

Apocalypse 686

Chapter 686 The Couple's Thoughts

But instead of taking him seriously, Kisha chuckled, clearly amused.

Duke pouted, looking even more aggrieved. "Wifey, are you making fun of me?" He tried to put on a fierce expression, but his eyes betrayed him—he looked more like a big puppy wagging its tail, waiting for Kisha to pet him.

Her laughter only grew.

"I'm not interested in them romantically, so you can stop looking so jealous," Kisha teased, playfully pinching Duke's palm.

She truly liked how open Duke was with his feelings for her. He could be possessive and jealous at times, but she didn't mind it.

Compared to the heartbreak of being betrayed by a lover and a so-called best friend, she much preferred this kind of relationship. At least with Duke, she never had to guess where she stood. He wore his heart on his sleeve, and she could do the same with him.

But as those past betrayals crept into her mind, Kisha's gaze darkened. The memory of those traitorous bastards reignited the fire inside her—there was still a score to settle. 'Just don't fall into my hands, or you'll regret it.'

Sensing her shift in mood, Duke gently pinched her palm in return before intertwining their fingers, silently pulling her back to the present.

"Are you really not interested in the Evans brothers?" Duke asked. His tone was casual, but his eyes and subtle actions betrayed his worry.

This was Duke's first relationship—his first everything—and he had shared all of those firsts with Kisha. So while he could be clumsy and overbearing at times, he was trying his best. He only wanted Kisha, and he hoped she felt the same.

It was natural for him to feel insecure now and then, especially since Kisha had clearly been involved with someone before, whether in this life or her past ones. He didn't know the details, and that uncertainty gnawed at him.

Duke knew his own worth—his strengths, his accomplishments—but that didn't stop the creeping doubts. This was all new to him, and he couldn't help questioning if he was enough.

But there was one thing he never doubted: his feelings for Kisha. He knew how deep they ran, how much he wanted her, how much he loved her. And that love, overwhelming and all-consuming, was what made him crazy and insecure.

"Are you sure you don't find them attractive? Not even a little?" Duke asked, his voice laced with teasing curiosity.

"No." Kisha answered without hesitation.

Duke's eyes darkened with mischief as he leaned in, his tone turning low and seductive. "Then... tonight—"

"No." Kisha cut him off with a deadpan expression, though amusement flickered in her eyes.

Duke clutched his chest dramatically. "You don't love me anymore?" he asked, looking utterly heartbroken.

Kisha rolled her eyes. "I never realized you were such a good actor."

"Stop pretending," she added, giving him a knowing look. "You just want some action tonight, don't you?"

Duke let out a cheeky chuckle. "Oh? So you noticed?"

They looked like an old married couple—yet also like newlyweds, teasing and bickering with effortless intimacy. Their hands remained intertwined beneath the table as they whispered back and forth, their private conversation hidden from curious ears.

But despite their hushed tones, the pink bubbles of flirtation surrounding them were impossible to miss.

Everyone watching couldn't help but be entertained. In the midst of the chaos and uncertainty that came with the apocalypse, moments like this—warm, lighthearted, and full of love—were rare.

And so, for now, they simply enjoyed the show, as if they were watching a live kdrama unfold before them.

Then, without hesitation, Duke leaned in and planted a quick peck on Kisha's cheek, completely unfazed by the people around them.

It just so happened that the Evans were personally serving food at their table when they witnessed the interaction. They were stunned. They had never seen this side of Duke—so youthful, playful, and openly affectionate. It was almost unsettling.

They were used to seeing him as a man of cold indifference, his expression unreadable and his demeanor intimidating.

Even as a child, Duke had always carried an air of maturity beyond his years, rarely displaying warmth or emotion. Yet here he was, shedding that icy exterior as he bickered and teased Kisha like a love-struck fool.

Eric, in particular, was taken aback. He had last seen Duke at a high-stakes conference meeting between three major companies for a joint venture before the apocalypse.

Back then, Duke had been his usual aloof self—so stone-faced and imposing that even his own team had been on edge while presenting their reports. Eric had half-joked to himself that Duke might have facial paralysis, given how little his expression ever changed.

But now? Now, Duke was practically unrecognizable. He was smiling, teasing, laughing—his face displaying a range of emotions they had never seen before.

Eric's eyes widened, his hands trembling slightly as he placed the dish on the table. His gaze remained locked onto Kisha and Duke, disbelief flickering across his face.

Noticing Eric's stare, Duke met his eyes with a silent challenge, his expression unwavering. Then, without breaking eye contact, he leaned in and planted another kiss on Kisha's cheek—slow and deliberate, as if making a statement.

Kisha felt the unspoken tension crackling between them, the air charged with something almost electric as sparks flew in the air.

But instead of acknowledging it, she chose to feign ignorance. She knew Duke well enough to recognize what he was doing—being territorial, petty, and just a little bit childish.

And, to her surprise, she found it incredibly amusing.

It was almost laughable how much he had changed—from an unshakable block of ice to someone so openly expressive, so possessive. He wasn't just cold and untouchable anymore. Now, he was childish, jealous, and completely transparent with his affections.

And Kisha loved every second of it.

And she felt incredibly secure—because Duke's actions made it undeniably clear just how much he loved her. It was as if he couldn't wait to hoist a banner declaring she belonged to him or, better yet, put a tag around her neck that read 'Duke's Wife.'

The thought alone made Kisha's lips twitch as she struggled to hold back a laugh.

As all the food was served, Duke wasted no time in taking care of Kisha, placing food on her plate and diligently peeling shrimp, extracting crab meat, and handling lobsters and shellfish—all so she wouldn't have to lift a finger.

Meanwhile, Keith eagerly devoured the feast in front of him, his eyes lighting up at the sheer abundance filling their table.

Many around them cast longing glances at their table, but no one dared to voice their thoughts. Noticing this, Kisha waved her hand, and in an instant, towering boxes of seafood appeared. Since her territory space had an abundant supply, there was no need to be stingy. These people were her people too, and she saw no reason not to share.

As box after box of seafood materialized, the surrounding onlookers stared in shock, their eyes wide with disbelief. They had no idea where it all came from, but seeing the sheer amount made the food on their own plates suddenly seem bland in comparison.

Meanwhile, the Evans, having finished serving all the dishes, remained rooted in place beside Kisha's table, uncertain of what to do next.