

Apocalypse 733

Chapter 733 At Peace

"Understood, Young Madam!" Sparrow said, before leading Vulture and the others to inspect the remaining humvees that Dracon's team had brought. With the help of Dracon's other combatants, they unloaded the supplies from the compartments of the damaged humvees and transferred them to the Winters' trucks.

The vehicles that were barely functional but still repairable were secured to the backs of the trucks using thick ropes and heavy-duty hooks. In the end, only three humvees were deemed usable, and the truck that had been used to carry civilians could still be driven—though just barely. Sparrow chose that one for Lisa.

Once everything was settled, he returned to Kisha.

"Young Madam, we've finished hooking up the humvees to the trucks—they're ready to be towed," Sparrow reported. "However, the truck their civilians used is barely functional. Honestly, it seems just about right for that ugly woman."

He emphasized the word ugly with a pointed glance at Lisa, then let out a dismissive snort.

Keith and Lisa both laughed at Sparrow's comment, their voices overlapping. For Keith, it was the first time he'd laughed in a long while—especially after hearing what his sister had endured in her office. Still, he believed Kisha was being merciful by giving Lisa a way out.

But Kisha? Mercy had nothing to do with it. In truth, she was being more cruel than ever.

She wanted Lisa to taste despair.

What seemed like a lifeline was, in reality, a carefully crafted trap. Kisha gave her a way out—but it led straight into hopelessness. If Lisa was sent off in a barely functioning truck, how could she escape when another mutated snake or any other mutated creature came for her? How could she defend herself, when she'd never fought a day in her life and had always relied on others?

And that dagger she was given? Useless. She wouldn't even get close enough to strike before it was all over.

And during those times, Lisa would have no one to rely on but herself. Maybe then, she'd begin to reflect on all the wrongs she had done—whether she admitted to them or not. She might come to hate Kisha, but what could that hatred possibly do to her?

Kisha wanted her to die with that hate burning inside her—to be filled with rage and confusion, to question where everything went wrong, again and again, until the abyss consumed her completely.

Only then would Lisa truly understand what despair felt like.

Kisha smirked and turned around, and the others followed suit. Dracon and his team fell in step behind them. Meanwhile, Eagle and Hawk assisted the civilians from Dracon's side, helping them separate and board the four Winters' trucks, squeezing in with the rest of the group.

Fortunately, each truck still had a few seats available, allowing the civilians to sit comfortably and remain under the protection of the Winters. With this arrangement, the Winters wouldn't have a hard time keeping an eye on them—there were just enough civilians to manage without stretching their forces too thin.

As the others began to leave, Lisa turned her gaze toward Dracon—and especially Gavel. Gavel hesitated for a moment. No matter how wicked Lisa was, she was still a human being.

Dracon noticed and paused, turning back to look at Gavel before speaking.

"Demons often wear the faces of humans," Dracon said calmly. "They pretend to be weak and pitiful to earn sympathy. And once someone pities them, they're pulled into the abyss—right where the demon wanted them. Into the despair it prepared."

He glanced toward Lisa.

"She may look pitiful now, but her heart is steeped in darkness. It won't be long before she hurts more people."

Dracon had come to understand something about Gavel—despite being from a wealthy background, he was a true gentleman. Compassionate, maybe even with a hint of a heroic tendency. But above all, he was a good person.

Dracon didn't want Gavel to give in to pity and stay behind with Lisa. He saw potential in that man—he was a rare talent, too valuable to be wasted on someone undeserving. That's why Dracon had spoken up—to give Gavel a much-needed wake-up call.

Gavel stood in silence, contemplating Dracon's words. As the last of the group boarded the trucks and Lisa looked at him with desperate, pleading eyes, he took a deep breath... and turned away, following Dracon.

Only then did Lisa rise to her feet, panic setting in. She tried to run after him, but the fear of being abandoned overwhelmed her. Her knees buckled, too weak to carry her forward.

She couldn't catch up to Gavel, whose long, hurried strides carried him farther and farther away—like a man afraid that if he slowed down for even a second, he might falter... and let his pity drag him back.

With only a brief moment to spare, Gavel climbed into the first truck where Dracon was waiting. Soon after, the entire convoy began to roll out, engines rumbling as they left Lisa behind.

She screamed and howled, her voice raw with desperation. Staggering to her feet, she tried to chase after them, stumbling more than once. But no matter how hard she pushed herself, her legs could never match the speed of the departing trucks.

As the convoy disappeared into the distance, she passed the broken-down truck—the same one the civilians had used. Driven by sheer desperation, she climbed into the damaged vehicle and started the engine, chasing after Kisha's convoy.

Just as Kisha had expected.

But the truck, having taken heavy damage from the mutated snakes, struggled to keep up. Its engine coughed and wheezed, the wheels grinding slowly along. It was no match for the speed of the Winters' well-maintained convoy.

What Sparrow hadn't openly reported was the true condition of the truck: three flat tires, one deformed beyond control, and a leaking fuel tank. It was barely holding together.

As Lisa struggled to keep it on the dirt road, she slammed her fists against the steering wheel in frustration, screaming, "Faster! Faster! You fucking useless truck!"

All her rage poured out on the vehicle as if shouting at it could force it to go faster. But it didn't. And when the last of Kisha's convoy disappeared from view, swallowed by the horizon and the dust of the trail, Lisa let out a guttural scream of despair.

She was alone—completely and terrifyingly alone.

The truck coughed one final time before sputtering to a stop, right in the middle of a field choked with tall, swaying grass.

Then came the sounds—soft rustling in the grass, leaves shifting against each other—subtle, but unnatural. Something was out there.

Watching.

Kisha sat in silence, gazing out the open window as the breeze tousled her hair. The cool wind felt soothing against her skin—calm, peaceful.

Then, from somewhere far behind, she heard it—Lisa's distant, blood-curdling scream echoing across the field.

Kisha's smile widened.

That scream was music to her ears—raw, broken, and exactly as she had imagined it would be.

In that moment, a vision flickered in her mind: the Kisha she used to be. Sweet. Kind. Gentle. That forgotten version of herself smiled softly at the present Kisha, then seemed to float toward her... and embrace her.

Kisha felt a tightness in her chest, a pang she couldn't quite name. But then, warmth bloomed in her heart—a strange comfort, as if even that long-buried part of her was finally at peace.