

Apocalypse 685

Chapter 685 Inner Feelings

Emma Evans nodded at her son's suggestion, knowing this was their only chance.

"Alright, let me help. I want to prepare food for my daughter too... this is something I should have been doing for her a long time ago," she said, her voice choked with emotion.

Her husband, Edward Evans, stood beside her, looking equally forlorn. Though he didn't say a word, he didn't object either. Instead, he silently walked with them, carrying the boxes of seafood into the kitchen alongside Eric and Ethan.

Without another word, they all worked together, each lost in their own thoughts. Emma washed the seafood with careful hands, Edward and Ethan carried the remaining boxes, and Eric focused on preparing the other ingredients.

Meanwhile, Eliot busied himself with cooking, carefully preparing every dish he was good at—each plate a silent offering, a hope for reconciliation.

After half an hour, Eliot and his family had finished preparing the seafood feast. Coincidentally, the Aldens were starting to get hungry, having only nibbled on pickles—which, while tasty, were far from filling.

As the rich aroma of freshly cooked seafood wafted through the cafeteria, heads turned, eyes filled with hunger and anticipation. Then, the Evans family emerged from the kitchen, carrying trays of food.

Their expressions were almost eager, their movements careful as they approached the table, clearly hoping to please Kisha.

But Kisha ignored them.

She didn't even understand why she felt so irritated. Before, it had been easy to disregard this family and move on, but now... now, their presence annoyed her in a way she couldn't quite explain.

Was it because she had grown up without real parents? Was she envious that someone like Melody had parents who were always ready to protect and pamper her? Parents who would shield her, even when she was in the wrong, just to keep her safe?

But Kisha had experienced love and care too—her grandparents had given her all the warmth and protection she needed. So why was she brooding over this now?

She didn't understand it.

She deliberately looked everywhere except at the Evans family, refusing to acknowledge them. And yet, despite herself, her eyes kept drifting back to them—pulled in like a magnet, no matter how much she tried to resist.

Duke also noticed Kisha stealing glances at the Evans family, and a mix of emotions stirred within him.

A nagging sense of jealousy crept in—what if she was looking at the Evans brothers, admiring them? After all, the Evans family had just as strong a gene pool as the Winters, producing accomplished and undeniably handsome men like Eric, Ethan, Elios, and Eliot.

The thought unsettled him.

Duke felt an irrational sense of danger. His fingers twitched with the urge to march into the kitchen and cook the meal himself. If Kisha had to steal glances at someone, it should be him. In fact, he didn't want her to just steal glances—he wanted her to stare openly, shamelessly, at him. Every day.

She didn't need to look at anyone else.

He would gladly let her examine every inch of him, down to his very pores—so long as her eyes never wandered to another man.

Duke's foot tapped restlessly against the floor, his agitation growing with every passing second. His eyes burned into Kisha, filled with jealousy so intense it seemed like he might devour her whole at any moment.

Yet, lost in her own thoughts, Kisha remained oblivious to his searing gaze.

It wasn't until the food arrived that the tension between them became almost comical. Now, it wasn't just Kisha who was brooding—Duke was sulking just as much, looking utterly sour and wronged, as if he had suffered the greatest injustice in the world.

He leaned in close to Kisha's ear, his voice a low whisper. "Do you like staring at the Evans' brothers that much?"

His warm breath sent a shiver down her spine, snapping her out of her thoughts. Goosebumps prickled across her skin, and she instantly knew—without even looking—that Duke had completely misunderstood the situation.

And, as always, he was being childish about it.

If she didn't clear things up right now, she had no doubt he'd drag her back to their bedroom and "punish" her in his own possessive way.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I was just lost in thought," Kisha said, but even to her own ears, her explanation sounded weak.

Duke narrowed his eyes. "Hmm... thinking about what? Should I let you admire every inch of me instead? That way, you wouldn't have to waste your gaze on the Evans brothers." His voice dropped into a seductive murmur as he leaned in closer. "I can assure you, I'm better than them in every way—looks, body, wealth. Just name it, and I have it all." His smoldering gaze bore into her, full of unshakable confidence.

Kisha let out a chuckle, finally realizing what had been bothering him. She arched a brow. "Are you jealous?"

Duke huffed, crossing his arms over his broad chest. "So what if I am?" he said shamelessly, without a trace of embarrassment. He even looked like a jealous wife confronting her husband for glancing at another woman while she was standing right there.

Kisha chuckled, her earlier bad mood fading away. "What on earth have you been thinking with that head of yours?" she teased, poking Duke's chest playfully. She looked completely at ease, her smile soft and amused.

She couldn't help but wonder what was going on inside his head—if only she could crack it open and take a peek. But what she didn't realize was that his mind was filled with nothing but her.

That was why his jealousy flared so easily, why his possessiveness ran so deep. Or perhaps it was because he knew the Evans brothers were formidable competition—successful, accomplished, and undeniably handsome.

'But hey! Kisha is already my wife!' Duke reassured himself, but then a troubling thought crept in. 'Wait... we haven't officially gotten married yet. She could still leave me anytime.' His mood plummeted.

'But hey! We've made love so many times, and she definitely enjoyed it. Would she really go looking for someone better than me? No way.' His confidence shot back up—only to take another nosedive.

'But... am I really the only man who's good in bed? Can I even call myself good?' A crisis was brewing. 'Maybe I need a comparison? Or should I seek some kind of consultation?' He immediately dismissed the thought. 'No way. What happens in the bedroom stays in the bedroom. No one else is hearing about my wife and me.'

That didn't make him feel any better. 'Then how do I know for sure I'm satisfying her? What if she gets tired of me?'

His eyes flickered toward Kisha again, remembering how she kept glancing at Eric, Ethan, and Eliot. His heart squeezed. 'Is it their faces? Does she like their faces?'

Duke suddenly felt the overwhelming urge to drag her away and make sure she had eyes only for him.

Duke's mind was spiraling with so many thoughts that resentment started creeping in. The more he dwelled on it, the more he felt wronged just because Kisha had been looking in the Evans brothers' direction. Now that she was asking him about it, he had no choice but to admit it.