

Apocalypse 258

Chapter 258 Acting As A Good Husband

Seeing Kisha's furious expression, Duke felt flustered and immediately tried to soothe her. However, Kisha continued to avoid his gaze, intensifying his frustration and leaving him at a loss for how to calm her down. If he had known what Kisha was thinking at that moment, he might have seized the chance to be intimate with her once again.

"Wifey, it's my fault. It's all my fault." Duke knelt beside the bed, holding her hands with a look of deep remorse. His expression was one of genuine distress and contrition, making it harder for Kisha to maintain her facade of anger.

"I'm hungry," Kisha said, trying to get Duke out of the room. She could no longer maintain her angry facade and was on the verge of breaking character, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment as memories of last night replayed in her mind. Her heart raced uncontrollably, making it hard for her to keep up the pretense.

Hearing that Kisha was hungry, Duke immediately sprang into action, eager to take care of her. "Alright, just stay here and rest. I'll get some breakfast downstairs for you. What would you like to eat?" He asked gently, giving her a tender kiss on the forehead and a warm hug, like a devoted husband.

Kisha struggled to maintain her anger but found herself softening under Duke's gentle demeanor. Despite her effort to keep a stern expression, her voice wavered slightly. "Anything you cook," she replied, unable to resist the warmth of his care.

"Alright, I'll whip up something delicious for you. Rest here, and I'll bring breakfast up when it's ready," Duke said, planting a tender kiss on Kisha's cheek before he headed out. His cheerful stride and the spring in his step made it clear he was in an excellent mood. As he left the room, Kisha couldn't shake the uneasy feeling about letting him go.

Since everyone in the villa now had their own assigned responsibilities at the base, they were all up early to start their day. Marcus and his grandchildren had already prepared breakfast, and the Winters, along with Sparrow Vulture and the rest, were enjoying their meal.

After breakfast, they planned to inspect their respective departments and decide on any changes they wished to implement according to their preferences.

Everyone noticed Duke coming down alone, which was unusual since he typically appeared with Kisha, always following her closely. His solitary arrival piqued their curiosity, and they eagerly anticipated some news or gossip. This was especially true for Duke's grandfather and parents, who were particularly attentive to the change.

They watched Duke's every move and noted his unusually good mood, immediately sensing that something was afoot. The Patriarch, Mr. and Mrs. Winters exchanged knowing glances before turning their attention back to Duke, who, holding a tablet in hand, made his way purposefully toward the kitchen.

Seeing Duke preparing breakfast, Marcus immediately offered to help, only to be turned down. "No, my wife specifically asked for my cooking," Duke said with pride as he pulled a pan from the cupboard. He then opened his tablet and searched for recipes for chicken soup and Egg Benedict.

After quickly reading through the instructions, Duke began cooking, all the while under the watchful eyes of his parents, grandfather, and the rest of the household.

Duke's mother watched intently as he boiled a whole chicken in a pot, quickly realizing his plan for the meal. She exchanged a knowing smile with her husband, confirming their suspicions. Duke, however, was completely absorbed in his cooking, paying no mind to the onlookers. His sole focus was on preparing a delicious meal for his wife, who was still bedridden and unable to get up.

He was already imagining the rewards he might receive if he could delight Kisha's taste buds first thing in the morning. This thought only fueled his eagerness to cook a delicious meal, driving him to pour extra care into every dish.

The usually stoic and reserved Duke was unconsciously smiling to himself, his eyes sparkling with delight as he hummed softly while cooking. It was clear to everyone that something special was happening, and curiosity was running high.

However, Duke's grandfather merely chuckled with satisfaction and urged everyone to step back and avoid crowding the kitchen, so Duke could focus on preparing the meal undistracted.

"You all go ahead and have your breakfast, and get on with your duties. Don't disturb my grandson while he's cooking—his wife needs that chicken soup to regain her strength," the Patriarch said firmly. His authoritative tone caught everyone off guard, causing them to stiffen in their places.

It took a moment for everyone to process the Patriarch's words, but once they did, they stared at Duke with wide-eyed astonishment. The realization sank in, and they exchanged bewildered glances, each wearing an expression of utter confusion.

This was especially true for Sparrow, Vulture, Tristan, Bald Eagle, and the rest of their comrades, who were all well aware that Duke had never shown any inclination towards sweetness or intimacy, let alone towards a woman.

It's only been hours since the moment the surveillance camera was removed from the villa and they defeated the Coltons and the Minister of Defense but Duke has already made his move on his wife which was surprisingly quick and unexpected.

And here they are, still worrying about Duke and Kisha's progress in their marital life and has forgotten how quick Duke was in capturing Kisha into the net and making her his wife as soon as he got the chance. Witnessing this side of Duke, they all felt as though they were seeing him in a completely new light.

They watched Duke with keen interest as he meticulously prepared the ingredients and cooked the meal for Kisha. His wide smile and focused demeanor hinted that he might be up to something, so they all remained silent, pretending to eat their breakfast while observing him closely.

Duke spent an hour preparing the chicken soup, ensuring it was rich with aroma and medicinal benefits. He made the Eggs Benedict just minutes before serving the soup to keep everything hot and fresh. When he carried the food upstairs, it was still steaming. Duke planned to act the perfect husband, serving Kisha with the hot soup and gently blowing on it to cool it before feeding her.

He had completely forgotten that while Kisha might be sore, she was certainly not incapable of feeding herself.

As Duke cheerfully pushed open the door to deliver breakfast, he found Kisha fast asleep once more. A gentle breeze from the slightly open window stirred the curtains, adding to the peaceful scene. Duke's expression softened into a tender smile as he gazed at Kisha. Moving quietly, he entered the room and carefully closed the door behind him.

Meanwhile, some of the curious men followed him upstairs, hoping to catch a glimpse or a hint of what was happening. When they peeked around the corner and saw nothing, they had no choice but to return downstairs, disappointed.

Duke quietly set the tray of food down on the sofa, his gaze soft as he turned to wake Kisha. However, seeing her sleeping so peacefully, he felt a pang of reluctance. Just as he hesitated, Kisha's eyes fluttered open, and she was startled to find Duke's face just inches from hers. Her initial thought was that he might be planning something sneaky once again.