

Apocalypse 294

Chapter 294 Not Tonight

"What's your take on this?" Kisha asked, turning to Duke.

"You have a point. We can't rely solely on Sparrow to draw the zombies away; his combat skills are too valuable for just being a decoy. While leading them away is useful, it could also backfire and trap us in a dire situation. Instead, I suggest we gather the zombies and eliminate them in one decisive sweep. This approach would be more effective, but we need to consider how quickly we can set it up.

The timing will be crucial for our success," Duke said thoughtfully, his expression reflecting the weight of the strategy.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," Kisha remarked, her thoughts clearly aligning with Duke's.

"Of course, we're husband and wife. Our hearts beat as one, and so do our thoughts," Duke said with a joyful smile, like a teenager reveling in his first love.

'Well, we don't exactly share the same thoughts, especially since yours often wander into rather unholy territories,' Kisha thought, casting Duke a scrutinizing look. Duke, noticing her expression, shifted his gaze awkwardly and took a small step back, wary of reinforcing a less-than-ideal impression of himself.

Duke cleared his throat before continuing, "However, trapping them would require significant manpower to ensure we don't endanger ourselves or our people. With thousands of zombies potentially gathering, it's crucial that we devise a method to immobilize them effectively. It's not a feasible task with our current resources alone."

"Then, I think we should put the meeting on hold until the day the team departs for the mission. We need to assess the abilities of the newly awakened superhumans and incorporate their skills into the plan to ensure its effectiveness," Kisha said, interrupting Duke's train of thought.

Her point was valid—any strategy developed now might need to be revised depending on the abilities that emerge, so it's better to wait and create a plan accordingly.

If they proceeded with the planning now, they risked wasting time and effort. Instead, they should wait until the superhumans have awakened, assess their abilities, and select those whose powers are most useful for the operation. The remaining superhumans could be kept as backups and remain to gain some battle experience.

By waiting to finalize their strategy until after the superhumans have awakened, they could avoid unnecessary stress and focus on other pressing matters. The consensus among the group was clear, as Kisha and Duke had led the discussion effectively.

For those still awaiting their awakening, the hope was that they would manifest their abilities in the coming days so they could be included in the operation. Despite the risks, participating in the mission would provide invaluable experience and significant growth for those who succeeded.

Aston, Clyde, Bald Eagle, Tristan, Rose, and Fred all hoped they would awaken in the next few days. They felt a pressing need to become stronger and more capable, especially after hearing Kisha's words.

The reality of their situation—surrounded by danger and the constant threat of sickness and hunger if the base wasn't managed effectively—made them realize the urgency of their situation and how helpless they truly were without Kisha and the rest.

After deciding to postpone the planning for the operation, Kisha turned her attention to the progress of rebuilding the base's walls. They aimed to reinforce the defenses to prevent a repeat of the zombie raid, but the expansion plans posed a significant challenge for the architects and engineers.

Creating a solution for both strengthening the walls and accommodating the expansion was complex, especially since movable walls were not a viable option.

'Or maybe it is?' Kisha pondered. "Perhaps we should first move the trailers and expand our territory before we build the solid walls. Additionally, we're still short on materials for the construction. Once the engineers finish their estimates, please send the request to my office. We can then dispatch our team to source the necessary materials," she said, directing her comments to Mr.

Winter, who was managing the wall project with the engineers.

The discussion continued late into the night, prompting Marcus to send the children to rest before rejoining the meeting. According to Kisha, as the Minister of Agriculture, his role and responsibilities were on par with everyone else's.

Therefore, he was entitled to be informed about ongoing discussions and developments within the base, enabling him to stay prepared and determine if his efforts were needed elsewhere.

As the meeting concluded, Kisha was exhausted and felt she could barely move. The others, too, looked weary as they left the room. Despite their fatigue, their eyes conveyed a strong sense of purpose. None of them had taken the meeting lightly; they had been attentive, engaged, and diligent in providing their reports.

When the couple returned to their room, Duke, anticipating a passionate evening, was taken aback to find Kisha sound asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. He gently tapped her arm. "Wifey?" But Kisha remained unresponsive, softly snoring. At first, Duke wondered if she was pretending to sleep, but despite his efforts, Kisha didn't stir.

When Duke realized that Kisha was not waking up, a pitiful whimper escaped his lips as he slowly looked down on the tent standing so tall inside his pants, the bulge was so prominent that he can't even hide it. He was expecting and excited that a repeat of last night would happen and he was already planning how he's going to make sure Kisha would last a few more rounds than last night.

Kisha looked like a dead fish lying there while Duke was being consumed by his desire. His frustration was evident as he stared at Kisha with a wronged expression but despite his reluctance, he covered Kisha with the blanket before he headed to the shower on his own.

He tried to quench his desire with cold water as he had before, but it did little to diminish his arousal. Frustrated, he rubbed his face with his palms. Eventually, his hand drifted to his hardened cock, and he began to stroke it. However, with each stroke, the more he felt that something was missing. After experiencing the intimacy with his wife, satisfying himself alone no longer felt fulfilling.

He stroked himself with increasing urgency, but the pleasure he experienced last night far surpassed the fleeting satisfaction of masturbation. Seeking a semblance of that experience, he began to vividly recall the intimacy he shared with his wife.

The memory heightened his arousal, and a groan escaped his lips as he whispered, "Kisha!" He quickened his pace, eyes closed, leaning back against the cold tiles of the shower.

His free hand descended to gently caress his balls, imagining it was Kisha's touch. The sensation intensified, and he felt his abs tighten in response. "Kisha!" Duke's back arched as he began to pant heavily. He moved his hand in a circular motion while stroking, trying to replicate the feeling of Kisha's inner walls gripping him as he thrust inside her.

Meanwhile, his other hand continued to caress his balls, heightening his pleasure.

Duke licked his dry lips and bit into them, feeling the intense sensation building within him. He lost track of time in the bathroom, consumed by his pleasure and vivid fantasies of his intimate moments with Kisha, who was just on the other side of the wall. The thought of her sleeping nearby only fueled his excitement, making his groans grow deeper and louder.

He found himself hoping, almost wishfully, that Kisha would awaken and find him in this state of desperate desire, then join him.