

Apocalypse 728

Chapter 728 Lisa

Gavel's cheerful chatter faltered as he glanced down at Lisa, suddenly remembering the reason he'd stepped forward in the first place. His gaze shifted to Kisha—and he was stunned.

Unlike him, Dracon, Lisa, Abby, and the rest of the group who looked like they'd been marinated in dirt and mud, Kisha's face was spotless. Her skin was fair and healthy, almost glowing with a natural radiance that sharply contrasted with the worn and rugged faces around him.

Only then did he truly notice Duke, standing beside her—also immaculate. Not just Duke, but everyone in his group looked clean and composed. Their clothes were fresh, their gear intact, and aside from a few bloodstains from the earlier battle with the mutated snake, they appeared well-fed, well-equipped, and untouched by the grime and desperation that clung to the survivors outside.

He opened his mouth, but no words came out. How could he even begin to ask? Should he question why Duke and his people looked so different—so composed, so well-clean—compared to him and the other survivors?

But then he remembered: Duke had always been a man at the top, even before the apocalypse. Sitting at the peak of the social pyramid, it wasn't surprising that he might have had his own private army, secret facilities, or contingency plans in place.

It made sense.

As the young master of a prestigious family, Duke was smart, meticulous, and trained not just in business, but in reading people and situations. The truth didn't need to be spoken aloud. His

appearance, the disciplined demeanor of his people, and their advanced gear all told the story of someone who had prepared for the worst long before it came.

Unlike him.

All he could do was let out a bitter, self-deprecating smile, the gap between them now clearer than ever.

"It's so good to see you, buddy," Gavel said warmly, before his gaze shifted to Kisha. "And this is...?" he asked, noting how protective Duke was with her.

Gavel immediately understood the situation. Though his instincts urged him to be cautious—especially since he was here to protect Lisa—he wasn't about to start trouble. He knew better than to jump to conclusions or accuse someone blindly, especially when he had no idea about the history between Kisha and Lisa.

This wasn't the time for confrontation. Duke's body language said it all—Kisha was important to him. And Gavel, experienced as he was, knew when to step forward and when to take a step back.

Before Duke could step in and openly introduce her as his wife, Kisha took a confident step forward and extended her hand toward Gavel.

"Hello, I'm Kisha Aldens," she said with a warm, composed smile.

Then, her gaze shifted toward Lisa, her tone taking on a hint of amusement. "I didn't know you and Lisa were acquainted," she added with a subtle smirk before glancing around.

"So... where's the director?"

Lisa felt a chill run through her as Kisha spoke, her body trembling slightly. She hesitated before replying, her voice unsteady. "The Director and I... we got separated," she said quickly, leaving out the details.

There was no need to explain further—especially with Gavel standing by her side, unaware of the past she'd left behind. What had happened to the so-called Director? That, for now, was a story Lisa wasn't ready to share, that is, if she would ever really share what really happened.

Lisa, as always, relied on her usual tactic—using anyone she could as a meat shield to protect herself. When she, the Director, and his men were fleeing from City A, they thought they'd made it out, heading for City D or City B.

But the Director's men were disastrously inept, and their escape quickly unraveled. They were almost overrun by zombies, their numbers dwindling with each passing moment, never even reaching the outskirts of City A.

By sheer luck, they managed to escape, but their survival came at a steep cost. With minimal supplies and only a handful of men left, they were forced to scavenge from small, less populated areas just to stay alive.

It wasn't until they found themselves cornered in a county near City A that they encountered a larger, more experienced group of combatants on a supply run, offering them a glimmer of hope.

When Lisa found herself cornered, with no way out, she quickly assessed the situation. Seeing an opportunity, she shoved the Director—a man she had kept around for his resources—toward the advancing zombie horde.

His big body would slow them down, buying her just enough time to escape while the zombies gnawed at his body. She ran toward the other group, playing the role of a helpless damsel in distress, all the while knowing she was securing her own survival at someone else's expense.

Seeing Lisa—fragile and seemingly vulnerable—survive amidst the chaos, the group of survivors who had gone on the supply run took pity on her and brought her back to their shelter.

There, she was no longer forced to scavenge or hide from the zombie hordes. In fact, she flourished. It wasn't long before she crossed paths with Gavel, who, upon hearing her sob story, began to protect her.

Lisa played her part perfectly, using her tears and delicate appearance to paint herself as harmless and weak, a portrayal that quickly won Gavel over. He took her in, becoming her protector.

Now, Lisa had no intention of letting go of Gavel—at least not until she found someone more powerful to latch onto. For now, he was her pawn and knight in the game of survival.

Seeing that Kisha was trying to create tension between her and Gavel, Lisa immediately cut her off, brushing the situation aside. "Captain Dracon, are these the people we've been waiting for? The ones with the shelter that will take us in?"

Lisa put on a pitiful expression, her eyes shifting to Kisha with a sharp side glance. She looked every bit the helpless, cautious woman, as if Kisha was someone not to be trusted—a bully at best. Dracon noticed her subtle shift in demeanor and raised an eyebrow, but Kisha was quicker to respond.

"Lisa, why are you looking at me like I'm about to eat you alive?" Kisha taunted, her smirk growing as she leaned in. "It's not like I've ever bullied you. Wasn't it the other way around, Manager Lisa?" Her words were laced with a slow, mocking emphasis on the last part.

"Don't slander me!" Lisa shot back, her voice sharp with anger. The outburst caught Gavel off guard, as he had never seen Lisa react this way before.

Even when she was frightened or mistreated in the shelter, she would only cry softly and meekly follow along, waiting for him to rescue her.

Lisa had always been soft-spoken and mild-mannered, the kind of person who needed someone to watch over her, or else others would take advantage of her, especially in the harsh reality of the apocalypse.

With supplies dwindling and survival becoming increasingly difficult, many of the other survivors resorted to stealing from one another. Gavel had often witnessed Lisa being targeted by these kinds of survivors, and he had always felt compelled to protect her. But now, seeing her shout at someone? That was new.