

## Apocalypse 250

### Chapter 250 The Lurking Beast Around Her

"Y-Young Madam, why me too?!" Reeve, who had been quietly sipping his sparkling wine, suddenly choked and spluttered. His voice trembled with anxiety as he blurted out his question. He had already had a harrowing experience outside once and was determined to secure a safer position within the shelter.

"Reeve, the only way to truly find your safety is by facing the outside world and getting accustomed to the dangers out there. Hiding inside the base won't always keep you secure, as you won't know when we might be overrun by zombies. You can't keep running from danger forever. Embrace the challenge, and you'll discover strengths you didn't know you had.

It's important for you to grow stronger and find your own place in the team," Kisha said firmly. She wanted Reeve to realize his full potential and contribute effectively to team efforts, knowing his skills would be invaluable in raids and improving team synergy.

"B-but... I don't even know how to wield a weapon, let alone fight," Reeve murmured, avoiding eye contact. He had mustered the courage to step outside and offer his help, but deep down, he felt ill-suited for the task. He feared that his lack of skill would only hinder the team and that his anxiety about dying miserably would hold him back.

"What a fantastic opportunity! As part of your roles, you'll undergo training to ensure you're well-prepared for your missions. The team captain, Sparrow, will be leading these sessions and will do an excellent job guiding you and teaching you everything you need to know." She turned to Sparrow with a raised eyebrow. "Right, Captain Sparrow?"

Sparrow nodded enthusiastically. It wasn't as if he hadn't already planned for this; from the moment he was appointed Captain of the Advance Party, he had been determined to ensure that everyone under

his command would undergo rigorous training. This training, designed by Duke himself, was part of their elite program.

Completing it would be a crucial step for everyone to effectively take on roles outside and successfully complete their missions.

"Wifey, what do you think about implementing a daily training drill for all soldiers and offense personnel, including the newcomers? Once they complete the training and pass the stringent qualification tests, they could be assigned to the departments best suited to their skills. This approach would allow us to effectively match their talents with the appropriate roles.

Additionally, we should consider an exchange program from time to time, so they can experience and learn from different departments." Duke thoughtfully proposed. He was drawing from his own experiences with elite training, aiming to ensure that his team was versatile and benefited from diverse experiences.

"Hubby..." Kisha smiled sweetly, catching Duke off guard. Though he was tempted to be pleased, he knew her smile often masked seriousness. He straightened his expression. "I anticipated you'd suggest this. I'll leave the elite training to you." Kisha winked, causing Duke to smile widely. However, his subordinates were growing nervous.

They were all too familiar with Duke's rigorous training methods, which included his relentless stamina that made it hard for them to keep up. Duke's training sessions were infamous for their intensity, including daily drills and hand-to-hand combat where he meticulously pinpointed their weaknesses.

When it came to training, Duke was a perfectionist, insisting on pushing his subordinates to their limits until they were left crawling in pain. His trainees felt as though Kisha had orchestrated this deliberately, and they were beginning to flinch in anticipation of the grueling sessions.

Aston, Reeve, Clyde, and their teams, initially eager to join the training, soon regretted their decision after experiencing the grueling ordeal firsthand.

However, the effectiveness of his training would become evident once he had finished. By then, their base's defense and offense capabilities would be significantly enhanced, improving by leaps and bounds.

With Kisha confident that Reeve should give the training a try to see if he could truly become stronger and join the Advance Party, she and Duke retreated to their room, leaving the others to discuss among themselves as it was already getting late.

Duke sent Kisha back to their room first before heading to his office. With Duke out of the way, Kisha seized the opportunity to take a long, hot bath. She knew that after assigning such a significant responsibility to Duke, and with the training starting tomorrow, he would be busy preparing his materials and regimen.

This allowed her a rare moment of solitude and a chance to escape from his demanding presence. That's why he had sent her to their room while he stayed in his study.

With time to herself for the first time in a while, Kisha relished the opportunity to take a leisurely hot bath. She added a vanilla bubble bath to the tub, allowing the soothing aroma of vanilla to envelop her, bringing both relaxation and peace of mind.

As she hummed softly in the bathroom, Kisha relished the opportunity to soak and scrub herself thoroughly. After constantly being covered in zombie blood and running around, she felt like her skin had accumulated layers of grime.

This rare chance to bathe in peace felt like a luxury, so she meticulously cleaned every inch of herself, using her favorite floral-scented shampoo and conditioner, along with vanilla lotion. She even lit a vanilla-scented candle to pamper herself, ensuring a relaxing sleep in bed while Duke was busy outside.

This moment of tranquility allowed her to unwind without worrying about the ever-present beast that had kept her on edge and guarded, constantly seducing her.

As she hummed and practically danced around the bathroom, Kisha felt a rare sense of freedom and relief from stress. After blow-drying her hair in front of the mirror, she brushed her teeth and put on a white silk nightgown and matching robe, a gift from her mother-in-law.

Her mother-in-law had mentioned that she had nothing else to give at the moment and wanted to thank Kisha for everything she had done. The sentimental value of the gift made Kisha eager to wear it, especially since Duke wasn't around and this was her only opportunity to enjoy it.

Kisha practically glowed as she admired herself in the mirror, before happily heading to bed to enjoy a restful sleep.

Kisha was startled to find Duke lounging on their bed, clad in nothing but a black robe that left part of his muscular chest exposed, revealing his defined abdominal muscles. He rested his head on his left arm, his gaze fixed on Kisha with a triumphant smirk on his lips. His eyes were dark and intense, filled with a mix of lust and desire.

He took in Kisha's expression before letting his gaze trail down to her visible cleavage and the nightgown that accentuated her curves and porcelain skin.

Duke's smile grew wider the longer he gazed at Kisha. "Do you think you've successfully sent me away, my little wife?" Duke asked, his intense gaze making Kisha feel fidgety and her stomach churn. She hadn't expected him to be there; she had assigned him a significant responsibility for tomorrow, assuming he would be busy preparing and preoccupied tonight.

Now, she felt foolish standing there while Duke looked at her like prey that had unwittingly walked into a trap.