

Apocalypse 151

Chapter 151 The Aggrieved Duke

As he suspected, there were indeed subtle alterations in the villa that weren't present when they departed. Certain items had been moved and carefully returned to their original positions. It seemed whoever entered the villa believed that by restoring everything afterward, their presence would go unnoticed.

Like Duke, Kisha too surveyed their surroundings discreetly, benefiting from her sharper eyesight. She easily detected the hidden cameras, cunningly positioned in obscure locations yet offering broad surveillance coverage. Among the group, only Vulture seemed unaware of these cameras.

Considering the presence of hidden cameras, it was likely that hidden listening devices were also scattered throughout the villa.

Either they suspect Kisha and her group of being connected to the Winters, or they aim to spy on them to extract information for potential blackmail or manipulation. They may seek to coerce them into joining certain factions or control them with unquestioned obedience. Regardless of the motive, Kisha now discerned a clear conspiracy against them.

Fortunately, despite Vulture's unawareness of the villa's tampering, he silently worked in the kitchen alongside Sparrow. Their conversation revolved solely around their fatigue and longing for the comforts of a hot meal and the tranquil environment of the villa they currently occupied—merely a casual and unremarkable exchange.

So, whoever was listening to them wouldn't get anything out of them but at the same time, Sparrow did not know if Vulture just didn't want to delve into that topic or his instinct was telling him not to speak of important information for now, Kisha and Duke's privacy was also compromised which made Duke's aura turned a few degrees colder.

He couldn't shake the disappointment of not being able to share an intimate moment with his wife, based on his understanding of her promise, although Kisha hadn't explicitly made such a commitment.

Observing Duke's brooding demeanor, Kisha couldn't help but softly chuckle. She understood Duke's disdain for being monitored, especially within his private domain, knowing he was on the brink of exploding with anger. She realized Duke might be tempted to rip out all the listening devices and hidden cameras in a fit of rage.

However, she also knew Duke wouldn't act impulsively without first determining the responsible party behind this audacious move.

As soon as Duke and Kisha entered her room, Duke swiftly shut the door, his gaze sweeping the room. To his dismay, he discovered signs of tampering. Instantly, a surge of anger welled up within him. He had been eagerly anticipating returning home and reaching the villa, but now his plans were thwarted. Despite his frustration, Duke restrained himself, careful not to reveal his intentions too overtly.

He didn't want his family to start clamoring for grandchildren before they even had a chance to share an intimate moment.

Given the situation, Duke wondered how he could share such intimate moments with his wife with hidden cameras and listening devices scattered throughout their surroundings. He was adamant about preserving the privacy of their physical and emotional intimacy; he couldn't fathom the thought of others witnessing his wife's body or hearing her voice, which he considered exclusively his own.

If Kisha could read Duke's thoughts at that moment, she would undoubtedly feel utterly embarrassed and promptly kick him out of the room to spend the night on the couch.

Duke's grip tightened around Kisha's waist as he guided her to the bed. The desire that had consumed him moments earlier, urging him to seize the moment with Kisha once the door was shut, now seemed to dissipate. He felt deflated, like a wilted plant. As he settled Kisha onto the bed beside him and enveloped her in his embrace, he couldn't help but purse his lips in utter disappointment.

He appeared as though he had lost a billion-dollar business deal, his heart heavy with sorrow. Witnessing his distress, Kisha felt a pang of worry. She extended her hand to gently stroke his soft hair, understanding that Duke harbored conflicting emotions about being monitored while maintaining the facade to uncover the culprit behind the surveillance.

Sensing Kisha's tender touch on his head, Duke met her gaze with a pained expression, silently longing for more of her comfort. He found solace in Kisha's affection, akin to a loyal dog reveling in the gentle caresses of its owner.

Soon enough, the two fell asleep while Kisha was playing with Duke's hair as she slowly brushed her fingers through his hair which was very comforting for Duke and lull him to sleep faster than Kisha who was supposed to be the one he is sending to sleep.

After seeing Duke sleeping relaxly, Kisha stared at him, even though his face wore the scary disguise, what Kisha could see in her mind was how he originally looked, she smiled happily as she nuzzled closer to Duke and Duke instinctively drew her closer to his body to share his warmth to her body.

Before she realized it, Kisha's senses were enveloped by Duke's familiar yet distant masculine scent, filling her nostrils as she drifted into a deep sleep. His warm embrace provided her with comfort and security, lulling her into a peaceful slumber.

Kisha stirred from her slumber, her eyes fluttering open in drowsy contentment. With a deep exhale, she felt revitalized and energized after her rest. As she shifted to her side, she was met by Duke's amused gaze, his blue eyes twinkling with affection. Propped up on his side, his left arm cradling his cheek, he watched her sleep with fondness.

He savored the sight of her peaceful rest, grateful that she wasn't furrowing her brows or crying out from a nightmare.

He felt a rush of happiness seeing his wife peacefully sleeping beside him, relieved that she wasn't tormented by nightmares. There was nothing that brought him more joy than knowing his presence could dispel her vulnerabilities. "How was your sleep? Hmm?" His deep, husky voice was so alluring that Kisha found herself inhaling deeply as she gazed back at Duke.

At that moment, she felt an intense arousal enveloping her, as if experiencing a surge of morning desire ignited by Duke's presence.

Duke couldn't help but notice a glimmer of arousal in Kisha's amber eyes, seemingly beckoning him to indulge in the forbidden fruit. However, as much as he yearned to respond, the knowledge that they were under observation held him back. He felt a pang of frustration, like a tantalizing dish laid out before him, yet he couldn't take a single bite or even reach out to touch it.

All he could do was gaze longingly, feeling a sense of longing and desire akin to drooling over a meal he couldn't have.

He harbored a deep resentment towards the person who tampered with his villa, to the extent that he entertained gruesome thoughts of hacking them into pieces and feeding them to the zombies outside the walls. The frustration of being aroused yet unable to act on it intensified his anger even more.

Kisha caught a glimpse of the whirlwind of emotions in Duke's eyes as he hungrily gazed back at her. Understanding their constrained circumstances, she made an effort to calm her thoughts, hoping Duke could do the same. Closing her eyes, she nestled into Duke's embrace as he drew her closer. She listened to the rapid rhythm of his heartbeat, sensing his body heat rising.

She even heard Duke's frustrated groan, but despite her desire to comfort him, they could only attempt to remain still and composed.