

## Apocalypse 640

Chapter 640 Levi Adams

After all, the young man had already endured immense pain—he deserved a chance to lead a better life, to find a new purpose worth living for, something far more meaningful.

Though he was allowing the young man to make the final decision, he had never truly intended to grant these people a swift death.

No, he had vowed to make them live in fear and regret, to ensure they experienced the agony of a living hell. This was the price they owed for ruthlessly taking the lives of his men.

"I don't want them to have an easy death," the young man declared, his voice steady but laced with chilling resolve. "I want them to suffer in pain for as long as they live—because that's what they owe me for everything I've endured." His eyes burned with murderous intent, cold and devoid of mercy as he fixed his gaze on Young Master Colton, looking at him as if he were already a dead man.

Duke tilted his head to the side as he studied his prisoners, his gaze cold and assessing. He shared the same sentiment—he had come down here to ensure their suffering and to see firsthand that their torment was far from over.

When he returned to City A, he wanted his men to know that those who had inflicted pain on their brothers were now enduring a far worse fate—and would continue to do so for the foreseeable future.

However, as his eyes shifted to the young man standing guard at the door, a new thought crossed his mind.

A young man like him had so much more potential than being confined to this dungeon, wasting away in a cycle of vengeance.

Duke saw something in him—a fire, a determination. Rather than being buried in this place, he could channel his hatred into something greater, using it as fuel to grow stronger, to carve out a future where he wouldn't just survive, but thrive.

"Then we'll keep them alive and make sure they suffer for as long as possible while we go on to live better lives. That, in itself, would be the greatest revenge you could take." Duke's voice was firm yet measured as he looked at the young man.

"You should leave this dungeon and step into the world above. Join your friend Reeve, train, and become stronger. By doing so, you'll ensure that the tragedy you once suffered will never happen to you again."

"More than that, you'll gain the power to protect the weak, to prevent others from experiencing the same pain you endured. If you stay here, letting hatred consume you, you'll only lose yourself to the abyss."

"But you're still young—you need to go out, to broaden your horizons. If you confine yourself to this narrow space, you'll be giving these people exactly what they want. They'll know they still hold power over you, that they can control your emotions. Don't let them have that satisfaction."

"So you should show them your strength—prove that you can step out of the shadows, rise above this place, and become even stronger. That way, when you return to see them again, they'll have no choice but to bitterly laugh at themselves and drown in their own suffering," Duke advised the young man.

He wasn't the type to concern himself with others, but as Kisha had reminded him before, this was now their territory, and these people—this young man included—were under their protection.

Beyond that, Duke understood the harsh reality: the number of survivors left on Earth was dwindling. If humanity had any hope of survival, they needed to protect and guide those who remained, ensuring they had a future worth fighting for.

As a leader, it was Duke's responsibility to guide and inspire his people to strive for something greater.

While he knew they could never completely let go of their hatred, he also understood that allowing it to consume them would only hinder their growth.

Holding onto vengeance without progress was nothing more than self-sabotage. That was why he wanted to enlighten the young man—to give him a path forward.

"Then, what do you want me to do, Vice City Lord?" the young man asked, bowing his head. His eyes were red, a mix of emotions swirling within them.

He didn't fully agree with Duke's words, but something about them struck a chord. He realized that letting his enemies dictate his emotions—allowing them to control his every thought—only gave them more power over him.

And perhaps Duke was right.

Living his life to the fullest while ensuring his aggressors suffered in misery would be the best revenge he could ever hope for.

And Duke wanted to give him that chance—to carve out a future where he didn't just survive but thrived.

"Get stronger and serve me and my wife. Become one of our sharpest blades and ensure that no one in this base suffers the same injustice you once did. Train until you're strong enough to lead a small team—so that when my wife and I need to leave for scouting missions, we can do so knowing this place is in capable hands," Duke said nonchalantly, his gaze shifting back to the prisoners in the cell.

He made it a point to say this to all his people—not just to push them to grow stronger, but to fuel a sense of rivalry and purpose.

By making them believe their leader saw potential in them, he kept them from stagnating. After all, knowing that someone expected great things from you was often the greatest motivation of all.

But the truth was, Duke genuinely saw potential in the young man standing before him. That was why he was even bothering to alter the course of his future—to make him into someone useful.

And while he had framed it as serving both him and Kisha, in reality, it was mostly for Kisha's sake.

He was simply following her vision, ensuring that her efforts to build a better, stronger community bore fruit.

"Levi Adams will follow the will of the Vice City Lord—and more importantly, the City Lord, who saved me and granted me a second chance at life. My life already belongs to the City Lord," Levi said, bowing deeply to Duke, his voice steady with conviction. "Thank you, Vice City Lord, for reminding me of this."

His resolve was clear—he would do better, he would grow stronger, and he would follow the path that had been laid before him.

Duke raised an eyebrow, a flicker of irritation passing through him.

For some reason, he felt like this kid was paying too much attention to his wife, and he didn't like it.

His thoughts carried a hint of contradiction, perhaps because he didn't like the way the young man had phrased his statement—especially when it involved his wife.

After all, Levi—despite being younger—had a striking beauty that bordered on androgynous. His sharp yet delicate features made him stand out.

It wasn't hard to see why Young Master Colton had taken a liking to him, even back when he was just a boy.

And with Levi being close in age to Kisha, maybe that was why Duke suddenly felt a twinge of jealousy.

"You may go." Duke's tone was calm but firm as he gave Levi one last look. Levi bowed curtly before turning on his heel, this time heading toward the barracks.

Meanwhile, Aston was busy handling work alongside The Winters' men—though, in reality, The Winters' men were offloading most of their responsibilities onto Aston while preparing for their departure back to City A.

Everyone was in the middle of the turnover process before leaving, which was why Duke had taken the time to check in on the Coltons again.

His gaze shifted toward Young Master Colton, his expression darkening.

"It's been a while..." Duke's voice was chillingly cold, sending an immediate shiver down Young Master Colton's spine. The moment he heard it, flashes of past torture surged through his mind like a nightmare come to life.

Young Master Colton looked as if he had just seen the Devil take a human form. His breath hitched, and he instinctively tried to back away, but there was nowhere to run—he was trapped in a cramped cell filled with other prisoners, all of whom feared Duke just as much as he did.

And that was exactly what Duke wanted to see. He didn't need another round of torture—not today.

He didn't have the time.

He had only come to take a look, to remind them of who held their fate in his hands.

Duke turned on his heel, Tristan following closely behind as they exited the dungeon. A replacement had already been arranged to take over Levi's guard duty, ensuring the prison remained secure in their absence.

Emerging from the underground dungeon, Duke made his way back to the villa, where his subordinates were already assembled, waiting in military trucks, Humvees, and armored vehicles. His parents and grandfather were seated in one of the armored cars, ready for departure to City A.

Now, only one person was missing—Kisha. No one seemed to know where she was or what she was doing at the moment.

"Where's my wife?" Duke asked, his voice firm, but no one could give him an answer. They all assumed she was inside the territory space.

Without hesitation, Duke, wielding full authority within Kisha's territory space, opened a portal and began searching for her. Using the territory map, he scoured nearly every corner—only to finally spot her crouched in the middle of a flower field, looking utterly giddy.