

Apocalypse 43

Chapter 43 Mountain Road

Kisha went straight to the hidden bunker, she had no problem since the place was left open, she stored the remaining firearms in her inventory and made a quick beeline to the farm equipment that the bees saw nearby.

There's a complete tractor, pruner, and many other of large farm equipment. She knew that all of these would be very useful on her own farm and orchard.

"Master, the whole farm is deserted, and no zombies are roaming around, do we continue to patrol the area?" Bell communicated with Kisha through their master/subordinate connection.

"Yes, continue. We also have to test how long we can continue the connection with the regular bees." As if Kisha remembered something and she added. "How's your newborn?"

Bell's antenna wiggled excitedly as she reported to her master, "Master, I've given birth to 100 healthy scarlet bees! Once they mature and start producing honey, I'll share it with you."

Kisha chuckled warmly as she congratulated Bell. "Well done! You've certainly worked hard."

"No, Master! It wasn't!" Bell replied, thrilled that her master was concerned for her. Eagerly, she communicated with the regular bees on patrol to search for more useful items.

After a quick walk around the farm, Kisha came back to where Duke and the others were.

When she came to, she found Duke crouching near the steps in front of the cabin. "What's up?" She asked, puzzled.

Duke looked up at Kisha before showing her the small paper he found wedged in the crevice. "I found Tristan's message," he said.

Kisha read the message, which said: "Master, if you found this, I and the others successfully rescued the old master and the others. However, we are still closely tailed and some...". The remaining words were garbled and hard to decipher. It was evident that Tristan must have encountered an unexpected situation, prompting a swift escape after he stuffed the letter in a safe place.

Duke's eyes swirled with a mix of emotions, his shoulders tense with worry. Despite knowing that his family had been saved, he couldn't relax, knowing they were still in danger.

Kisha gently patted Duke's shoulder, understanding the gravity of the situation and the urgency at hand. "Let's not waste any time. We need to follow their tracks in the forest." And she took the car out of her inventory.

Sparrow wasted no time and promptly hopped into the car, prepared to drive off at a moment's notice. Vulture followed suit, already buckling his seatbelt in readiness for the journey ahead.

Kisha felt a lump forming in her throat as she observed Duke's vulnerable demeanor. Despite his facade of indifference, she sensed the turmoil of emotions raging within him. He carried the weight of worry for

his people's safety, yet felt powerless to protect them. With no one to confide in, he bore the burden of leadership alone, unable to display even a hint of vulnerability.

Duke must have wanted to rush there to save his people but also had to think about the consequences it might bring to his remaining subordinate. So, through this conflict, Kisha stepped in and told them that they could go directly without warming their body inside the cabin or resting.

While some might view their decision as reckless because nights are even more dangerous and the danger only intensified due to the threat of zombies, Kisha remained confident in her abilities. With her system in place and the bees on patrol, she felt assured that they wouldn't be caught off guard by any potential threats during their journey.

At present, zombies are the least of their concerns. These creatures had yet to evolve significantly and could be handled by ordinary people if they possessed the courage. However, the enemies pursuing Duke's family were armed and well-trained, presenting a far more dangerous threat.

Given the circumstances, Kisha believed that rushing to their aid and catching the assailants off guard would be a more strategic course of action than proceeding cautiously.

Observing the confident smirk on Kisha's face, Duke ceased his hesitation. Having spent considerable time together, he understood that Kisha was not the reckless type; she wouldn't venture out without a solid plan or the confidence to emerge victorious.

Soon, the group of four traversed the rugged terrain into the depths of the forest toward the mountains. Kisha attempted to consult the map, but the car's jolting and trembling made it impossible for her to see anything clearly. She found herself practically bouncing in her seat.

Her frown deepened, and she found herself regretting her sympathy for Duke at that moment. She longed for the smooth, flat road again, even if it meant taking a bit longer to reach their destination. The prospect of being jostled around and bruised all over was becoming less appealing by the minute.

She felt as if her body were on the verge of breaking from the relentless tossing within the car.

Witnessing her discomfort, Duke's heart softened, and he felt a pang of sympathy for Kisha. He offered innocently, "Would you like to sit on my lap instead? It might be a bit cramped and hard, but you'll endure less jostling than being strapped into the seatbelt."

