

## Apocalypse 247

### Chapter 247 You Forgot To Add

"Ha... ha... ha..." Alex tried to act tough and loud, but his facade was crumbling. His face contorted in pain, and he could barely utter a word as agony ravaged his body. Every inch of him ached, especially his hands, which he could barely feel anymore. He knew they were broken and feared they might be beyond saving.

"Do I need... a concrete reason... to teach your mutts some... basic manners?" Alex said, looking up at Duke defiantly, a mad grin spreading across his face. "I hate you... and that's all I need..."

Hearing Alex's words snapped Duke's last thread of reasoning. He instantly drew the gun tucked in his trousers, pointed it at Alex's head, and released the safety. After a tense moment, Duke shifted his aim and pulled the trigger without a second thought.

Bang!

Thud-

After the loud 'thud' following the gunfire, everyone turned to see one of the prisoners on the floor, swimming in his own blood. Everything had happened so quickly that everyone was caught off guard.

Duke crouched down and used his gun to lift Alex's chin so they could look each other in the eye. Then, Duke flashed Alex his most charming smile. "If you think this taunting will make me end your suffering, you're hugely mistaken. I will torture you day after day until you feel the same pain my people felt before they died at your hands. I will make you experience hell on earth."

Duke emphasized each word in a slow, low voice, each syllable dripping with menace. It wasn't just a threat; it was a promise of what he was about to do. Anyone who heard him would think Duke was the real psychopath between the two. Duke never issued threats—only warnings or declarations of his next actions.

"Even if you are at death's door, I will revive you and continue to torture you until I am done with you. Before that, I will make sure you know how painful it is to die a hundred times," Duke said sinisterly. His ocean-blue eyes were deep and dark, like an abyss. When Alex saw them, he trembled in fear, knowing Duke's words were not an empty threat. He knew he would truly suffer such a demise.

He thought that if he taunted Duke enough to snap his thread of reasoning, Duke would kill him out of anger and release him from this hellhole. Oh, how mistaken he was. The realization that this was just the beginning of his suffering was enough to shatter his mentality.

Alex thought he was prepared for the day Duke would get a hold of him if he failed to dominate him. But he didn't realize just how unprepared he truly was. If he had known, he might have stayed in his lane, perhaps even joining Duke's entourage to keep himself safe, enjoying his privileges from the shadows. Alas, there is no cure for regret in this world.

He couldn't go back to correct his mistakes, and now he couldn't bear the thought of what awaited him.

Alex's eyes slowly dimmed as he succumbed to his fate, eventually turning vacant.

"Tsk! I thought you had more guts to challenge me," Duke sneered, his voice dripping with contempt. "But it turns out, you're just a pussy who likes playing the owner of the mountain while the tiger is away."

This was just the first day and you're already this broken?" Duke dropped Alex's chin in disgust before he stood up and gave the gun to Tristan.

"Take care of this man and make sure he will not die, you and the others can torture anyone you like as long as no one dies but keep tight security here and increase the security measures," Duke instructed Tristan as they headed out of the torture chamber toward the stairs.

"Understood, Master." Tristan bowed before he signaled for the other subordinates to take care of Alex and followed their Master's instruction before Tristan hurriedly followed Duke.

"Did you bring me spare clothes?" Duke asked Tristan without stopping in his tracks.

"Yes, Master. I've already arranged for it upstairs," Tristan replied. He had long been attuned to Duke's preferences and habits, understanding his likes and dislikes. At this moment, he likely wanted to clean himself up before heading home, so he wouldn't disturb his wife with the smell of blood before dinner.

When Duke reached home, he found Kisha and his mother busy in the kitchen, while Marcus and the grandchildren bustled around, helping out with evident energy and happiness. Though he knew the reason for their uplifted spirits, it was the least of his concerns at the moment. All he wanted was to go directly to Kisha, hug her, and breathe in her scent to calm his raging anger.

So he did just that, ignoring the looks he got from his mother and father, who had just arrived from working outside. Kisha, busy whipping up some food at the kitchen counter, didn't notice Duke's presence. She was startled when a strong arm coiled around her small waist, causing her to yelp in surprise.

Duke was exceptionally good at hiding his presence, and Kisha always failed to notice him when he sneaked up behind her. Kisha's nose wrinkled slightly; even though Duke had taken a shower, she could still detect a hint of rusty iron, the lingering smell of blood clinging to him.

She figured that Duke must have gone to the dungeons to torture Alex and the others, not that she minded because they deserved it.

Duke rested his chin on Kisha's shoulder, peering at what she was cooking. "What are you making?" he asked, his raspy, masculine voice sounding huskier than usual, still tinged with hidden emotion. He buried his nose in the nape of her neck and deeply inhaled her scent, seeking comfort.

Kisha felt Duke's arm tighten around her waist as if he were afraid to let go. She smiled. "I'm steaming a halibut, and Mom is making a seafood boil. We also have sea grapes salad, chicken soup, pork barbecue that Aston and the others are grilling outside, steaks, and many more dishes," Kisha said happily.

"Why does it look like we're celebrating something? Hmm?" Duke asked, slightly nibbling Kisha's neck suggestively. They heard his mother clear her throat before she left her station, walking straight to her own husband to welcome him back. She left a teasing chuckle directed at the new couple, making Kisha feel bashful. She lightly hit Duke on the arm for being so mischievous.

"Isn't it a day to remember? It's our first day taking over HOPE Base, and we defeated the Coltons, who schemed against you and your family. This marks the beginning of a new chapter for all of us." Kisha stated. Although she meant every word, there was also a deeper meaning behind her statement.

Although this marks a promising beginning, it also means they must be prepared for the challenges ahead. The obstacles will only grow tougher, and this might be one of the last chances they have to relax for a while.

"Well, you forgot to mention one more thing," Duke whispered, his warm breath caressing Kisha's skin. The sensation sent tingles down her spine, making her eyelashes flutter.