

Apocalypse 730

Chapter 730 - Kisha's Side

Abby crossed her arms, standing tall and unwavering as if giving Dracon a lesson. "So, tell me, does that really sound like someone who's a bully?"

She stood there, defiant and protective, her words carrying an unexpected maturity that made even Kisha chuckle softly. The girl was acting like the grown-up in the room, offering a perspective that seemed to make sense of the whole situation.

Duke chuckled as he stepped forward, draping an arm around Kisha's shoulders. But the smile on his face didn't quite reach his eyes—especially when he glanced at the woman in Gavel's arms, then shifted his gaze to Abby. Only then did his smile soften into something genuine.

"Kid, good on you for speaking up for my wife. If you hadn't, I was just about ready to roast them myself—and trust me, I wouldn't have been as polite or reasonable. I usually keep quiet and let my wife handle things. I want everyone to see that she's the one in charge."

"But I've come to realize that sometimes, staying quiet gives others the wrong idea... makes them think I'm just a paper tiger they can ignore while they step all over her."

His voice dropped a little, laced with menace.

"Let me make one thing clear—if my wife so much as frowns at someone, I'll be the first to show them the door. And being called a murderer?" Duke let out a cold, humorless laugh. "It's not like it'd be the first time I've killed someone."

Melody, Lisa, and Gavel all felt their heads buzzing after hearing Duke's words. Each of them latched onto different parts of what he said—but they all understood one thing clearly: his words were meant for them.

Melody's heart pounded as she watched Duke openly defend Kisha. The sight of the man she had longed and loved for over a decade, standing so firmly by her side, made her stomach churn with unease and jealousy.

Lisa, on the other hand, was fixated on a different detail. Her ears rang with the word "wife," repeated over and over as Duke spoke, his arm casually draped around Kisha's shoulders. When had Kisha—that Kisha—managed to snag someone like Duke?

A man with wealth, power, and a terrifying presence? Lisa couldn't stop wondering how Kisha ended up as the mistress of a powerful family. Her mind was so consumed with that revelation that she barely registered the rest of Duke's warning, even though most of it was aimed directly at her.

As for Gavel, cold sweat formed on the back of his neck. He didn't need anyone to spell it out—he was screwed. He'd dared to glare at Kisha earlier, not realizing she was Duke's wife.

That alone was enough to get him into serious trouble. And judging by Duke's words, there might be no coming back from that kind of offense.

"D-Duke, don't get me wrong," Gavel stammered, his voice cracking under pressure. "I just wanted to understand why your wife dislikes Lisa so much. That's all. I mean, during the time I've known her, Lisa's

always seemed... timid, even bullied. So hearing that your wife refused to let her into the shelter sounded a little... unreasonable, and—"

He faltered. The moment he felt the chill radiating from Duke's gaze, his words died in his throat. He clamped his mouth shut, regretting every word he'd just uttered.

Abby let out a sharp scoff. "Timid? Bullied?" she muttered, loud enough for a few to hear. "Funny, because every time I used to walk around the shelter alone, it was Lisa I'd catch playing queen bee—bossing others around and stealing food like it was her birthright."

Her voice wasn't loud, but it carried. Dracon heard her clearly, and part of her words reached Gavel, who jerked his head in her direction. His eyes widened in disbelief, as if someone had just pulled the rug out from under everything he thought he knew.

"Just... be quiet for a moment, will you?" Dracon said to Abby with a sigh, his tone more weary than harsh.

Then, he turned back to Kisha, his gaze steady—still waiting for her to explain. Why did she dislike Lisa so much? And what did she mean when she said she didn't want to be stabbed to death while sleeping?

Kisha met his eyes and saw no malice there—only reason. He wasn't jumping to conclusions or taking sides; he was seeking logic, understanding, and fairness. It was clear to her that Dracon was the kind of leader who listened to every voice, considered every angle, and weighed each decision carefully to avoid injustice within his group.

That kind of integrity was rare—and exactly what she wanted in her team.

Her desire to recruit Dracon only deepened.

And beyond that... Abby was his sister. Kisha had grown fond of Abby, and that was reason enough to offer her side of the story.

So, she began to explain.

"You see," Kisha began calmly, "like your sister said, I wasn't born into a wealthy family. I was just an ordinary employee in a company before all of this. But I graduated at the top of my class, with stellar grades and strong qualifications. I worked hard, stayed out of trouble, and focused on doing things right. Unfortunately, that also made me look naïve which was true."

She took a breath, her gaze landing on Lisa.

"Lisa was my manager back then. When she saw how good my work was, she started stealing my proposals and presenting them as her own—"

"Liar! Don't you dare slander me!" Lisa suddenly snapped, lunging forward in panic as if to silence Kisha before she could say another word.

Abby let out a smirk. "What's with the panic, huh? Feeling guilty? Scared all the lies you spun are finally catching up to you?" she said with a sneer. "Serves you right."

Her blunt retort made Duke and Kisha both chuckle. Duke had been about to say something similar himself, but Abby was quicker to leap to Kisha's defense, leaving him to the sidelines like a guard dog who had nothing to do but stand proudly by his mistress.

Kisha, on the other hand, was thoroughly enjoying Abby's fire. This "little sister" was proving more and more interesting by the second.

Dracon's sharp glare cut through the tension like a blade. The look he gave Lisa said everything without needing words: 'Stay quiet, or I'll deal with you myself.' It was a clear warning—if she kept interrupting, he wouldn't wait for Kisha's explanation before throwing her out.

Lisa shuddered involuntarily under his gaze. Her spine stiffened, and she quickly bowed her head in submission. Still, though she held her tongue, the fire of resentment in her eyes flared stronger. Her hatred for Kisha was only growing.

With the room finally quiet, Kisha continued.

"But that wasn't the end of it. Lisa didn't just steal my work—she rallied other colleagues to bully me. She made it a daily routine to call me names and humiliate me in front of others. If I hadn't been just a fresh graduate needing experience, I would've walked away a long time ago. But I had to endure it. I needed the job—needed the experience to move on to something better, with a higher salary and a stronger position. That was the only reason I stayed."