

Apocalypse 683

Chapter 683 Putting Someone In Their Place

Kisha crossed her arms over her chest, her gaze fixed on Melody, who continued her pitiful act. Melody even shrank behind Mr. Evans, trembling as if she feared Kisha might harm her.

Mr. Evans stiffened at the sensation of Melody clinging to him, torn between explaining himself to Kisha and protecting the girl he had raised for so long.

Instinct won out—years of treating Melody as his daughter made it difficult to let go. After a brief hesitation, he spread his arms protectively, shielding Melody from view.

A flicker of triumph flashed in Melody's eyes as she peeked at Kisha from behind him, but she quickly masked it with her pitiful façade.

Kisha arched an eyebrow at Melody and Mr. Evans, who stood protectively in front of her.

"And what exactly is this for?" she asked, her voice laced with amusement. "I haven't even lifted a finger, yet you're already acting like I'm about to strike someone. Tell me, which of your eyes has seen me being hostile? Does simply speaking the truth make you think I want to hit someone? And even if I did, do you really think you could stop me?"

She smirked, openly dismantling their charade. A few chuckles of disdain rippled through the Winters' side and their subordinates.

They had all witnessed Kisha's strength firsthand—they knew how effortlessly she could take down anyone in that room. If she truly wanted to hurt Melody, she wouldn't even need to get close.

Melody's act was crumbling, and it only became clearer who was really stirring up trouble.

Melody had miscalculated—no one bought into her performance.

"That's right! Our Young Madam is a one-woman army," one of the Winters' men scoffed. "She can wipe out hundreds of zombies without even breaking a sweat—so what's stopping her from dealing with a frail, useless woman like you?"

His words were blunt and merciless, offering Melody no dignity.

But why should they?

It was Melody and her family who started this mess. And more than that, they had the audacity to strike their master—a blatant act of disrespect none of them could overlook.

"That's right! She's the only one worthy of standing beside our master—strong, beautiful, and capable. Unlike certain pampered young women who do nothing but stir up trouble with their tears and dramatics. What good does that do in times like these?"

"Yeah! I even heard that when her family was struggling through their awakening, she abandoned them—too scared they'd turn into zombies. And now, after neglecting and disappointing them, she still has the audacity to act all kind and gentle while cowering behind her father? That's just disgusting!"

"I would never accept a woman like her as our Young Madam! Not only is she useless, but she's unbearably whiny! Imagine us going out there, risking our lives to fight for supplies—what could she possibly contribute? Does she think her crying will make the zombies feel sorry for her and leave her alone? How would that help any of us?"

"That's right! Our Young Madam isn't just beautiful and kind—her kindness is something she proves through her actions, not just empty words like certain women who are only good at pretending. It's disgusting!"

More and more murmurs spread throughout the cafeteria, most coming from the Winters' men who had followed Duke and Kisha from City B's HOPE Base.

Having fought alongside them for so long, they had seen firsthand everything Kisha had done—not just for Duke but for all of them.

They had already shared countless stories, pictures, and even stolen snapshots of Duke being ridiculously clingy with Kisha, as well as the two of them working tirelessly to establish City B's base.

And in every single image, it was clear just how busy and dedicated they were. Kisha had never needed to bribe anyone to speak well of her—her actions spoke for themselves.

Since the Winters' men already had a strong impression of Kisha—reinforced by the pictures and videos they'd seen—they were firmly on her side. After all, Duke had chosen her, and the Evans had just slapped him in the face.

To them, this was an unforgivable show of disrespect, making their hostility toward the Evans even more apparent.

The Evans family heard the murmurs loud and clear. They, too, had witnessed Kisha's strength firsthand when she led them to safety in the past. They knew she was capable, but they had never openly acknowledged it.

Now, faced with her cold indifference, they felt a pang of regret, realizing she had misunderstood their intentions yet again.

Stepping forward, Eric tried to bridge the gap. "Kisha, that's not what we meant. Please, hear me out, will you?"

"What exactly are you going to say? That this was all just a misunderstanding?" Kisha's voice was cold, her eyes sharp. "Tell me, where is the misunderstanding? Because it certainly isn't on our side. We've been clear about everything from the start. My husband got slapped simply for maintaining his boundaries with another woman and for protecting my heart. And yet, he's the one being wronged?"

