

## Apocalypse 60

### Chapter 60 Nightmare

After cooking their dinner, Duke also led Kisha to sit down at the long dining table, insisting that she not move a muscle as he shuttled back and forth to the kitchen, bringing out the dishes he had prepared and carefully placing them on the table near her.

Seeing the sumptuous meal, Kisha couldn't help but gasp in delight, her eyes sparkling with pleasure and completely forgetting what happened earlier.

"You can start eating anytime," Duke said graciously as he placed the last dish on the table, then elegantly seated himself beside her. "Here, try this. I believe I've outdone myself with this one." He carefully served the braised pork belly into Kisha's bowl.

Before Kisha could be enticed by Duke's enticing dishes, she noticed Sparrow and Vulture silently standing near the living room, resembling statues. "What are you two doing over there? Are you not joining us for the meal?" she inquired.

"Let them be; they're perfectly capable of looking after themselves," Duke remarked casually, continuing to serve more food for Kisha. He cast a sidelong glance at his subordinates as if their presence was intruding on what he considered the private time between himself and Kisha.

It was not only the first time they had seen Duke cook but also the first time he had displayed such gentleness while serving someone else.

The novelty of the situation left them unable to fully grasp it; they were eager to share this revelation with everyone in their team, but with that option currently unavailable, they settled for silently giving

their future madam a thumbs-up as they retreated outside to resume their patrol around the perimeter of the villa.

"Why didn't you invite them to eat first?" Kisha inquired, taking a bite of the braised pork belly Duke had served her.

"They can eat later; it makes no difference," Duke replied nonchalantly, though his gaze kept returning to Kisha as if anticipating her reaction or approval.

"But you know I have the entire place covered, so there's no need to send anyone on patrol." Kisha's voice was still indifferent and she was only asking for the sake of it.

"It was still necessary for appearances, to show those who are keeping an eye on us that we remain vigilant and so those two won't become complacent with their job," Duke explained between bites of rice, though he couldn't resist stealing subtle glances at Kisha.

"You're testing me, aren't you?" Duke questioned with a knowing smile.

"Just checking if we're on the same page," Kisha replied, returning his smirk before resuming her meal.

Duke didn't catch Kisha's praise for his cooking, which nearly discouraged him. However, when he noticed Kisha eating more than she typically did, he understood that her increased appetite was the praise he had been anticipating, bringing him a sense of satisfaction and happiness.

It was an achievement that felt more significant than winning a deal flawlessly or acquiring a company. The feeling couldn't even be compared to the satisfaction he felt in those moments.

They ate in silence, but it wasn't uncomfortable; rather, it was peaceful, filled with a tacit understanding between them. They didn't need to verbalize every thought to convey their meaning; they simply understood each other without words.

After they had consumed nearly half of the meal Duke had prepared, they took a brief respite. Sensing the strain on her body, Kisha excused herself to rest upstairs. Despite her vast experience from previous lives, her current body remained fragile and weak, a stark contrast to her previous abilities.

It was a testament to her resilience that she could endure for days without rest, but even so, her body was still at level 0, requiring frequent breaks.

Despite having an additional 10 points in all stats, Kisha's capabilities still couldn't compare to Duke and his comrades, who were seasoned in arduous journeys and battles. Duke fully understood this, which is why he refrained from initiating a conversation about their mission or pressing her for discussion.

Kisha indulged in a long bubble bath, a luxury she could never have enjoyed in her previous life where water was more precious than food.

She reclined her weary body on the edge of the bathtub, allowing the warm water to envelop her, soothing every muscle. The strong scent of roses calmed her soul, serving as a gentle reminder that she had a precious window of time to rest and rejuvenate.

As she rested, 008 provided updates on the situation in the territory where Keith and her grandparents resided. According to 008, Keith was excelling in his training and making rapid progress. Kisha also remained informed about Melody's activities throughout the territory.

As she listened to the report, Kisha didn't realize she had dozed off. "Host, wake up! You'll get sick if you stay in the bathtub for too long; the water is already growing cold..." 008 called out until he noticed that Kisha had woken up.

After cleaning up for a bit, Kisha dragged her weary body to the big, fluffy bed. She didn't even have the chance to admire the room and simply went straight to bed without much thought.

As Kisha opened her eyes, they widened in alarm as she surveyed the unfamiliar surroundings. The area was engulfed in towering flames, casting an eerie glow over everything. The acrid scent of burning wood filled the air, mingling with the overpowering stench of burning flesh. Smoke billowed into the darkened sky, creating a harrowing scene that left Kisha's heart racing with dread.

Tears welled in her eyes as the dreadful realization dawned upon her, cascading helplessly down her cheeks and chin to the cold, hard ground below. Chaos reigned around her, with lifeless bodies strewn across the landscape. Despite her efforts, she found herself unable to free her arms from the grasp of two strong men, her body weakened to the point where she could barely keep her eyes open.

Despite her weakened state, a surge of anger, despair, and hatred coursed through her, fueling her determination to stay awake and witness the unfolding chaos around her. With gritted teeth, she fought against the exhaustion threatening to overwhelm her senses. Finally, her eyes locked onto a familiar figure drawing nearer, sending a shiver down her spine.

In the midst of the chaos, a soft, melodious voice cut through the dreadful night. "Long time no see, sister," the voice echoed, sending chills down Kisha's spine. Her initial chuckles morphed into a terrifying

cackle, filled with madness and cruelty beyond comprehension. It was as if the scene unfolding around them was nothing more than a twisted spectacle for her twisted amusement.

"I have longed to see you in this position, groveling in front of me, watching as everything dear to you slowly withers away," the woman declared with a chilling tone. She circled Kisha, tapping her fan against her palm as she savored the sight of Kisha's disgraceful and weakened state, delighting in the spectacle before her.

"Why did you do this?" Kisha managed to speak each word clearly, straining to lift her head to meet the other woman's eyes.

"Why can't I do so?!" She sneered, delivering a blow to Kisha's beautiful face with the fan she held in her hand, her eyes bulging with veins, causing them to turn red. "You've taken everything that was supposed to be mine!"

"Nothing that belongs to me is yours," Kisha sneered defiantly. "Your claims are nothing but wishful thinking." Despite her perilous situation, her aura and demeanor remained unchanged. She exuded an air of elegance and grace, akin to the ruler she was. Amidst the chaos, she longed to caress her bulging stomach, offering solace to her unborn child who could sense her unease.

But the woman seemed oblivious to Kisha's words, lost in her own delusions. "Unfortunately for my brother-in-law, if only he had chosen me over you, he might still be alive."

Upon hearing her implications, Kisha's entire body tensed, and all she could see was red. "What have you done to my husband?!" she demanded, her voice quivering with rage and fear.

"Don't worry, you'll soon be reunited with him in the underworld," the woman's cruel, maniacal cackle echoed throughout the space, sending shivers down Kisha's spine. A wave of coldness washed over her entire body as she envisioned her husband's demise.

Her scream, earth-shattering and filled with anguish, anger, and heartbreak, echoed throughout the entire space. Those who heard it felt as if their hearts shattered into a million pieces, overwhelmed by the raw intensity of her pain.

Kisha woke up sobbing from her nightmare, her entire body trembling and chilling as though she had spent the night in an ice cellar. Her heart-wrenching sobs pierced the stillness of the night, awakening Duke from his slumber in the adjacent room.

He rushed to her door, frantic with concern, pounding on it as her cries grew louder, filled with anguish. Her sobs sounded strained as if she were struggling to catch her breath amidst her tears.

Duke did not wait for Kisha to open the door because it didn't seem like she could hear him and she was engulfed in her own heartache.