

Apocalypse 328

Chapter 328 The Misunderstanding

Kisha, however, was a stark contrast. While Duke had succumbed to fatigue, she felt an unusual surge of energy. She had spent the last few hours meticulously focusing on controlling the two conflicting energies within her body. Through her meditation, she had achieved a state of profound relaxation, both physically and mentally.

For her, this deep meditative state was as restorative as sleep, allowing her body and mind to rejuvenate despite her active efforts.

Once Kisha sensed that Duke had fallen into a deep sleep, she carefully utilized her telekinesis to lift him gently from his awkward position on the floor. With utmost precision, she floated him over to the bed, ensuring his movement was smooth and untroubled. Duke remained perfectly still, his sleep undisturbed by the transition.

As Kisha settled him onto the bed, a comforting warmth seemed to envelop Duke, akin to a tender embrace from her. This soothing sensation spread through his body, enhancing his sense of relaxation. The gentle comfort of the bed and the warmth surrounding him made Duke's slumber even deeper and more peaceful, allowing him to sink further into restful tranquility.

After carefully settling Duke onto the bed, Kisha tenderly tucked him in, making sure he was comfortable and secure. She gazed at him with a look of deep affection, her eyes soft and filled with love. As she watched him sleep peacefully, she marveled at how deeply she had fallen for him.

The realization struck her with a gentle surprise—Duke seemed to embody everything she had ever wished for, and in that moment, he appeared utterly perfect for her.

Minutes later, Kisha reluctantly rose from the edge of the bed, her gaze lingering on Duke's serene form. She had other tasks awaiting her, but before moving on, she took a moment to look at her palm with a broad smile. Reflecting on the ease with which she had used her telekinesis to lift Duke earlier, she was pleasantly surprised by how effortless it had become.

The strain she once felt when employing her awakened ability seemed to have diminished significantly, a testament to her growing mastery and control.

Kisha felt an effortless flow in her telekinesis, as if wielding her ability had become second nature. To test her newfound control, she closed her eyes and stretched her power outward, letting her telekinesis reach into the space around her. Instantly, she could feel every object, from the smallest pebble to the furniture in the room.

She sensed their shapes, textures, and positions with a clarity that surprised her. It was as though her mind had developed a heightened awareness of her environment, painting a vivid mental map without her needing to see anything directly.

Kisha felt as though her vision now extended far beyond the reach of her eyes, as if her telekinesis had unlocked an entirely new dimension of awareness. It was an exhilarating sensation. She marveled at how easily she could sense and manipulate her surroundings with just a thought, seeing through her mind what her eyes couldn't.

Curious to explore this newfound depth of her power, she extended her telekinesis further, focusing on the room around her. With minimal effort, she lifted nearly every object in the space: the bed where Duke lay asleep, the bedside table, the lamp, the chair, the entire sofa set—everything hovered effortlessly. The items floated in perfect suspension, not a tremor or hesitation in her control.

What amazed her even more was how natural it all felt. Despite lifting such a large number of objects, Kisha felt no strain on her mind—no headache, no pressure, nothing. The sensation was so effortless that it almost seemed like the weight of the objects had become irrelevant, as though her telekinesis had evolved beyond physical limitations.

She could sense each item's weight, texture, and position, yet it didn't drain her in the slightest.

The ease with which she manipulated the room made her wonder just how far she could push this ability now. A quiet thrill stirred within her, the realization settling in that she had tapped into something far greater than she had ever imagined. Taming the clashing energies inside her hadn't just restored her balance—it had unlocked an extraordinary new potential.

Kisha turned around the room, taking a moment to admire her work. It was an awe-inspiring sight—the entire space suspended effortlessly by her power, yet it felt so natural, almost like an extension of herself. There was something profound about the experience, though she couldn't quite pinpoint what it was. The sensation was new and exhilarating, leaving her both amazed and curious.

After indulging in the moment for a few seconds longer, she let out a quiet breath and, with practiced ease, slowly began returning everything to its rightful place. The objects descended gracefully—the bed, the lamp, the furniture—all landing softly without a sound. Even Duke, who had been floating peacefully in the air, was gently lowered back onto the bed, still fast asleep.

As the excitement settled, Kisha smiled to herself. Reaching into her inventory, she pulled out a sticky note and began writing, her earlier energy replaced with a quiet satisfaction.

"I'm off to work now. You should rest a bit longer and don't forget to eat the food I made for you. I'll leave it on the coffee table. Muah."

Kisha made sure to add a playful 'muah' emoji at the end of her note, knowing it would bring a smile to Duke's face when he woke up.

After finishing the note, Kisha didn't linger and quickly headed downstairs to prepare breakfast for Duke. As she reached the bottom of the stairs and glanced around, she noticed everyone already sitting down, enjoying their morning meal. She gave them a warm nod, her smile radiant. It was clear to everyone that she was in an exceptionally good mood, practically glowing with energy.

Everyone exchanged knowing glances before the Patriarch burst into a hearty laugh, shoveling his breakfast down with gusto. 'Looks like my grandson did a fine job last night and is still out for the count,' he mused, his thoughts mirroring the sentiments of the others around the table.

Unaware of the thoughts running through everyone's minds, Kisha headed straight to the kitchen. She prepared a simple egg and tuna sandwich for Duke as a small gesture of appreciation for staying by her side all night. To complete the meal, she also made a light salad and brewed a fresh cup of coffee for him.

Once she finished making the sandwich, Kisha carefully wrapped it in wax paper. She ensured the vegetables in the salad were completely dry before placing them in a bowl, covering it with plastic wrap, and separating the dressing into a small ceramic sauce jug. Since she wasn't sure when Duke would wake up, she poured the freshly brewed coffee into a small thermos.

Finally, she added another sticky note: 'This is your coffee. Don't forget to shake it a little before pouring.'

Once she finished, Kisha carefully arranged everything on a tray and headed upstairs. Everyone watched with amused smiles, as if they were witnessing a young couple deeply in love. Kisha, unfazed by their reactions, made her way to their room. She set the breakfast on the coffee table before stepping out.

Back in the kitchen, she retrieved a strawberry doughnut from her inventory and began to munch on it, all the while gazing thoughtfully at her status window.