

Apocalypse 369

Chapter 369 Emergency!

Kisha shook her head, deciding to simply savor Duke's care. She felt her body gradually regaining its strength, a testament to how effective her passive skills were.

After thoroughly washing Kisha's body, Duke squeezed a floral shampoo into his hands, rubbing them together until it foamed slightly.

He then applied it to Kisha's hair, gently massaging her scalp and the ends of her hair. Kisha leaned back, savoring the soothing sensation of Duke's scalp massage.

"Is it good?" Duke's gentle voice came from behind her.

"Mmmm," Kisha replied, her eyes still closed.

Duke happily continued caring for Kisha, and before long, he finished bathing her. As Kisha began to rise from the bath, Duke stopped her. She raised an eyebrow and looked back at him as he also climbed out of the tub. He reached for a towel and gently helped her dry her body and hair.

"Don't move; let me do all the work," Duke said with a childlike grin, glowing with satisfaction. Kisha realized his behavior was a result of his satisfaction, and understood why he was so eager to be a devoted husband. She decided to stay still and let him pamper her as he wished.

After all, without her passive skill, she might have passed out long ago. She realized this might be what a true husband should be like—passionate in bed but warm and caring outside of it. A sense of warmth enveloped her chest as she felt Duke's gentle touch on her hair.

Kisha hummed contentedly as Duke dried her hair, her body wrapped in a towel. They resembled a happy couple who had spent a decade together, both savoring the warmth of their unspoken understanding. Once Duke finished drying her hair, he even helped her put on her clothes.

Kisha hesitated at the thought of letting Duke dress her, but he wouldn't relent. With a reluctant pout, she accepted his help. Duke chuckled softly as he assisted her. Before they returned to bed, he carefully blow-dried her long, wavy hair to ensure she wouldn't catch a cold from going to sleep with damp hair.

Kisha's soft purrs were audible to Duke whenever he drew near, and a satisfied smile played on her lips as she sat on the sink, with Duke standing in front of her. Her eyes were closed, savoring the soothing warmth of the air and Duke's gentle touch as he worked through her hair.

After Duke finished, he carefully carried Kisha back to the sofa before hurrying to change the bedsheets and blankets. Kisha watched him move around the room from her seat on the sofa, her eyes crinkling with delight.

Once the bed was made, Duke lifted Kisha once more and gently placed her on the bed. Satisfied that she was comfortably settled, he returned to the bathroom to wash himself clean.

Throughout, Duke wore only a towel around his lower half, his sturdy chest and abs exposed. Kisha didn't bother hiding her gaze as she watched his muscles ripple with each movement. Duke merely chuckled and smiled, clearly enjoying the attention from his wife.

In fact, it pleased him greatly to see that his wife found him appealing. He would have been more concerned if Kisha hadn't shown any sign of infatuation with his looks, as it might have made him feel insecure.

It took Duke just ten minutes to finish bathing and dressing before he joined Kisha on the bed. His hair was still slightly damp when he scooped her into his arms for a hug. The moisture from his hair brushed against Kisha's face, sending a pleasant shiver through her body.

Duke felt her shiver slightly and realized his damp hair was brushing against her face. He grunted softly, his voice dripping with affection. "I'm sorry, wifey. Was it cold?" His tender tone sent a flutter of butterflies to Kisha's stomach.

Kisha shook her head and leaned closer to Duke, wrapping her arms around his waist. Duke rested his chin on top of her head as they embraced, both closing their eyes. They drifted off to sleep without noticing when it happened, finding comfort in each other's embrace.

Wang! Wang! Wang!

Wang!

In the middle of the night, both Duke and Kisha were jolted awake by the blaring alarm bells from around the base. They sat up in bed, exchanging serious looks that conveyed their immediate awareness of an emergency.

Without pausing to change, they hurried out of their room. As they rushed outside, they saw the Winters couple and Wyatt family emerging from their rooms, their faces etched with fear.

Kisha and Duke didn't wait for everyone to leave the villa; they rushed out immediately, heading for the square. Soldiers and warriors were mobilizing in the streets, but no one knew what was happening.

When Kisha and Duke tried to ask the soldiers who were hurriedly getting into position, they received no clear answers.

They hurried to the square, where Aston was already briefing the soldiers. The loud alarm bells had jolted everyone awake, including the survivors. However, after a few intense rings, the bells abruptly stopped.

The silence didn't signal that the emergency had passed; rather, it was to avoid drawing the attention of zombies and causing them to gather outside the walls. The brief alarm had served its purpose of rousing the warriors and soldiers before the bells were silenced.

When Kisha and Duke arrived at the square, Aston and the others were already heading towards the wall. Kisha, breathless, asked urgently, "What's going on?" She was certain this wasn't a drill; drills weren't conducted in the middle of the night, and even if they were, the alarm bells would never be used. They knew that such a noise would attract a horde of zombies from around the city.

Aston, his face pale and filled with worry, responded almost immediately upon hearing Kisha's voice. Seeing her, he looked as if he had just found a lifeline, and his expression relaxed slightly.

"City Lord, we've received a report from the wall patrol," he said, his voice serious and tinged with nervousness. "A horde of zombies is approaching and slowly surrounding the entire base."

Being surrounded alone wouldn't be a significant issue, given their awakened ability users who could handle the situation. Kisha understood this, so she sensed there was more to the situation than Aston was revealing. She waited for him to continue.

"The wall patrol reported that each gate is surrounded by thousands of zombies, similar to the raid during the Blood Rain," Aston added, his tone grim.

Kisha was also shocked by this revelation. In the early stages of the apocalypse, zombies wouldn't actively attack or encircle human settlements unless there was a significant amount of noise.

Such behavior was typically observed only during events like the Blood Rain, when zombies evolved, or when a high-level evolved zombie was commanding the horde.

Given the scale of the threat, it seemed unlikely that a high-level evolved zombie was involved because they couldn't command this large-scale zombie horde.

If such a creature were present, it would likely be a Zombie King or higher. However, this was improbable, as Zombie Kings are typically level 10 or above, possessing a level of consciousness akin to a child, allowing them to think and strategize.