

Apocalypse 85

Chapter 85 Tristan's Other Side

Tristan's throat tightened, forcing him to swallow hard, while a bead of sweat formed on his forehead and traced a path down his chiseled jawline.

Once more, Tristan heard Vulture emit a groan before the words spilled from his lips. "I'll entrust that bastard to your care."

After that, all Tristan could hear was the sound of labored breathing and a thud against the door, followed by the slow slide of something along its surface. An intense scent of blood filled the confined space of the basement, saturating the air with its ominousness. His tense jaw loosened slightly, his entire focus now fixed on the assassin standing before him.

Tristan cleared his mind of all distractions, allowing instinct to guide his actions. An aura of bloodlust emanated from him, enveloping his body, while the calculated glint in his eyes transformed into that of a predator hunting its prey.

The assassin's skin prickled, a cold sweat breaking out on his back as he met Tristan's beast-like gaze, which tracked his every move. This was the Tristan Vulture had faced earlier, the Tristan who had shed all inhibitions, allowing his primal instincts to dominate his every sense.

The assassin perked up and guarded against Tristan more than before because he could tell that Tristan just became even more dangerous than he already was from earlier. His body's every fiber was screaming danger.

He assumed a defensive stance, his eyes scanning the surroundings for a potential escape route.

The young man lay prone on his belly, clutching a dagger in his right hand while blood seeped from a wound on his throat, his eyes wide open in shock but he was long dead because Vulture made sure to stab the young man from the back of his throat and the tip of his dagger even exited the young man's adam's apple.

Meanwhile, Vulture leaned against the door, his weakened form still sporting a smug smirk on his lips as he weakly observed the unfolding scene.

Vulture knew Tristan very well, he was not only a perfectionist but he was extremely cautious so he would certainly go out to scout the area and look for alternative exits so he did not move when he saw Tristan leave the room.

He kept his eyes closed, allowing his injured body to rest. However, just a minute later, another figure stealthily rose to their feet, taking care to move without attracting attention. Even those tending to Kisha and Duke had nodded off at some point, unaware of the figure's movements.

Seizing the opportunity, the young man slipped away unnoticed. Vulture sensed an unsettling intuition about him, a gut feeling urging him not to leave the young man unattended. Despite his aching body, Vulture dragged himself to his feet and followed at a distance. Eventually, he found himself led back to the lower basement, the same place from which they had all come.

Despite his injuries, Vulture managed to conceal his presence and silently trailed the young man. As the young man exited the staircase, Vulture cautiously approached the small glass window attached to the door, hoping to glean what lay beyond. Through the window, he witnessed Tristan locked in a standoff with an unknown, clearly hostile individual.

Though tempted to intervene, Vulture hesitated, fearing that his injury might only impede Tristan and the young man, rather than aid them.

But when he saw the young man pull a dagger while trying to sneak on Tristan, Vulture threw all his caution into the wind, and as soon as he exited the door, he swiftly plunged his dagger into the back of the young man's neck.

The young man emitted only a muffled groan, blood seeping from his mouth and throat as he collapsed to the floor. Vulture harbored no sympathy for him; in their world, traitors and moles garnered no compassion.

However, his swift assault on the young man strained his abdominal muscles and aggravated his broken rib, sending waves of excruciating pain coursing through him. Cold sweat drenched his brow, rendering him immobilized. Despite his agony, he leaned heavily against the door, determined to prevent the assassin from accessing the staircase leading to their comrades and their master.

Tristan grasped Vulture's mindset, knowing he had his support. Without hesitation, he confronted the assassin head-on. Initiating the attack, Tristan's agile movements forced the assassin into a defensive stance, rendering him unable to land a blow while enduring a barrage of relentless cuts from Tristan's onslaught.

Had he not defended himself promptly, Tristan's first strike would have likely found its mark at his throat. Despite the assassin's boast of agility and speed, they paled in comparison to Tristan's lethal prowess. With each relentless onslaught, Tristan's claws inflicted small but telling wounds, causing the assassin to bleed.

It was as if the once gentlemanly Tristan had transformed into a sadistic figure, reveling in the sight of his prey-rendered powerlessness.

As blood seeped from the myriad small cuts, the assassin's movements grew sluggish, his arms heavy and difficult to raise. Tristan methodically targeted the tendons in the assassin's ankles and wrists, further impairing his mobility. Even Vulture couldn't help but wince at the sorry state of the assassin after just 10 minutes of Tristan's relentless assault.

Tristan looked like a cat playing with a mouse that's already cornered.

"Now, now, shall we get to the main course?" Tristan's voice, laced with predatory intent, rose as he slowly lifted his eyes to meet the assassin's gaze, tinged with fear and weariness. With a smirk, Tristan continued, "Did the Coltons send you to sabotage our exit or to eliminate the Winter directly?" As he uttered the last words, a palpable aura of bloodlust enveloped him.

The assassin's pupils contracted upon hearing Tristan's words. They had believed their allegiance to the Coltons was concealed, merely masquerading as a mercenary from the shelter, dispatched to fulfill their mission. The scouting and other missions posted on the mission board were orchestrated by the Coltons themselves, and designed to provide cover.

They meticulously orchestrated their movements, ensuring the Winters remained unaware of their operations. Even if the Winters dispatched subordinates stationed in other cities or places, they wouldn't uncover anything. That is, of course, if any surviving Winters men were nearby. Despite this, they spared no effort in preparing to confront the Winters from the shadows.

Now, he sensed they had fallen into a trap. Urgency gripped him, compelling him to escape the clutches of the man before him. He needed to alert his comrades that the Winters were onto their plan, urging them to fortify their defenses.