

Apocalypse 46

Chapter 46 Do You Want to Help?

"Great, why don't you guys come with us?" Fred extended the invitation, not only out of gratefulness but also because he sensed their strength. He knew he couldn't protect all the people with him alone, so he needed extra help. Although he never entertained the thought that Kisha and the others might be bad people, he remained vigilant.

"Alright, I'll consult with my group first to hear their thoughts on this," Kisha nodded.

She and the others stepped aside, allowing the new arrivals some space, and gathered in a corner to confer among themselves.

"We'll be delayed if we travel with these people," Duke remarked, his brows knitted together so tightly they could have crushed a fly. He had overheard Kisha's conversation with Fred and found himself in disagreement. He believed they would only become encumbered, especially considering their current time constraints.

It's not that he doesn't want to help the civilians, but his hands are currently tied. Every second counts when his family's lives are on the line.

"I thought so too, but it would be easier for us to blend into the crowd to infiltrate our destination," Kisha explained, exhaling deeply as she considered all the possibilities that might go awry. "We can also help them get to the evacuation center faster if we work with Fred, and in turn, they will be our cover. That just sounds good to me," she concluded, weighing the pros and cons.

"Just disguising ourselves isn't enough to ensure that the enemies won't be alarmed, potentially endangering your family," Kisha reasoned. "I share your urgency to get there quickly, but the lack of information leaves us blind on how to proceed. It's best for us to tread as silently and securely as possible," she added, emphasizing the need for caution.

"You're right. I'm sorry, I'm getting impatient," Duke admitted, realizing the validity of Kisha's perspective. His impatience had clouded his judgment. Sparrow and Vulture exchanged surprised glances, 'Boss relented. But more than that, he apologized!' they communicated through their eyes.

After their discussion, they rested, with Vulture continuing to keep watch over their sleep. However, another predicament soon arose.

Due to the limited space, Duke and Kisha had to sleep side by side, causing them both to feel restless. Kisha became a bundle of nerves, her stomach churning with anxiety. She was hypersensitive to every movement Duke made, and every time his warm breath brushed against her skin, she couldn't help but feel a knot in her stomach and her toes curling.

Duke wasn't faring any better. With Kisha in such close proximity, he felt an intense heat rising within him. Her scent acted like an aphrodisiac, stirring him up without any effort. He struggled to calm the raging desire within him, which was now creating a noticeable tent in his pants.

But the situation didn't stop there. An elderly woman lay behind Kisha, further pressing her against Duke. Unable to contain himself, Duke let out a muffled grunt in discomfort. Startled, the elderly woman apologized profusely for taking up too much space. However, neither Kisha nor Duke uttered a word in response.

With Kisha now nestled in Duke's embrace, her face pressed against his sturdy chest, she could hear the steady rhythm of his heartbeat and the raggedness of his breath, as if he were struggling to breathe.

She sensed that he was pressed too tightly against the wall, making it difficult for him to breathe, so she attempted to shift slightly to give him more room. "Don't move," his hoarse voice whispered beside her ear. It sounded so seductive and inviting that Kisha couldn't help but swallow the lump in her throat.

"Are you alright?" Kisha whispered to Duke.

"Would you help me if I weren't?" His voice was hoarse, tinged with a hint of seduction and teasing. Kisha realized something was indeed wrong. Very wrong

Duke tightened his grip around her waist, preventing her from moving as he buried his nose in the top of her head. Uncomfortable with her position, Kisha shifted slightly, inadvertently brushing against something hard, which elicited another muffled grunt from Duke.

Her mind raced, unwilling to dwell on what that hardness could imply, knowing all too well what it likely was.

Kisha's heartbeat quickened as she attempted to look up at Duke, but his head remained stuck to her hair. She felt her face, along with her ears and neck, flush with the sudden realization.

"Do you still want to help?" Duke didn't miss the chance to tease, rather than being embarrassed for being caught in such a state, he seemed to relish it, finding amusement in imagining Kisha's reaction. Despite the discomfort his body was causing him, he found a strange happiness in the situation.

