

Apocalypse 620

Chapter 620 Underwater Dive

After washing the vegetables, Duke chopped them and set them aside in a bowl, ready to be added later.

After that, he prepared the second dish: a simple shredded potato pancake with twisted dough.

As a side, he also made a kani salad, though he wasn't planning to serve it immediately. Instead, he placed it in a container to chill, allowing his ice ability to cool it just enough so that by lunchtime, it would be refreshingly cold without making the lettuce soggy.

He knew that achieving the perfect crispness required just the right amount of cold, rather than rushing the chilling process.

He also whipped up some mango éclairs using a makeshift oven, relying on his fire element to bake them.

In reality, it wasn't a fancy oven—just a carefully assembled piece of enclosed metal with the right thickness.

He controlled the temperature precisely with his fire, maintaining the ideal heat as he patiently waited for the éclairs to bake to perfection.

As Duke focused on his task, carefully preparing the meal, he suddenly felt a hand gently wrap around his waist, followed by the warmth of a soft body pressing against his back.

The familiar scent he adored filled the air. "Wifey, what are you doing out here? The food isn't ready yet. You should rest a little longer inside," Duke said with a chuckle in his voice, not turning around.

He was determined to make sure the meal he prepared for his wife was perfect.

"It smells amazing," Kisha murmured, still clinging to Duke's waist.

The simple gesture filled her with happiness, and for a moment, she wished time could stand still, allowing her and Duke to live in this peaceful, loving bubble where survival wasn't a constant worry.

But then, she thought to herself that life might feel dull and monotonous if everything were always perfect.

She shook off the thought, choosing instead to savor the quiet moment with Duke, teasing him gently as they shared a lighthearted chuckle.

Before long, Duke had finished preparing all the dishes. He had added the vegetables and mushrooms to the chicken soup, skimming the broth carefully to perfect the flavor.

He began setting the food on the coffee table inside the tent, while Kisha helped arrange the utensils.

The rich aroma of the chicken soup filled the air, spreading throughout the tent. Kisha's stomach growled loudly, and Duke couldn't help but chuckle, his laughter echoing softly in the cozy space.

As Duke chuckled, he was already scooping some soup for her.

He passed the bowl to Kisha, serving her some of the food he had prepared.

Watching him, Kisha's heart warmed, a flutter of happiness spreading through her that felt almost ticklish.

Her sweet smile was contagious, and it made Duke feel as though all his hard work had been worth it.

He couldn't help but feel a warm, fuzzy sensation in his chest. In return, Kisha served Duke some food, her voice gentle but insistent. "Don't focus only on me. You should eat, too." She encouraged him, taking a sip of the long-simmered chicken soup herself.

As the rich taste of the soup spread across her palate, Kisha's eyes lit up, her gaze locking with Duke's. "This is amazing!" she exclaimed, genuinely delighted.

She had always loved his cooking, even in her previous life, and now, to be able to enjoy it whenever she wanted in this lifetime felt like a sweet reward for all the struggles she'd faced before.

Without realizing it, she started humming in contentment, nodding with each bite, her actions making Duke's smile grow even brighter.

The peaceful breakfast stretched on for over an hour, with no rush to finish, as if they were no longer bound by time or the pressures of survival.

They savored each bite, enjoying the food and the moment together. Their laughter and conversation filled the air, making the meal feel like a luxury they hadn't had in a long while.

Afterward, they worked together to clean up, like any loving couple, their movements in sync and easy.

Once they finished, the others trickled in, having also wrapped up their own meals.

Some had roasted a whole chicken over an open fire in the forest, others had enjoyed fresh fruits and vegetables, and a few had fished from the lake, relishing the catch of the day.

Once everyone had gathered, they naturally changed into clothes more suited for moving around in the sea and underwater.

Thankfully, Kisha's habit of hoarding anything she thought might be useful paid off—she had brought along a set of snorkeling gear.

She handed out the equipment to everyone, ensuring that they were prepared.

While their enhanced abilities and improved physiques would have allowed them to stay submerged for longer periods without the need for the gear, Kisha wanted to be cautious and provided the equipment anyway, just in case.

