

Apocalypse 678

Chapter 678 What Is Your Dream Wedding?

However, with Duke's reassurance, the Aldens finally felt like they could indulge for once, allowing themselves to enjoy a hearty meal without reservation.

Caught up in their excitement over the feast, the Aldens didn't even stop to question where the fresh seafood had come from—after all, no one was fishing or delivering fresh catches anymore. Their minds were entirely focused on the thought of a good meal.

Eagerly, they stood up, and seeing this, the Winters happily followed suit. As they all made their way out of the room, Mrs. Winters effortlessly linked arms with Grandma Aldens, as if they were longtime friends rather than in-laws meeting under unusual circumstances.

Meanwhile, Mr. Winters and the old Patriarch fell into step with Grandpa Aldens, deep in conversation about wines, tobacco, and shared hobbies.

At the back of the group, Kisha, Duke, and Keith walked together, observing how effortlessly their families blended. As laughter and conversation filled the air, Kisha and Duke shared a glance, their smiles reflecting a deep sense of gratitude and warmth.

Seeing their loved ones getting along so naturally, they couldn't help but feel a sense of fulfillment, knowing that their union had brought their families closer together.

As they walked, Mr. and Mrs. Winters, Grandma and Grandpa Aldens, and the Patriarch suddenly realized that Duke had skillfully evaded their earlier question about his and Kisha's future plans as a married couple. Once again, he had outmaneuvered them.

And they were right—Duke had no intention of revealing his plans just yet. He was secretly preparing for their wedding, ensuring every detail was perfect before sharing anything with Kisha.

From the wedding gown to the venue, he wanted to bring to life the vision he had for their special day. He planned to discuss everything with his parents and the Aldens elders later—when Kisha wasn't around.

Duke didn't want her to stress over the preparations or overthink the details. Besides, he wasn't sure if everything he envisioned could be achieved, so he needed the elders' advice.

More than anything, he wanted it to be a surprise—something perfect, something unforgettable, something that would make Kisha truly happy.

Since he wasn't entirely sure if he could bring his vision to life, Duke chose not to tell Kisha just yet. He didn't want to raise her expectations only for reality to fall short. Besides, during their beach vacation, he had already subtly asked her about her dream wedding.

At the time, Kisha took a while to think. Duke initially thought it was because she had a long list of preferences—after all, weddings were often considered one of the most significant events in a woman's life, and every bride had her own unique dream for the occasion.

However, to his surprise, Kisha wasn't struggling to list out her dream wedding—she was struggling to recall if she had ever even imagined one at all.

Maybe she did, a long time ago—back when she was just a normal office worker, dreaming of a peaceful and happy life with her family before the apocalypse began.

But after everything—the relentless struggle for survival, the countless deaths she had endured—so many things had slipped from her memory, including the thought of marriage.

A dream wedding? It hadn't even crossed her mind once since the world changed. And now, when she tried to picture it, she realized she couldn't come up with anything at all.

She looked so puzzled and conflicted, lost in thought. Duke waited patiently, giving her time to answer, but Kisha never did.

Seeing this, he simply smiled and reassured her, "Don't worry, wifey. Even if you don't have a dream wedding in mind, you still deserve the best of everything. I'll create one for you—that's a promise. I'll give you a grand and unforgettable wedding in the future, okay?"

Kisha, not giving much thought to the wedding talk, simply nodded at Duke with a sweet smile. To her, the thought alone was enough—just knowing that Duke cared about her feelings and wanted to give her the best of everything was already more than she could ask for. It made her happy.

After all, with the world as it was now, where would a wedding gown even come from? What about the wedding ring? Where would they find a venue? And with the constant threat of zombie attacks or other forces disrupting their peace, how would they ever find the time to plan a wedding?

To Kisha, the wedding talk was just another passing conversation—nothing more than a casual topic. But for Duke, he was completely serious about it.

The wedding dress? It could be made from scratch. Right now, he was simply waiting for the seamstresses to finish sewing the uniforms that he and Kisha had planned to distribute to the warriors, leaders, and the Winters' men.

Those uniforms held significant meaning, so they couldn't be set aside. Besides, he still didn't have a clear vision of what kind of wedding dress would suit his wife. That was why he needed Mrs. Winters' input—her ideas would help him bring it to life.

As for the wedding ring, Duke's grandfather had offered to let them use his and his late wife's rings, as it was her wish before she passed away. However, if Kisha didn't like the idea of using the Patriarch's wedding rings, they could always have a custom set made.

With the artisans in their workshop, creating a unique wedding ring wouldn't be an issue. They had skilled jewelers and blacksmiths who could collaborate to craft something special.

Not to mention, they had plenty of people willing to help with the wedding preparations—from designing the venue to catering and everything in between.

Duke knew that if they asked, everyone would gladly contribute. Still, he wasn't shameless enough to expect them to work for free. He fully intended to compensate them well for their efforts.

But Kisha had never considered this. Her mind was always occupied with battles and future strategies, leaving little room for personal matters.

She had conveniently forgotten that they had skilled artisans who could craft whatever she needed, seamstresses who could create beautiful attire, and even cafeteria staff and countless others in City B who would be more than willing to help if only they asked.

Duke, however, had realized this. He knew that Kisha never thought to use the manpower of both bases for her own benefit—but that didn't mean he wouldn't. So, he simply let her be, quietly making his own plans.

After a short while, the two families arrived at the large cafeteria, where a long line of people had already formed at the counter, waiting for their meals.

With more of the Winters' men arriving from different locations and coming to the hidden base, the cafeteria now had additional staff helping out.

It was no longer just Eliot Evans and Melody handling everything—several others were now assisting with food distribution, while Eliot and his team worked in the kitchen, and Melody busied herself washing and cutting ingredients.

Melody was in an unusually good mood the moment she saw Duke return.

Lovestruck more than ever, she couldn't help but think he looked even more handsome than she remembered—his physique even more sculpted and enticing.