

## Apocalypse 312

### Chapter 312 How Would She Deal With This Setbacks?

Not only did the mission seem impossible, but the penalty was even more outrageous. Kisha didn't have nearly enough points to cover it—where would she even get that many points? Was she supposed to end up with a negative balance? If so, would all the points she earned in the future just go toward paying off this penalty?

"FUCK!!! FUCK!!!" Kisha's frustration reached a boiling point as her chest tightened with anger. She felt overwhelmed by the mounting missions in her tab, and even though this hidden mission wasn't directly linked to her chain missions, the penalty was just as infuriating. She had no idea how she was supposed to tackle all these tasks, let alone deal with the severe consequences of failing them.

Now, more than ever, she was convinced that the constellation managing 008 was indeed an adversary. She couldn't understand how she had become an enemy of such a powerful being, revered as a god in her world. However, the constant obstacles and challenges the system imposed on her provided enough evidence to fuel her suspicions.

It seemed as though this constellation harbored a deep grudge or animosity against her. She couldn't tell if being bound to 008 was a blessing or a curse, designed to ensure her failure in surviving the apocalypse no matter what she did.

At the same time, Kisha couldn't shake the feeling that 008 itself might not fully understand why its constellation was acting this way. It seemed like 008 genuinely wanted to help her complete her missions and succeed. Although it didn't provide much assistance during her early rebirths, the later support indicated a genuine intention to aid her.

But at this point, Kisha was at a loss, unsure of what to think anymore.

It felt as though the constellation was taking a certain pleasure in her struggles. While the rewards for completing the missions were undeniably valuable and promising, Kisha couldn't shake the feeling that she was being forced into a high-stakes gamble with no real choice in the matter.

Kisha wasn't sure how long she had been lost in her own world, but when she finally became aware of her surroundings, she found herself nestled in Duke's lap. He was gently caressing her back and soothingly rubbing it, while she curled up as if cocooning herself. The others had already been sent off by Duke to resume their tasks, and it was now late afternoon, edging into evening.

Duke, however, remained unmoved from his position. He had carefully lifted Kisha from her seat and carried her to their room, keeping her safely in his embrace throughout.

Duke desperately wished he could lift all the burdens weighing on Kisha's shoulders, but he felt powerless to do so. He found himself regretting putting her in the position of City Lord and not stepping up more to share the load. As the man in their relationship, he felt inadequate and useless, grappling with the weight of not being able to carry more of the responsibility for both of them.

Despite his deep self-reproach, Duke knew he couldn't afford to fall apart; if he did, there would be no one left to support Kisha from behind. "I'm sorry for being so useless," he murmured, his voice trembling with raw emotion and barely above a whisper.

His voice quivered, on the brink of tears, and Kisha, sensing his pain, instinctively reached out to touch his flushed cheeks, feeling the warmth of his worry and the edge of his tears.

She had never seen Duke so vulnerable before, but now it seemed to be happening more often because of her. She felt both comforted and fortunate that he cared so deeply, willing to go above and beyond for her sake.

"Kisha, let me take over as the City Lord and handle everything for you, okay? You just focus on what makes you happy and leave the rest to me," Duke croaked, his voice thick with emotion as he felt Kisha's cold hand on his cheek. It pained him deeply to see her like this.

Kisha shook her head and looked into Duke's eyes. "No, I'm actually grateful that you allowed me to be the City Lord. Being in this position gives me complete control over the base, allowing me to act on what I need to do without restrictions. While others might envy the advantages I have, like my ability to be reborn and my irregular powers, there are also challenges that balance these strengths.

Being the City Lord empowers me to fulfill these tasks and responsibilities."

Kisha chuckled softly, feeling a bit helpless. "In a way, it seems like all these tasks are pushing me toward this role, guiding me to strengthen the base and ensure we're powerful enough to face what's coming in the next few weeks.

I've been overwhelmed by the seemingly impossible demands, but if I step back and think about it, completing them could significantly boost our chances of survival and lead us to a better life." She gave Duke a reassuring smile, feeling a sense of relief now that she'd shared this much about her situation without fully revealing everything.

Duke listened intently to Kisha. Though her words were pragmatic, he understood the necessity of her role as City Lord and the tasks she had to complete to prepare for the looming danger. After a moment of silence and deep thought, he leaned closer, resting his forehead against hers.

"Then what can I do to ease your burdens, my wife?" His voice was soft, filled with a sense of helplessness and a pleading tone.

By now, Kisha had cleared her frustration and found a positive outlook on the seemingly impossible mission. With her thoughts reorganized and her focus shifted back to her goals, she chuckled softly. "Just keep being the wonderful husband you are and continue supporting me. You're already doing more for me than you realize, hubby," she said sweetly.

She wanted to reassure Duke that he was more than enough and to alleviate his feelings of inadequacy.

Hearing her call him "hubby" made Duke feel a flutter in his heart, a sweet, tickling sensation that made him want to sweep Kisha up in his arms right then and there. However, he restrained himself, understanding that her words indicated she was facing significant challenges with the tasks at hand.

He didn't want to be a distraction or add to her burdens, so he resolved to support her quietly and steadfastly.

"Then, take command of me, my queen. Don't hesitate to use me whenever you need," Duke said, his eyes burning with intense passion. When Kisha chuckled and nodded in agreement, he closed the distance between them, capturing her lips in a deep, fervent kiss. His tongue explored her mouth with a desperate urgency, as if the kiss were his lifeline, sharing his warmth and seeking solace in the moment.

They remained locked in their passionate embrace for some time before Duke finally pulled away, breathless but with his eyes shining with unwavering determination.

He was determined to become stronger, not only to protect Kisha but to be more useful to her. He vowed to himself that he would become her unbreakable sword and sturdiest shield, steadfastly guarding her from any threat.

"Host, I'm sorry. I'm so useless..." 008's childlike voice echoed in Kisha's mind, filled with a pitiful and self-reproachful tone, as if it was blaming itself for causing her so much trouble.