

## **Apocalypse 680**

### Chapter 680 The Drama Ensued [EXTRA]

But Duke didn't spare Melody a single glance. Instead, he looked directly at Eliot and said, "Can you prepare a seafood platter for me and my family?"

"It wouldn't be a problem to cook, but the issue is whether we still have any frozen seafood in stock," Eliot said, looking directly at Duke. His gaze flickered briefly toward Kisha's table, but he hesitated.

A part of him wanted to approach her, yet he knew it would be odd to suddenly act familiar when, to her, they were still strangers.

Even though his mother had told him about their blood relation, Kisha remained unaware, and only their family knew the truth. If he suddenly approached her now, it might look suspicious or even be misinterpreted by others.

Thinking about this, Eliot pressed his lips together in thought. Just then, Duke's voice pulled him back.

"No need to check the warehouse..." Duke said calmly.

With a simple wave of his hand, boxes upon boxes of fresh seafood appeared out of nowhere.

The ingredients glistened under the light, looking incredibly fresh and plump—far larger than any seafood they had ever seen in the market or had served on their tables before. Lobsters, octopus, scallops, clams, grouper—every kind of premium seafood lay before them in abundance.

Even Eliot's eyes flashed with amazement. He could tell at a glance that these were top-quality ingredients, far superior to anything they had in storage.

But as the initial excitement passed, a question surfaced in his mind—Where did all of this come from?

His gaze shifted to Duke, who remained entirely unbothered, as if conjuring luxury ingredients out of thin air was an everyday occurrence. Before Eliot could voice his thoughts, Duke simply gave him a few words of instruction and moved on.

"Please cook all this seafood. You can decide on the dishes—as long as they're delicious, my family will love them," Duke said, deliberately emphasizing the word 'family'.

As people followed his gaze toward the table where his parents and grandfather sat—right beside Kisha and her family—it became crystal clear what he was implying. Duke wasn't just making a casual statement; he was sending a message to everyone in the cafeteria.

He and Kisha were indeed married, and their families had already discussed and agreed on their union. That meant any lingering thoughts, hopes, or schemes involving him were pointless.

The weight of his words fell heavily on Melody. The room seemed to hold its breath as all eyes subtly shifted to her. Her face turned pale before rapidly alternating between red and white, a clear sign of her embarrassment, shame, and humiliation.

Duke hadn't even bothered to spare her any dignity—he had shut down any speculation about his relationship status in front of everyone, without hesitation.

After making his point clear, Duke walked back to their table. He didn't need Melody to say anything outright—he wasn't stupid. He knew exactly what she was trying to pull.

But he had no interest in entertaining unwanted attention, especially if it might cause Kisha to misunderstand his intentions.

Even if Kisha didn't pay any mind to Melody's petty schemes, Duke did. He wasn't about to let anyone become a stumbling block in his relationship with her.

But just as Duke took a few steps, he suddenly remembered something. Seeing him pause, Melody's face lit up with hope—only for it to be crushed the next second.

Duke casually pulled out a jar of pickles from seemingly nowhere and handed it to the man at the counter. "Could you plate some and bring them to our table? I want my in-laws to taste these homemade pickles," he said, deliberately emphasizing 'in-laws'.

At that moment, Melody broke down in tears, the weight of his words finally shattering whatever illusions she had left.

And just then, the remaining Evans family members walked into the cafeteria. They hadn't witnessed what had happened moments ago, nor had they heard Duke's words. They only saw Melody sobbing uncontrollably.

"Duke, why are you treating me like this?" Melody cried, her voice trembling with emotion. "You know we had a childhood betrothal—I am your legal fiancée! Why would you bring another woman into your life just to humiliate me? Have you ever considered our families' long-standing friendship? Why must you be so heartless to me?"

Tears streamed down Melody's face like falling pearls, each drop heavier than the last. This time, she wasn't faking it—her pain was real. But beneath her heartbreak, hatred festered. In her mind, everything was Kisha's fault.

Even if Duke had always been distant and indifferent, at least before, no other woman had stood closer to him than she and his mother. That had been enough. People envied her, treated her as the future Mrs. Winters, the woman destined to stand beside Duke and bask in his power, admiration, and love. But now, all of that was slipping through her fingers.

And now that the society she once knew was gone, at least within the hidden base, she was still treated like a treasure. Soon, once she married Duke, she wouldn't have to do odd jobs anymore—she would be served and revered like royalty.

But now?

What was this?

Why was everything she had worked so hard for being stolen by some random woman who had only just arrived?

Her hatred for Kisha burned deep. She refused to believe that Duke had chosen Kisha of his own free will—no, Kisha must have seduced him.

"Baby, what's going on?" Mrs. Evans hurried toward Melody, her face filled with concern. Seeing her daughter truly heartbroken and in pain made her own heart tremble. She had raised Melody with all the love in the world, cherished her as if she were her very life.

And now, seeing her like this? It was unbearable.

Anger flared inside her, and before she even processed what was happening, her body moved on instinct. Her hand struck out, landing a sharp slap across Duke's face.

Duke didn't dodge. He didn't even flinch. He simply stood there, unmoving—his expression as cold and indifferent as ever.

Gasps rippled through the room as the sharp sound of the slap echoed, cutting through the air. The impact was so loud that it even caught Kisha's attention, pulling her away from her conversation with Mrs. Winters and her grandmother.

Mrs. Winters' eyes narrowed the moment she saw what had happened. Without hesitation, she stood up and strode over, placing herself protectively in front of Duke. Her usually warm demeanor was gone, replaced by a piercing glare directed at Mrs. Evans.

"What do you mean by this, Emma? Why did you hit my son?!" Her voice, though still carrying a trace of gentleness, was laced with unmistakable coldness, a quiet storm brewing beneath the surface.

"I-I..." Mrs. Evans stammered, unable to find the words to explain herself. Even she was shocked by her own reaction.

She had been distancing herself from Melody for some time now, disappointment slowly chipping away at the bond they once shared.