

Apocalypse 127

Chapter 127 Revenge was Served

Just as Sparrow had anticipated, the Coltons made their way to the garage, oblivious to the trap awaiting them. As they crowded around the first armored car and opened its door, an explosion ripped through the air, reducing the unfortunate soul who triggered it to nothing but pulp.

In a chain reaction, the other cars detonated one by one, ensnaring those seeking escape in a deadly dance of fire and metal.

Only a scant few who had been fighting at the very back remained alive. However, the force of the explosion had torn another hole in their defenses, allowing the ravenous horde of zombies to encircle them from all sides, leaving them besieged and utterly overwhelmed.

With nowhere to run, they were consumed by the ravenous horde, their desperate screams drowned out by the cacophony of zombie roars. The only remnants of the Coltons' camp were dark wisps of smoke rising from the ruins, where half of the building had been devoured by explosions. The scene was grisly, with limbs scattered almost everywhere, torn apart by the blasts and the onslaught of zombies.

This was the grim fate of what had befallen the other two remaining camps, stealthily rigged by Sparrow with explosives just like the one now facing him.

Sparrow patiently waited for the last of the Coltons' men to fall to the zombie horde's onslaught, ensuring no one managed to escape. After confirming the absence of survivors, he let out a sigh of relief. He then proceeded to check the other two camps, ensuring they too had been overrun without any survivors.

Finally, satisfied with the outcome, he made his way back to Kisha and his master to report the success of their retaliation.

Realizing he had finally avenged his fallen brothers who suffered at the hands of the Coltons, tears welled in Sparrow's eyes, blurring his vision. He paused for a moment, allowing his emotions to flow freely. The memories of his brothers' suffering and the grim fate they endured haunted him, reminiscent of the horrors he and Vulture had witnessed in City A's west district.

The sorry state of those they failed to save lingered in his mind, a constant reminder of the atrocities committed by their enemies.

Sparrow wept like a child, his tears a testament to the pain and loss of those lost souls. Through his tears, he murmured softly, repeating the solemn vow, "Brothers, your deaths have been avenged."

Upon hearing the resounding echoes of the distant explosion, Kisha sensed that Sparrow had executed his mission flawlessly. A wave of relief washed over her, loosening the tension in her muscles and calming her mind.

Glancing at Duke, she noticed his solemn expression, perhaps reflecting on the closure brought by avenging his fallen subordinate, granting them peace after the injustice of their deaths.

Kisha sensed Duke's sorrow, but she was unsure of how to comfort him. Nevertheless, she chose to stand by his side, silently offering her support as she held his hand. She felt a momentary flinch in his grip before he clasped her hand tightly as if seeking solace in her presence. Together, they stood in silence, their gaze directed towards the sky above.

Kisha observed a hint of sadness in Duke's reddened eyes, his lips pressed together in a contemplative manner as he released a long, heavy sigh.

A somber mood enveloped the room, casting a heavy silence that lingered for half an hour. Eventually, Duke turned to Kisha and wordlessly drew her into his embrace. With a tremble in his voice, he murmured, "Thank you.

It's all thanks to you that I managed to save my family and avenge my people." Gratitude laced his words, and Kisha felt him quiver slightly as he continued, "I don't know what I did to deserve this in my past life, but I'm grateful you found me." Tenderly, he pressed a kiss to Kisha's forehead, a gesture filled with appreciation and affection.

Kisha felt a lump in her throat after hearing Duke's heartfelt words. She had yet to tell him the painful truth about how he had died in her previous life. Fear gripped her at the thought of his reaction, but she knew she couldn't keep it a secret forever. She just needed time to prepare herself for whatever response Duke might have.

She felt Duke's strong heartbeat gradually calm down. Slowly, she encircled her arms around his lean, strong waist and gently patted his back, hoping to soothe his nerves.

After half an hour, Duke hadn't moved, prompting Kisha to lift her head and check on him. She expected to find him still feeling down but instead saw his amused eyes and foxy grin. Narrowing her eyes, she stopped patting his back and asked, "Do you plan on letting go anytime soon?"

"Why? I'm just enjoying my wife's pampering," Duke answered innocently. Kisha felt a surge of irritation, realizing he had been savoring the moment while she worried about him. It seemed Duke never missed a chance to flirt and tease her. Yet, despite her urge to get angry, she couldn't. This playful, endearing side of Duke was one she had never seen before, and she found herself appreciating it deeply.

"Okay then, I'll pamper you more from now on," Kisha murmured under her breath, thinking Duke hadn't heard her.

But then Duke responded with a playful grin, "I can't wait for your pampering, my dear wife."

Kisha choked on her saliva and felt an urge to hit Duke. He could have just nodded or stayed quiet if he heard her, but he had to tease her, making her feel embarrassed in front of his people, especially his family. Her face turned red up to her ears, and seeing her reaction, Duke's somber mood lifted, his eyes crinkling into satisfied crescents.

Seeing the couple return to their playful banter, everyone's mood lifted. They watched in amusement as Duke and Kisha teased each other like children. This side of Duke was new to them, even after all the years they'd spent with him. It was as if he shed his cold, indifferent exterior whenever he was with Kisha. With her, he felt more human and alive than he ever had before.

Mrs. Winters appreciated Kisha even more for this. Not only did Kisha help share her son's burdens, but she also brought him out of his shell, enabling him to live a happier life. She had already seen her son smile more than ever before, and unlike his business smile, his current smiles were genuine and raw, reflecting how much he valued Kisha and her company.

This made her appreciate Kisha even more. Although she also liked Melody for her sensible and understanding nature, Melody had never been able to get close to her son. Mrs. Winters had hoped Melody would warm her son's heart just as she had with Duke's father, but now she realized it took the right person to complete the job, and Melody was not that person.

She felt guilty, knowing she almost ruined her son's happiness by pushing for a marriage before he found the right person. She would have felt bad for Kisha too, seeing how genuine she was with her son, protecting and respecting him.

Mrs. Winters also noticed how Kisha, normally cold, opened up around Duke, shedding her tough exterior. It was clear to her now that the two were made for each other. Letting out a satisfied sigh, she watched the couple in front of her, grateful for the happiness they brought each other.