

Apocalypse 130

Chapter 130 Who are you?

Kisha and the team barely have time to settle into the office when she notices unusual movements from a few floors above. Earlier, she hadn't noticed because the Scarlet Bees were scattered within a 500-meter radius, while regular bees patrolled around and inside the building.

Kisha's heightened senses alerted her to the people moving around upstairs. They must have noticed the commotion caused by Kisha and the others while clearing the floor below, prompting them to take action.

Kisha mentioned this to Duke, noting that since this is a company under his family's banner, the people upstairs might also be his. She decided to let him handle the situation.

"There are probably a dozen more survivors upstairs," Kisha mentioned, gesturing upward. Duke nodded but chose not to act immediately. He seemed to prefer playing it by ear, observing how things would unfold. Even if they were his people, they might not be part of his inner circle, where trust was implicit.

If they were Duke's subordinates, that was good—they wouldn't die easily like the others, especially now that the zombies outside had been dealt with and the entrance securely closed.

Kisha nodded, understanding Duke's intent, and they both settled down to rest. Their bodies were battered from the nonstop running and fighting with zombies. Their muscles were at their limit, and they desperately needed this respite. Kisha and Duke made sure everyone took advantage of the opportunity to rest as much as possible.

Kisha had already instructed the Scarlet Bee to inform her once they spotted Sparrow approaching. Since she hadn't heard anything yet, she knew he was still far off. She decided to stop worrying about it, knowing that overthinking would only drain more of her energy and cloud her judgment.

"Dear, you and Duke have done a great job. You should rest now and let us keep watch," Mrs. Winters offered, gently pulling Kisha to the side. Duke followed with a slight smile, feeling a sense of relief. He was pleased that his parents liked Kisha and treated her as one of their own.

Although he had not been overly worried about his parents' acceptance, given his mother's agreement with the Evans, it was reassuring to see them getting along so well with Kisha, especially his mother.

Duke was smiling, though he tried his best to hide it. His grandfather, watching his expression with a knowing smile, stalked him from behind. "My beloved grandson, it seems like spring has arrived for you," he teased, patting Duke on the back.

"You better watch your beautiful wife; there will be many unscrupulous men out there who might try to snatch her from you." Though his tone was playful, there was a hint of seriousness. In a world that turned chaotic, where law no longer restrained people, many, regardless of gender, would undoubtedly follow their greed and take what they wanted without remorse.

Murder could happen at any time, and stealing had become so common that a reminder for Duke was not unwarranted. Just because he and Kisha could now act as a married couple didn't mean people would respect their relationship. That's why Mr. Winters stayed close to his wife. He knew these dangers were real, especially since Mrs.

Winters, a beautiful middle-aged woman, could easily attract unwanted attention from men who might try to take advantage of the lawlessness.

"I know, Grandpa. They'd have to get through my dead body before they could touch my wife," Duke murmured menacingly. Just the thought of Kisha being taken from him by strangers made his blood boil and filled him with a burning rage.

Mrs. Winters led Kisha to a comfortable chair, gently urging her to rest. She stayed by Kisha's side, ensuring she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep. Meanwhile, she made sure Duke was also resting nearby. They all understood the immense effort Kisha and Duke had put into securing the place for the night, and they deserved a peaceful rest.

Everyone acknowledged Kisha and Duke's tireless efforts, eager to contribute in any way they could. However, they understood that awakening their abilities wasn't something that could be forced—it required patience and time. So, they obediently rested, each finding a comfortable spot within the office and closing their eyes, ready to recharge for the challenges ahead.

Prompted by Mrs. Winters' gentle encouragement, Kisha obediently closed her eyes. Fatigue had taken its toll more than she realized, for as soon as her eyelids met, she drifted off into a deep sleep. Mrs. Winters observed her peacefully slumbering in the leather chair, noting the faint traces of weariness etched upon her face.

Despite Kisha's strength in her past lives, her current physical form remained frail, unable to match the resilience of her accumulated experiences. Unaware of her own limitations, she had pushed herself beyond her limits. Without Mrs. Winters' perceptiveness, Kisha might have continued to overexert herself, driven by her survival instincts despite her body's exhaustion.

Observing his mother's departure from Kisha's side, Duke rose from his seat and made his way to Kisha's chair. Mrs. Winters noticed this behavior, understanding the protective and caring nature of the Winters men. With a mix of resignation and amusement, she returned to her husband's side, shaking her head affectionately.

Despite her slight exasperation, she couldn't help but feel proud and delighted to witness her son's attentiveness to Kisha's needs.

She didn't feel envious witnessing her son's attentive care towards another woman, recognizing that she hadn't experienced such treatment from him herself. However, her primary concern was Duke's happiness, and seeing him show kindness to others brought her joy.

Moreover, she found fulfillment and contentment in her husband's unwavering love and care, understanding that his presence alone was more than sufficient to fulfill her.

After giving Kisha a gentle look, Duke carefully lifted her from the chair, settling back into it while cradling her in his arms. He adjusted her position to ensure her comfort and began stroking her hair in a soothing manner. His intent was to safeguard Kisha's rest, ensuring it remained undisturbed by any potential nightmares, and to provide her with a sense of security in his embrace.

Duke cradled Kisha with an unexpected tenderness, his usually stoic demeanor softened by her vulnerable sleeping form. Seeing her peaceful expression, he couldn't help but smile fondly, feeling a protective urge towards her. As Kisha remained undisturbed in her slumber, Duke found himself gradually succumbing to exhaustion.

The weight of the week's stress worries about his family's safety, and the myriad of emotions finally lifted, allowing him to drift into a deep sleep alongside Kisha.

Bam-

Bam-

Bam-

Bam-

Duke and the others were abruptly roused from their slumber by insistent pounding on the office door. The darkness that now enveloped the room indicated that they had been asleep for quite some time. Sensing Kisha stirring in his arms, Duke tensed, his senses instantly alert as the pounding on the door persisted.

"Open the door. We know there are people inside!" A commanding voice reverberated from beyond the door, jolting Duke's family and the others awake. In an instant, they were alert, their bodies tensed, ready for whatever lay beyond the threshold, their previous slumber forgotten as if it had never occurred.

When the people outside did not hear any answer from the Duke's side, they started to kick the door down unceremoniously.

Thud-

Thud-

Thud-

Duke's expression darkened, his jaw clenched tightly as the relentless pounding continued, disturbing Kisha's peaceful slumber. With a protective instinct, he gently set her down, his anger simmering beneath the surface. Gesturing to the nearest person by the door, he motioned for them to confront the intruders outside and teach them some manners.

Eager to confront the intruders and fueled by his own frustration at being disturbed from a pleasant dream, Vulture wasted no time. With swift steps, he marched towards the door, determined to put an end to the relentless pounding. Without hesitation, he unlocked and flung the door open in one fluid motion.

The force of the sudden movement caught the intruder off guard, causing them to lose their balance and stumble backward, tumbling to the ground with an undignified thud.

The man, his pride wounded and his nose smarting from the fall, shot up from the ground, his anger palpable. "Motherfucker!!"

Unfazed, Vulture remained composed, his tone calm as he inquired, "Who are you?"

The man's voice thundered with indignation. "You don't even know me and you have the guts to treat me this way?!" His loud outburst jolted Kisha from her slumber, drawing a deepening frown from Duke.