Kisha fell silent, realizing the seriousness of their situation, where others were still grieving and filled with fear about what the next day might bring, while they were... "Just shut up and sleep," she muttered, trying to redirect her thoughts away from the awkwardness of the situation.

Duke did not know what happened to him but he seemed to have swallowed a 'shameless pill' that he couldn't give it a rest. "I'd sleep a lot better if you could... assist me... with this..." He said, boldly placing her hand on his abdominal muscles, teasing her as he slowly guided her hand downwards.

Kisha's breath caught in her throat as she felt the urge to scold Duke for his shamelessness, especially given their current situation surrounded by others... 'But hold on. Why does that feel off as well?'

"Host, are you suggesting it's okay to get touchy and lovey-dovey when it's just the two of you?" 008 chimed in teasingly, but quickly retreating far into Kisha's consciousness to avoid bearing the brunt of the situation.

Instead of allowing Duke to persist in his shamelessness, Kisha pinched his navel, eliciting a wince and a grunt from him. Unable to help herself, she bit her lower lip as she pinched him firmly, using it as a means to punish him for teasing her and being shameless.

Duke gently grasped her hand, the one pinching his navel, trying to coax her into easing up as another grunt escaped his lips, this time from the pain. He admitted that he had gone too far in teasing her, to the point where he almost lost control and acted on his impulses.

So, being pinched was like his wake-up call. After Kisha had finished venting her anger on him, she closed her eyes. She decided not to dwell on anything else because it would only make her restless. Besides, after finding a comfortable position in Duke's arms, Kisha realized how soothing it was to sleep nestled against him.

For the first time in a long while, she found a sanctuary where she could feel safe and truly relaxed, where she could forget about everything—the burdens, the sufferings, and every other emotion that gnawed at her rationality and sense of self. It felt as though she had stumbled upon an oasis after a long and arduous journey through the desert.

Similarly, Duke experienced a profound feeling with Kisha sleeping in his arms, it felt so right. It was as though the elusive piece he had sought for so long had finally found its place. After banishing any impure thoughts, he settled into a state of relaxation and inner peace.

The rhythmic sound of Kisha's breathing and the gentle weight of her body against his own filled him with a happiness, so overwhelming it bordered on inexplicable. Though he couldn't quite identify all the emotions stirring within him, he knew one thing for certain: in that moment, he felt contented in a way he had never experienced before.

He felt complete...

Without him knowing, Duke also drifted off to sleep, his hold on Kisha's waist tightening as if he feared she might slip away, or perhaps he desired their two forms to merge into one. In response, Kisha instinctively snuggled closer to Duke, seeking solace and warmth in his embrace.

Observing the intimate scene, Fred couldn't resist posing a question to Vulture as he cleaned his pistol. "Are they a married couple?"

Vulture, in the midst of taking a sip of water, was caught off guard by the inquiry, causing him to choke on the liquid in surprise.

Fred only asked it to build rapport with Vulture but he did not expect him to receive a huge reaction. He noticed how Kisha and Duke flirted even when surrounded by unknown people, he even thought that they had a really good relationship but he also felt bad for them for sustaining such injuries that resulted in them being disfigured.

Unable to coax Vulture into a conversation, Fred decided to rest as well. Exhausted from a day filled with relentless struggle, he lacked the energy to dwell on the possibility of Vulture and his companions posing a threat. Instead, he could only hope that they would be left undisturbed.

If danger did arise, Fred resigned himself to the notion that at least he would pass away peacefully in his sleep, spared from a painful demise.

As a seasoned S.W.A.T. personnel, Fred knew he shouldn't succumb to such defeatist thoughts. However, the relentless strain on both his mind and body had reached a breaking point. He yearned for respite, to release the burden weighing heavily upon him. With a heavy heart, he allowed himself to drift into sleep, choosing to momentarily ignore the uncertain future that awaited them.