

## Apocalypse 148

Chapter 148 Aston McMillan

As Kisha suspected, the soldier was visibly shocked by this revelation, staggering backward in surprise. His thoughts were inscrutable to them, but they could hear him take a deep breath as he regained his composure. In an instant, his emotions vanished from his face, replaced by a stoic expression.

He also took care to inquire about the specifics of the explosions and their exact location, aligning with Kisha's intentions. She willingly shared the information, ensuring to mention that they hadn't encountered any additional survivors outside. This strategic move aimed to imply that the individuals they were seeking were likely still at large, potentially engaged in conflict with those camps.

Kisha surmised that the soldier would likely dispatch a team of skilled soldiers to verify the information they provided, particularly regarding the explosions. However, she remained unconcerned about the duration of their investigation. Even if they were placed under surveillance for an extended period, Kisha was confident in maintaining the authenticity of their account.

Since they had already provided a detailed map of the western district and the camps' locations, the investigators wouldn't need to scour the entire area. Instead, they could plan their routes efficiently to ensure they reached the specific destinations marked on the map.

After ensuring Kisha had said everything necessary, and to prevent the soldier from pressing for more answers, Duke stepped in front of Kisha, feigning impatience and exhaustion. "Can we get our rewards now? We've been traveling for days and we're tired," he said succinctly. His brief words conveyed everything needed.

The soldier understood that further questions would yield no more information, so his next step was to verify what had been shared.

He reached for the walkie-talkie beside him and called out, "Prepare the supplies for the mission's reward for scouting the western district." He paused, looking at Kisha, then added, "Also, call unit one. I have a mission for them." After issuing his instructions, he set down the walkie-talkie and remained silent, not dismissing Kisha and her team.

As a result, they continued to wait patiently for their reward.

He then fell into deep contemplation, but Kisha and her team paid little attention, focused solely on waiting for their supplies so they could leave promptly. After half an hour, a knock sounded on the door, breaking the silence. The soldier finally spoke again, his stern and powerful voice reverberating throughout the room. "Come in."

After hearing the acknowledgment, another soldier entered the room. "Commander, the supplies have been prepared outside. They can take them away at any time," he reported before excusing himself and leaving the room.

After hearing that, Kisha and the rest were about to leave to get their supplies waiting outside. However, as soon as they turned, they heard a conspicuous throat-clearing. Kisha sensed that the soldier had something more to say, but she had no intention of waiting around for him to speak. They continued to walk out, and on their second step, they heard the man say.

"I want to hire you for an escort mission. The reward will be three times what you're getting now," the soldier said, as if he had deliberated over the offer for a long time and was now reluctantly offering a substantial reward.

But who were Kisha and Duke? One was a savvy businessman and the other had no shortage of supplies. They already had a good idea of what the mission entailed, and the danger wasn't the issue. Whether the soldier was testing them or genuinely needed extra hands was a concern they could address later.

But perhaps due to exhaustion or because her brain was busy concocting more plans, Kisha almost missed a significant piece of information. The soldier who came in earlier had referred to the man before them as "Commander." It was as if a lightning bolt struck her, and her mind buzzed for a moment, realizing the importance of this detail.

No wonder he looked somewhat familiar to her, though she couldn't place where she had met him before. His face was still clean and devoid of the ghastly scar that, in her memory, consumed almost half of his face. He also hadn't grown a beard yet and didn't look nearly as haggard as she remembered.

He was Aston McMillan, an army commander at the age of 27, hailing from a distinguished military family. Tragically, his grandfather and mother did not make it to the shelter, as he was far away and burdened with responsibilities. It was the typical story of a hero who sacrifices their loved ones for the greater good.

However, he was a bit different. He genuinely tried to save them, but a mission coincided with the apocalypse, keeping him too far away. When he finally rushed back in a CIA chopper, he found the entire mansion engulfed in flames.

Whether his family chose this to avoid turning into flesh-eating monsters or because they knew they wouldn't survive and didn't want to burden Aston, it was the worst decision they could have made. This event caused Aston immense heartache and PTSD.

The reason he looked familiar to Kisha wasn't just because he was a commander, but because he served under Duke as his Minister of Defense. Aston had worked with Kisha from time to time on the base's

defense, though they barely exchanged more than a few words. Knowing this person was Aston, Kisha started to let her guard down. She knew Aston was a righteous person who could be trusted.

He might be looking for the Winters out of genuine concern since the McMillan family was one of the eight great families of City A, giving him and Duke a solid connection.

However, precisely because of this connection, she couldn't simply inform him about the Winters. If her memory served her right, Aston had been betrayed, leading to the ghastly scar on his face—a constant reminder that a traitor had been close to him. Who that person was still remained unknown to Kisha.

This mission offer might be closely related to how Duke survived the Western District in their previous life. Aston might have played a significant role in that survival. It could be because of this very mission that Duke managed to escape the Western District and avoid the Coltons.

The traitor in Aston's midst was likely bought off by the Coltons, intending to deal with both Duke and Aston simultaneously. However, they failed when Duke and Aston joined forces to fight back.