

Apocalypse 642

Chapter 642 When The Three Families Met

Now, seeing Kisha safe and sound before him, Ethan first thought he was imagining things. He had been planning to leave the hidden base with a small group to search for her in City B.

However, upon discovering the Aldens' ongoing contact with Kisha, he and his family drew closer to them, hoping to gather as much news about her as possible.

They learned that Kisha and Duke had reunited with Duke's family and were tying up loose ends before returning to the hidden base.

This made Ethan hesitate. If he left to look for her, he might miss her entirely or be stranded elsewhere.

These conflicting thoughts overwhelmed him, ultimately keeping him from seeing her even longer.

"H-Hello again, little sister." Ethan ran toward Kisha, his eyes locked on her, scanning for any signs of injury. He was already fretting over her well-being, eager to make sure she was truly okay. But before he could reach her, someone else beat him to it.

Keith was mesmerized by his sister's incredible arrival—something he had only seen in anime—and was instantly starstruck. Without hesitation, he sprinted toward Kisha, his excitement overflowing.

"Sister! You're back! This little brother of yours missed you so much!" Keith cooed as he excitedly circled around Kisha before glancing back at the still-open portal. His eyes gleamed with curiosity.

"Sister, is this why you wouldn't let us pick you up? Because you already had this portal to bring you straight into the base?"

Kisha chuckled at her brother's boundless energy. Watching him, she could tell just how much he had grown. Though he still spoke to her the same way, there was now a distinct air of a warrior about him. His physique had changed significantly—he was taller than he had been a month ago, his body lean and muscular, and the spiritual energy she sensed from him had noticeably strengthened.

A satisfied smile spread across her lips as she instinctively reached out to pat Keith's head, just like she used to. But to her surprise, he had grown so much that she could no longer reach. Kisha blinked, staring at him for a moment, before deciding to lower her hand.

Before she could, Keith, like a cat seeking affection, lowered his head himself and placed it under her hand, silently asking for a pat.

"I knew it! My sister missed me too..." Keith murmured, almost purring as Kisha patted his head.

Not far from them, the commotion outside had already drawn the attention of those inside the hidden base. One by one, people started emerging—among them were the Evans and the Aldens.

The moment Grandpa and Grandma Aldens spotted Kisha in the crowd, their eyes lit up. Without hesitation, they rushed toward her, completely ignoring Keith as they pushed him aside to embrace their granddaughter.

Caught off guard by the sudden shove, Keith lost his balance and tumbled to the ground like a damsel in distress. He blinked up at them in disbelief, his expression pitiful as he watched his grandparents and sister completely forget about him in the midst of their heartfelt reunion.

Kisha chuckled, amused by how dramatic her brother had become. She turned her attention back to her grandparents, her usually cold and indifferent expression softening into a warm, genuine smile.

"I missed you all," she said, wrapping her arms around them in return.

Just then, someone stepped forward from behind her. Without hesitation, Duke wrapped his arms around Kisha's waist, his grip firm yet possessive—wordlessly declaring to everyone that she belonged with him.

The affectionate display did not go unnoticed.

Melody had just stepped out of the building when her eyes landed on Duke. Without thinking, she rushed forward, eager to get closer to him—only to freeze mid-step as she witnessed the scene before her.

Her heart clenched, and a wave of disbelief crashed over her as she watched Duke openly stake his claim on the very woman who had always been an eyesore to her.

'What is going on?' Melody thought, her teeth clenching in frustration as jealousy burned through her veins.

But her question was quickly answered when Duke stepped forward and spoke, his tone filled with newfound respect.

"Hello again, Grandpa, Grandma," he greeted warmly. "I believe we've already spent some time together before, and I trust you haven't forgotten me after just a month. However, during my time away, there has been a significant development between your granddaughter and me."

He glanced at Kisha before turning back to them, his voice steady yet affectionate. "She is now my wife, and because of that, I consider you my own elders."

A gentle smile curved Duke's lips—a rare sight that left many in the hidden base utterly stunned. The Duke they knew was cold, ruthless, and unyielding, yet here he stood, exuding warmth.

However, those who had traveled with Duke and Kisha were unfazed. They had already grown accustomed to the stark contrast in Duke's demeanor when it came to Kisha.

"What?! Who's your grandpa?! Wife?! How? When?!" Grandpa Aldens exploded, his reaction as fiery as if he had just swallowed gunpowder.

He had been so excited to see his granddaughter again, ready to cherish their long-awaited reunion. But before he could even celebrate properly—before they could sit down and talk about her experiences—someone was already standing at his doorstep, trying to steal his little girl away.

He simply couldn't accept it.

To him, Kisha was still his precious, young granddaughter, and the idea of letting her go was unthinkable. When they first heard about her relationship with Duke through Kisha's own words—and even saw Duke during a video call some time ago—they had brushed it off. They assumed the relationship was moving too fast, that perhaps Kisha and Duke were exaggerating their claims.

But now, standing face to face with Duke, watching his possessiveness over Kisha firsthand, Grandpa Aldens could no longer ignore the truth. He couldn't dismiss it, couldn't downplay it.

And so, he did the only thing he could—he got angry.

"Wife?!"

The shocked exclamation rippled through the crowd standing near the hidden base. Every single person who heard it was momentarily frozen, staring at Duke as if he had suddenly transformed into someone unrecognizable.

Then, almost in sync, their gazes shifted to Tristan and Vulture, who stood just behind Duke. Their silent stares practically screamed the same question—'Is this some kind of joke? Or is it actually real?'

Among them, the one who reacted the most violently was, without a doubt, Melody. Her expression twisted with disbelief, her hands clenching at her sides.

Right behind her, the Evans family also stepped forward, closing the distance, now standing just behind the Aldens. Their faces, though not as overtly expressive as Melody's, clearly showed their own shock and confusion.

"What's happening? Can you explain, Duke?" Mrs. Evans asked, her voice calm but firm.

She stole a few glances at Kisha before shifting her gaze back to Duke, her expression unreadable. Her posture stiffened as she locked eyes with him, the weight of unspoken truths lingering between them.

The Evans family had been treading carefully, knowing that Duke and Kisha were still unaware of Kisha's true lineage—that she was, in fact, their real daughter. And yet, despite this hidden truth, Duke and his family should have still recognized that he was meant to be engaged to Melody.