

## **Apocalypse 482**

### Chapter 482 Duke Is Back

"I can see them!" one of the snipers in the western watchtower called out excitedly over the radio, his eyes glued to the scope. "Prepare to open the gates in 2!"

"Roger that, over!" the gatekeeper responded, signaling the two soldiers stationed on either side of the gate to prepare for the opening in two minutes.

Moments later, the low rumble of the fuel tanker's engine echoed from a distance.

But not far behind, a far more ominous sound joined the tanker's hum— the deafening roar of thousands of zombies sprinting after the trucks, their collective footfalls shaking the ground beneath them.

"Everyone, get ready to fire, but aim carefully! Don't hit the tank, or we'll be blown to hell!" the gatekeeper shouted, moving quickly along the top of the cargo trailers, his eyes scanning the incoming threat.

Beside him, the soldiers steadied their rifles, their focus sharp as they lined up their shots, knowing the slightest mistake could cost them everything.

Bang...

Bang...

Screeched!

As the first truck came to a halt, Duke swiftly emerged from the driver's side and made his way toward Kisha, who was standing among the crowd.

Her eyes locked onto him, and she greeted him with a warm, inviting smile that softened the harshness of the surrounding chaos.

Seeing her smile like that, Duke couldn't help but nod in appreciation. Without a second thought, he scooped her up into his arms, spinning her around a few times in sheer joy before planting a gentle kiss on her cheek.

"Wifey, I'm home..." he murmured softly, his eyes brimming with unspoken happiness and love, the words carrying a depth of emotion that went beyond the simple greeting.

"Welcome home, hubby." Kisha's mood lightened instantly, her previously cold, indifferent demeanor melting away as she embraced him.

Though only a few days had passed since their separation, it felt like months to them both.

Their busy lives and work had kept them distracted, but now that they were reunited, the intensity of their emotions was undeniable, stronger than ever before.

The others couldn't help but cheer them on, watching with warmth in their eyes.

After all, Kisha and Duke were the ones who had created this safe haven for everyone, and seeing them share such a tender moment as a couple made the group feel even closer to them.

It reminded them that, despite their leadership roles, Kisha and Duke were also just ordinary people who experienced happiness, love, and grief, just like anyone else.

After Duke finished basking in the joy of their reunion, he turned to the side with a mischievous grin, as if unveiling a surprise for his wife.

"Wifey, I brought you a gift." He gestured toward the convoy of trucks lined up, unable to park at the gate due to their size.

Several of them were already being directed further into the base, as the massive fuel tankers needed more space and couldn't fit near the entrance.

Kisha tapped her finger thoughtfully on her chin as she glanced up at the line of trucks, her gaze lingering on the fuel tankers before she gave a satisfied nod.

"We only used about half the capacity in each truck," Duke explained, eager to clarify.

"We made sure to conserve as much gas as possible, just enough to take care of the vermin below."

He knew better than to let Kisha ask him why he'd blown up the sewers. If she had to question him, he was pretty sure she'd be the one teaching him a lesson.

Kisha raised an eyebrow at Duke, a wry smile tugging at her lips. 'What a sly fox you are...' she thought to herself, deciding not to press the issue further.

He'd already admitted his mistake—or at least preemptively informed her—before she could even ask. She figured it was best to let it go for now.

Her anger melted away instantly. After all, Duke had completed the mission flawlessly, and ahead of schedule no less.

How he did it didn't matter—what counted was the result and, most importantly, the fact that there were no casualties.

With a smile, she gave him a nod of approval, and only then did Duke let out a deep sigh of relief.

He flicked his neck, signaling to his team to move the trucks inside, making sure they were parked properly without obstructing the gate.

The rumble of the engines filled the streets once again as Duke's men carefully maneuvered the ten or so fuel tankers into the base.

Meanwhile, Duke and Kisha made their way back to the villa.

As they arrived, Duke's family had already gathered, having taken the day off from their respective duties to welcome him home and check on how he fared during his outing beyond the base.

Seeing his family lively and in good health brought a warm smile to his face.

