

Apocalypse 221

Chapter 221 The Decisive End

But that's not how the people Kisha saved see it. They were all worried, knowing full well the ruthlessness of Alex and his men. With only Kisha visible on the other side, they began to believe that her men were indeed using her as bait and a sacrifice to eliminate all the Coltons.

They couldn't bear the thought of being saved only to see their savior die, especially the young man whom Kisha had rescued from certain death. Gripping his clothes tightly, he stood upright, ready to rush past the Winters' men. Fortunately, just as he reached the door, someone managed to pull him back, out of harm's way.

When the Coltons' men saw a shadow emerging from the door, they immediately opened fire while Kisha stood in front. Luckily, the bullets didn't graze her as they weren't aimed at her. Thanks to the timely intervention, the young man was pulled back just in time, sparing him from being riddled with bullets.

The young man shuddered as he glanced back at the wall riddled with bullet holes. Had he not been pulled back in time, his fate might have mirrored that wall. Regret and fear washed over him as he realized how close he had come to death—a life Kisha had snatched from the grim reaper's grasp with great effort. Now, filled with worry, he shouted out, fearing that Kisha too might have been hit.

"No!!!" The young man shouted, struggling against the grip of the Winters' men.

"Young man, calm down! Our Young Madam is fine. They're aiming at your head, not hers. She won't stand there to be shot at if things go south. Just stay back and wait. Acting rashly will only endanger her," said the man who had stopped him, his teeth gritted in frustration, barely containing his own anger.

"That's right! Do you think we liked hearing that? Hell no! That fucking lunatic will get what he deserves, but we've got to trust in the Young Madam!" said another man standing nearby. He tightened his grip on his dagger and closed his eyes in determination.

The Winters' men collectively took a deep breath, their attention fully on the task at hand, awaiting Kisha's signal before rushing in. They had unwavering faith in their Young Madam; witnessing her actions from outside the shelter gave them a glimpse into her temperament and approach.

They recognized how she mirrored their master's demeanor and actions—meticulous yet capable of ruthless decisiveness when circumstances demanded.

They all felt reassured to follow her command even without Duke's explicit order, willingly placing their trust in her leadership. Kisha proved herself as a competent woman who complements their master's leadership style.

"Ha! I didn't realize you were so eager to see my men meet their end," Kisha retorted, her voice laced with sarcasm and taunt as she faced Alex. She hadn't expected one of the rescued individuals to dart towards her side, but one of her men swiftly intervened, pulling the impulsive soul back just in time to prevent a potential disaster.

"Why spare any of them when they're taking you away from me?" Alex's voice was eerily calm yet filled with crazed determination. "I won't prolong this just to savor the sight of you tied to my bed. I'll relish every inch of you, hearing your cries of passion beneath me.

I would fuck you good and proper until you submit to me like anyone else." He licked his lips hungrily, gazing at Kisha, unaware that his words sealed his own fate, marking the beginning of his downfall.

Not only did Duke hear it and despise it, but Kisha was equally incensed, prompting her to swiftly decide to end the battle then and there. She unleashed a surge of bloodlust that she had restrained since her return to this time period, its intensity reaching even those far behind the walls.

The captives she had rescued felt it keenly, overwhelmed with fear as if they were already on the executioner's chopping board, immobilized by the impending threat of imminent doom.

Even Alex and his men were taken completely by surprise by the overwhelming and potent bloodlust they had never experienced before. They were momentarily paralyzed, which allowed Kisha to swiftly disarm them all. She controlled her dagger with her telekinesis with such speed and precision that none of the Coltons saw it coming.

Before they could react, their fingers, poised around the triggers, were cleanly severed.

The only sensation that registered in their minds was the sudden graze against their skin. Within moments, screams of agony filled the air. The assault rifles slipped from their grip, clattering to the ground as the Coltons' men writhed in pain. Cold sweat dripped down their foreheads, their screams echoing through the room like pigs being slaughtered.

Even the people Kisha had rescued heard the agonizing screams. Instead of feeling satisfaction that their tormentors were in pain, fear gripped their hearts. They couldn't comprehend what Kisha had done to make all of them react like that.

Alex was horrified and taken aback. He turned his head and saw blood gushing from his men's severed fingers, their faces drained of color as they clutched their wounds in agony, trying desperately to

staunch the bleeding. He hadn't noticed Kisha's change in demeanor or seen her move but suddenly heard his own men squealing in pain, falling one by one.

He was utterly baffled and terrified, his head whipping back to look at Kisha again, now wearing a menacing smile that sent chills down his spine. "W-what have you done?!" Alex's voice was barely above a whisper, trembling with fear. He feared the unknown most of all, and at that moment, he had no clue what had just transpired.

"Why don't you drop your gun?" Kisha's voice dripped with mockery. She glanced briefly at the people behind Alex before fixing him with a deadly glare. "Or you'll end up on the floor like them if you even think about aiming at me."

Without a word, Alex released his grip on his gun and took a step back. He knew he had lost, yet he couldn't comprehend how. With superior numbers and the only exit blocked, he had expected to have the upper hand. His plan was to corner Kisha in the garden, eliminate her men, and claim her as his prize while disposing of the rest of his male captives and gifting the female to his own people.

Little did Alex expect that Kisha had no intention of fleeing. Instead, she had orchestrated a plan to gather all of the Coltons' men in one place, setting the stage for Duke to exact his revenge.

"Alright, Winters' men! Gather up these trash and secure them tightly before they meet their just end!" Kisha's commanding voice reverberated through the enclosed garden, followed by the footsteps of her advancing team.

"Winters? You're with the Winters?!" Alex asked, his eyes widening in disbelief.

"Not only is she allied with the Winters, but she also happens to be my wife!" Duke's voice, laced with anger yet restrained, echoed from the entrance leading from the outside. Alex and Kisha both turned towards the entrance to see Duke, no longer in disguise, clad in black trousers, shirt and leather shoes, with sleeves rolled up to his elbows, walking deliberately towards them.