

Apocalypse 192

Chapter 192 The Sour Duke

Sure enough, the Minister was visibly unnerved and hastily departed under the guise of convening an emergency meeting to address the emerging threat. He hurried away, clearly rattled and likely contemplating how to navigate the impending challenges Kisha had brought to his attention.

Just contemplating the possibility of firearms becoming ineffective against zombies was deeply unsettling for everyone present, especially given their lack of awareness about the awakened abilities. Aston and his team regarded Kisha with a mix of respect and admiration.

While they held the Minister of Defense in low regard, they remained bound by military protocols and continued to adhere to them to this day.

Therefore, the Minister of Defense could still exert influence and take action despite offering little beyond his military rank.

Unfortunately for him, Kisha was bound to remain in the shelter for approximately 22 more days to complete her critical S-class mission, crucial for her survival. Her objective included purging the shelter of its leeches and addressing the looming threat posed by the Coltons.

Reeve's account of his friends being sold and subjected to being a sex slave by the Coltons reinforced Kisha's belief that even in the absence of the Winters, the shelter's residents would continue to endure terror and exploitation at the hands of the Coltons, treated no better than livestock or slaves.

No wonder Duke from her previous life wiped out the Coltons and the Minister of Defense before assuming control of the shelter in City B; this issue was undoubtedly the reason. Kisha understood that

she would likely take similar actions once fully prepared. With a clear idea of the location of the Coltons' hideout now in hand, they could approach dealing with them more efficiently and effectively.

Now that the Minister of Defense had left, silence returned to the tent, and they could resume resting. However, Aston's team found it difficult to relax. The encounter with the Minister had brought back all the stress they had managed to avoid outside, weighing heavily on them. This was particularly true for Aston, who had often dealt with the Minister of Defense directly.

Kisha left them to their thoughts and returned to rest. Two hours later, Duke woke up feeling refreshed. He lay still, watching Kisha sleep peacefully in her own bed, facing him. Her serene expression showed no signs of nightmares anymore, and she slept soundly. Duke could sense the lingering stress affecting Aston and his team, making the atmosphere in the tent feel somewhat stifling.

Even though he didn't know what happened, he knew that it might have something to do with the power struggle inside the shelter and he didn't care about it now, since he already rescued his family and his people, he could just bring them back to his base that was well prepared and stocked.

But right now, he was just staying because Kisha wanted to, if not for Kisha, he would have already left.

Unlike in his previous life, where his family perished at the hands of the Coltons and his men sacrificed themselves to protect him, prompting him to seize control of the shelter in their honor, Duke vowed to exact revenge on those who sought his demise. He resolved to ensure they experienced profound despair before meeting their inevitable demise.

But now that everyone was safe and sound, Duke had no intention of pursuing such thoughts and so, his path diverged from his previous life. While he desired revenge, he had no interest in taking over the shelter, especially since he already had his own well-equipped and secure base.

Despite this, he found himself bound by the fact that his wife was in charge, making her the one calling the shots.

After a while, Kisha and the rest woke up as well, their tired and injured bodies urging them to return home. Before leaving, Kisha handed each of them a vial of blue liquid and explained its lifesaving properties. They hesitated to use it for their current injuries, opting to save it for more dire circumstances. Despite their reservations, Kisha insisted they take the potion within a day.

"You all should take it. I have plenty more, but if you don't drink by tomorrow, I'll take it back," Kisha sternly reminded them.

After hearing her declaration about reclaiming the medicine, they hurriedly dispersed, fearful of her resolve. Unbeknownst to them, they had begun to regard Kisha's words with unwavering trust, almost as if they were absolute law.

Despite not yet witnessing the vial's effects, they already believed it possessed miraculous properties, akin to the formidable abilities demonstrated by Kisha and her team—attributes that seemed almost mystical like how they had bargained their souls away without even realizing it.

Kisha and her team returned to Villa #1, ensuring Reeve came along to prevent him from suffering the same fate as his friends—being kidnapped by the Coltons' men to serve as their Young Master's sex slave. She made a solemn promise to Reeve that they would also rescue his friends from such a horrific fate.

But Duke was far from pleased with this arrangement. Seeing Reeve's youthful, handsome face filled him with an unfamiliar sense of dread. He feared they were allowing an enemy into his own home—a potential threat who might steal his wife away from him.

Duke frowned deeply as Kisha dragged Reeve along with them until they reached home, his gaze fixed on Kisha's hand gripping Reeve's with clear displeasure. Despite his inner turmoil, he couldn't bring himself to confront Kisha until they arrived home. It was only then that Kisha noticed Duke's disapproval and where his gaze had been fixed the entire time.

She quickly withdrew her hand from Reeve's arm and instructed Sparrow to escort Reeve to an empty room. Taking Duke by the hand, she led him to her room to talk things over and coax him.

She didn't know that Duke could be so possessive and jealous of someone so young that she treated like a younger brother, who knows what's going on in his head right now and how he thinks that Kisha must adore younger men. If Kisha knew, she would definitely kick him to sleep in the dog house.

Now that Kisha and Duke were aware that the entire villa had been bugged, they strategized to remove the surveillance equipment. However, they decided against immediate action to avoid arousing suspicion; instead, they opted to leave the hidden cameras and listening devices in place for the time being.

After guiding Duke to her room, Kisha sat him down on the bed beside her. She then took both of his hands and playfully brought them to her face, attempting to act cute. However, in their current disguise, the playful gesture seemed more eerie than endearing, making her look scarier than when she maintained a poker face.

But for Duke, he found it endearing that Kisha was making an effort to comfort him and was attentive to his emotions, indicating that she held him close to her heart and paid careful attention to his mood shifts.

Thinking this, he felt a sweetness akin to honey on his lips, his mouth curving into a smile. Kisha smiled back upon seeing his expression, but she made sure to explain herself to avoid any misunderstandings.

"You know, Reeve is the same age as my younger brother Keith," she began, pausing to ensure Duke was following along. "When I saw Reeve alone and distressed, it reminded me of Keith. I imagined how I would feel if Keith were in his position and hoped someone would extend a helping hand to him. So, I did."