

Apocalypse 176

Chapter 176 Looking for the Winters

As they made their way to the third camp, Duke remained absorbed in his task of thinking up names. Kisha let him be and took the opportunity to rest. The others, unaware of what had happened while Kisha and Duke were away, focused solely on their mission.

From time to time, they would stop the truck to see if they could gather more supplies from the convenience stores and minimarts they encountered on the road. These stops took some time, but with Kisha and her team's help, dealing with the nearby zombies became easier, and they managed to secure more supplies.

The supplies left on the racks or in warehouses were items Aston's team couldn't collect due to limited space and time constraints. They marked these locations on the map to send a team to gather the supplies later. However, unbeknownst to them, Kisha, who always stayed at the back, would discreetly store all the remaining supplies in her inventory before they left.

Now, those marks on the map would be considered useless and empty. Aston would only discover this when Sparrow mentions it in passing after noticing the marks on the map in the future. Even Kisha had forgotten about it.

Yeah, she has accumulated a lot of supplies by now, but she has a habit of hoarding. Someone like her, who has experienced hunger and fought for her life against zombies just to secure a few boxes of food, has developed a fear of not having enough. Over time, she has become hesitant to leave valuable supplies behind, especially once she has set her sights on them.

In her previous life, Duke would often tease her for acting like a squirrel, hoarding food in her little tree holes. She didn't feel embarrassed about it, though, because it benefited not just herself but the whole

community. She justified her actions, believing that more provisions were always a welcome asset. After all, who would turn down additional resources?

At this point, their truck was already halfway full. Aston decided to halt the search for more supplies as he pondered where the Winters would sit once they found them. He directed the group to focus solely on the mission from now on.

They successfully investigated the third and fourth locations, confirming through markings, dried blood on the walls, and the presence of corpses—some untouched by zombies—that Kisha's account was accurate. Despite thorough analysis and calculations, the evidence didn't support suspicions of Kisha and her group being responsible for the attack on the Coltons.

As a result, they were removed from the list of suspects.

But something doesn't add up, and it's not sitting well with Aston. Apart from the first location they investigated—clearly attacked differently from the first target—the subsequent attacks on the other three locations were identical. However, Aston couldn't find any human traces around the buildings, and it didn't seem like the work of a coordinated group. This inconsistency was perplexing for him.

He couldn't fathom one person executing the job alone, as infiltrating the Coltons was nearly impossible. They were overly cautious, perpetually sweeping the camp for listening devices and potential threats daily. The evidence indicated explosives were strategically planted around the building and neighboring structures.

The scale of the operation suggested a large group was involved, yet no traces were left behind. The mystery confounded him, leaving Aston unable to comprehend the situation.

Aston's current concern centered around the possibility that if the group responsible wasn't the Winters, then the Winters themselves might be in danger. Alternatively, there could be a third party orchestrating attacks on both the Coltons and the Winters simultaneously, aiming to exploit the chaos for their own gain.

However, despite pondering the scenario extensively, he couldn't formulate any plausible theories without solid evidence to guide their investigation.

He set aside his thoughts for the moment and paused to contemplate his next move. Going back empty-handed wasn't an option, although they had managed to gather some supplies along the way. However, their primary mission remained unfinished. There was only one location in the western district left for him to investigate—they had covered nearly every corner except the central area.

If the Winters hadn't left City B or relocated elsewhere, it likely meant they were trapped in the center. Kisha's team had reported a concentration of zombies there, possibly explaining why the Winters couldn't escape.

He swiftly decided they should head to the central area to investigate, hoping they weren't already too late. After announcing his decision, although some of his team members were hesitant and nervous, none abandoned their post. They all followed his commander towards the central part of the city.

Kisha and Duke exchanged glances, both of them having monitored Aston closely from the beginning. Duke, particularly cautious because Kisha hadn't yet disclosed Aston's role as their minister of defense in their previous lives, remained guarded, uncertain of Aston's intentions for looking for his family.

But since they were also curious about what Aston and his team were up to, and considering they were currently engaged in a shelter mission, they decided to follow suit.

Sparrow brought the truck to a halt just outside the outskirts of the central area, knowing that driving through the zombies would risk getting stuck and pose a greater danger. Aston agreed with the decision, so they concealed the truck in a nearby parking lot, blending it in with other large vehicles already parked there.

Since Kisha's team's navigational skills had already been tested and the entire team now fully trusted them, Aston delegated scouting to Sparrow while Kisha handled navigation. Halfway through their journey, as the number of zombies thickened, Kisha searched for alternatives. However, Sparrow and Vulture reminded her that the sewers were not an option.

The Coltons had blown open an entrance previously, and now the sewers were infested with roaming zombies. It would be too risky to use them and risk being trapped without an exit later on.

Having been reminded of this, Kisha nodded and glanced around, contemplating a solution. If it were just her and her team, this issue wouldn't pose a threat because they have their awakened abilities. But with additional people who were unaware of these abilities, she couldn't afford to take any risks. Kisha wasn't certain whether she had completely eliminated the Coltons from their midst.

Her caution stemmed from a fear of the Coltons discovering the awakened abilities, which could lead to them exploiting these powers to harm her people or terrorize the innocents. She knew all too well that such power could tempt them to play godlike roles.

But right now, they couldn't afford to continue like this. It posed a danger not just to Aston's men, but to her team as well. If things went wrong, she and her people would be the first in harm's way. Kisha wasn't willing to gamble with their lives in an uncertain and dangerous situation.

Seeing Kisha's hesitation, Aston stepped in to offer a solution. "Why don't we use the drones to check if there are any survivors here?" he suggested.

Kisha raised an eyebrow, feeling a sudden urge to strangle Aston. If they had drones, why hadn't he mentioned them earlier? Aston sensed the cold rush wash over his body and looked up, only to see Kisha's annoyance embedded on her face and he guiltily rubbed his nose.