

Apocalypse 378

Chapter 378 Double Green Thumb

Kisha and Duke enjoyed a peaceful, undisturbed ten hours of sleep within the tranquil space. As Kisha awoke, she took a deep breath, her smile growing as the fragrant scent of flowers filled her lungs.

The soft sunlight filtered through her thick, curly eyelashes, fluttering like delicate butterfly wings.

"You're awake?" Duke's hoarse voice resonated softly beside her, laced with a touch of warmth and affection. When Kisha opened her eyes, she was greeted by his tender gaze.

He lay on his side, propping his head up with his right arm, his expression filled with quiet adoration as he watched her.

He leaned in, placing a gentle kiss on her lips. "You can sleep a little longer if you want," he whispered softly, his voice soothing and tender.

"Why are you trying to send me back to sleep? You're the one who should rest a little longer," Kisha teased with a playful pout, turning to face him with a soft smile.

"How are you feeling? Does your head still hurt?" She gently brushed his bangs off his forehead, her fingers trailing down to rub his chin. Duke's smile widened, his eyes growing even softer as he gazed at her.

"I'm fine, better than ever," he murmured, pulling Kisha into his embrace. He held her close, savoring the quiet moment with her wrapped securely in his arms.

The two remained like that for an indeterminate amount of time, simply enjoying the peace.

After the intense night they'd endured, where a single mistake could have led to them being overwhelmed by zombies from any side—whether Bald Eagle's or Vulture's—or even from their own positions, the gravity of their situation was clear.

They had fought relentlessly, knowing that if they let their guard slip for even a moment, the zombies would pile over the walls, using the carcasses of their fallen as leverage, and the outcome would have been catastrophic.

Kisha understood this all too well, without the need for words. Both of them were on the front lines, fully aware of how precarious their situation had been.

But Duke had faced even greater danger, pushing himself to the limit, overexerting his body and depleting his energy core more than once to keep them safe.

They didn't need to speak to recognize the silent weight of the battle they had survived.

Even without Kisha and Duke saying it, the other warriors and soldiers likely realized the gravity of the situation as well.

That's why they all remained on high alert, even after the battle had ended, their senses still sharp, knowing the danger was never truly far behind.

With this realization, Duke and Kisha felt an even stronger urge to treasure every moment they could spend with each other and their families.

The world they lived in no longer offered stability or peace, and each passing second held a weight they couldn't afford to take for granted.

Kisha understood this all too well, which is why, despite her urge to be angry with Duke for ignoring his limits and taking dangerous risks—especially after she had repeatedly warned him not to deplete his spiritual energy—she found it difficult to express her frustration.

However, her anger was tempered by her rationality. After all, Duke's family was within the base, and if his side fell, it would leave them vulnerable to attacks from all directions.

She realized that, if she were in his position with limited options, she might have acted similarly.

Kisha leaned closer to Duke's sturdy chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. The sound filled her with relief and gratitude, a reminder that he was still alive beside her.

For a fleeting moment, the memory of the fear she had felt when Duke sacrificed himself to save her washed over her again, a stark reminder of the fragility of their existence.

Kisha had experienced countless nightmares about that moment, each one replaying the haunting image of Duke's final look.

He bore no resentment or anger for having sacrificed his life to save hers; instead, he seemed relieved that she would continue to live, even at the cost of his own existence. Yet, guilt weighed heavily on her heart.

Despite his ultimate sacrifice, she had still fallen victim to betrayal—betrayal from the very man for whom she had fought with Duke.

This deep-seated regret had consumed her for a time, which is why, when she reunited with Duke, her happiness was overwhelming. Once he expressed interest in her, she felt no need to play hard to get.

Deep down, she recognized her true feelings—she genuinely liked him, even loved him.

However, last night had reignited that deep fear of losing him. Kisha tightened her embrace around his waist, burying her face in his chest and inhaling his familiar scent.

With each breath, she felt her racing heart begin to calm, easing the anxiety that had been gnawing at her mind.

Duke sensed her unease and began to stroke her long, wavy hair, holding her tightly in his embrace. He aimed to provide the reassurance and security she so deeply craved.

No matter how strong Kisha had become, she was still human—vulnerable and in need of comfort. The same was true for Duke.

In that moment, they were each other's rock, finding solace in their shared strength and connection.

Duke was more than happy to be her source of comfort. They didn't need words; their embrace spoke volumes as they listened to each other's heartbeats, finding solace in the peaceful silence that enveloped them.

In that moment, nothing else mattered but their shared warmth and connection.

After a while, they slowly got up, stretching their limbs and shaking off the remnants of sleep. Gradually, they returned to their usual playful selves, exchanging banter and teasing each other like before.

As they folded up the blanket and tucked it back into Kisha's inventory along with the pillow, she pulled out their breakfast and they began enjoying their late lunch together, laughter and warmth filling the air once more.

After finishing their meal, Kisha and Duke decided to check on the farm since they were already within the Territory.

They wanted to see how things were progressing while Marcus, along with his grandchildren, took charge of tending to the land and overseeing the Territory's upkeep.

As they reached the edge of the farm, Kisha and Duke were greeted by the sight of flourishing vegetables, growing larger and healthier than they'd expected.

Marcus' gift had clearly worked wonders on the land. Seeing this, Kisha couldn't help but wonder how her own ability to boost crop growth might play out if she joined forces with Marcus.

Her curiosity grew, especially with the 20% chance her skill gave to transform any crop into a spiritual one.

"Actually, host..." 008's voice suddenly interrupted, startling Kisha once again.

"Holy shit!!! 008, you must really enjoy making me jump like a kangaroo every time you speak, don't you?" Kisha exclaimed, mentally puffing and huffing.

"Is that why you keep freaking me out over and over again?"

008's playful chuckle only confirmed Kisha's suspicions, though she knew there wasn't much she could do about it.

Without skipping a beat, 008 continued, "Actually, unlike your other skills, your achievement works more like a passive skill. It's always in effect. So, your 'Green Thumb Achievement' is automatically applied to your territory since it belongs to you."