

## Apocalypse 249

### Chapter 249 Duke's Mischievous Nature

Clyde was aware that Kisha was well-versed in this matter, so he set it aside for the moment. Instead, he chose to focus on the celebration banquet, where everyone was enjoying themselves. He was determined to maintain the festive atmosphere and not let any concerns dampen the mood.

Everyone ate and drank joyfully, savoring the moment as if they were back in the days before the apocalypse, simply enjoying a family dinner. The warmth and safety they felt were almost overwhelming, bringing them to the brink of tears. They fully appreciated the peace they currently had, choosing to cherish it rather than focusing on what they lacked.

They hoped this tranquility would last a little longer before another catastrophe threatened to shatter their fleeting sense of calm.

The men seemed to be drinking the wine like water, eagerly requesting that Kisha bring out some beer to help them loosen up. Feeling generous, Kisha didn't hold back and produced a stack of cans from various breweries, stunning Clyde and his friends. The beers seemed to appear out of thin air, leaving Clyde uncertain whether it was the alcohol or the sheer surprise that was affecting his perception.

When he turned around, he saw the same astonished expressions on his friends' faces, confirming that it wasn't just his imagination.

He realized that he might not be as drunk as he initially thought, and his brain was still functioning normally, not conjuring illusions. His mouth gaped in disbelief, unable to find the right words. Kisha chuckled as she observed Clyde and his friends. Their astonished reactions to her inventory—something she'd used many times—never failed to amuse her.

The sight of their shocked faces still brought a smile to her.

After retrieving the beer, Sparrow and the others linked arms with Clyde and his friends, guiding them outside to the open porch of the villa. There, they could enjoy the fresh air and continue drinking while chatting about random topics, letting the relaxed atmosphere enhance their enjoyment.

Soon, Clyde and his friends were so caught up in the lively conversation and distractions from Sparrow and the others that they forgot about the earlier surprise. They shifted their focus to discussing the plans for the Advance Party, which would be heading out of the base to secure the perimeter and conduct a supply run.

"Sparrow, could you let me join the Advance Party too? I'm great at fighting and quick-witted—I'm sure I can help out outside," Clyde slurred, struggling to articulate his words. His attempts only made Sparrow and the others laugh warmly. "I'm serious!

Just give me some fair work points so I can buy meat and water for my mom and sister, and I'll work like an ox," he boasted, patting his chest reassuringly, followed by a hiccup.

Kisha and Duke, sitting nearby, overheard the conversation and the ensuing laughter. Clyde's vexed expression, feeling belittled for his youth and not being taken seriously, stirred a desire in him to confront them.

"Are you trying to run away from me? Hmm?" Duke said with a playful edge in his voice, tightening his arms around Kisha's waist. She was seated on his lap, enjoying the slice of watermelon he handed her from the plate just beside him, the fruit came from her space. He was also massaging her hands, which had been busy cooking a feast with his mother to accommodate everyone.

Kisha felt like royalty at that moment, but her heightened senses couldn't help but pick up on Clyde's comments, stirring a mix of curiosity and concern within her.

"I'm not trying to escape," Kisha said, rolling her eyes at Duke. "Besides, they're our guests right now."

"Sparrow and the others can handle entertaining the guests," Duke replied teasingly, offering Kisha another bite-sized slice of watermelon. But before she could take a bite, he gently bit down on the remaining piece, capturing her lips in a slow, deep kiss. He seemed completely unfazed by the possibility of anyone witnessing their intimate moment on the porch.

Everyone made a point of pretending not to notice Duke and Kisha's intimate moment, as if they were on a honeymoon.

"Indeed, the watermelon is sweet and juicy," Duke said after their kiss, his raspy voice sending shivers down Kisha's spine. He smirked playfully, his eyes glinting with mischief. "So, are you going to let a kid distract you from your husband, or are you ready to focus on me?" His tone was laced with anticipation, hinting at his earlier plans.

Kisha pinched Duke's side with a firm grip, causing him to grit his teeth and let out a pained grunt. Even his simple reaction was somehow alluring, and Kisha's face flushed darker as she thought, 'This man never misses a chance to seduce me!' What she didn't realize was that Duke wasn't actually trying to seduce her; he was genuinely feeling the pain.

Her stats had surpassed his, and despite his increased defense, her offense was so much higher that it rendered his defense nearly ineffective.

"Wifey, ah, it hurts..." Duke whimpered, his face contorting as if his skin was being pulled from his muscles. He tried a different tactic, pouting and gazing at Kisha with tear-filled eyes. "Wifey..." His attempt to act coy backfired, as Kisha mistook his plea for a continued effort to seduce her.

Embarrassed in front of the crowd and thinking Duke was still trying to charm her, she tightened her grip even more.

Duke's parents, including his grandfather, watched the exchange with amusement, their laughter echoing around them. His grandfather, in particular, took pleasure in Duke's discomfort. "Wifey! My skin is going to be punctured by your nails, ah!" Duke grunted, his voice carrying a seductive edge that stirred a sadistic streak in Kisha.

She quickly released her grip and cleared her throat, trying to regain her composure.

Duke took a deep breath, glaring at Kisha with a mix of resentment and disbelief. "Wifey, are you trying to murder your husband?" he asked, his eyes reddened from the pain. He scratched his side slowly, trying to alleviate the sting. His subordinates watched in astonishment; they had always known Duke to endure severe pain without flinching.

Yet, with just a simple pinch from Kisha, he was clearly defeated, revealing just how henpecked of a husband he truly was.

What they didn't realize was that Kisha's offense was powerful enough to bring even Duke to his knees in pain. If he were to be whipped by her, the intensity would be far greater. The thought of this made Duke look at Kisha with a mix of anticipation and desire.

He found himself oddly excited by the idea of being dominated by his wife, imagining himself restrained and at her mercy, whether tied to a chair or bed. If Kisha knew what was going through his mind, she'd definitely have to teach him a lesson or two to correct his improper thoughts.

Despite having felt Kisha's iron grip firsthand, Duke remained unwavering in his devotion, trailing behind her like a lost puppy. As she approached Clyde and Sparrow, he kept close by her side.

"Sparrow, I believe Clyde would be a valuable asset to your team, especially once he has gained more experience. Also, don't forget to take Reeve along on your mission," Kisha advised. Sparrow, ever perceptive, recognized the wisdom in her words and understood the strategic importance behind her recommendation.