

Apocalypse 152

Chapter 152 Two Peas in a Pod

Sensing that the husband and wife had woken up, Vulture headed upstairs after asking Sparrow to start setting the table.

As if intuitively knowing where to find them, Vulture went straight to Kisha's door and knocked twice, ever so gently, before saying, "Master, young madam, please head down for dinner." Without waiting for a response, confident they were already awake, he quietly made his way back downstairs to assist Sparrow in completing the table setting and bringing out the dishes they had prepared.

When Vulture returned, Sparrow eyed him suspiciously. "How did you know they're already up? What if they were still sleeping and you disturbed them?" he asked, his tone almost reprimanding.

Vulture snorted at him. He had always been a man who relied on his instincts more than rational thinking, unlike Sparrow. This made it difficult for him to explain his actions to Sparrow, and equally difficult for Sparrow to understand him. "How would you know?" Vulture retorted.

"Do you think a cow would understand a chicken talking?" With that, he turned on his heel and headed back to the kitchen to prepare some cold drinks for his master and young madam.

At first, Sparrow didn't understand what Vulture meant, but as the seconds passed, his brows knitted tightly as the meaning sank in. 'Did he just... mock me?' he thought incredulously. It had always been him looking down on the not-so-bright Vulture, who seemed like an old man, superstitious and foolish, while he prided himself on his critical thinking.

This was proven time and time again and was the reason Kisha often sent Sparrow out on solo missions. She knew he would always find a way and knew what to do. Vulture, however, was not inferior to Sparrow; the fact that Duke had accepted him into his group was proof of that. Not just anyone could be part of Duke's elite inner circle.

Vulture had always possessed a strong gut feeling that served as an internal alarm. After the apocalypse, this instinct grew exponentially, guiding him through tough times and critical moments, and helping him stay alive. His gut feeling had never been wrong so far, which was why Kisha kept him close.

When her critical thinking and meticulous preparations failed, Vulture's instincts could pull them out of the gutter.

Sparrow and Vulture complemented each other perfectly, which was likely why they were paired as partners. As Vulture had anticipated, when Duke and Kisha heard his soft knock on the door, they slowly averted their gazes from each other, afraid that the fire of their desire would be reignited and neither of them would be able to hold back.

Having lived her life 99 times, amounting to over 100 years of experience, Kisha was no longer as naive as she was in her first life. She had seen and experienced countless things and now fully understood the implications of a man and a woman being alone together in a confined space.

She couldn't pretend not to know what Duke was thinking. Even without words, his eyes spoke volumes. His burning desire was clear, like a live fire ignited by kerosene. His hand, which had been resting at his side, slowly moved to Kisha's small waist, kneading it suggestively while his gaze remained locked onto hers.

If not for Vulture's timely call, Duke might not have been able to control himself, letting his desire override his rationality and leading him to consummate with his new wife. He longed for a honeymoon with Kisha but forgot they hadn't been properly married yet. In his mind, Kisha was already his wife.

This thought was so natural to him that it completed the puzzle of his life, adding color to his dull existence and flavor to his once tasteless world.

Now, he understood why he had given her his time despite being a busy man. He realized why he felt drawn to her voice over the phone, leading him to invite her into his office when he ignored everyone else. It wasn't just because he believed she carried valuable information that could save lives; it was because, even then, he had felt a magnetic pull toward her.

As he attempted to rationalize his actions, he realized that his own rationality was being overshadowed by something deeper. It didn't make sense for him to feel this way about a mere business partner; why would thoughts of her stir such desires and give him a hard-on? Perhaps it was chemistry, fate, or even the notion of them being soulmates that led to this attraction.

Regardless, it was working for him. If they weren't being monitored, he might have seized the moment to ensure Kisha was properly tied to him, preventing any other potential suitors from stealing her away.

If Kisha could read his thoughts, she might have laughed her ass off because no other man could give her the butterflies he did, provide the attention and protection he offered, and, most importantly, Kisha had already learned her lesson the hard way.

As they heard the knock, Kisha gently squeezed Duke's hand that was massaging her waist, a subtle reminder to them both. "Let's go..." she murmured, slowly propping herself up, deliberately avoiding eye contact with Duke. His simple touch had already left her panties damp, and she felt flustered by her own arousal.

Embarrassed, she couldn't bring herself to look at Duke, unaware that he was also feeling uncomfortable, a telltale sign visible in the prominent bulge in his pants.

In the dimly lit room, Kisha and Duke rose slowly before making their way to the kitchen. Sparrow and Vulture stood silently at the side, waiting. Kisha descended the stairs first, followed closely by Duke. Their indifferent expressions mirrored each other's, like two peas in a pod, strikingly similar and somewhat amusing.

Kisha nodded at Vulture and Sparrow, indicating for them to take their seats at the table. As Kisha approached, Duke gallantly pulled out a chair for her, gently pushing it in after she sat down before taking the seat beside her.

Kisha didn't need to ask Duke what he wanted to eat; she had already committed his preferences to memory. She began serving him food like a dutiful wife, a gesture that Duke appreciated. Though his expression remained indifferent, his eyes betrayed his delight, turning into crescents as he watched Kisha serve him generous portions and select the best cuts from the dishes before them.