

Apocalypse 167

Chapter 167 The Jealous Duke

They harbored this thought that if there was no mole in their midst, none of their brothers would have died tragically like that, and if that was the case, by now, they might have been silently building up their base up the mountains where they could start farming and growing the livestock while hoping for a better future from there.

But, there was no 'What ifs' in this world as much as there was no medicine for regret. Sparrow and Vulture assumed their roles as the night watch with solemn determination. Though a torrent of thoughts flooded their minds, they silently acknowledged the need to steady their emotions, ensuring that their duties remained unaffected by the weight of their contemplations.

During this quiet interlude, Sparrow and Vulture found themselves reflecting on Kisha's unspoken sacrifices and steadfast support throughout their mission to locate Duke's family. They recognized that their safety and success were owed in no small part to her efforts, deepening their appreciation for her and reinforcing their unwavering faith in her abilities.

Just as they had always trusted Duke implicitly, they now stood ready to risk everything to ensure Kisha's well-being.

As Kisha slumbered, unaware of the development, she unknowingly acquired two steadfast allies. Sparrow and Vulture, like loyal hounds, pledged their unwavering allegiance. They were poised to heed her every command without hesitation, ready to stand by her side, even in potential conflicts with Duke.

After precisely four hours had elapsed, Aston and his team began to rouse one by one, emerging from their slumber as if they had enjoyed a long and restorative rest. Stretching their limbs and blinking with sleepy eyes, they surveyed the room with mild confusion. They couldn't fathom how they had ended up asleep on the floor without seeking out a more comfortable spot.

Many among them seemed oblivious to the fact that they had been drugged and were dangerously close to meeting their demise.

Aston alone seemed attuned to the abnormality of the situation, his senses sharpened with suspicion as he scanned the room. "What's going on?" he inquired, his voice raspy with wariness. His gaze settled on Duke, who held Kisha in a protective embrace in one corner. Casting a quick count of the room's occupants, he noted three missing figures.

Though he entertained the possibility that they might have taken the night watch, a disquieting feeling lingered, telling him that all was not as it should be.

Duke wasted no time in recounting the events that unfolded while they were unconscious, divulging the unsettling truth. "We had an unwelcome visitor—a traitor from your team—who saw fit to drug us all," he revealed candidly.

Aston grappled with disbelief as Duke's words sank in. The idea that someone from his trusted team could betray them felt unfathomable. He wrestled with denial, unable to accept the notion that a member he relied on could orchestrate such a betrayal. Suspicion gnawed at him, prompting him to question Duke's account and contemplate ulterior motives.

Accepting the truth seemed inconceivable in the face of such betrayal.

"That's impossible!!!" Aston's disbelief erupted into a roar of denial, his eyes ablaze with anger. In a frantic search for answers, he scanned the room, realizing that one of his team members was conspicuously absent. "Where have you taken my team?!" he demanded, rising abruptly from the floor.

The sudden shift in Aston's demeanor startled those around him, who were already reeling from the shocking revelation.

Aston's typically composed demeanor had vanished, replaced by an unsteady stance and a wild look in his eyes. He lurched toward Duke, driven by a sudden surge of aggression. But his swift advance and the palpable aura of hostility he exuded jolted Kisha awake, and in a swift, fluid motion, she intercepted him, pinning him to the ground with surprising ease.

With a dagger poised dangerously close to his face, the gravity of the situation hung thick in the air.

Thud-

Swoosh-

Crack-

The room was filled with a resounding thud as Aston hit the floor, and the unmistakable sound of a blade embedding itself in the wooden surface followed. Despite just awakening, Kisha's eyes bore none of the grogginess typical of someone roused from sleep. Instead, they gleamed with a sharpness that cut through the air like a blade.

An aura of deadly intent emanated from her, suffusing the room with an oppressive weight. In that moment, she seemed less like someone who had just risen from slumber and more like a seasoned

warrior on a battlefield. Aston found himself momentarily stunned by Kisha's commanding presence, his anger momentarily forgotten in the face of her unexpected assertiveness.

Aston's gaze fell upon the glimmering blade beside him, a stark reminder of the lethal force Kisha had wielded. He couldn't help but wonder what might have happened if she hadn't recognized him at the last moment.

The intensity of her vigilance was reminiscent of her former life, where safety was a fleeting concept and the threat of ambush by evolved zombies was ever-present, even in their moments of rest.

Aston's hostility and sudden movement just woken her instinct up and he was lucky that she did stop in the nick of time. After a while, Aston also regained his composure, but before he could come back up and fight with Kisha, Kisha was already hauled by Duke with a hint of jealousy because she was sitting in on someone else's chest.

Caught off guard by Duke's resentful gaze and questioning expression, Kisha's irritation dissipated, replaced by confusion. Arching her eyebrows, she inquired, "What's the matter with you?"

"Why are you sitting in someone else's chest, not mine?" Duke's question injected an unexpected twist into the tense atmosphere, morphing it into an awkward moment. Eyes darted between Duke, Kisha, and Aston before quickly shifting away. Despite the gravity of the situation, Duke's jealous inquiry sparked a flicker of amusement.

The absurdity of his jealousy, juxtaposed with Kisha's imposing presence, momentarily diverted their attention from the pressing issue at hand.

Kisha's embarrassment swelled as Duke's jealousy resurfaced, prompting her to quickly divert her gaze. Sensing the need to diffuse the tension, she shifted the focus. "What's happening? Why all the commotion?"

"I should be the one asking, what did you guys do to my team?!" Aston's voice was thick with resentment as he struggled to rise from the floor. He felt as if he and his team were mere pawns on a chessboard, ready to be sacrificed at any moment according to Kisha and her team's whims. The disbelief lingered in his tone as he confronted them, demanding answers for what had been done to his team.

He was in a defensive stance as he backed away a few times.

Kisha knew all too well what Aston was feeling and how confusing and painful it was to be betrayed so he was in denial, especially when he did not witness the so-called betrayal by his people, so it was natural for him to suspect her, and her team in manipulating the matter and placing this stigma in his people.

She's been in this situation a few times and even though she knew that this was not the first time Aston must be in this situation, as a soldier, they are all too familiar with this scenario and they also knew that many people frame others while the pot is calling the kettle black, so what matters is the evidence.