

Apocalypse 619

Chapter 619 008 Reaching Level 6

While waiting for Duke, Kisha decided to start unboxing her reward. First, since she had received a free system upgrade, she chose to level up 008 to Level 6.

"Really, host?!" 008 responded excitedly, confirming with Kisha. But before she could nod or say anything, a system notification suddenly popped up in front of her.

[System Upgrade to Level 6 Authorization]

[Cost: 0 points]

[Accept] or [Decline]

Kisha didn't waste any time and immediately clicked the 'accept' button. She knew how excited 008 was, and in a way, this was a reward for all the help it had given her—especially since the system upgrade was free.

On top of that, she had so many points that she wasn't even sure where to begin spending them.

As soon as the system upgrade began, 008 fell silent, leaving Kisha to manage the system manually.

She stared at the screen, still in disbelief at how many rewards and points she had accumulated. She continued munching on the biscuit, her mind still processing the unexpected windfall.

But as she continued munching and staring at the screen, she didn't realize she had already drifted off to sleep, her body relaxing completely while Duke focused on arranging the tent.

When Duke glanced back to check on Kisha, he found her fast asleep, the biscuit in her hand had fallen to the side of the chair as she snored softly.

A small chuckle escaped him as he made his way over.

Gently, he lifted her, careful not to disturb her peaceful sleep, and carried her toward the large tent he had just pitched.

Inside, a soft queen-sized air mattress awaited, and part of the tent was left open to let the cool breeze in, preventing it from feeling stuffy or too hot.

He gently laid Kisha on the mattress, making sure her head was comfortably resting on the pillow.

He gently placed an eye mask on Kisha to shield her from the light filtering in from outside, ensuring she could sleep peacefully without disturbance.

After settling her comfortably, he laid down beside her, pulling her closer into his arms.

He then covered them both with a soft, fluffy blanket before finally drifting off to sleep himself.

After a restful 12 hours of sleep, Kisha naturally woke up feeling refreshed and content.

However, she didn't immediately get out of bed. Instead, she snuggled closer into Duke's arms as he continued to lay there.

She glanced up at him, taking in the sight of his long lashes casting a soft shadow under his eyes and his sharp nose breathing steadily. She traced his features with her gaze.

"I'm glad to know my wife appreciates my face," Duke's voice rumbled, hoarse from sleep, as he slowly opened his eyes and met her gaze. "I can only thank my parents for blessing the world with such a handsome man."

"You're awake," Kisha said awkwardly, though she didn't look away from him.

"How could I not wake up when you're staring hungrily at me?" Duke teased, his voice low and filled with a dark, smoldering desire.

His gaze intensified, and Kisha couldn't help but notice the unmistakable bulge pressing against her belly from his pants.

Duke didn't wait for Kisha to respond; instead, he gently kissed her cheek, then her forehead. "I'm happy I get to wake up beside you again," he murmured, his words carrying a deeper meaning.

He, too, knew how close they had come to being breached and wiped out during the battle.

Every time he swung his spear, all he could think about was making it back to her—so she wouldn't have to cry or feel sadness in his absence.

Waking up beside her now felt like a blessing to Duke. Kisha, too, cherished the shower of kisses Duke gave her.

With their unspoken understanding, they stayed in that intimate embrace, not pushing further—simply lost in the warmth of their love and appreciation for one another.

In that moment, the connection they shared felt even sweeter than physical intimacy. They felt closer than ever, as if their souls were quietly mending and intertwining together.

After a long moment, Duke and Kisha reluctantly pulled away from each other. Though Duke felt the urge to take the opportunity and make love to his wife, he held himself back.

He knew she was both physically and mentally exhausted, so he chose to give her the space she needed to rest.

"Take your time, and sleep more if you need to," he said softly, his voice full of affection. "I'll go make us something to eat before we head out to explore the sea."

He gently ruffled her hair, his doting nature clear. Kisha smiled and nodded, appreciating the tenderness in Duke's gesture.

When Duke stepped out of the tent, he found that no one else was up yet; the others were still resting and recovering.

He decided to set up a temporary kitchen near a large boulder.

He took out a stainless steel table, placed a double-burner stove on top, and set the LPG canister beside it.

He made sure the sand beneath was stable to prevent the canister from tipping over.

However, that didn't work as planned, so he returned all the items to his Space Ring.

Determined to make it work, he retrieved a thick plywood sheet and placed it on the sand first.

Then, he set the stainless steel table back in place, testing it to see if it was steady. After confirming the table's stability, he brought out the LPG canister once again.

Satisfied everything was secure, he fetched another wooden table, carefully placing a matching piece of plywood that was just as wide beneath it to ensure he wouldn't step on it, completing his makeshift kitchen setup.

Duke laid out a variety of supplies on the table, still undecided on what to cook for Kisha. He stared at the assortment of vegetables, meat, and seafood before him.

With such a complete set of ingredients, he could make almost anything.

However, given that he and Kisha had just woken up from a long 12-hour rest, he didn't want to prepare anything too heavy.

He was concerned that a rich meal might upset her stomach, so he decided to keep it light for now.

Duke reached for the whole chicken, already cleaned and free of feathers, its head and legs removed.

It was large, plump, and had smooth, shiny white skin. He nodded in approval as he inspected the quality of the meat.

Deciding on a dish, he chose to make a nourishing chicken soup for Kisha—something light to help warm her body and restore her strength after the exhaustion of the past few days of relentless fighting.

Duke then reached for the garlic and ginseng, peeling and crushing them before setting them aside. Next, he retrieved a clay pot and placed it on the stove.

He carefully added the whole chicken, followed by the garlic and ginseng, with a few cups of water, ensuring the flavors would meld together. Turning the heat to low, he let the soup simmer slowly, allowing the rich aroma to fill the air as it cooked.

Since he wasn't yet an expert cook, Duke still wasn't entirely sure about all the ingredients needed for the perfect chicken soup. So, he pulled out his tablet and rewatched the cooking video he had saved.

While the chicken simmered on the stove, he focused on preparing the vegetables that would be added later, once the chicken had cooked long enough to release all its flavors.