

Apocalypse 799

Chapter 799 - Returning

"Ugh!" she groaned softly, more at the situation than at him.

Once they reached the bed, Kisha took out fresh towels and gently dried them both off. Then, still maneuvering their awkward position with her powers, she lowered them onto the mattress and turned off the lights.

It wasn't until she was settled under the covers that Duke stirred. Just barely. He shifted slightly but still didn't let her go. Instead, he wrapped his arms around her, resting her body on top of his—his cock still snug inside her.

Kisha blinked as she looked up at him, a grin on his face; she felt utterly exasperated.

'Unbelievable,' she thought. 'This man is going to be the death of me.'

The next morning, Duke sat in the cafeteria with Kisha, picking at his breakfast like a man who had just lost his soul. His shoulders slumped, his expression hollow, and his pride looked like it had been thoroughly broken and trampled. Kisha watched him with concern, wondering what could possibly be going through his mind to leave him in such a state.

It all started the moment he woke up. When he opened his eyes in bed and realized where he was, he looked completely stunned—like someone who had just missed the most important event of his life. It took him a full minute just to collect himself and drag his feet to the bathroom to wash up.

And why was he so shocked?

Well... Duke had big plans for the night. A long night. A night filled with affection, passion, and all the little things a doting husband dreams of sharing with his wife. But somewhere between those plans and the execution, reality hit him like a brick—he'd passed out. Knocked out cold. He hadn't even realized when or how it happened.

The truth was, his body had finally hit its limit. Ever since the zombie apocalypse began, he'd been pushing himself nonstop—working side by side with Kisha, taking on responsibilities, worrying, planning, protecting. He never really complained, never asked for rest... but stress had been quietly piling up inside him like a slow-burning fuse.

And last night, his body decided it had had enough.

All that exhaustion, all the wear and tear—it finally caught up with him. His body's survival instinct kicked in, pulling the plug before he could burn out completely. And now, he was left at the breakfast table, mourning the romantic night he never got to have, while Kisha sat beside him, completely unaware of the battle he lost... to sleep.

For a man, falling asleep in the middle of an intimate moment with his partner could be a serious blow to the ego. Duke couldn't help but feel a little crushed. He didn't want Kisha to question his stamina—or worse, think his age was starting to catch up with him. Not that he was that old, but still, the idea gnawed at him.

Fortunately, Kisha had the grace and wisdom to say nothing. When she woke up and found him fast asleep beside her, she simply smiled to herself and acted as if nothing unusual had happened. She went about her morning as usual, her demeanor calm and unbothered.

Truth be told, she was a little tired too.

Rather than feeling disappointed, Kisha actually felt more refreshed than she had in days. It was the first time in a long while that both she and Duke had gotten a full night's sleep. They were always on the move, always busy—juggling their responsibilities, checking on the farm, managing people and supplies. Neither of them ever slowed down long enough to really rest.

So in the end, maybe it was a blessing in disguise. Instead of a night of exertion, their bodies chose recovery—and for once, both of them woke up recharged, ready to face another day.

Seeing Duke looking so downcast only made Kisha chuckle quietly to herself. Thankfully, he had still managed to get through two solid rounds before his body gave out. If he'd knocked out before even starting, she knew his pride would've taken a much deeper hit. Just thinking about it seemed to lift his spirits a little. He sat up straighter and finally picked up his utensils again, deciding to focus on eating. After all, he had work to do with Hugo and the others on the biogas farm, while Kisha had her own list of responsibilities.

Once breakfast was done, Duke walked with her to the exit of the building. The morning air was crisp, and sunlight filtered through the trees beyond the base. As they stepped outside, Duke gently took her hand and kissed the back of it with tender affection. "Wifey, I'm heading out with Hugo and the team. Or... would you rather I come with you instead?" he asked, his tone soft and considerate.

Kisha shook her head with a small smile. "No need. I'll be bringing Keith and my grandparents along—just showing them around and letting them have a look. Your family, though, is heading back to help with management. There's not much happening here at the hidden base for now."

Behind them, Keith was trailing quietly, his sharp eyes locked onto Duke like a hawk stalking its target. He clearly wanted to say something, but kept his mouth shut—mostly because his grandmother was watching him like an eagle, daring him to step out of line with another jab at his brother-in-law.

With his lips pursed, Keith remained quiet, blending into the background without a word. Soon after, Hugo and his team emerged, satisfied from breakfast and ready to move out. Together, they headed straight for the forest. Kisha, along with her family and Duke's, followed behind to use the same portal that would take them directly to HOPE Base.

Once they reached the portal site, Duke gently pulled Kisha aside. With a soft smile, he kissed her forehead before sending her off, his gaze lingering as Hugo and the others went ahead to start working with the biogas farm so they didn't see Kisha and the others disappear into a different location.

Moments later, Kisha, Keith, Grandpa and Grandma Aldens, along with the Winters, reappeared at Villa #1. Marcus and his grandchildren had already gone ahead to the territory space. Since they were the only ones currently staying at the villa, they didn't spend much time there aside from routine cleaning. Most of their hours were dedicated to working on the farm.

As soon as they arrived in the new territory, Keith was instantly amazed. He looked around the villa and its surroundings in awe, trying to confirm if they had truly traveled to a different location in just the blink of an eye.

"Sister! This ability of yours is incredible! We can actually teleport from one place to another just like that?!" he exclaimed, eyes wide with excitement. Unable to contain his curiosity, he dashed around the villa, inspecting everything like an eager child.

Then, he flung open the front door—just as Aston was approaching, intending to check if Marcus was around. Startled by the sudden encounter and not immediately noticing Kisha and the others behind Keith, Aston instinctively jumped back and pulled out his dagger, mistaking Keith for a thief.