She let out a soft chuckle, shaking her head. "But honestly, I don't even need to explain myself. Since my husband has taken a slap... and considering the one who hit him is an elder..."

Kisha dragged out the last word, her lips curling into a devilish grin. Before anyone could process what she was implying—she vanished.

"Ahhh! No!!!"

A shrill scream pierced the air, drawing everyone's attention. When they turned toward the source, their eyes landed on Melody.

She was no longer cowering behind her father—instead, she was now at the back of the room, firmly in Kisha's grasp. Her once-pristine appearance was gone; her hair was disheveled, and she looked as if she had just been hit by a fierce gust of wind.

But this time, her tears weren't for show. She was crying from actual pain. Kisha had yanked her away so suddenly that Melody felt like her arm had nearly been ripped from its socket. It throbbed unbearably, and she was certain something had been dislocated.

Not that Kisha cared.

In truth, Kisha hadn't even meant to hurt her—she simply hadn't learned how to fully control her strength yet. But Melody was as fragile as a delicate flower, and right now, Kisha couldn't care less about her comfort.

As Kisha locked eyes with Melody, her smile only widened. The contrast between them became glaringly obvious—Melody, disheveled and trembling, looked utterly miserable, while Kisha stood tall, effortlessly beautiful.

Then, in an instant, Kisha's devilish grin softened into something sweet, almost innocent. She looked harmless—radiant, even. The shift was so seamless, so disarming, that everyone in the room froze, captivated, waiting to see what would happen next.

Everyone except Duke.

He remained relaxed, watching the scene unfold with a knowing look in his eyes. The affection in his gaze was unmistakable—he knew exactly what Kisha was doing, and he was enjoying every second of it.

Then, without a word...

Slap! Slap!

Slap!

Kisha struck Melody across the face, followed immediately by a sharp backhand. She paused for a second, then—just because she felt like it—delivered a third slap.

There was no real reason for that last one; it just felt right.

Melody's face swelled instantly, turning red and puffy, resembling a pig's foot. Satisfied, Kisha casually flung her back toward the Evans.

Ethan, the closest, reacted on instinct, catching Melody before she hit the ground. His eyes widened in shock, blinking rapidly as if trying to process what had just happened. The moment realization set in, he let go, hastily helping Melody steady herself on her own two feet.

The entire room fell into stunned silence—no gasps, no exclamations of shock, just wide-eyed disbelief.

Meanwhile, Kisha casually dusted off her hands, flipping her long hair over her shoulder as she sauntered back to Duke. She reached out toward him but stopped halfway, tilting her head slightly before saying with a soft, almost affectionate tone,

"I touched something dirty, and I don't want to touch you until I've washed my hands... But know that I've avenged you."

Her voice was doting, as if she had just carried out a noble act of justice on Duke's behalf. Then, without another word, she turned and walked back to the table.

Once seated, she pulled out a pack of wet wipes—seemingly from nowhere—and began wiping her hands over and over, her expression one of pure distaste, as if she truly couldn't stand the thought of having touched something filthy.

Then, like pieces of a puzzle clicking into place, the realization dawned on everyone.

Kisha's words—the elder, not talking too much, avenging Duke—all made sense now. She couldn't retaliate against Mrs. Evans, who had slapped Duke, because she was an elder. So instead, Kisha had gone straight for the source of the whole mess—Melody—and delivered twice the slaps Duke had received to settle the score.

Once people put it all together, laughter erupted throughout the room. The tension lifted, and the atmosphere shifted from heavy hostility to amused chatter. Even Mrs. Winters, looking thoroughly pleased, happily escorted Duke and her husband back to the Aldens' table.

Meanwhile, Keith, who was still sprawled on his seat, gaped at his sister with wide, sparkling eyes.

"Sis! You're really awesome!" he gushed, practically fawning over her.

Slap!

"Brat! Don't talk nonsense!" Grandpa Aldens roared.

Yet, despite his stern voice, there wasn't a hint of real anger on his face. In fact, he was smiling, as if he was secretly pleased with Kisha's actions.

Meanwhile, Keith was writhing in pain, clutching his back where the slap had landed. The force of it had made him lurch forward, and he struggled to reach the aching spot. His eyes turned red, on the verge of tears, as he shot his grandfather a betrayed look.