Duke also entered the tent to change into a pair of shorts, while Kisha slipped into a red two-piece bikini.

When they both emerged from their makeshift changing areas made of blankets and poles, Duke's expression instantly darkened.

His brows furrowed with frustration—not because of her, but because of the men gathered around.

Seeing Kisha in such a revealing swimsuit sparked a sense of possessiveness within him. He didn't want anyone else admiring his wife, his jealousy flaring up at the thought.

"Wifey, why don't you change into something else?" Duke asked, stepping closer to Kisha. His gaze never left her face, though it slowly traveled down her body, his voice thick with a hint of desire.

But Kisha wasn't paying attention. She was too captivated by Duke's chiseled form. His abs were defined and deep, each ridge pronounced, while his biceps, though not oversized, were firm and muscular.

The veins running down his arms to his hands only added to the allure, making them impossible to ignore.

Kisha couldn't tear her eyes away from his face and body, and in that moment, she forgot about everything else. Seeing her like this, Duke's frustration melted away in an instant. He let out a deep chuckle, his chest rumbling with amusement, before looking at her teasingly.

"Is it really that distracting?" he asked with a sly grin. "Would you like to touch them?"

He reached for her hand gently, guiding it to his abs.

But as soon as he did, Duke realized he had shot himself in the foot. What was meant to be playful teasing turned into a situation where his body betrayed him.

A sudden wave of desire hit him, and before he knew it, he was hard, his body burning with need.

He instantly regretted his action, but Kisha's laughter echoed in the air as she found his reaction utterly amusing.

Seeing Duke like this—so different from the Duke she knew in her previous life—was like a breath of fresh air.

Duke stared at Kisha, biting his lip, his thoughts running wild. 'Laugh all you want, wifey, but you'll worry when I decide to make my move.' His smug expression only added to the playful tension between them.

Instantly, Kisha stopped laughing, a strange sense of awareness flooding her. She had a feeling she knew exactly what Duke was thinking.

Without a second thought, she sprinted outside, clutching the snorkeling gear as she raced away.

Once she'd reached a safe distance, she paused and looked back, only to burst out laughing again as she saw Duke emerge from the tent, looking frustrated and gloomy. His eyes were fixed on his shorts, where a telltale bulge was impossible to miss.

Fortunately, after changing into their swimwear, the others hurried into the water to begin their snorkeling, leaving Kisha and Duke alone on the beach.

After a bit more teasing between the two, they finally decided to join the others.

The sea was neither too cold nor too warm—it was just the perfect temperature. Without hesitation, they donned their snorkeling gear, eager to dive in.

Kisha took a deep breath through her snorkel, filling her lungs with air before plunging beneath the surface to explore the vibrant coral reef below.

Kisha was awe-struck by the breathtaking view beneath the surface of her territory. The coral reefs were vibrant and thriving, with a kaleidoscope of colors, and schools of fish swam around her in an intricate dance.

Some of them weren't even the ones she had brought from Duke—they were native to the area, adding to the natural beauty.

As she glided through the water, Duke remained just beside her, his gaze fixed on her with a soft smile, his eyes crinkling in delight at how much she was enjoying herself.

The fish, unafraid, swam gracefully around her, even forming a circle as if acknowledging her presence as the owner of this underwater world and celebrating her visit with them.

Kisha lifted her right arm, and a swirl of small fish danced around it in a joyful display, making her smile in return.

She glanced around, her eyes lighting up when she spotted a school of black sea urchins with long, spiky needles.

Curious, she dove closer, and the fish, as if recognizing her intent, gently swam away, giving her space.

With ease, Kisha plucked one of the sea urchins from the rock, her high defense rendering the sharp spikes harmless. She looked back at Duke, who gave her a reassuring nod.

Kisha continued plucking more sea urchins, carefully storing them in her inventory.

She hadn't stocked up on them yet, and after seeing them here, she couldn't resist the urge to gather some for later.

As she scanned her surroundings, she realized there were hundreds of sea urchins scattered around her, their nest nestled not far from the shore. This spot was a treasure trove she could revisit anytime.

She made a mental note of the location, planning to return when she wanted to gather them manually, rather than relying on the territory interface for an automatic harvest of the fish.