

Apocalypse 212

Chapter 212 Time for Action

When she could no longer hold herself back, Kisha pretended to be tired, and fortunately, Alex didn't disappoint her. He led her straight to the room he had prepared. It was spacious, themed in white and gold, complete with a sofa set and a queen-size bed. Adjacent to the room was a spacious bathroom, and a wardrobe filled with women's clothes awaited her inside.

After closing the door and ensuring Alex had left, Kisha couldn't help but let out an angry snort as she scanned the room. 'Does he keep his favorite toys here, only to discard them to die in the dungeon when he's tired of them?' Kisha thought bitterly, her hand running over the soft leather of the sofa.

Her eyes darkened with a hint of rage, a surge of bloodlust escaping her as her core trembled with anger.

She was surprised at herself for enduring his touchy hands without snapping. Perhaps it was her feelings for Duke that enabled her to endure, replaying in her mind that it was for Duke's sake, to prevent him from being consumed by his own demons, which she feared might happen.

She surmised that the Coltons were his demons in her previous life, along with the case of his people and his family's deaths, which led him to become more detached and unfeeling. She had seen him kill a number of people without blinking or saying anything, witnessing his cold and broken side in her previous life. She didn't want to see him like that in this life either.

Duke was in so much pain that he couldn't even articulate it, choosing instead to lock up all his emotions inside. She felt that if she left the Coltons in his hands, perhaps in this life, he would be able to vent his anger and seek revenge for his people and himself from his past life.

So now, all she could do was wait patiently. While she waited, she glanced around the room, opting not to check the door since she had heard the distinct click of the lock. Alex had locked her inside the room, evidently to prevent her from wandering about his underground hideout.

She remained composed, knowing she needed to locate the dungeon before taking action. Subtly, she explored every nook and cranny of the room, feigning curiosity while discreetly checking for hidden cameras.

"Master, you don't need to look around. Your husband has already hijacked all the cameras in the villa, including the one in your room right now. We're just searching for the blueprint of the underground hideout," Bell's reassuring voice echoed in her head, causing her stiff shoulders to relax and a smile to escape her lips.

Duke's efficiency in action promised to save her significant time. Despite this advantage, 008 continued its own scanning, which would be invaluable for Kisha's movements. The race was on to see who would secure the layout first. Bell wasted no time either, ensuring her scarlet bees scoured every inch thoroughly.

Since she couldn't take any action or move at that moment, Kisha obediently lay on the bed, attempting to rest and regain her energy for the impending confrontation with the Coltons.

She only needed to wait another hour. By that time, Duke and Bell had obtained the complete layout of the underground hideout, and 008 had pinpointed where the people were most concentrated. Armed with this information, Kisha now knew which areas to avoid on her way to the dungeon. It wasn't that she feared the confrontation, but she preferred not to alert them just yet.

After receiving the full blueprint visuals from Bell via their mind link and with the help of 008's system, 008 reconstructed the blueprint into a game-like minimap, simplifying Kisha's navigation of the complex. Before she took a step, she waited for Duke's signal to confirm control over all surveillance cameras. Only after receiving Bell's go signal did she proceed towards the door.

And with a simple use of her telekinesis, she effortlessly unlocked the door. With a soft 'click', it swung open, and she confidently stepped into the corridor. Checking her minimap, she didn't need to rely on her senses to detect nearby enemies—red dots indicated their presence.

The minimap also provided additional details, such as whether the room ahead was a kitchen, guest room, or otherwise, making navigation effortless and sparing her from unnecessary mental strain.

Kisha limbered up with a brief stretch before she surged through the hall, her quick reflexes propelling her forward at a rapid pace. Spotting two figures approaching, she effortlessly maneuvered, blending into the shadows and moving as silently as a cat.

Each step was meticulously placed to avoid any sound, ensuring she passed them unnoticed; neither of the two individuals detected her fleeting presence.

As she moved past, she left only a subtle gust of wind, easily overlooked by the two patrolling the hallway.

Kisha sneered at their lack of vigilance, presuming safety on their own turf. Meanwhile, Duke monitored Kisha's movements through each camera feed. He simultaneously broadcasted fake recordings to the Coltons' security room while privately observing the live footage.

He watched with pride as Kisha adeptly concealed herself behind pillars and ornamental plants near patrolling guards, none of whom had yet detected her presence.

With Kisha's fluid movements, she displayed the skills of a seasoned spy, capable of infiltrating any base with her adept movements and swift reflexes. Duke couldn't help but swell with pride as he watched her, marveling at his wife's abilities.

Duke watched with a smug expression before radioing Sparrow. "Sparrow, it's time to make your move. Kisha's on the move." Duke played his role as their operator, even though he longed to join them. Kisha insisted he remain as a backup, ensuring someone watched their backs for any ambush or traps.

Besides, Duke knew Kisha wanted to protect him and present him the final blow to the Coltons using his own hands, which he felt was part of her pampering him. So, he obediently stayed back, eagerly awaiting his wife's return. He couldn't help but feel a bit shy about being treated like the "little wife," while his actual wife was at the forefront, fighting his battles.

"If this isn't pampering, then what is?" he chuckled to himself, his grin spreading from ear to ear. Yet, there was no one around to boast to, so he simply enjoyed the moment in quiet satisfaction.

Now, Kisha had descended several flights of stairs and navigated through long corridors where pairs of patrolmen stood watch, oblivious to her presence. Moving stealthily, she advanced until she reached a dimly lit corridor. Ahead loomed a large steel door, guarded by two men. Hiding in the shadows, she observed their movements closely.

Kisha held her breath to maintain her concealment, cautiously approaching until she was within range of her telekinesis. Sensing the dagger strapped to one of the guards' waists, she swiftly seized control and aimed it at their heads, ensuring a silent, lethal strike that prevented any alarm. Afterwards, she efficiently stored their bodies in her inventory.

Once she confirmed the area was secure, Kisha examined the door requiring two separate metal keys. Feeling too lazy to search the guards for the keys, she instead placed her hands on the lock and carefully feel its intricacies. This practice also served to hone her telekinesis, particularly useful when manipulating objects out of sight.

Mastering the technique required heightened concentration and a deep understanding of the object's mechanics.