

Apocalypse 483

Chapter 483 The Shy Duke

There, they laid down a mattress, piled pillows high, and wrapped themselves in blankets. To shield them from the sun, Kisha set up a small tent, ensuring that they could rest in privacy and comfort without any distractions.

It was their little sanctuary, a place where they could escape the world and simply be with each other.

As Kisha and Duke settled onto the mattress, Duke pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her tightly, unwilling to let go.

He inhaled deeply, taking in the familiar scent of her hair, which instantly calmed his racing mind. He had intended to shower before sleeping, but his exhaustion hit him all at once.

His eyelids grew heavy, as if the weight of the day had finally caught up with him.

Maybe it was the comfort of Kisha being so close, or the warmth of her presence, but his body seemed to relax in a way it hadn't in days.

He found himself drifting off, his mind finally at peace now that she was there with him.

Kisha, too, felt her body soften in his embrace. Perhaps, without fully realizing it, she had been keeping herself busy, trying to push away the longing she felt for Duke.

Now that he was finally here with her, she realized just how much she had missed him, how deeply she had craved his presence.

His closeness eased the ache in her heart, and as she melted into his arms, all the pent-up stress she had been carrying seemed to drain away.

The weight of everything that had built up over time lifted, and she found herself allowing herself to relax, surrendering to the comfort of his touch.

Soon, Kisha, too, drifted into a deep sleep.

The two of them rested for ten hours, finally catching up on the sleep they both desperately needed, their bodies replenishing with much-needed energy.

Kisha didn't mind Duke's scent, despite the fact that he had just returned from outside.

There was still a faint trace of his masculine, natural fragrance, mixed with the smell of the outside world, this made her feel more grounded and secure as she slept.

However, when they woke up, Duke felt a wave of embarrassment.

His face flushed with self-consciousness as he sniffed himself, recoiling at the smell. The faint scent of sweat, the lingering stench of rotting flesh, and the trace of gasoline on his clothes filled his nostrils.

He grimaced in disgust, realizing how much he had been out in the harshness of the world, and now, he was aware of how he must have smelled to Kisha.

'Fuck it! How could I hug my wife so closely smelling like this?! Did she pass out from the stench?!' Duke internally panicked, glancing at Kisha with a mix of guilt and horror.

His embarrassment only deepened when he noticed the amused glint in her eyes.

It was as if she could read his thoughts perfectly, her lips twitching in a knowing smirk that made his face flush even redder.

Kisha's gaze held a teasing warmth, clearly enjoying his discomfort, which only made Duke squirm more under her amused scrutiny.

"I-I'll go take a bath!" Duke stammered, bolting out of the tent like a man on fire. Kisha chuckled softly, shaking her head at his flustered retreat.

Moments later, Duke poked his head back in, looking sheepish. "Wifey, can I have some soap and shampoo, please?" he asked, his voice a mix of embarrassment and pleading.

His lips were pressed into a tight line, and he avoided her gaze, clearly too self-conscious to get any closer now that he was acutely aware of his less-than-pleasant scent.

Kisha raised an eyebrow, amused by his awkwardness. With a teasing grin, making a mental note to savor every bit of his rare vulnerability.

Kisha stepped closer to Duke with a mischievous glint in her eyes, wrapping her arms around his neck.

She leaned in, pressing a gentle peck on his cheek, followed by soft, teasing kisses on his lips. Before Duke could react, she deepened the kiss, drawing a surprised gasp from him.

Flustered, Duke instinctively tried to pull back, but Kisha wasn't having it.

Just as he opened his mouth to protest, she slipped her tongue past his lips, silencing him with a passionate kiss.

A low groan escaped him, and his hands, as if acting on their own, slid under her shirt and found their way to her chest.

He let out a deep, satisfied sigh, momentarily forgetting all about his earlier embarrassment.

Kisha smirked against his lips, thoroughly enjoying his conflicted mix of shyness and desire.

"I missed this..." Duke murmured between kisses, his voice husky with longing. His tongue met hers in a passionate dance, sucking gently and savoring the fruity flavors of her lips.

One hand remained firmly on her chest, while the other slid down to cup her ass.

Just as he was completely lost in her warmth, a sudden thought crossed his mind—what he was supposed to be doing.

Embarrassment flickered across his face as he reluctantly broke the kiss, though his hands refused to let go, lingering on her curves as if they had a will of their own.

Caught between desire and self-consciousness, Duke froze, his face a picture of deep internal conflict.

Kisha, unable to contain her amusement, burst out laughing. Her melodious laughter filled the tent as she reached into her inventory, pulling out a large basin, body soap, and shampoo.

"There," she said with a teasing smile, setting the items down. "Now you don't have an excuse to stay dirty, Mr. Handsy."

"Go ahead, take a bath. We need to draw the gachapon after this and check the mission rewards," Kisha said, playfully waving him off and resisting the urge to tease him further.

Her tone was light, but the subtle hint of urgency made it clear she wanted him to get moving.

Duke nodded quickly, his face still flushed from earlier. Without another word, he darted out of the tent, heading toward the lake.

However, mindful of the delicate ecosystem, he avoided using the soap and shampoo directly in the water.

Instead, he fetched a bucketful of lake water and carried it further into the forest, finding a quiet, secluded spot to wash himself.

The cool shade of the trees and the soothing sound of the lake nearby made it the perfect place to freshen up, though Duke couldn't help but feel a lingering heat in his cheeks as he thought back to Kisha's teasing smile.

Duke scrubbed himself vigorously, lathering up with soap multiple times to ensure every trace of the zombie stench was gone.

He attacked his hair with the same fervor, determined to rid himself of the lingering grime.

All he could think about was how mortifying it would be to stand before Kisha with even a hint of that foul odor clinging to him—conveniently forgetting they had fought zombies together before and slept side by side, both covered in dirt and sweat.

Now, though, he was acting like a smitten teenage boy desperate to impress his crush.

This thought wasn't lost on Kisha, who watched him from afar with an amused smile, shaking her head lightly at his antics.