

## **Apocalypse 139**

### Chapter 139 Going Back to the Shelter

Since Kisha and the rest had completed the Reconnaissance Mission they took from the bulletin board in exchange for supplies and had successfully rescued Duke's family, it was time for them to return to the shelter. They needed to assess the situation, ensure the shelter was secure, and determine if further cleaning was required.

Additionally, Kisha still needed to stay in the shelter for 25 more days to complete her S-class mission.

After ensuring that all preparations were complete, Vulture and Tristan prepared breakfast while Kisha worked on the disguises. By the time Kisha finished their disguises just before dawn, breakfast was ready. Despite the constant threat of zombies, Kisha's team always ensured they had three meals a day. No matter how busy they were, they always found a place to eat and maintain their strength.

Vulture and Tristan prepared soup and pancakes for everyone, including Clyde's group, who would be joining them on the journey back to the shelter. The entire team prioritized getting ample rest and eating properly to ensure they wouldn't feel weak during any upcoming battles.

Even those without an appetite were compelled to eat, understanding the necessity of maintaining their strength and not becoming a burden to the group.

Duke, on the other hand, stuck close to Kisha, as if he were afraid she might disappear from his sight at any moment. His family watched and laughed, amused by the couple's dynamic that resembled a mother hen and her chick strutting around the room. Duke's large stature made the scene even funnier, as he followed Kisha like a lost puppy.

His parents found it especially amusing, as Duke had never been this clingy even as a child. He had always acted like a cold-faced adult, so seeing him behave this way was new and endearing to them.

"My dear wife, could you check my disguise again? I think my left eye isn't covered properly," Duke asked as he strutted over to Kisha, pointing to his left eye. Despite his intimidating disguise, his concern made him seem almost comical. Kisha, equally imposing, completed the duo's comedic effect as they displayed their affection in front of everyone.

Onlookers felt as if they were being force-fed "dog food" by the couple's antics, which had been ongoing since yesterday.

"There's nothing wrong with it. How many times do I have to check it, hmm?" Kisha raised her eyebrows in amusement. She noticed that Duke always stared hungrily at her lips whenever she got close to examine his so-called 'missing eye.' She knew he was doing this on purpose to tempt her, even in front of their people. She couldn't help but feel shy, wondering what was going on inside Duke's head.

Duke showed no signs of embarrassment, behaving like a hooligan even in front of his parents and grandfather. She wondered if this was a new side of Duke or if it had always been there, hidden from her for years. Despite his antics, she found herself strangely drawn to him, appreciating both his carefree demeanor and the seriousness he had exhibited in their past life.

Yet, what mattered most was that he now belonged to her. So, she indulged him once more, allowing him to sit so she could check his disguise. However, as he sat down, his arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her onto his lap.

"Sit here. You'll get a better view from up close," Duke declared, a triumphant smile gracing his lips, laced with mischief.

Kisha shook her head in resignation, a soft chuckle escaping her lips, which tugged at Duke's heartstrings in just the right way. "Aren't you being mischievous again?" Kisha teased, running her fingers through Duke's hair with a hint of indulgence.

Duke said nothing, his smile lighting up his face like a child receiving his dream birthday gift. "Okay now big guy, let's be serious now because we need to get back to the shelter, we'll have plenty of time when we get home," Kisha said smiling at Duke, not fully understanding the full implication of what she said to Duke which was interpreted differently.

Duke, on the other hand, now sported a wide grin as he looked at Kisha, his eyes narrowing with delight as he nodded in agreement. 'You said it,' he chimed, his voice taking on a husky tone as he tightened his grip possessively around Kisha's waist. 'I hope you're ready,' he added, his words carrying a subtle hint of anticipation.

Kisha tilted her head to the side, a hint of confusion playing on her features as she observed Duke's ear-to-ear grin. 'Is he really that thrilled to go back home?' she mused silently.

'Perhaps he's missed the comfort of a good night's sleep and a refreshing shower.' As their companions busied themselves with the final preparations, ensuring that everything was neatly stowed away, Kisha discreetly helped organize the larger items in her inventory.

She skillfully masked their actions, making it appear as though their group was simply returning items to the small storage room adjacent to the office.

After completing their tasks, Clyde and his group emerged from their corner, ready to lead Kisha and her companions to the concealed storage area they had been using since their arrival at the bank. However,

upon seeing Kisha and the others, their reaction went beyond mere surprise. They stood there, mouths agape, unable to utter a word as shock overtook them.

Clyde and his friends are lucky that they are only covered in thick, congealed blood from their encounters with zombies, and sporting minor injuries from their daring escapes, Kisha and her group presented a visage that was nothing short of terrifying to Clyde and his companions.

At that moment, the sight of Kisha and her group was utterly chilling. Clyde and his friends couldn't help but feel a sense of relief that their injuries were minor and they were only coated in zombie blood. As they collectively took deep breaths to steady their nerves, they couldn't ignore the overwhelming sense of dread.

Kisha and her companions appeared dangerously formidable, causing Clyde and his friends to question their decision to align with them. They couldn't shake the feeling that they were unwittingly placing themselves in harm's way with Kisha at the helm.

Having already committed to the agreement, Clyde and his friends could only hope they had made the right decision in aligning with Kisha and her group. With Kisha and her companions showing determination to proceed, they decided to proceed cautiously, playing it by ear.

Without further delay, Kisha and her team got down to business, wasting no time in heading straight to the floor where the bank stored mineral water, beverages, canned goods, and other preserved foods for their elite clientele and employees. The storage room was still brimming with supplies, largely untouched by Clyde and his group during their short stay.

They had taken care to keep everything in order, ensuring none of the provisions went to waste or were spoiled.

Kisha and her group adeptly feigned storing food supplies in the backpacks each of them carried. Even Clyde and his companions scoured the area for items they could use to carry as much supplies as possible. Once everyone had finished gathering their provisions, Duke took the lead in guiding the group outside, with Clyde's group following suit.

He skillfully covered for Kisha while she discreetly remained behind to collect any remaining items in the storage room and stow them away in her inventory.

After securing everything in her inventory, she swiftly exited the storage room, seamlessly blending into the tail end of her group. With Duke at her side, they ensured her absence went unnoticed by Clyde's group, while their own team adeptly covered for her.