

## Apocalypse 675

### Chapter 675 Marriage Talk

Even Keith couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy, knowing how strong they had become. However, when he looked back on his own progress, he realized that he wasn't falling behind either.

His mastery over his Mental-Type awakened ability had improved significantly—what once took immense effort just to conjure a simple 3D image of a rabbit had now evolved into the ability to create a realistic illusion of a hundred armed men.

That was already a tremendous leap forward. With this in mind, Keith reassured himself, pushing aside his envy and focusing on his own growth.

Noticing their expressions, Kisha calmly took out hundreds of bottles of Scarlet Bee's honey, filling the table with them. "These will aid in your training, accelerating your growth and making it easier to level up," she explained. "However, don't become overly reliant on the honey. If you do, you'll only gain levels without true strength, turning into nothing more than a paper tiger."

Her gaze then shifted to Keith, silently instructing him to assist with their training. Since he had already been using the honey himself, he understood its effects firsthand.

She had also tasked him before with explaining the importance of gathering crystal cores from zombies and their various uses. Now, all that remained was to give them a final push—they were already on the verge of leveling up.

This way, both territories would be well protected, and her people could grow stronger together.

The Winters' men were overjoyed. Ever since Kisha had first given them orders—explaining the blood rain and other crucial information—they had come to trust her words implicitly.

They believed in her judgment, knowing she saw farther and understood more than they did. Whatever she said became law in their eyes.

Without even realizing it, they had already begun following her unconditionally, slowly but surely becoming her loyal subordinates from the very start.

"Alright, now that we're done, the meeting is adjourned. We'll take a look around the hidden base while you all catch up with each other before dinner," Duke announced as he rose to his feet. Without hesitation, he wrapped an arm securely around Kisha's waist, pulling her close.

He had been patient long enough.

The past few days had been a whirlwind of responsibilities, leaving them with little time together.

Even their brief escape to the beach inside Kisha's territory space—though a rare moment of peace—hadn't been nearly enough.

It didn't count as a honeymoon.

Not even close.

And Duke intended to change that.

'Wait, now that I think about it... we're back in City A, and I promised my wife a wedding once we reached the hidden base. That means I need to start the preparations!' Duke's thoughts raced as a surge of excitement churned in his stomach.

His eyes gleamed with anticipation, and a slow smile spread across his lips as he gazed down at the woman in his arms.

Feeling his grip on her waist tighten, Kisha instinctively looked up—only to be met with Duke's foolish, lovestruck grin.

A sense of unease crept over her.

She knew that look all too well.

Every time Duke smiled at her like that, he was planning something... and it was always something involving her.

"Sister, come on! Let's go see Grandma and Grandpa—they've missed you so much!" Keith exclaimed, jumping in front of Kisha with excitement.

Gone was the mature, composed young man that everyone in the base knew. In front of his sister, he was back to acting like the child he rarely let himself be, his usual restraint crumbling the moment she returned.

It was a clear sign of how much he missed her—how much he trusted her. Kisha was his safe place, the one person who made him feel at ease enough to let down his guard and simply be himself.

"Mm! I was planning to visit them too—let's go together," Kisha said with a warm smile as she ruffled her brother's hair.

Duke watched the interaction with a raised eyebrow, his expression unreadable. No one knew what was going through his mind, but the moment Kisha lowered her hand, Duke suddenly followed suit.

With his much larger hand, he tousled Keith's hair even more, turning it into a complete mess—like a bird's nest.

"Ah! My head! If you keep rubbing my scalp like that, I'm going to go bald!" Keith protested, ducking away from Duke's heavy hand, which easily covered his head like a basketball.

Only when Keith's hair was a complete mess did Duke finally stop, grinning in satisfaction before casually walking away with Kisha in his arms.

Keith huffed in exasperation. It was bad enough that his beloved sister was calling this wild man her husband, but now that same man was blatantly bullying him right in front of her!

Pouting, he shot Kisha an accusatory look as if to say, 'Look at this wild man you brought home! He's tormenting me!'

But Kisha only chuckled, amused by their playful exchange.

She had never seen Keith and Duke interact like this in her past life. Back then, they had been as cold as ice, like water and oil—completely unable to get along but still stood side by side like brothers. But now, watching them bicker playfully, Kisha felt a warmth spread through her chest.

As they walked down the corridor, the two brothers-in-law continued their banter—though, in reality, it was more like Keith barking at Duke while Duke pretended not to hear.

Every now and then, Duke would shoot Keith a teasing glance, deliberately using Kisha to fuel Keith's jealousy and his overprotective "siscon" tendencies.

Just like that, Kisha, Duke, and Keith arrived at the room where their grandparents were. To their surprise, Duke's parents and grandfather were also inside, huddled together in hushed conversation.

The moment the door opened, Duke's mother was the most startled—she jumped from her seat, whipping her head toward the entrance with wide eyes.

"Oh! You're back already? Has it been that long? I didn't even realize how fast time flew!" Mrs. Winters exclaimed, glancing at the elderly couple.

They had been sharing Kisha and Duke's love story with them, which filled the older couple with both joy and excitement.

Although Kisha frequently checked in on them, she had never spoken much about her experiences outside, leaving them unaware of what she had gone through.

It was only after Mrs. Winters invited them in for a proper conversation—especially now that Duke and Kisha had officially announced their marriage—that they initially intended to discuss their union.

However, the conversation quickly shifted as the elderly couple, eager and curious, bombarded them with questions about their experiences beyond the base.

Mr. and Mrs. Winters had proactively sought out the elderly Alden couple to discuss the union of their families through marriage. Even though Kisha and Duke couldn't go through the traditional process of registering their marriage, the Winters still intended to hold a proper wedding to show how much they valued and respected Kisha and her family.

Despite the world being in chaos, they believed that Kisha still deserved a celebration worthy of her.

They wanted to hear the Aldens' thoughts and work together to plan a grand wedding—keeping it a secret from Kisha and Duke until they had everything finalized.

Fortunately, the Aldens had no objections or dissatisfaction about being the last to hear about the preparations.