

Apocalypse 191

Chapter 191 Minister Of Defense

Kisha sighed in defeat but remained firm, not giving in to Duke's demand because she was worried about his injured shoulder and thigh. "No, sleep on your own. We can sleep together when you're well again," she explained.

Duke then grinned devilishly. "You said it. No takebacks..."

Kisha felt choked by his statement and by Duke's childish persistence in taking advantage of any opportunity. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry at how, despite his injuries, he still had time to think of such things. This side of him was so different from the Duke she thought she knew.

"It seems you're doing just fine and don't need my concern," Kisha said, pretending to be angry and turning away. Duke's mischievous grin faltered into a flustered smile. Realizing he might have pushed his luck too far, he lay down obediently, knowing that if he really upset her, Kisha might ignore him, and he didn't want to risk how long his wife would stay mad at him.

When Kisha saw Duke lying obediently on the bed without further fuss, she smiled to herself and let him rest. Despite his playfulness, it was clear he was tired, and he fell asleep almost instantly. Kisha stayed by his side, watching over him as he slept peacefully.

Seeing Duke sleep made Kisha feel drowsy too, and without noticing, she fell asleep on the bed beside him, still facing his side. Two hours later, they were abruptly awakened by an insensitive soldier who barged into the medical tent where Aston and her team were resting. The commotion roused most of them almost instantly.

There were soldiers loudly talking outside the tent, and the sound of incoming footsteps grew louder. Kisha and the rest didn't even have a chance to process what was happening when a middle-aged man with a round beer belly, a double chin, and thick limbs—essentially, a fatso—entered.

He entered the tent, followed by a few more men in army uniforms. They all looked intimidating and strong, but that wasn't the point. The point was that they barged into the tent where the injured were resting with great fanfare, not even considering how the injured might feel.

He looked around the tent, and when he saw Aston, who had also been woken up by the noise and was gazing at him absentmindedly, not even attempting a greeting, the fatso narrowed his eyes in anger.

"I didn't know Commander Aston no longer shows respect for the Minister of Defense. What, you no longer honor your responsibilities and your superiors?" the fatso said, looking at Aston condescendingly. His eyes then swept around the tent until they landed on Kisha, who stared back coldly and indifferently.

"You must be the one leading the escort while the investigation was ongoing outside?" he asked, his interest piqued not by her as an individual, but by her potential usefulness to him.

He had heard the stories about Kisha and her group: how they successfully escorted a large number of survivors through a zombie raid when the undead seemed to have gone berserk overnight. Tales of their battles described them as total killing machines, leaving nothing but pools of blood in their wake.

"And who might you be?" Kisha asked, her displeasure evident at being disturbed while she rested. Glancing at Duke to check if he was awake too, her anger softened slightly upon seeing him sleeping soundly, still holding her hand tightly. She hadn't noticed when he had started holding it, but his grasp was firm, as though his life depended on it.

The man, clearly offended by Kisha's lack of deference, couldn't help but feel slighted. "I am the Minister of Defense and the leader of this shelter," he declared proudly, expecting Kisha to recognize his authority and accord him the respect he believed he deserved.

"Okay," Kisha replied with a lackluster and indifferent tone. Aston nearly burst into laughter seeing the Minister of Defense's face flush with anger; clearly, he wasn't used to such disrespect. For Kisha, respect was mutual and had to be earned—it wasn't simply granted based on titles or positions.

He did not show them respect when he just suddenly barged into the tent without minding how others would feel, especially when they were injured and should be resting. But he even expects them to what, grovel in his feet to show him respect?

And yet, he had the audacity to claim leadership of the shelter, despite hiding in his villa and relying on soldiers to protect and provide for him. His pre-apocalypse military rank, whether earned through hard work or connections, was irrelevant now. What mattered was whether he fulfilled his duty as Minister of Defense.

But unfortunately, he isn't doing any of that.

"You! Is this how you show respect for the person providing shelter for you?!" he roared, his voice echoing through the tense silence in the tent, startling everyone present.

Kisha's bloodlust surged within her, and she struggled not to let it consume her at that moment. She noticed Duke stirring on his bed, but thankfully, he didn't wake up. He must have been exhausted from staying vigilant while they were outside, solely focused on keeping Kisha safe.

Now that they were safely inside the shelter and Kisha was out of immediate danger, he seemed to relax a bit, finally allowing himself some much-needed rest.

Kisha's menacing aura filled the room, sending a chill through everyone present. It was as if an invisible force held them in place, immobilizing them with fear. Her cold, indifferent gaze added to the mounting tension, making everyone, especially the Minister of Defense, feel a palpable sense of dread.

He could feel her hostility bearing down on him so intensely that his knees threatened to buckle under the weight of fear.

Kisha suppressed her urge to retaliate, realizing the moment wasn't right for confrontation. "Minister, I hope your visit isn't solely to lecture us," she began calmly but with an undertone of warning. "As you can see, my team and I are recuperating after fighting to stay alive.

You might not be aware, but the zombies outside have grown more formidable—they're stronger and faster than before." Kisha said as if she was merely talking about the weather but her tone made it obvious that she was giving everyone a warning that it was not the time for all of them to fight with each other because no matter who the victor is, if they did not pay attention to the growing strength of the zombies outside, they would still all die.

The Minister's anger ebbed as Kisha's words sank in. He had indeed received reports about the heightened threat posed by the zombies, but initially dismissed them as temporary anomalies. Now, Kisha's assertion that the zombies showed no signs of reverting to their previous state unsettled him deeply.

"Are you sure about this?" The Minister asked, his face betraying evident difficulty and fear, likely from a frightening encounter with a zombie before reaching the shelter.

"How can I not be sure about this? I and my team has been fighting the zombies in close combat and we felt their change. I'm afraid, sooner or later, firearms might not be enough to fight with them if this continues." Kisha pretended to be worried of the future as she made sure to scare the old fatso away.