

## Apocalypse 729

### Chapter 729 Moral Kidnapping?

"Lisa, calm down..." Gavel quickly patted her back, concern in his voice as he turned to look at Kisha with a frown. But Kisha, unfazed, barely acknowledged him.

Kisha was always blunt about her likes and dislikes. While she, too, had no fondness for Melody, she knew better than to simply push her away because of the Evans' connection to her.

Melody didn't pose a direct threat to her, so she was manageable—someone she could let go for now. But Lisa? That was a different story. Lisa had once pushed Kisha to her death by throwing her into a zombie horde to save her own skin.

Such a despicable woman, filled with deceitful tricks, couldn't be allowed to wander free. Kisha knew the longer Lisa lived, the more problems and harm she could cause to everyone around her. She had to be dealt with.

Kisha's voice was calm, but there was a clear edge to it as she addressed Captain Dracon. "Well, Captain Dracon, most of your people seem fine, but I can't accept this woman joining our base. I won't risk being stabbed in my sleep by a snake slithering around." Her expression was both nonchalant and mocking as she pointed at Lisa, making it abundantly clear who she was referring to. There was no need for further explanation—it was unnegotiable. Kisha had made up her mind.

"Kisha! Who are you to decide someone's life or death?" Lisa almost screamed, her voice breaking before she collapsed to the ground in a sob.

Gavel immediately crouched down beside her, trying to calm her, though his glare at Kisha was sharp, his frustration was also obvious.

He looked up at Duke, clearly dissatisfied, but he couldn't just come out and say that Kisha was relying on Duke for protection. After all, Gavel had witnessed Kisha's strength firsthand during the fight.

They hadn't even figured out what was going on with these people—how they had powers, something completely foreign to them. It left everyone on edge. While they were all wary of Kisha and her group, they also knew that their survival depended on these individuals who had abilities they couldn't explain—whether it was some kind of supernatural gift or the result of science, no one knew for sure.

"Kisha, despite our past disagreement, you can't decide my life and death just like that!" Lisa roared, as if she was already at the end of her rope filled with anguish as she cried then Melody who was staying silent up until now also stepped up to support Lisa, after all, the enemy or her enemy is her friend.

"Kisha, you can't just decide who lives and who dies based on personal dislike or dissatisfaction," Melody said, her voice steady and thoughtful. "We're talking about human lives here. If you leave her out there, it's basically a death sentence. Doesn't that make you responsible for her death? Wouldn't that make you a murderer?"

Her words carried weight, convincing Kisha with a calm and logical argument. Even the others found it hard to argue against her point—it was morally sound, and her reasoning was hard to refute.

But Kisha? She had seen it all—morality had long since lost its hold on her. She had abandoned those ideals, and no one could easily manipulate her sense of right and wrong anymore.

With a cold, almost bored expression, she replied, "Then you can choose to stay out here with her, if that's what you want. I won't stop you."

She shot Melody a smug smirk, her gaze dripping with indifference. It was clear she wasn't taking Melody seriously—she saw her as nothing more than a clown, desperate to grab attention in a circus of her own making.

Melody gasped, her breath catching as she heard Kisha's words. Her lips trembled, and her face drained of color, her eyes welling up with tears that seemed to fall freely. "K-Kisha, how could you say that?" she sobbed, her voice thick with emotion.

Lisa, standing nearby, gave Melody a sympathetic look. "M-Miss, thank you for speaking up for me," she said, her tone soft and understanding. "But it seems like Kisha really hates me and doesn't want to give me a way out."

The dramatic scene played out before them, and for those with softer hearts—like the Evans and Gavel—it was impossible not to feel moved. They quickly rushed to console Melody, with Mrs. Winters stepping forward to comfort her. She cast a pleading glance at Kisha, her expression expectant, almost as if waiting for some sign of changing her decision, after all, Melody was still the daughter of the Evans.

"Miss Kisha, could you please explain why you dislike her so much?" Dracon asked openly, his tone neutral and non-judgmental for now. Before Kisha could respond, Abby interjected with a playful grin.

"Isn't it because Lisa is a two-faced bitch?" she said, looking at Kisha with an innocent, almost teasing smile, giving her a thumbs up. Kisha let out a chuckle at the comment, appreciating Abby's boldness.

Just then, the Winters' men returned after finishing up with gathering the mutated snake's crystal core. They approached, handing Kisha a small bag.

"Young Madam, we've finished collecting the crystal cores and have sorted the mutated snake's carcasses. The most intact bodies are in one place, while the damaged ones are set aside," Sparrow reported, saluting like a disciplined soldier before handing the pouch to Kisha.

Kisha nodded after taking the pouch from Sparrow, her grip firm as she held onto it. Sparrow stepped back, positioning himself behind Duke, keenly aware of the rising tension between the two groups.

He could sense the potential for conflict and wanted to be prepared if things escalated. Vulture and the rest of the team followed suit, taking a step back, standing ready in case they were called upon.

Kisha then turned her attention back to Dracon, the brief interaction making it clear to everyone around them that Kisha was the one in charge of Duke's group. Her authority was unspoken but undeniable—what she said, went.

Dracon, still looking for clarity, continued to wait for Kisha's explanation about Lisa. He wanted to understand the dynamics of the people he might align himself with—he needed to know if their ideals and moral compass aligned with his own. He didn't want to follow a group whose core values he couldn't respect. His eyes were focused on Kisha, silently urging her to answer.

But before she could, Abby interjected once again, her voice cutting through the tension.

"Brother, it's so obvious that Lisa's nothing but a two-faced hypocrite—always preying on the weak and clinging to the strong," Abby said, her voice dripping with disdain.

"The only ones who can't see through her little act are you men, blinded by whatever's between your legs. Isn't that reason enough to dislike someone?"

She paused, glancing at Kisha, who stood gracefully at the center of the conversation. "And don't get me started on how beautiful she is. It's not hard to see why people would envy someone like her, with everything going for her. But tell me, someone who has it all—why would she ever need to bully someone less fortunate, less beautiful, or less competent than her?"

"If you think it's because she looks down on the 'lower class,' we need to know if she even comes from money, if she has anything to boast about. From what I've seen, she's never looked down on anyone. In fact, she offered me clean clothes that smelled nice, things people would usually keep to themselves. Not only that, she led her people to help us out."