

Apocalypse 169

Chapter 169 The Evidence 2

Aston couldn't bear to hear any more of the venomous words spewing from Chad's mouth, so he immediately stopped the video. Every word Chad uttered only solidified the realization of whom he was colluding with and why he had been there. Aston had heard loud and clear Chad's intentions and who he was working for, and now everything clicked into place.

The reason Aston couldn't uncover the mole in his group from the start was that the traitor had been right beside him, privy to all his secret commands and aware of every route he would take. Aston realized that everything he had believed about Chad was merely a facade, carefully constructed to gain his trust from the outset.

His enemy had been prepared to scheme against him all along, and now, amidst the chaos, they saw their chance to strike. Aston felt as though he had been drained of his usefulness and that killing him would be effortless for his enemies.

Aston clenched his fist into a tight ball, his teeth grinding together until he could taste the faint tang of iron in his mouth. The metallic taste brought a sudden realization of how foolish he had been all along—nurturing a snake in his own midst, unaware that it would soon swallow him whole like an anaconda.

He had come dangerously close to perishing without even understanding how it had happened, and in the process, almost dragged some innocent people down with him. Aston handed the phone back to Kisha without finishing the video. After hearing Chad's intentions and the identity of his collaborators, Aston lost all desire to watch further.

It seemed futile; it wouldn't change anything other than confirming Chad's betrayal and his sinister agenda to eliminate them once he had accomplished his mission—either recruiting Kisha and her team or eliminating them if they refused to join the Coltons along with Aston and his remaining people.

Kisha refrained from adding to Aston's burden; she had no inclination to kick a person who was already down. Instead, she allowed him the space to process everything on his own and decide his course of action.

"Host, aren't you crafty? You knew he wouldn't continue watching the video to see how the traitor met his end in your hands, and that he would ask how that was possible, didn't you?" 008 giggled knowingly inside Kisha's head.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Kisha feigned ignorance, playing dumb to 008's remarks.

"I was anticipating his reaction when he sees the glint of the flying dagger slicing through his friend's neck and wondered about it," 008 continued. "I even speculated on a few answers you might provide, like using an invisible string to pull the dagger in your direction, akin to a real secret agent like James Bond in the movies, or employing some hidden mechanism." 008 sighed.

"Well, jokes aside, he must truly be reeling from this news, much like you were when you were first betrayed by the person you trusted the most, only to be cast aside and abandoned."

Upon hearing 008's words, Kisha's eyes gleamed with a dangerous glint as memories of betrayal and abandonment flooded her mind. However, she quickly pushed these memories aside; they were wounds from the past that she had long attempted to forget, and she had no desire to revisit the pain they caused.

After she clarified matters with Aston and the others, particularly regarding the fate of the Traitor, they all reacted with horror upon learning of Duke and the others' actions. Aston, however, remained impassive, his gaze fixed on Kisha and her team, lost in his own thoughts.

While the others couldn't discern his inner turmoil, they sensed his sadness and understood that he needed time to process his emotions. Depression was a natural response, and they respected his need for space.

After the day's tumultuous events, they retired for the night to gather strength for the journey ahead. Despite the weight of the day weighing heavily on their minds, they knew the importance of rest. Though sleep eluded them, they compelled themselves to at least get some sleep.

In a few hours, another pair relieved Sparrow and Vulture, who had been tirelessly navigating the streets throughout the day. Recognizing their exhaustion, the new pair took over, allowing Sparrow and Vulture a much-needed sleep.

As Kisha prepared to drift into sleep, she noticed Aston seated nearby, lost in contemplation. His distant gaze suggested he was grappling with the day's revelations or perhaps reminiscing about past events. Sensing her focus on Aston, Duke playfully covered her eyes with his large hands, drawing her into his embrace.

"Caught sneaking glances at another man, hmm?" Duke's teasing whisper brushed against Kisha's ear, laced with a hint of possessive jealousy.

She hadn't realized Duke could be so possessive and jealous, perhaps because he hadn't felt secure enough to express it openly before. As he playfully pinched her waist, Kisha felt a surge of electricity run through her body, his voice carrying a magnetic allure that drew her thoughts solely to him.

"How should I punish you, hmm?" Duke's whisper sent shivers down her spine and her scalp tingling, causing her to squirm slightly in response. With her eyes still covered, every sensation seemed heightened, making her acutely aware of his presence and touch.

Kisha's breath caught in her throat as she felt Duke's hand gliding slowly from her waist to her back. "My dear wife, what punishment should I bestow upon you for gazing at other men?" Duke's tone held a playful teasing, yet beneath it, there lingered a palpable sense of jealousy.

Perhaps his current disguise left him feeling a bit insecure, knowing Aston would stand out, appearing more handsome and dashing in comparison.

He sensed that Kisha was going to great lengths to win Aston over to their side, to the point where she seemed to orchestrate this particular outcome for Aston. Now, catching her staring at him only fueled his suspicion further.

Noticing the insecurity and underlying resentment in Duke's voice, Kisha couldn't help but chuckle softly. As Duke's hand roamed her body, teasing her while his mind seemed consumed by jealousy, he occasionally pinched her, eliciting gasps from her. She couldn't discern whether Duke's actions were intentional, perhaps to assert his ownership over her in front of others.

After catching Duke's hand that was exploring her body, she gently traced circles in his palm, her eyes still covered but her melodious chuckle indicating her enjoyment. Leaning back against Duke's chest, she used him as a comfortable support.

Whispering softly, she reassured him, "How could I possibly be interested in anyone else when I'm married to the most handsome and remarkable man in the entire country? Remember when girls from

all over were vying for your attention?" Playfully, she pinched Duke's index finger. "My only intention was to recruit Aston, a talented and strong individual, to lighten our workload.

With more help, we could have more time for each other, don't you think?" Her words were matter-of-fact, eliciting a wide smile from Duke, his eyes turning into crescents.

He was relieved to hear that everything his wife was doing was for their future. Easily believing her words, he let go of his resentment and jealousy right away, feeling reassured by her sincerity and commitment to their deepening relationship.