But as he greeted them, he couldn't resist showing off the Space Ring that Kisha had given him.

He held it up with a subtle, almost proud gesture, like a person flaunting the largest diamond engagement ring, basking in the compliments and admiration of those around him.

His family gathered around eagerly, their eyes widening in admiration as they took in the sight of Duke's ring, before turning to Kisha with curious glances.

However, instead of offering their usual praise, his grandfather, the patriarch, couldn't resist a playful scolding.

"What a man you are!" he exclaimed with a raised eyebrow. "Shouldn't you be the one giving your wife rings and pampering her? Looks to me like you're enjoying watching her wear the pants in this relationship!"

He shook his head, gripping his cane tightly, though he stopped short of delivering the usual playful whack he would give Duke.

The old man was careful, knowing his cane might not survive a strike on Duke's sturdy frame that was like a tank with its defense.

Instead, he settled for a hearty chuckle, clearly amused by his own teasing.

Duke raised an eyebrow, a playful smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth as he casually dropped the bombshell. "Grandpa, I gave my wife the most expensive, sought-after diamond ring—the same one you gave Grandma on your wedding day. But the ring my wife gave me? It's no ordinary ring. It's a Space Ring."

He watched as his family's expressions shifted from thoughtful contemplation to sudden realization, followed by a spark of envy.

The silence in the room grew heavy with the weight of his words. With a satisfied smile, Duke leaned into Kisha, pulling her waist closer to his side, his chest swelling with pride.

"I know my wife loves me the most," he said playfully, his tone filled with confidence and affection as he nuzzled against her, thoroughly enjoying the moment.

Kisha, however, was focused on her status window. More specifically, she was examining the 'Achievement Tab,' eager to see the new achievement she had earned after completing the sewer mission.

[Sweeper Achievement]

[Description: Keeping the city free from pests is crucial to prevent health issues that could lead to death. However, the current problem isn't with the typical vermin that cause infections or illnesses; these creatures have evolved into something far more dangerous. The vermin now have the strength to devour humans in seconds, much like piranhas, and their bites can turn victims into zombies. They no longer see humans as just a nuisance; to them, we're food. If their population continues to rise, human settlements will fall, and the death toll will be catastrophic.

Grade: SSS

Additional points 10 in all stats

+20% Poison Resistance

+50% Increased Battle Power against vermin (rats, cockroaches, etc.)

+10% Critical Hit

-10% Critical Damage Taken]

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Kisha smiled as she examined the impressive buffs from the achievement she had just unlocked. 'A well-deserved triple S grade,' she thought, nodding to herself as she lingered on the tab.

After a quiet breakfast where they all enjoyed each other's company, the others reluctantly cut their leave short to return to work.

However, Kisha didn't rush back herself. Instead, she guided Duke back to their room, her mind lost in thought.

When they reached the door, she hesitated for a moment, deciding, 'I'll do it later... he needs rest first.'

Gently, she nudged him inside the room, noting how worn and rugged he looked after his time away. It was clear he needed rest, and Kisha knew that was the first priority.

Before Kisha could step away, Duke's hand shot out, gripping her wrist gently but firmly, his fingers insistent as he pulled her back.

"Wifey, I missed you so much," he murmured, his voice low with an edge of vulnerability that Kisha hadn't heard before. "Can you stay with me for a bit?"

Although he didn't want to be a burden or distract her from the tasks she needed to handle, the fear that had gripped him while he was out there — facing the evolved zombies and the harsh world without her — lingered.

It wasn't the idea of dying that terrified him; it was the thought of never seeing her again.

The thought of almost losing her had shaken Duke more than he let on, even if he had tried to maintain his usual tough exterior in front of others.

Deep down, the fear had lingered, unsettling him long after the danger had passed.

When Kisha saw the raw vulnerability in his eyes, something inside her softened. She couldn't bring herself to leave him when he was so open with his feelings.

Instead of simply letting him rest in their room, Kisha decided to lead him to a more peaceful, secluded spot within her territory — a quiet corner by the serene lake.