

## Apocalypse 86

### Chapter 86 A Traitor Deserved

The assassin attempted to raise his foot, but Tristan mirrored his movement, indicating he was one step ahead. Sweat beaded on the assassin's forehead as he locked eyes with Tristan, grappling with his options. He couldn't afford to meet his end here. While he didn't possess crucial information, he understood the necessity of alerting his allies to the change of plan.

The young man introduced earlier had been planted as a mole by the Coltons in the Winters' base several years ago. Throughout this time, he meticulously followed orders from the Winters, refraining from making any suspicious moves or transmitting secret information to avoid tipping off Duke to their intentions.

However, when they discovered that Duke had sold off a significant portion of his business empire, they realized that something was amiss and decided to expedite their plan.

Duke's significant decision to sell off his properties and shares wasn't kept under wraps; it caused a stir in the upper echelons and garnered attention internationally from those monitoring Duke's activities. His assets were snapped up rapidly, generating widespread interest. Moreover, many individuals were eager to offer additional resources to Duke in exchange for a stake in his companies.

Tristan, being closely involved in managing the sales, had a thorough understanding of the process.

After the Winters' swift overnight operation, speculation ran rampant about Duke's intentions. It seemed as though he was preparing for a major confrontational war or event, prompting him to stockpile supplies. In the wake of the apocalypse, this raised suspicions now differ that Duke was somehow privy to some crucial information about the coming of the apocalypse.

Consequently, their objective shifted from merely eliminating the Winters to also seizing control of their valuable supplies.

The young man, acting as the Coltons' mole, provided critical intel on the Winters' recent movements, effectively serving as their guide. With Duke's impending arrival anticipated, the Coltons prepared for a full-scale assault.

Tasked with extracting information about the location of their supplies, the assassin was dispatched with the ultimate goal of eliminating Duke and his family after getting the information they wanted.

Unexpectedly, significant developments unfolded without their knowledge. It seemed the mole ceased communication, likely due to Duke's presence, prompting him to meet the assassin in person instead to convey vital information he gathered from Vulture's story and updates on Duke's condition.

However, this face-to-face encounter took an unforeseen turn, leading to unintended consequences for their plans.

But since the mole only has a low rank among Duke's group, he did not gather any vital information that's why they are dragging and just cornering the Winters until today, all the information he got was from what Vulture said.

And knowing that someone would come, he sneaked out to relay the information so that, whoever among the two escaped, at least both had the information to relay to their young master.

With the mole dead and the assassin now trapped, the situation grew dire. Uncertain of his next move to evade Tristan's relentless assault, the assassin found himself in a precarious position. Tristan, showing no mercy, unleashed a relentless barrage of attacks, leaving the assassin battered and helpless.

Tristan also realized this crucial information and his awareness heightened upon discovering the mole within their ranks. With this knowledge in mind, he swiftly honed in on the assassin's weaknesses, targeting both his physical vulnerabilities and his mental resilience.

Tristan aimed to extract any valuable information from the assassin, resorting to lethal force if necessary should the assassin prove uncooperative.

"Why don't you answer my question? Hmm?" Tristan repeated his eyes glimmering with cunningness and killing intent.

The assassin tightened his lips, his intentions evident. Tristan's expression soured as he shook his head. "Even if you stay silent," he warned, his smile stretching wider, morphing into something chillingly eerie. "We'll still find out."

The assassin knew that they fucked up, but before he could let out a sound, Tristan zoomed in on him almost instantly and stabbed his dagger on the assassin's chin upward towards his skull before he twisted it, making sure that he stirred what was inside his head.

Blood spurted from Tristan's dagger like a burst dam, drenching it, his hands, and even the floor, splattering onto his boots and pants. The assassin's life ended abruptly, yet Tristan remained impassive, his gaze unwavering.

With a detached air, he allowed the assassin's body to slump heavily onto the frigid ground before striding purposefully toward Vulture, who observed the macabre scene with stoic detachment.

"You still alive?" Tristan's voice cut through the tense silence as he gazed down at the young man, lifeless with eyes wide open. Memories flooded back—this young man, once like a younger brother to their group, had seen many of their comrades fall protecting him during their harrowing escape from City A and their relentless pursuers.

With a surge of anger threatening to overwhelm him, Tristan battled the urge to unleash it upon the lifeless form before him, a vessel of vengeance for his fallen brothers. Yet, he understood the futility of such emotions, reigning them in as he strode past the corpse. Crouching beside Vulture, who struggled to draw breath, Tristan's demeanor shifted to one of concern and focus.

"Still alive and breathing." Vulture chuckled lightly, attempting to alleviate the tension that weighed heavily in the air, knowing full well the turmoil Tristan must be experiencing and feeling shitty. His eyes briefly flitted to the lifeless body nearby before he continued, his tone sobering. "That's a fate befitting a traitor."

He didn't need to inquire about the events that unfolded while he and their master were absent, for the consequences were starkly evident in the scene before him. Entrusting Tristan with the helm during their absence must have weighed heavily on him, sensing the immense pressure and adversity that Tristan must have faced in leading their comrades in their struggle for survival.

But to find out that one of the people his protecting was a snake preparing to bite them to death must felt as shitty as hell.

No words of solace were necessary between the brothers, for they shared an unspoken understanding that transcended spoken language. In a silent moment of reverence, they closed their eyes, their

thoughts turned inward to honor the memories of their fallen comrades. Each fallen brother was a testament to sacrifice, offering their lives so that others, dear to them, might endure and survive.

With heartfelt prayers and gratitude, they paid homage to the departed, acknowledging their sacrifices for the brotherhood and the profound impact each had left on their lives.

As Tristan's thoughts settled, he rose to his feet, his gaze set on the inner section of the basement.

"Where to now?" Vulture inquired, pushing himself upright in an effort to accompany Tristan.

Tristan halted in his stride, pivoting to face Vulture before he spoke. "I'm going to inspect the sewers as a potential escape route. The door on the ground floor might not hold up for long, and I'm unsure if the zombie horde will disperse. We need contingency plans.

Besides, I don't know if the assassin that the Colton's sent is a death warrior, maybe he already did something to close the sewers to cut our exit." Tristan patiently explained because he was well aware that Vulture was quite slow in the uptake.