

Apocalypse 261

Chapter 261 Commander Of A Thousand

Duke smiled awkwardly at Kisha, feigning innocence. "I was just waiting for you here, wifey. I thought you might need some help," he said, flashing his most charming smile and showing off his pearly whites.

Kisha immediately knew Duke was up to something. He always acted like this when he felt guilty or mischievous, usually planning something that would put her in a tough situation or prank her.

Unlike before, when she was left with no way to retaliate because he was always a step ahead and well-prepared for her reactions, she now believed she held some sway over him. "Well, a good husband knows how to listen to his wife, unless..." Kisha trailed off, walking back into the bathroom with a wide grin.

"Wifey, unless what?" Duke's panicky voice came from behind the closed door as he banged lightly on it. He seemed eager to know what Kisha was trying to say but didn't want to appear too overbearing. He still didn't know what she meant and didn't want to risk making his wife angry.

Kisha found immense satisfaction in teasing Duke this way, knowing he couldn't retaliate as he did in her previous life. 'No wonder Duke liked making fun of me before,' she thought to herself, humming inside the shower room and pretending not to hear Duke's aggrieved voice on the other side of the bathroom.

Ding...

[New Mission]

[A Class Mission "Commander of a Thousand"]

[Mission Description: As the hope of humanity, you are tasked with building a safe haven for survivors. However, a place is not truly safe without its protectors. Only the strongest, those born to lead, can create a refuge that ensures the safety of thousands. This shelter needs warriors who can brave any danger and lay down their lives to protect the weak.

Mission Requirement: Recruit 500 brave warriors and train them as fiercely as a lion trains its cubs. Ensure they are fully prepared within 15 days.

Mission Completion: Stamina Booster Recipe and Title: "Commander of a Thousand"

Mission Failure: Automatically failing the A-Class Mission "Planting and Harvesting," the C-Class Mission "The Philanthropist," and the S-Class Mission "Taking Nest for 30 Days."]

When Kisha suddenly received the notification, she was thrilled to see the mission completion reward. Although she wasn't receiving any points, she was excited to get a recipe that would have been very expensive to buy with points.

The recipe was also incredibly useful; if she could mass-produce it with the right ingredients, she wouldn't need to worry about supplying it to the soldiers at the supply center, ensuring they had what they needed while out on patrol or during supply runs.

But the moment she saw the 'Mission Failure' part, she instantly scowled in anger. She felt like the system was undermining her survival, making everything more skewed and difficult.

At the same time, she was curious about what awaited her next month. With all her hard missions seeming to relate to preparations, she wondered if a war or some other major event was on the horizon that would require immense power for survival. The mere thought set all her alarm bells ringing simultaneously.

It wasn't that she was scaring herself with her assumptions, but despite her system's lack of reliability and its tendency to send her into dangerous situations, she'd never encountered a mission quite like this. While she had received important chain missions before, this was the first time a single set contained more than two chain missions, nearly all of which were A-Class.

She felt an intense pressure to complete all of these missions, no matter what. Missing even one seemed like it could spell doom for her and her people, making the situation incredibly nerve-wracking.

She quickly finished up and dashed out of the bathroom. Duke, still waiting outside, appeared deep in thought with a serious expression. If Kisha knew that Duke was actually thinking about something naughty, she would definitely give him a lesson to pull his head out of the gutter.

"Hurry up and wash up; we have important things to do ASAP," Kisha said with a serious tone and a grim expression. Duke instantly recognized that she meant business. Straightening himself like a disciplined soldier, he headed to the bathroom to wash up. It didn't take long before he emerged, looking sleek and clean, which made him appear even more handsome and masculine.

Kisha's mind slipped into the gutter as she admired him.

Noticing Kisha's dreamy expression, Duke couldn't help but smirk devilishly. He maintained a cold, indifferent aura, thinking she would appreciate this more than seeing him looking foolishly smiling. Indeed, seeing Duke exude such a masculine and strong presence, like a battle-hardened soldier, made Kisha's core tingle with delight as her mind wandered into less holy territory.

Duke, fully aware that he had successfully seduced his wife, pretended not to notice and began to walk out of the room. When he reached the bedroom door, he glanced back at Kisha. "Wifey, aren't you coming?" His voice was deep and authoritative, though his expression remained cold and indifferent. Inside, he took note of what captured Kisha's attention and was already plotting his next move.

When Kisha heard Duke's reminder, she snapped back to reality, feeling a twinge of embarrassment for letting her mind wander over his body and handsome face. She cleared her throat and refocused on the mission, quickly dismissing the fleeting distraction. Duke was slightly disappointed but understood the importance of their tasks, so he chose not to push his luck further.

As Kisha and Duke came downstairs, they found Aston waiting to meet Duke for the training. Aston was there to escort him to the square, where most of the off-duty soldiers and new recruits were assembled. The couple's matching black military overalls and boots immediately caught their attention.

"City Lord and Vice City Lord, it's a pleasure to meet you this early in the morning!" Aston greeted, his voice filled with respect. The soldiers accompanying him stood at attention and saluted Duke and Kisha in unison.

Both Duke and Kisha were accustomed to such formalities, so they greeted Aston and the soldiers with little fanfare. Meanwhile, in the living room, the Patriarch and Duke's parents sat with stacks of papers, clearly preparing for their own tasks. They exchanged knowing glances before Mr. Winters spoke up, adjusting his gaze to Duke and Kisha.

"Are you both heading out to meet the soldiers for their first training session?" Mr. Winters asked.

"Yes, Dad. My wife will be accompanying me for the inspection," Duke replied with a casual tone.

Mrs. Winters gave her son a stern look before turning to Kisha with a warm smile. "Make sure my daughter-in-law doesn't stay out in the sun too long and isn't overworked. She still needs proper rest and nourishment. I'll stop by around lunch to bring you both some chicken soup and lunch." Her eyes sparkled with affection as she glanced at Kisha.

Kisha couldn't shake the feeling that Mrs. Winters was watching her with a knowing look, though she couldn't quite pinpoint why. To Mrs. Winters, however, Kisha's avoidance seemed like the bashful behavior of a newlywed wife after her first night with her husband. It struck Mrs. Winters as incredibly endearing.

Seeing the usually formidable and fierce Kisha now acting so shy and cute was like a delightful surprise, making Mrs. Winters feel a warm, tickling sensation of amusement.