

Apocalypse 248

Chapter 248 Would You Also Help My Little Brother?

"What is it?" Kisha tilted her head, trying her best to stifle a moan. She knew Duke was teasing her intentionally, especially with his parents around.

Kisha felt Duke's lips curl into a mischievous grin against her skin. "Tonight will be the night we become one."

Kisha nearly choked on her own saliva at Duke's casual mention. He'd been reminding her of this promise since early this morning, and describing him as excited barely scratched the surface. He looked like a child eagerly awaiting Santa Claus on Christmas Eve, anticipating his gift with wide-eyed excitement.

Kisha could feel Duke's hard shaft pressing against her, as he subtly rubbed it between her cheeks. It was as if he wanted to skip dinner entirely and take her right then and there. Her face flushed with embarrassment as she tried to discreetly check on her in-laws, but Duke's closeness made it nearly impossible for her to move.

Left with no other option, Kisha used her system's radar to check for people nearby. Fortunately, her in-laws and the others had tactfully given them space, which might have emboldened Duke, or perhaps her in-laws had simply felt uncomfortable intruding on their private moment.

Regardless, Kisha felt her face flush with embarrassment and couldn't help but pinch Duke's arm to express her dissatisfaction.

Duke felt the pinch as a light tickle and chuckled softly. "Are you trying to entice me, my little wife?" he said with a playful glint in his eyes. "I wouldn't object to starting our celebration feast right now." His words were accompanied by a wolfish snarl leaving his lips but with a hint of teasing.

Duke felt his anger dissipate as he teased his wife and watched her face turn crimson with embarrassment. Despite her usual cold and indifferent demeanor, he knew she was still vulnerable to his playful jabs.

It brought him immense joy to see that he was the only one able to pierce through her hardened exterior, drawing out the genuine emotions and expressions she typically masked due to her past experiences.

He was delighted to see Kisha let down her guard and reveal her true self to him alone. It was a sign that she felt safe enough to shed her cold exterior and show her vulnerability. In turn, he felt compelled to be completely open with her. She was the one woman he had ever truly desired and the only one he would lay down his life for.

Duke buried his nose in the nape of Kisha's neck for several minutes, inhaling her soothing scent to calm his tumultuous emotions and release his darker side. They remained silent, the peaceful moment underscored by Kisha's gentle caress on his arm. Sensing his need for solace, she tilted her head slightly, offering him more space to rest as he clung to her warmth.

Once Duke's emotions had settled, he chuckled softly and playfully teased Kisha. "Thank you, my little wife. But it seems my little brother here is still quite worked up. Would you be so kind as to help him calm down as well?"

Kisha nearly choked on her own breath at Duke's words, and as if sensing her reaction, Duke turned to face her. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed the others entering from the outside, carrying the freshly cooked food.

Panicked that they might overhear Duke's suggestive remarks, she quickly slapped her hand over his mouth, the sound echoing loudly enough to startle even Duke, who now looked at her with wide, surprised eyes.

"That's what you get for not knowing your limits," Kisha said sharply, though her eyes betrayed a hint of guilt as she looked at Duke. Her hand remained firmly over his mouth, wary that he might make another suggestive comment. She never imagined Duke had this side to him—he seemed like a persistent mutt always in heat.

Kisha felt Duke's lips curl against her palm, followed by his tongue gently licking her skin. Startled, she jolted, her eyes widening at his audacity, especially with people gathering around the dining table. She had even invited Clyde and his friends to join the celebration, acknowledging their support before they had successfully defeated the Coltons.

Kisha tried to pull her hand away, but Duke caught it, stepping closer to trap her between himself and the kitchen counter. His hard shaft pressed against her stomach as he continued to lick her palm, his presence both intense and intimate.

Kisha shot Duke a pointed glare, but it quickly melted into a sweet, teasing smile. "Does it taste fishy?" she asked, her tone playful. Duke's eyebrows shot up in confusion, his head tilting to the side.

"Well, didn't I mention I'm steaming a halibut?" Kisha said with a smug smirk. "I haven't had a chance to wash my hands after handling the fish." She wasn't trying to be devious; Duke had just interrupted her while she was still in the middle of cooking.

Kisha watched Duke's face cycle through a series of expressions—shock, embarrassment, disgust, and anger—before settling into a look of helpless resignation. With a calm resolve, he gently placed her hand down and headed to the sink, where he began to wash his mouth out repeatedly. Kisha couldn't contain her laughter as she watched Duke at the sink, gurgling and scrubbing away.

The others, seeing Kisha and Duke's playful interaction and her hearty laughter, were tempted to join in on the joke. However, Duke shot them a glaring look before they could even voice their curiosity, making it clear that the moment was for Kisha and him alone.

Duke didn't notice any fishy taste on Kisha's hand, as all his attention was focused solely on her. While he did detect an odd taste, he dismissed it, allowing himself to be swept up in the moment. What he initially thought was an intimate gesture had turned into a playful joke, but he didn't mind. Seeing Kisha so happy and carefree brought him immense joy.

Her genuine smile and lightheartedness made him forget any discomfort and simply appreciate the moment with her.

So, if you ask him if he'd do it again? Absolutely, without a doubt.

After Kisha and Duke settled in and most of the food was prepared, everyone pitched in to set the table. They even rearranged the seating several times to accommodate everyone, extending the table as needed. Fortunately, the dining hall was spacious enough to allow for this, so they added extra tables on the other side.

This way, even Marcus and his family could join in, turning the gathering into a grand banquet.

Kisha also brought out sparkling wine, champagne, and red wine for everyone to enjoy. Clyde and his friends were pleasantly surprised by the seafood and the array of meats on the table. They tried to maintain their composure, knowing that Kisha and the others had generously shared such luxuries with the survivors at the base.

Being recipients of these good deeds reassured them that they had made the right choice in allying with such capable and generous people.

Clyde could see that HOPE Base was on track to become the leading survivor stronghold, but this success would inevitably attract jealousy and envy from other survivor groups. If Kisha's vision of a safe haven where everyone could live securely and happily came to fruition, it would become a coveted treasure, sparking intense rivalry and potential threats.

This realization underscored the need for HOPE Base to become even stronger to protect itself and maintain its position.