

Apocalypse 679

Chapter 679 The Father And Son [EXTRA]

She wasn't sure if it was because she had longed for him all this time or simply because she hadn't seen him in a while, but the sight of him left her giddy with excitement.

This surge of emotion gave her newfound energy, making her work more efficiently in the kitchen. Unlike before, she was determined to showcase her skills as a "wife material" candidate, hoping Duke would notice—and, perhaps, even compare her to Kisha, that so-called "witch."

Melody refused to believe that Duke and Kisha were truly together. After all, it had only been a little over a month since they met—how could their relationship have developed so quickly?

It was impossible. She, who had been by Duke's side as his fiancée for years, had never been able to get close to him, even after decades had passed, they were supposed to be childhood sweethearts.

The idea that Kisha had succeeded in such a short time was completely unreasonable. She couldn't accept it.

Knowing that Duke was there, Melody was determined to show off. She worked tirelessly in the kitchen, hoping that others would praise her efforts in front of him.

Maybe, just maybe, if Duke saw her working so hard, he would finally notice her in a different light.

After all, she had always been a pampered young lady who had never experienced hardship, but now she was willingly toiling away in the kitchen. Surely, Duke wouldn't ignore that. He would see how much she had matured—how much she had changed for him.

The kitchen and dining area were separated only by an open wall, allowing visibility between both spaces. However, the large industrial exhaust fans positioned over the stoves effectively prevented smoke from drifting into the dining area.

Meanwhile, the air conditioning kept the room comfortably cool. This setup not only maintained a pleasant atmosphere but also allowed the enticing aroma of freshly cooked food to waft into the dining area, stimulating appetites and making every meal more enjoyable.

As Kisha and the others arrived at the cafeteria, Eliot was in the middle of cooking, his movements swift and practiced. He tossed chunks of meat into the sizzling wok, then poured in a splash of white wine, causing flames to briefly engulf the ingredients.

With effortless skill, he flipped the meat into the air, continuously tossing and turning the wok while reaching for additional ingredients. Once everything was added, he grabbed a spatula and stirred the contents vigorously, ensuring the flavors blended perfectly.

The rich aroma of sizzling meat and vegetables filled the cafeteria, making everyone's mouth water.

After seasoning the dish to perfection, Eliot plated the beef and broccoli into stainless steel containers and placed them on the counter, ready to be served.

There was already an impressive spread of a dozen different dishes available, yet Eliot remained focused, cooking in large batches to meet the growing demand. With so many people to feed, he had to keep going, ensuring everyone had a satisfying meal.

Eliot was already sweating from the heat and the constant movement, but he remained composed, his focus unwavering. Kisha glanced at him briefly before turning her head away as they made their way to their seats. The atmosphere in the cafeteria was subtly charged—many people were stealing glances at her and their two families, but no one said a word.

Duke led them to a long table where they could all sit together. As soon as they settled in, he gently guided Kisha into her seat.

"Wife, just stay here. I'll get your food for you and also help Grandma and Grandpa with theirs," Duke said, ensuring Kisha was comfortable before standing up to leave.

Just then, Mr. Winters spoke up. "Get ours too," he ordered his son.

Duke, however, simply glanced at his father with a teasing grin.

"Dad, you'd better take care of yourself and Mom—otherwise, she might start thinking you're too old to perform well," Duke smirked provocatively.

Mr. Winters choked on his own saliva, caught completely off guard. He opened his mouth to retort but found himself at a loss for words, especially with his wife now giggling beside him.

He had only asked his son to grab food for them since Duke was already offering to help his in-laws— wasn't it only fair for him to serve his own parents too?

And now, instead of a simple yes, his son was talking nonsense in front of his own mother? Who said he couldn't perform well?

Exasperated but unable to argue back, Mr. Winters huffed, pushed his chair back, and strode toward the counter in irritation, his dignity slightly wounded.

The Patriarch, openly laughing, shook his head. "Brat, don't even try that trick on me. I couldn't care less if you say I can no longer perform—my wife is already resting in peace, and I've been nothing but devoted. So just get me my food and scram."

He shot Duke a pointed look, making it clear he wouldn't tolerate any of his antics.

Duke, caught in the act, smirked but wisely kept his mouth shut.

Kisha giggled at the exchange, amused by how playful Duke had become. Seeing this, Keith stepped forward to offer some help.

"I'll help you carry the food back," Keith offered.

"Not yet," Duke replied. "I'll ask the chef to prepare a seafood feast first, and we'll have them plate some pickles so we have something to munch on while we wait."

Keith nodded in agreement. With Mr. Winters storming off in frustration, they had nearly forgotten that Duke was supposed to request the seafood to be cooked.

When Duke stood up, his father had assumed he was just grabbing food from the counter—now, ironically, Mr. Winters was the only one who had actually brought anything back.

When Duke approached the counter, the man handing out food immediately greeted him.

"Master! What do you want to eat? I'll help you carry it back to your table," he offered eagerly.

Duke, however, remained expressionless. "I need the chef to prepare a seafood feast," he said flatly.

The man stiffened slightly under Duke's gaze, feeling a bit nervous. "Master, we'll send someone to the warehouse to check if we have frozen seafood. Just let us know how you'd like it prepared."

"No need, I have some fresh seafood with me," Duke said casually.

The man at the counter instinctively glanced behind Duke, then at his hands, scanning for any sign of the seafood he mentioned. But there was nothing—no container, no plastic bag, nothing at all. The people in line who overheard him also started looking around, confused by his words.

Just then, Eliot emerged from the kitchen, having just finished cooking another dish. He pulled off his chef's hat, his face glistening with sweat from the heat of the kitchen. Behind him, Melody trailed closely, acting coy and pretending to be concerned for her brother.

"Brother Eliot, just rest for a moment before you continue. Let me help out more in the kitchen and give you a breather," Melody said, her voice gentle and considerate.

Although her words were directed at Eliot, her eyes never left Duke. She made sure he heard everything, hoping he would notice how kind and hardworking she was.

She wanted him to see that, despite everything—the hardships, the dangers—she hadn't changed. She still possessed the same innocence and purity, something she believed should be cherished. After all, she knew that men admired women who remained untouched by the harshness of the world.