

Apocalypse 503

Chapter 503 Wifey, I Feel Bad

The patriarch and Mr. Winters, who had listened intently, couldn't help but feel reassured by Kisha's strength and poise.

As the daughter-in-law of their family, they knew she would keep Duke steady, never allowing his light to overshadow hers.

Instead of diminishing, Kisha's brilliance would only grow with time, standing beside Duke as an equal.

The patriarch and Mr. Winters exchanged glances with Duke, their expressions a mix of mock disdain.

It was as if their unspoken message to him was: "You're lucky to have such an incredible wife—you don't deserve her."

They even snorted for effect, but the broad smiles tugging at their lips betrayed their genuine happiness for him.

In their hearts, they were overjoyed that Duke had found a partner like Kisha—a woman capable of shouldering the world's trials and triumphs alongside him.

She wasn't just a companion; she was a pillar, someone who would stand tall beside him no matter the challenges, much like their own wives had done for them in their time.

As they reflected on this moment, gratitude filled their hearts.

They silently thanked their ancestors for the blessings bestowed upon their family.

Despite the fall of the world, the Winters had not only endured but thrived, now standing as leaders guiding humanity's survival.

To witness three generations of Winters united in this pivotal moment felt like a testament to their resilience and the hope that Kisha and Duke would carry their legacy forward.

Duke rolled his eyes with mock disdain, matching the energy of his father and grandfather.

If he didn't know any better, he might have believed he was the adopted son of the Winters, given how they were treating him.

Then again, perhaps this behavior ran in the family. After all, the patriarch had treated Duke's father much the same way when he brought home a gentle and sensible wife—a woman who not only brought harmony to their household but also managed to raise the once-rebellious Duke into the fine man he was today.

Some things, it seemed, were destined to be passed down through the generations.

The banquet buzzed with lively energy as everyone indulged in the feast before them.

The tables were laden with an abundance of vegetables, meats, rice, noodles, and even frozen seafood—luxuries that made the gathering feel more like a wedding banquet than a simple celebration.

The atmosphere was warm and joyous, and the sense of camaraderie grew stronger with every shared laugh and bite.

Some of the attendees, feeling more at ease and closer to their leaders, couldn't resist playfully teasing Duke and Kisha, adding a touch of lightheartedness to the evening.

"City Lord, since we missed your wedding ceremony, let's treat this as your wedding banquet! Please accept our toast," one slightly drunken man declared, raising his glass.

His bold statement brought laughter, and soon, others joined in, lifting their cups to toast Kisha and Duke.

Graciously, the couple accepted the well-meaning congratulations with warm smiles.

Amid the cheers and chatter, Duke leaned against Kisha's shoulder, a faint pout on his lips.

There was a hint of melancholy in his expression, amplified by the alcohol loosening his usual composure.

"Wifey, I feel bad..." he murmured softly, his tone almost childlike.

Kisha glanced at him, both amused and indulgent. "Why?" she asked gently, knowing he was rarely so vulnerable in front of others.

"Because, even though we're husband and wife, we still haven't had a proper ceremony. I want to give you the wedding you deserve," Duke confessed, his voice tinged with regret as he clasped Kisha's hand, gently rubbing it with his thumb.

They had been consumed by their responsibilities for so long that moments like this—tender, private, and meaningful—felt rare.

Duke's gaze softened as he continued, "Life like this feels so precious. I want to cherish everything—the moments we share, the wedding, even a honeymoon."

His words carried a wistful tone, and for a moment, the weight of the world seemed to fade as he focused solely on her.

"I wish I had met you before the apocalypse," he admitted quietly. "At least then, we could've done all those things together. You deserve to experience a once-in-a-lifetime moment like that—a real marriage, the way it's meant to be."

His heartfelt confession made Kisha's chest tighten, a mixture of warmth and sadness stirring within her.

"It's alright," Kisha said reassuringly, her voice steady and warm. "We can always have a proper ceremony in the future, once everything settles down." She gave Duke's hand a gentle squeeze, her gaze filled with understanding.

Kisha knew exactly what Duke was feeling, but after enduring the relentless harshness of the apocalypse, she had come to treasure simpler joys.

Just being with Duke and their family felt like a luxury in a world that seemed determined to strip them of every comfort and push them toward despair.

To her, surviving together was already a gift beyond measure—a testament to their resilience and love in a world that seemed intent on erasing hope.

Her words weren't just meant to comfort Duke; they were a reminder to herself as well, a vow that their future—no matter how uncertain—would hold space for dreams yet to be fulfilled.

"But a wedding only happens once in a woman's life," Duke said, his lips forming a slight pout.

His earnestness was almost childlike, and Kisha couldn't help but chuckle softly. Unable to resist, she reached out and gently pinched his cheeks.

"You're such a baby sometimes," she teased with a playful smile.

Luckily, the lively atmosphere of the banquet shielded their tender moment.

Most of the attendees were already too intoxicated or engrossed in their food and conversations to notice the quiet exchange between their leaders.

The cold wind outside was long forgotten, replaced by the comforting warmth of hotpot and the flush of alcohol, wrapping everyone in a rare moment of camaraderie and cheer.

"Who says a wedding only happens once?" Kisha countered, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Weddings and vows can be repeated as many times as the bride and groom desire. Sure, we didn't have a traditional ceremony before declaring ourselves husband and wife, but does it really matter? What counts is that we've already accepted it in our hearts and minds."

She gently clasped Duke's hand, her tone softening. "When the time comes, and you meet my family, they can arrange the ceremony with your parents back at our original base in City A. That way, even your subordinates can be witnesses to the occasion. Don't you think that would be perfect?"

Duke's pout started to fade, replaced by a thoughtful expression.

"As for the honeymoon," Kisha continued, her voice turning playful, "we can still travel—though the scenery might occasionally include zombies. But hey, we'll also come across some breathtaking views along the way. Who says a zombie apocalypse can't have its moments of romance?"

She burst into laughter at her own teasing, and Duke couldn't help but crack a grin, his earlier gloom melting away.

"That honeymoon would definitely be... unromantic," Duke chuckled, shaking his head as he imagined zombies shambling around during their so-called getaway. "It wouldn't look like a honeymoon at all—more like a cleanup mission."

Kisha joined in, her laughter ringing out as they shared the absurdity of the thought.

Their laughter mingled with the cheerful voices and lively chatter of the banquet below.

The flickering glow of the bonfires illuminated the gathering, casting a warm and inviting light over the scene.

As they watched the others, their joy and contentment mirrored the laughter and camaraderie of the people they had worked so hard to protect.

It was a rare moment of peace, and they were determined to cherish it.