

Apocalypse 158

Chapter 158 To the Next Stop

Even though Aston's allegiance to the Winters was apparent, his overt determination to locate and rescue them from the outside exposed him to scrutiny from the enemies of the Winters. This heightened attention meant that every move Aston made would be closely monitored by the Coltons and their allies.

It's highly likely that any information Aston possessed would swiftly become common knowledge among the Coltons, thanks to the spotlight on his actions and the traitor who's feeding these pieces of information to the Coltons.

To deceive the Coltons effectively, Aston's collaboration was crucial. There's a saying that goes, "To fool your enemies, you must first fool your allies." By employing this strategy, they could mislead even a potential mole in their midst, maintaining control over the narrative and concealing the truth from prying eyes.

After Aston concluded their investigation, a somber silence settled over the group as they reluctantly returned to the truck. Their journey now led them to the western part, a path that stretched farther with each passing mile. Sparrow navigated cautiously along the outskirts of the southern area, aiming for the distant reaches of the western part.

Meanwhile, Aston remained lost in contemplation, his mind grappling with the implications of Duke's brutal tactics. Instinctively, he recognized the telltale signs of the Winters' involvement in this massacre.

Examining the blown opening at the entrance, Aston inferred that someone intentionally breached it, allowing the zombie horde access to the camp. The strategic positioning of the undead hinted at a deliberate orchestration rather than a random occurrence. Connecting the dots, Aston concluded that the Winters, under Duke's command, orchestrated the attack.

A subtle smile graced his stern countenance as he realized that Duke had finally shown himself to help the Winters.

Because as far as he could remember before the Winters left the shelter just so they wouldn't implicate the innocent people with the clan's dispute, there was only the grandfather, father, and mother of the Winters along with their elite bodyguards led by Tristan.

How could Aston be certain that Duke had joined forces with the Winters? It boiled down to a straightforward deduction. While the Winters were known for their cold demeanor, they lacked Duke's sheer ruthlessness. Moreover, their resources and skills were unlikely to allow for a covert infiltration of a Coltons camp, especially one brimming with surveillance equipment and top-grade firearms.

Aston reasoned that Duke must have enlisted reinforcements, bolstering their numbers to execute such a plan. However, he remained perplexed by how they managed to evade detection by the vigilant Coltons personnel and successfully execute this plan.

Unbeknownst to Aston, who was deep in contemplation, both Kisha and Duke observed him silently. However, they weren't the only ones; another pair of eyes keenly tracked Aston's every move. It was evident that Aston had sensed something amiss but remained uncertain about the conclusion he had reached.

Following their initial stop, a solemn hush enveloped the truck. Each occupant wore a somber expression, grappling with the tragic demise of the Coltons. Despite any personal animosity toward them, the manner of their deaths struck a chord. There lingered a pervasive sense of hopelessness as if an invisible net had ensnared the Coltons, leaving no chance of escape.

It was clear that whoever set the trap was intent on ensuring the Coltons' demise.

In truth, Duke felt a profound dissatisfaction after witnessing the aftermath of Sparrow's scheme. He couldn't help but harbor disdain for Sparrow's approach. In Duke's mind, he envisioned a much more visceral and calculated strategy.

He would have ensured that every individual in the Coltons' camp was restrained, forced to watch helplessly as their fellow comrades were devoured one by one by the ravenous zombies.

The psychological torment inflicted upon the Coltons would be excruciating, as they faced the horrifying prospect of being slowly consumed alive, witnessing the gruesome demise of their comrades, and grappling with the remorse of choosing allegiance with the wrong faction.

Duke's vision was clear: before delivering the final blow, he would ensure that his enemies endured a brief but agonizing taste of hell on earth. Renowned for his ruthless nature, Duke harbored no reservations about exacting vengeance upon his adversaries. The memory of how the Coltons had mistreated his men and the manner in which they had perished fueled his desire for retribution.

He was determined to make the Coltons experience the same anguish and suffering his men had endured before meeting their tragic end.

With the Coltons' men now deceased, Duke saw no point in lamenting the past. Instead, he harbored a steely determination to exact vengeance upon the Coltons' family. He intended to subject them to the same torment they had inflicted upon his own men, making them pay dearly for targeting his loved ones in his absence.

Duke vowed to ensure that the Coltons experienced firsthand the agony and suffering endured by his men, particularly those who had perished under their tyranny.

Duke harbored no illusions of being a saint; he was prepared to embrace his role as a demon if it meant safeguarding his people and instilling fear in their adversaries. His moniker "Tyrant" was not bestowed without reason.

Although he tempered his actions in deference to Kisha's presence, the recent aggression against his family by the vermin of his enemies left him no choice but to unleash his full fury upon them. Duke relished the prospect of orchestrating their downfall, savoring every moment of their inevitable demise once they fell into his grasp.

At that moment, the Young Master of the Coltons felt an icy chill slither down his spine, sending shivers through his body before dissipating into nothingness. He remained attentive as the report detailed the findings of the teams dispatched to investigate the explosion and its aftermath.

Among the findings was the unsettling revelation that communication with their people had been lost, and none had returned.

He was extremely pissed that he started kicking the young man under his feet, the young man who looked only 17-19 years old with a pretty face. Crying because of the pain he was experiencing over his whole body, he was bruised black and blue in all places while he was naked and shivering.

He couldn't even stand up on his own now, the Coltons' Young Master was looking at the young man with cold eyes, the Coltons' Young Master was still wearing his black robe with a grim expression like he was ready to kill anyone at this point.

The young man sobbed and pleaded for his life to be spared. "Young Master, please, have mercy on me. I will make sure to pleasure you and do my best." The young man said between sobs, he was already having a hard time speaking with his aching body but he was more afraid of dying than anything else, what's pride and his integrity if it only means that he dies early?

"Oh?! Is that so?" An evil grin played on the Coltons' Young Master's lips before he continued. "Then, why don't you lick my cock like an ice cream and I'd think about if I should keep you or not? Depending on your performance, you will...." He then cackles like a madman