

Apocalypse 713

Chapter 713 Learning Aura 3

If it were ice, Kisha wouldn't have any trouble lifting it since it had a defined shape. But water was an entirely different challenge. Frustrated but determined, she tried again.

'Ugh! I never thought it would be this difficult... But then again, I know it's not impossible. Water is still considered matter, and telekinesis isn't limited to objects with a fixed form.'

With this realization, Kisha's understanding of telekinesis deepened. The power wasn't confined to simply lifting and moving objects—it held far greater potential. But what truly defined an "object"? Was it restricted to only solid materials or living beings?

She didn't think so. Anything within her sight, anything composed of matter, could theoretically be controlled. The only limit was her mind and her mastery over her ability.

With renewed determination, Kisha took a deep breath and focused on the body of water before her. She envisioned a pair of invisible hands forming a scooping motion, this is something only she could see.

Carefully, she willed the water to gather within that unseen grasp, lifting it steadily toward her.

Some droplets spilled from the edges, escaping her control, but she didn't let that discourage her. Slowly, yet surely, she guided the mass of water toward the bathtub, carefully lowering it inside. When she finally succeeded, a surge of pride washed over her.

Grinning, she stared at the filled bathtub, satisfaction gleaming in her eyes.

Just as she was about to relax, the sound of rustling bushes caught her attention.

"Wifey, if you're going to take a bath, would you like me to warm your bathwater?" Duke's voice echoed from outside her makeshift open bath.

Kisha instantly felt shy. She loved bathing in warm water, and she knew it would help wash away the gunk and impurities clinging to her skin more easily. But the thought of Duke getting any closer, possibly catching a whiff of the unpleasant smell, made her cheeks burn with embarrassment.

She was torn between comfort and embarrassment, but in the end, comfort won. Reluctantly, she agreed, though she instinctively took a few steps back from Duke.

Duke had to stifle a laugh, making sure she didn't see it—he knew she would feel even more self-conscious if she did. But to him, this side of Kisha was incredibly endearing. Her embarrassment only showed how much she valued his opinion, and the thought that she cared so much about what he thought of her made his heart swell with affection.

"Hmm..." Kisha hummed in agreement, but when Duke stepped into her makeshift open bath, she instinctively took a few steps back, avoiding his gaze. Pretending to be busy, she rummaged through her toiletries, pulling out shampoo, conditioner, shower gel, and everything else she needed.

Duke, sensing her embarrassment, chose not to tease her further. Instead, he turned his attention to the bathtub filled with water. A fireball flickered to life in his hand, and as he dipped it into the water, a soft sizzling sound filled the air, steam rising gently from the surface.

The fire vanished, but Duke's hand still radiated warmth, the lingering heat from his flames seeping into the water. Before long, wisps of steam rose from the surface, curling into the air. "Wifey, do you want to check if the temperature is just right, or if it's too hot?" Duke asked, pulling his hand away and glancing at her with a gentle smile.

Kisha nodded and cautiously stepped forward, still hesitant. Noticing this, Duke took another step back until he was completely outside the open bath area.

"Wifey, call me if you need anything. I'll be nearby," he said, understanding that she needed a moment to herself. Though naturally clingy, he knew when to give her space, and this was one of those times.

As soon as Duke left, Kisha felt a wave of relief. Without hesitation, she approached the bathtub and dipped her hand into the water, testing the temperature. It was perfect—just the way she liked it. Unlike most people who preferred lukewarm baths, Kisha enjoyed steaming hot water. What others might consider scalding, she found soothing against her skin.

A soft smile formed on her lips as she realized Duke had remembered her preference. That small detail warmed her heart. Still smiling, she began to remove her clothes, eager to finally cleanse herself.

She noticed that the impurities had already clung to her clothes, sticking so stubbornly that she doubted the smell would come off even after multiple washes. Deciding it wasn't worth the effort, she made up her mind to burn them later.

After setting the clothes aside and sealing them in a plastic bag, Kisha sat on a small wooden chair. She scooped water with a dipper, gently pouring it over herself a few times to rinse off the initial grime. Then, she grabbed a loofah, squeezed some shower gel onto it, and began scrubbing.

Just as she expected, the thick gunk and impurities weren't easy to wash away. She had to scrub her body and hair multiple times before finally ridding herself of the sticky residue and foul odor. By the time she was done, only half of the water remained in the bathtub, but it was enough.

With a satisfied sigh, Kisha eased into the warm bath, letting her body sink into the soothing heat. She rested her back against the tub, tilting her head up to gaze at the swaying leaves above. A soft smile graced her lips as she allowed herself to relax at last.

After finishing her bath, Kisha stepped out of the open bath and left it as it was. She knew she was about to teach Duke about Aura, and there was a good chance he would need the bath soon enough. Even if he didn't, it was always better to be prepared.

Carrying the plastic bag with her discarded clothes, she made her way out and spotted Duke not far away. He was sitting leisurely by the lake, fishing with an air of quiet patience. Kisha paused for a moment, watching him. His chiseled side profile was strikingly handsome, and the way he sat so relaxed, exuding effortless charm, made her heart skip a beat.

Just then, Duke turned his head, his calm gaze meeting hers before his lips curved into a gentle smile.

"Done?" he asked as he slowly stood up from his chair.

Kisha glanced at the pail beside him, already holding a few fish. Before heading toward her, Duke stowed away his fishing gear and the pail inside his Space Ring, then strode over to her with an easy confidence that made her heart flutter all over again.

Duke noticed the plastic bag in Kisha's hands and took it from her without hesitation. "Do you want me to wash your clothes?" he asked, ready to help.

Kisha shook her head firmly. "No, I want you to burn them," she said, her gaze fixed on the bag now in his hands.

Duke didn't ask any further questions. Instead, he carefully set the plastic bag down on a patch of dirt, making sure it was far from anything flammable to prevent a forest fire. Once he was certain it was in a safe spot, he conjured a fireball in his palm and hurled it at the bag.

Flames erupted instantly, consuming the plastic and the clothes within. The fire burned intensely for a moment before gradually dying down, leaving behind nothing but blackened ashes.