

## Apocalypse 259

### Chapter 259 Am I Going to Be A Great-Grandfather

Kisha wasn't entirely wrong; Duke had indeed been planning to sneak in another kiss. However, Kisha was worried that the kiss might lead to a repeat of their steamy night, which she was not in the mood for. Still feeling sore and hoping to avoid being bedridden for the rest of the day, she was keen to prevent anything more from happening.

Seeing Kisha being a little evasive, Duke felt a pang of reluctance in his heart. He didn't want her to avoid his touch, though he understood her reasons. Still, he felt wronged, as he had truly held back the previous night. "Maybe just a little?" he thought.

He shook his head to clear the thoughts swimming in his mind, trying to avoid letting them lead him back into the gutter. He felt as though he'd lost his self-control the moment he tasted bliss, and now didn't seem like the right time for such indulgence. Instead, he focused on dutifully serving the food he had cooked on the bed, as Kisha was still having a hard time moving.

He helped Kisha sit up in bed and placed a pillow behind her before setting the tray on the side table. He first removed the lid from the clay pot and then scooped some chicken soup into a smaller bowl. Instead of giving her the bowl right away, he stirred the soup a little, then gently blew on a spoonful to cool it down.

Kisha looked at Duke in confusion, initially thinking he planned to eat first and let her watch. However, knowing Duke wasn't like that, she realized he must be planning to feed her. After a moment, Duke came closer, sat beside her on the bed, and held the spoon near her mouth, his eyes expectant as he waited for her to take a sip.

Kisha felt like laughing, momentarily forgetting her anger. "I'm not disabled, you know. I can feed myself," she snorted, raising her eyebrows.

"I know, but I want to serve my wife," Duke retorted, not budging as he urged her to take a sip, a strikingly dotting smile playing on his lips. Kisha was swooned by that smile and absentmindedly followed his lead, taking a sip of the soup. It was rich and aromatic, with a hint of herbs.

"A medicinal chicken soup?" Kisha murmured, tilting her head to the side as she tried to understand. She hadn't specified what she wanted to eat and thought Duke would choose something simple and light that was easy to cook.

"Well," Duke began, shyly rubbing the tip of his nose after placing the spoon back in the bowl. "I know my wife was exhausted from last night and needed some nourishment, so I cooked this," he explained.

Kisha felt her brows twitching. She didn't know whether to be touched by his attentiveness or angry because he was also the reason she needed nourishment. However, seeing Duke's sincere and apologetic expression, she couldn't stay mad. She tempered her emotions and let it go. After all, she had given her consent and was the one who taunted him first, so she shared the blame for her own discomfort.

Besides, even if she didn't want to admit it, she also enjoyed it just not the aftermath.

Kisha smiled in defeat and let Duke feed her, knowing it would make him happy and help comfort him. Duke, seeing that Kisha was no longer mad at him, excitedly fed her the food he had cooked. "Does it taste good? Or were the herbs too strong?" Duke gently asked, wiping a bit of soup from the side of Kisha's lips with his thumb before subconsciously licking it off.

Kisha stared at his hands, then back at Duke. She wanted to say something but stopped herself. Duke looked so natural as he took care of her, from his gentle actions to licking the soup residue off his thumb. 'Maybe this is how a real husband and wife act?' she wondered, almost bursting into laughter. 'Why am I acting so shy now when we've already exchanged saliva in our kisses?'

Acting shy is pointless at this stage.' She guffawed.

Usually, 008 would remind or tease her, but since 008 wasn't around, she subconsciously reminded and teased herself. She was acting like a shy wife when, in fact, she had been just as wild the previous night.

"No, it tasted mild and delicious. Thank you for the wonderful meal," Kisha smiled. Knowing that Duke had only recently learned to cook by following a cookbook, she appreciated his effort and thoughtfulness. 'I guess I just bagged a perfect husband who loves dotting on me,' she thought. With great effort, she leaned in and gave Duke a peck on the cheek, enough to make his face light up.

Kisha greatly appreciated this moment of peace and quiet where she and Duke could indulge in their sweet love. She hoped this tranquility would last. They enjoyed a peaceful breakfast together, with Duke happily feeding Kisha the food he had cooked. They discussed base development ideas and potential issues that might arise later on.

When you think of a power couple, they are the epitome. After Duke finished feeding Kisha, he went downstairs to wash the dishes, having cooked enough for both of them and brought everything upstairs. While he fed Kisha, she would also urge him to take a bite, not minding sharing the same spoon since they were husband and wife.

What happened last night solidified in their minds that they were truly husband and wife; the wedding would just be a formality. Nothing was stopping them from acting like one.

Duke expected a peaceful morning and a calm rest of the day, but as soon as he reached the kitchen, he was bombarded with questions from his grandfather and parents.

"Is it true that you have consummated your marriage with my granddaughter-in-law? Can I expect a grandchild anytime soon?" the Patriarch jovially asked, pushing past his son and daughter-in-law to face Duke directly. Duke's face contorted in shyness and incredulity, wondering how his family knew when he was certain the room was soundproof.

"Are you spying on me?" Duke scowled at his grandfather. One thing he couldn't tolerate was being spied on, even by a family member.

"Why would we need to do that when your actions have already given it all away?" his mother countered.

Duke looked confused as he tried to recall his actions, but he couldn't find anything that would give him away. Besides, it was his and his wife's privacy. He felt exposed as if his family could read him too well.

"Well, you realize your reaction just gave you away and answered your grandfather's question, don't you?" Mr. Winters sneered at his son's lack of awareness. He was proud of Duke's intelligence and strength, qualities that made him a natural leader, but at this moment, he thought his son was being foolish.

Perhaps Duke's brain had short-circuited from bliss after experiencing intimacy for the first time after being a virgin for so long or he probably fucked his brains out last night that it was failing him today.

Seeing his father's expression, Duke felt mocked and belittled, but he couldn't fight back because he genuinely didn't know what to say.

"Am I going to be a great-grandfather soon?" the Patriarch asked again, this time with immense happiness and pride. He looked at Duke as if he were the family's grand jewel, feeling he had done a great job.