

## Apocalypse 732

### Chapter 732 Lisa's Fate Is Sealed

The evidence Kisha presented was undeniable. Given how little time had passed, no one could claim the footage was fabricated or that Kisha was falsely accusing Lisa. Dracon, Gavel, and Abby all wore grim expressions—but none more so than Gavel.

Out of all of them, he felt the most betrayed. He had been the one to stand by Lisa from the beginning, shielding her, protecting her... and yet, he hadn't realized that the person he was defending was a monster in disguise.

She had hidden behind a mask of vulnerability, playing the part of the helpless victim. But in truth, she was worse than a wolf in sheep's clothing—she was something far more dangerous.

Gavel took a staggering step back from Lisa, his expression twisted in a mix of disgust and disbelief. Just a moment ago, he had stood by her, convinced of her innocence.

After all, he'd spent an entire month by her side, getting to know her, while Kisha was still a stranger. The evidence, or lack thereof, had made him trust Lisa over Kisha. But now, everything he thought he knew was crumbling.

Who could have guessed that Lisa was so skilled at pretending? He had been deceived—utterly and completely. If not for the footage, they would have never uncovered the truth.

Gavel's breath came in shallow gasps, his chest tight as his mind struggled to process the betrayal. He could barely find the strength to speak, the world around him spinning with the realization of just how deeply he'd been fooled.

Kisha couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Gavel. She could see that he had simply wanted to be a gentleman, trying to help where he could. It wasn't about lust or desire toward Lisa—if that had been the case, he would have focused solely on protecting her and ignored everyone else.

But Gavel had proven himself earlier, when the chaos had erupted, by stepping in to assist despite not being a fighter. He wasn't a bad person; he had just been blind to Lisa's true nature.

Abby's fist clenched in fury as the footage played. Without a moment's hesitation, she stepped forward and slapped Lisa across the face with a resounding crack. Dracon didn't stop her. In fact, he didn't feel like stopping her.

The disgust swirling in his chest was too consuming. To think that such a person had been on his team—someone who had used a living human as a meat shield to protect herself. The cold, calculated nature of her actions made it clear: this wasn't a one-time act.

Lisa had likely done this before, without a hint of remorse, and the possibility that she might have killed others in the same way made Dracon sick to his core.

No one, not even someone with her skills, deserved a place in his team. She was a liability, a danger, and he had no room for her among them.

"I agree. A person like her, full of venom and deceit, has no place with my team. I can only imagine how many people she's hurt with her selfish drive to survive, disregarding the lives of others," Dracon said, his voice steady as he handed Kisha back her phone.

Lisa froze, her crocodile tears vanishing in an instant. The harshness of Dracon's words hit her like a slap, and the weight of reality sank in. She had been abandoned.

"Wait... are you really going to abandon me?" Lisa stammered, her voice trembling with a mix of disbelief and anger.

"What did you expect?" Abby shot back, her arms crossed defiantly over her chest.

Lisa's fury intensified, her finger trembling as she pointed at Abby, then Kisha, but she couldn't find the words. Her mind raced, struggling to come up with something that would turn the tide, but Abby only snorted, lifting her chin and meeting Lisa's glare with a defiant, taunting smile.

Lisa's pulse quickened, the anger simmering inside her as the eyes of everyone in the room bore down on her. For the first time, she felt powerless—outnumbered and utterly alone. No one was on her side.

"So, what's your decision?" Kisha repeated, her tone cold and unwavering. "I won't tolerate someone like her in my territory. Take it or leave it."

She wanted to put an end to this charade as quickly as possible, but a darker part of her also relished the idea of sending Lisa straight to hell with her own hands. The more she pushed, the more satisfied she felt.

Who said revenge didn't feel good? Who said it only led to ruin? Certainly not Kisha. Right now, it felt as though the injustice of her first death, the life stolen from her, would finally come to a rightful end.

With every word she spoke, she felt the weight of her past lifting, piece by piece. Once she dealt with Lisa—the root of that dark shadow—the burden on her heart would finally lighten. She'd be free to move on and maybe even open up to those around her, like Duke.

She could now begin to gradually weed out the dark shadow that had long lingered in her heart, replacing it with the brighter memories she had created with Duke, her family, and the loyal people who had chosen to stand by her side.

"No! You're pushing me to my death! You can't do this!" Lisa screamed, her voice filled with frantic desperation. She shoved Gavel aside and lunged at Kisha, her hand aimed to slap her across the face. She had forgotten, in her hysteria, that Kisha could easily end her life before she even reached her target.

"Says who?" Kisha said with a cold smirk, her voice laced with danger. She took a deliberate step forward, her bloodlust emanating from her in waves. The overwhelming aura of her power and indifference froze Lisa in place.

"W-Wait! What do you mean?" Lisa stammered, retreating a step as her terror gripped her. She quickly found herself back at the distance she started from, fear evident in her wide, panicked eyes.

"What I mean is, who says I can't do it? I could kill you right now without a second thought, let alone push you to your death. Offering you a choice is already an act of mercy on my part."

"Whether you manage to escape and survive or die trying is of no concern to me. But if you'd prefer, I could end your suffering right now and take your life with my own hands. The choice is yours." Kisha's slow, chilling smile only added to the terror in her words.

"Y-You... you're too kind to even kill an ant, how could you kill a human?" Lisa stammered, her voice cracking as she tried to reason with Kisha.

"So, you knew I couldn't hurt anyone before, but still pushed me into a corner? What makes you think I'm still the same after everything that's happened? In fact, it's thanks to your cruelty that I learned how to be ruthless when needed." Kisha replied coldly, her tone sharp. She wasn't lying; Lisa's viciousness had opened her eyes to the darker side of human nature, a lesson learned the hard way.

Lisa's knees buckled beneath her, and she collapsed to the ground, crying pitifully. But neither Dracon nor Gavel spared her another thought. The members of their team, witnessing her actions, quickly relayed what had transpired to the other survivors standing on the back.

The last thing Dracon wanted was for anyone to fall for Lisa's manipulative act, so he instructed one of the men to spread the truth about what had happened. Just like that, Lisa's fate was sealed.

"Alright, we were the ones who needed your help, so we'll follow your arrangements. We won't bring Lisa with us. We can't trust her, not after what she did. We can't risk bringing her to a safe place only for her to repeat her actions with others."

"We've done what we could to protect her as a group member, but it seems that wasn't enough. This is where her journey with us ends." Dracon explained, his voice steady but firm. He made sure to clarify his reasoning, not to appear heartless but to assure everyone that his decision was for the safety of the group, not personal vendettas.

"Good decision," Kisha said, nodding in approval before turning to Sparrow and the rest of the group. "Go check if their vehicles are still salvageable. If any can be repaired, haul them behind the trucks."

"If any are still drivable, bring them back with us. For the ones that are too damaged to fix, just leave them here." Kisha paused, a thought crossing her mind. "Actually, leave one that's barely running for the lady here. We can't let her wander on her own. Give her a dagger too, but don't hand her anything too nice— I don't want her following us back to the base." Her tone grew more commanding. "And if none of their vehicles are usable, just have them ride on our trucks."