

## Apocalypse 207

### Chapter 207 Rendezvous in the Forest

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WARNING!!!

A little [MATURE CONTENT] in this chapter!!!

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Satisfied with his revenge, Sparrow swiftly picked himself up from the ground, dusting off the soil that clung to his clothes and even his face. He glanced back at Vulture, who remained stunned and grimacing on the ground. Sparrow snorted with satisfaction and walked away to wash his face before returning to his patrol duties.

"Trying to bully me, huh?" Sparrow thought to himself as he left Vulture behind. He couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction knowing that Vulture was nursing a belly full of resentment. His knee had struck a rock, causing him so much pain that he accidentally bit his tongue and was left too stunned to utter a word.

After their altercation, the two resumed patrolling in silence, each nursing their resentment. Before dawn, when Marcus emerged from the worker's dormitory, Sparrow and Vulture retreated to their rooms for some rest. Reeve emerged shortly after, prepared with his dagger and a small pistol provided for patrolling duties, as he found no one else on watch.

When morning arrived, the children gradually woke up and began attending to their respective duties. Duke and Kisha, however, remained peacefully asleep in their room, wrapped up in each other's arms.

An hour later, Duke and Kisha emerged from their room to find breakfast already prepared. They enjoyed a hearty meal of pancakes, ensuring they were well-fueled for the day ahead. Following breakfast, Marcus and his grandchildren headed to the backyard to tend to the crops and assess any additional tasks around the villa.

They diligently repaired what was broken and cleaned everything from windows to stairs, demonstrating their eagerness to prove their usefulness to Kisha and Duke.

Kisha and Duke ventured into the forest once more. Kisha, adopting a sultry demeanor, guided Duke through the trees. Finding a secluded spot, Kisha discarded her disguise, preparing to change into a flowing white maxi dress that exuded innocence. Before she could begin changing, Duke fixed his intense gaze on her, silently observing her every move.

"What?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

Duke pursed his lips, remaining silent.

"Don't tell me you're planning to watch me change?" Kisha fought the urge to roll her eyes.

"What's wrong with me watching my woman change?" Duke's voice held a hint of jealousy and possessiveness.

Kisha opened and closed her mouth, unable to formulate a complete sentence. "I... You... No..."

Before she could respond, Duke added, "I feel like you're dressing up for someone else, and I don't like it." Slowly, he approached Kisha, her freshly revealed face devoid of the disguise she had worn for days to conceal her natural beauty, now fully on display.

He felt a possessive urge to protect her from prying eyes, even considering hiding her away in their room, but the presence of cameras reminded him of the need for discretion. Instead, he resolved to return Kisha to her disguise. Gently, he traced her bottom lip with his finger, his gaze intent upon her.

"I don't feel comfortable letting you go outside knowing there are beasts of men out there who would look at you with lustful eyes and potentially put you in danger," he said, his palm now resting on her cheek, gently cupping half of her face with his large hands. His thumb traced softly over her lips as he spoke.

"Say, why don't we just let this shelter be overrun by zombies? Hmm?" Duke's eyes darkened as he contemplated the possibility of his nonchalant remark.

Kisha sighed in defeat, understanding Duke's concern and his deep worry for her safety. She felt warmth envelope her heart as she looked up at him, her eyes softening from their usual coldness as they met Duke's, which were filled with a mix of emotions. Her lips curved slightly in satisfaction.

"Just be patient and wait for my signal, alright?" Kisha gently coaxed him.

She wrapped her arm around his neck, and he responded by enveloping her small waist protectively and possessively. Kisha tiptoed to give Duke a gentle kiss on the lips, coaxing him with her tenderness. Feeling him smile against her lips, she started to pull away, but Duke gently grabbed the back of her head, preventing her from breaking away, and deepened the kiss into one filled with passion.

He passionately played with her lips, alternating between gentle licks and teasing bites that caused Kisha to gasp. Despite her attempts to pull away from Duke's possessive kisses, each evasion only seemed to intensify his determination. His tongue slipped into her parted lips, seeking hers in a deliberate and passionate dance, intertwining in a way that kept her ensnared in his embrace.

Kisha's chest tightened as if she couldn't draw in enough air, her head swimming from the intensity of Duke's kiss. Duke's hand, initially resting on her back, slid down to her hips, his grip firm yet tender, sending a tingling sensation through her body. A soft moan escaped her lips, a mixture of pleasure and surrender to his touch.

Hearing her soft moan, akin to a cat's purr, Duke's touch grew more assertive as he deepened their kiss. Starting at her hips, his hand moved to her waist, pulling her closer. Leaning in, he gently lifted one of her thighs to his waist level. As Kisha adjusted to the shift in her balance, Duke skillfully guided her other thigh around him, wrapping both legs securely around his strong waist.

Once Duke secured Kisha in his arms, he carried her over to a nearby tree and gently leaned her back against it. Kisha could feel Duke's hard cock pressing against her through their clothes, sending a wave of heat through her body. Gasping for air, she broke away from Duke's passionate kisses.

He then leaned in to nibble on her earlobe, trailed kisses down her neck, and gave her a sensual lick that sent tingles coursing through every inch of her. She let out a soft moan, catching her breath.

Hearing her like this only fueled Duke's desire for her even more. He couldn't resist gently pressing and rubbing his hard cock against Kisha, relishing in the pleasure it gave him. Kisha clung to Duke's neck as if her life depended on it, occasionally letting her hands wander and tangling her fingers in his soft hair.

Kisha could already feel her panties growing damp from Duke's insistent grinding against her core, his kisses hitting all her sensitive spots. It took Duke only one try to pinpoint Kisha's weak spot, judging by her immediate reaction.

Kisha felt utterly at Duke's mercy as he explored her body, the thrill of being in the open heightening their excitement. Their hearts raced erratically in their chests. But before Duke could progress beyond kissing and caressing, Kisha heard rustling in the nearby forest bushes.

"We can't continue like this here," Kisha said in a raspy voice as she attempted to pull away from Duke. "They've arrived," she informed him.

Duke instantly stopped and rested his head on her shoulder. "Wifey, I really wanted to... I really, really wanted it," his voice trembled as he confessed, glancing at Kisha, suggesting they find a quieter spot in her territory space to continue.