

Apocalypse 701

Chapter 701 A Peaceful Day

She was exhausted—constantly moving, juggling countless tasks, and barely having a moment to herself. This was the first time in a long while she had a chance to be alone, especially since Duke had been sticking to her like glue.

She loved the attention and the unwavering affection he showered her with. Some might call it possessive or suffocating, but after everything she'd been through with that scumbag ex and the mental scars he left behind, maybe this was exactly what she needed.

Still, she had grown accustomed to having her own space. There were moments when she missed solitude, and now that she finally had it, the world around her felt eerily silent—just her, alone with her thoughts.

Yet, instead of loneliness, there was an unexpected sense of peace in the quiet darkness that wrapped around her. Without even realizing it, she drifted off into a deep, undisturbed sleep.

When she woke up the next day, Duke was still asleep beside her, his bare chest rising and falling in a steady rhythm. He wore only his gray pants, and a hint of stubble had started to shadow his jaw.

He looked exhausted, yet undeniably handsome. Kisha took a quiet moment to watch him—the man who had been by her side since the apocalypse began.

They had faced countless ups and downs, their differences often clashing, yet she had never felt as drawn to anyone as she was to him.

Some might find Duke's clinginess overwhelming, but Kisha didn't. She saw the way he looked at her, how he had made her his entire world. Everything he did, in some way, always led back to her.

That kind of devotion and love was something she had never experienced before. A warm smile curled on her lips as she snuggled closer, pulling his arm around her and burying her face against him, happily breathing in his familiar, comforting masculine scent.

She heard Duke chuckle softly before he tightened his arms around her, pulling her closer as he buried his nose in her hair. The warmth of his embrace was comforting, and soon, they both drifted back to sleep.

When Kisha woke again, the sunlight filtering through the curtains told her it was already late morning—around 10 a.m. She stirred, stretching slightly, and noticed Duke was no longer beside her. A moment later, he returned, holding a glass of warm water.

"You're awake," he said with a gentle smile, handing it to her just as she propped herself up. His thoughtfulness made her heart swell, and she accepted the glass, savoring the quiet intimacy of the moment.

"Wifey, you need to drink some water," Duke urged gently.

Kisha, however, felt lazy. She had never been a fan of plain water—she much preferred juices or anything with flavor. Duke knew this all too well, which was why he often had to remind her and prepare water for her himself.

Seeing that she wasn't making a move, Duke sighed playfully before pulling her onto his lap. Wrapping an arm around her waist, he brought the glass to her lips, tilting it slightly so she could take small sips.

"Come on, wifey," he coaxed, his voice warm and patient. "Even though our bodies have been enhanced, we still need to take care of them. And yours especially needs water. Hmm?"

His gentle persistence made Kisha relent, and she finally took a few sips, secretly enjoying the attention he was giving her.

Their quiet moment was interrupted by a knock on the door. Duke pretended not to hear it, continuing to coax Kisha into drinking her water. However, the knocking persisted.

Kisha shot Duke a look, silently urging him to check who it was. With a sigh, Duke got up and opened the door, only to find his brother-in-law, Keith, standing there. The man looked like he had a lot to say but held back, instead delivering his message with a neutral expression.

"Grandma's been waiting for you both at breakfast. She sent me to call you since you're taking so long," Keith said, his gaze drifting inside the room.

His eyes landed on Kisha, who was sitting on the bed, fully clothed, with a glass of water in hand, clearly just having woken up. Seeing this, Keith unconsciously let out a breath of relief he hadn't realized he was holding.

Even though Keith was well aware that Kisha was with Duke and that they had shared a bed last night, he still wasn't prepared to witness them acting like a couple. To him, Kisha wasn't just his sister—she was his hero, the person he had depended on for most of his life.

A part of him still felt like she belonged to him alone, and this transition was something he struggled to accept.

Adding to his frustration was the fact that Duke had put him through hellish training late into the night. Seeing the man so at ease while he was still sore and exhausted only made Keith grumpier.

Keith had already thought that the training at the hidden base was grueling, but after last night with Duke, his definition of "hellish" had been completely rewritten. Duke had shown him what true suffering felt like, and the sheer exhaustion from that brutal training session only fueled Keith's growing irritation.

His frustration deepened as he recalled what people always said—that a son-in-law should do his best to be likable and earn the favor of his wife's family. But Duke? That bastard was doing the exact opposite!

Gritting his teeth, Keith shot Duke an annoyed look and urged him to hurry up, get ready, and follow him out.

Seeing Keith grumpy and struggling to walk nearly made Duke burst into laughter, but he managed to hold it in at the last second. He hadn't pushed Keith through hell just for fun—he genuinely wanted him to grow stronger, to be capable of protecting their grandfather and grandmother.

If Keith could handle himself better, Kisha wouldn't have to worry about them constantly and could focus on more important matters.

Of course, Duke assumed Keith understood this by now. Maybe he had overlooked a few things, but his intentions were good.

Duke glanced back at Kisha before walking over and gently pulling her out of bed. Crouching down, he helped her put on her socks and shoes, making sure they were snug. Then, he grabbed a jacket from the cabinet and draped it over her shoulders, knowing she might get cold since she was only wearing shorts and a tank top.

Afterward, he slipped on a black shirt that hugged his muscular frame and laced up his running shoes. Once they were both ready, Duke took Kisha's hand and led her out of their room.

Just a few steps away, Keith was leaning against the wall, his arms crossed and a deep frown on his face—looking as if he had just swallowed something unbearably sour.

"Hurry up, will you?" Keith grumbled, clearly still in a sour mood.

"Sure," Duke replied casually, unfazed by Keith's attitude as he followed behind.

Beside him, Kisha stifled a laugh, watching the silent tension between the two. She found it amusing how Keith was still sulking, while Duke remained completely at ease.