Kisha shot Duke an incredulous look as if he were a foolish pervert trying to take advantage of her. It was only then that Duke realized the unintended implication of his words. He attempted to appear nonchalant, but his racing heart betrayed the turmoil within him.

The two people in the front seats were taken aback by Duke's unexpected offer, exchanging a surprised glance as they caught sight of the awkward dynamic unfolding in the rearview mirror.

Kisha locked eyes with Duke, finding only genuine concern reflected in his gaze. "I must have been reading too much into it," she thought, reassured by his sincerity.

After being silent for a long time, 008 interjected with a mischievous grin. "Host, just admit it. You're the one yearning for his touch, fantasizing about him thinking of you in that way," 008 teased, his words laced with playful insinuation.

Kisha felt annoyed but she could only grit her teeth. "No need, I'll just make it uncomfortable for you and take much space."

She struggled to maintain a poker face, but Duke couldn't miss the telltale flush creeping up her cheeks. Amused by her reaction, he couldn't resist pushing a little further. Initially concerned for her well-being, his concern now mingled with a mischievous desire to tease her, spurred on by her evident embarrassment.

"Don't worry, I don't mind." He added.

"I mind, you know. Who in their right mind would sit on someone else's lap?" She retorted.

"What? I'm genuinely concerned that your body won't hold up before we reach our destination. Besides, do I have time to treat you like a woman right now?" Duke said with a poker face.

Kisha felt conflicted; while she recognized the validity of Duke's concern, she couldn't help but feel slighted that he didn't see her as a woman. "Do I appear that unattractive to him?" she wondered silently.

Feeling a sting to her pride from his apparent indifference, she clenched her teeth, unbuckled her seatbelt amidst the car's jolts, and defiantly settled herself into Duke's lap.

Even Duke was caught off guard by her sudden move, his throat tightening with surprise. His arms seemed to act on their own accord, encircling her small waist almost instinctively, while his other hand found its place on her lap, offering support.

The warmth of Duke's hand on her back and lap sent a tingling sensation through her scalp, causing her to shiver slightly. Given Duke's tall and slightly muscular build, the space felt incredibly cramped. His breath brushed against her neck, warm and gentle, sending flutters through her stomach and causing her eyes to involuntarily close.

Duke, on the other hand, relished the sweet, pleasant scent emanating from Kisha. He felt her shiver, and this small reaction brought a smile to his face. However, not long after, he felt a familiar warmth coursing through his body, originating down from his navel. He could only curse through gritted teeth as he struggled to adjust his breathing and maintain his composure.

Kisha now regretted her impulsive move and felt foolish for succumbing to her pettiness. She wanted to return to her seat, but Duke's grasp tightened around her. "Stop moving," he whispered into her ear, his breath growing heavier.

"Was I that heavy?" She thought.

She wanted to look at Duke's face, but his face remained pressed against her neck. She squirmed a little, prompting Duke to groan and pinch her waist. He couldn't speak, his forehead veins bulging with strain.

"Try moving some more and you'll know the consequences," Duke grunted with heavy breathing.

The two in the front exchanged a knowing look, realizing they were intruding on a private moment. They wisely raised the divider between the front and back seats, allowing Duke and Kisha their privacy, and returned their attention to their tasks.

Kisha was about to retort, but then she felt something rod-like thing beneath her. Despite the fabric separating them, she could vividly feel the contours, leaving her speechless as a gasp escaped her throat.

Her squirming stopped almost instantly, giving Duke some time to adjust his breathing as he hugged her tightly. But of course, the road did not give him time to adjust as the jolting and trembling of the car continued. Duke felt his thing grinding on Kisha, unable to control the unavoidable contact.

Kisha felt her whole body tremble and she's getting wet down there. 'So-so big!!!' She tried her best not to let out a moan as it would only aggravate the situation. "This is the worst decision I have ever made!" She shouted in her brain.

This torture lasted for a while until they exited the mountain road, Duke almost couldn't hold himself from bursting through his pants. Luckily, he could last long while Kisha looked like her soul was sucked out of her.

After seeing her state, Duke smirked triumphantly.