

Apocalypse 112

Chapter 112 Removing the Disguise

"After clearing out the last zombie on this floor, let's take a break and grab some food!" Kisha called out, her voice echoing through the exhausted group. She herself was panting from exertion, realizing that pushing forward in their current state would only lead to disaster.

The prospect of encountering a horde while everyone was fatigued was a daunting one, underscoring the importance of resting and replenishing their energy.

Mrs. Winters found herself barely able to move a muscle after continuously running and manipulating her ability. Without her husband's support, she might have collapsed, potentially leading to a significant accident for the group.

Kisha and the group stumbled upon a larger room capable of accommodating all 17 of them, providing a chance to wash their hands and faces before eating. Kisha observed that her own and the other two's disguises had become uneven due to sweat accumulating beneath the prosthetic skin. Given the prolonged duration since their application and the relentless combat, such imperfections were inevitable.

Kisha had been feeling the discomfort for quite some time, and she couldn't imagine how much worse it must be for those who were looking at their faces. It was becoming increasingly apparent that their disguises were hardly effective anymore. Taking charge, she motioned for Duke and Vulture to join her aside.

With a gentle touch, she began to remove Duke's disguise, careful to minimize any further irritation to his skin.

As she peeled off the prosthetic skin from Duke's face, Kisha noticed the beginnings of a rash, his skin reddening beneath. "Here, use this," she said, handing him a cleanser designed for sensitive skin, a favorite of Keith's.

After tending to Duke, Kisha turned her attention to Vulture, noticing he had developed a similar skin condition. She instructed him to follow Duke and borrow the cleanser. As she prepared to address her own face, she noticed the previously rowdy group had fallen silent, casting furtive glances in her direction. It was evident they were curious to see the woman who had captured Duke's heart.

Even the Winters were openly gazing in anticipation, waiting for her to remove her disguise.

"Looks like your in-laws are eager to meet you," 008 teased Kisha, sensing her nerves. Despite the ambiguity of her relationship with Duke, the fact that his family was observing her every move and possibly sizing her up as their future daughter-in-law made her feel incredibly nervous. "Isn't this a good opportunity?"

You can win over his family first and make them like you before him," 008 continued, unable to suppress a giggle as it playfully teased Kisha.

"You're not helping," Kisha sighed, rolling her eyes at 008. She couldn't remember ever feeling this nervous, not even when facing zombies two to three levels higher than her.

"Agreed, Duke seems to already like you, so winning his family's approval should be a breeze," 008 chimed in before darting away from Kisha, leaving her to her thoughts.

Kisha felt a surge of nervousness, now even contemplating removing her disguise elsewhere. Just as she was about to act on this impulse, Duke returned, oblivious to her internal struggle. Noticing her unease, he quipped, "Are you okay? Don't tell me you've grown fond of that disguise? I wouldn't mind, though," teasing her gently.

Kisha's eyebrows arched in response to Duke's comment, prompting her to fire back, "I didn't realize you had that kind of fetish." She flashed him a smirk before sauntering away to the side, though she remained fully within everyone else's view.

Duke found himself at a loss for words, wanting to fire back but Kisha had already left, leaving him speechless. Subconsciously, he glanced at his father for some guidance, only to find his gaze avoided, while his mother chuckled softly. Puzzled by the situation, Duke couldn't help but feel bemused.

To onlookers, they appeared like a long-time couple engaged in playful banter, with Duke resembling a husband teasing his wife, who in turn, seemed to be in a playful yet moody mood.

Even Duke's father found himself at a loss, unable to offer any solution but to let his son console his own wife, making it difficult for him to meet his son's gaze. He realized it was his own fault for being ignored.

Meanwhile, Kisha pushed aside her thoughts and focused on removing her disguise, trying to ignore the sensation of being closely watched. Placing a mirror on the table before her, she delicately began peeling back the prosthetic skin with her tools. Gradually, her true features emerged—her plump, red lips, her cute, pointy nose, followed by her left eye and then her right.

As Kisha finished removing her disguise, she was met with wide-eyed stares from everyone present. The transformation was striking—she appeared vastly different from her disguised self, almost like two distinct individuals.

While the previous Kisha seemed intimidating, the one before them now exuded a breathtaking beauty, akin to a goddess who descended upon them during the hard times to lead humanity to salvation.

Both Mr. Winters and the Patriarch nodded in unison, their expressions seeming to convey a silent sentiment of approval as if silently remarking, 'As expected of my grandson, he learns from me.' If Duke could have heard their thoughts, he would undoubtedly have facepalmed himself in exasperation.

After removing her disguise, Kisha headed to the sink to cleanse her face with a gentle cleanser, mindful of the slight irritation. She opted for warm water, delicately washing away any residue. Once finished, she dried her face with a clean towel. Duke, noticing her actions, took the towel from her hands, using it to pat his own face.

Despite the fact that his face should have been dry by now, he insisted on using the towel nonetheless.

Even amidst the chaos of the apocalypse, Duke maintained his reluctance to share daily necessities like towels or clothes with anyone else, adamant about maintaining his personal hygiene standards. However, he didn't seem to mind using items that Kisha had used or sharing a bed with her.

Vulture had observed this behavior for quite some time and couldn't help but chuckle softly at his master's endearing quirks.

Of course, this was something Kisha was unaware of, she was accustomed to sharing towels, blankets, and other items with Duke, having done so since their previous lives. Consequently, she remained unaware of Duke's aversion to sharing his belongings, or vice versa.

After everyone had freshened up, Kisha laid out the food they had prepared earlier. Lunch box after lunch box filled the dining table, accompanied by some favorite beverages she had added to the mix. The sight brought joy to everyone, for in their eyes, Kisha resembled a real-life Doraemon.

Much like the beloved character, she seemed capable of producing anything and everything from her inventory, delighting them with her seemingly magical abilities.

Everyone eagerly grabbed their desired food and drink from the table before finding a comfortable spot to enjoy their meal. As they happily chatted together, it was as if the looming threat in their lives had momentarily vanished, and for a brief moment, life felt as ordinary and carefree as it used to be.

Kisha selected a lunchbox containing an onigiri, sandwich, egg rolls, blanched vegetables, and fruits—a substantial meal guaranteed to satisfy anyone who eat its contents.

As she ate, Kisha heard Bell's voice in their mind link. "Master! I have wonderful news! My babies have successfully produced a glass of Scarlet honey!"