

Apocalypse 727

Chapter 727 An Old Friend

The woman tried to act friendly, but Kisha remained unmoved. Her smile, once warm, twisted into something cold and sinister. Kisha was not the type to forget a grudge, not even after lifetimes. Now that the woman was standing right in front of her, it spared Kisha the trouble of seeking her out for revenge.

Though it had been a long time ago in her previous lives, in this one, it had only been more than a month since Kisha had last crossed paths with this woman.

"Lisa, so you're here..." Kisha's voice was smooth, but the coldness in her tone was too obvious. The smile that spread across her face made Lisa hesitate. She took a step back, swallowing hard as a chill swept over her.

There was something terrifying about Kisha's smile—it was wrong. While others would see beauty and innocence, Lisa could feel the sharp, bloodthirsty edge beneath it.

'It was all directed at her.'

Kisha's bloodlust was a weapon, one she was wielding with full force, directed only at Lisa. The woman's skin crawled under the weight of that gaze.

Who was Lisa, you ask? She was the same woman who had pushed Hera into the zombies in Kisha's first life, leading to Kisha's brutal death.

And now?

It seemed Lisa had learned nothing. She hadn't changed at all.

Still vile.

Still selfish.

Still willing to use others as pawns, as human meat shields, to protect herself.

To think that this same woman would appear on Kisha's doorstep... It brought a twisted satisfaction, a dark glee. Kisha didn't just want revenge—she wanted to make Lisa feel the same helplessness Kisha had endured. The thought of it made her blood sing, her desire to make Lisa pay for her sins growing with every passing second.

She was delighted. No, she was beyond delighted—she wanted to peel the skin from Lisa's bones.

Still, Lisa kept up her sweet act, casting a glance at Kisha before shifting her gaze to the man standing behind her—Duke. He was far more handsome than the man she'd clung to earlier, and he radiated authority and strength.

Instinctively, Lisa assumed Duke was the leader of this group, and that Kisha, just like her, had attached herself to a powerful man for protection.

After all, Kisha was beautiful—more beautiful than Lisa, with flawless skin, a toned figure, and youth on her side. And that was exactly why Lisa had targeted her back in their old office life.

Lisa had always hated her.

Kisha was a threat. A prettier, younger woman who dared to be competent too. Lisa wanted Kisha gone—out of sight, out of the company. That way, Lisa could reign as the undisputed queen of the office, bask in admiration, and have every man wrapped around her finger again.

She'd done everything to break her. She'd stolen Kisha's proposal ideas and passed them off as her own. She'd turned the whole office against her, using gossip and manipulation to isolate her. She'd forced Kisha to do every menial task while keeping her from any major projects. Kisha had been treated like an intern instead of the skilled professional she was.

But no matter how much pressure Lisa applied, no matter how dirty her tricks got... Kisha never quit.

She stayed. She endured.

And now, looking at Kisha standing proudly beside a powerful man, stronger than ever—Lisa's stomach twisted with something bitter and ugly. Jealousy. And envy.

Everything changed the day before the apocalypse struck—when Kisha finally bared her fangs.

Up until that point, Lisa thought she'd won. She was sure she had driven Kisha out of the company, and when Kisha finally snapped and spoke out against her, Lisa took it as proof that Kisha had lost control. She used the outburst to smear Kisha's name once more, fueling office rumors and painting her as unstable and unprofessional.

But then the blow came from above.

That same day, Lisa received a termination notice from the head office—fired without pay. The grounds? Soliciting, bribery, misuse of authority, and prostitution. Her world crumbled instantly. Even her sugar daddy, the executive who had backed her up all this time, was removed alongside her. In a fit of rage and desperation, they tried to retaliate by sending someone after Kisha.

But fate had other plans.

And now—ironically—Lisa had stumbled right back into the lioness's den.

As her eyes flicked to the man beside Kisha, her breath caught. That face. That aura. Recognition struck like lightning.

'Wasn't that... the heir to the Winters' business empire? The man at the top of the pyramid? The one idolized by women across the capital and City A?'

Lisa's heart pounded. Her thoughts spiraled in excitement.

'Did I just hit the jackpot?'

In front of Kisha, Lisa put on her usual mask—acting as though nothing had ever gone wrong between them. As if she hadn't bullied Kisha relentlessly or sent thugs after her the night before the apocalypse. She played the part of a harmless little rabbit, just like she had in front of the man who'd been shielding her earlier.

"K-Kisha, are you still mad at me?" she asked, her voice trembling as tears welled in her eyes again—like she was the one who had been wronged. As if it was Kisha who had bullied her.

The man standing beside Lisa frowned, stepping forward while looking around cautiously—until his gaze landed on Duke.

"Duke? Is that you?" he asked, surprise flickering in his voice.

Only then did Duke glance at him, casually raising an eyebrow as he tried to place the face behind the dirt and disheveled look. Though the man still had handsome features, it took a moment for recognition to click.

"It's me—Gavel!" the man added, smiling.

"Gavel?" Duke repeated, the name finally jogging his memory. "The Gavel from my old circle?" he asked, a bit uncertain. While Duke used the term 'friend circle', in truth, those people were nothing more than superficial connections—kept around for appearances and family politics. He had always kept them at arm's length.

"Yes! Gavel!" the man beamed, clearly more enthusiastic than Duke was.

Lisa, still feigning innocence, turned to Gavel with wide, curious eyes. "Gavel, you know him?" she asked sweetly, pretending she hadn't instantly recognized Duke—the very man who now stood at the top of the power ladder.

"Yes! Yes! He's my friend from my social circle!" Gavel said enthusiastically, walking straight over to Duke. The two exchanged a quick, familiar pat on the back—a casual, brotherly greeting.

"Are they here to help us?" Lisa asked sweetly, her voice laced with a calculated softness. She turned slightly to show off her best side profile, glancing up at Duke with a timid, harmless expression.

She knew exactly how to play the part of the delicate damsel—because in times like these, men's protective heroic instincts often kicked in. That's how she had kept Gavel wrapped around her finger, using his body as a shield since the chaos began.

She figured Duke would be no different. 'Who would fall for that cold, stoic look that bitch Kisha keeps wearing?' she sneered internally. 'It won't be long before I steal Duke and make him mine.'

Outwardly, Lisa maintained her fragile smile, subtly stepping back beside Gavel and clutching his arm. It was a calculated move—to appear intimidated by Kisha, and to regain Gavel's attention.

Sure enough, it worked like a charm.