Many of the captives had endured extreme torment, needing an outlet for their resentment, hatred, and grievances to find a reason to live again. They wouldn't be able to return to their former selves, but at least they would find the strength to continue living in this apocalyptic era.