

## Apocalypse 715

### Chapter 715 - Back To Training

"Ahem!"

A loud throat-clearing sound abruptly cut through the moment, startling Duke and Kisha. They both snapped their heads toward the source, realizing—much to their horror—that they had been so caught up in each other, they hadn't even noticed someone approaching. Their guard had been completely down.

Standing before them, arms crossed and expression dark with irritation, was Keith. His gaze was sharp, practically drilling into them with disapproval. But he wasn't alone.

Behind him stood Grandpa and Grandma Aldens. Grandma Aldens, to their surprise, was giggling like a delighted child who had just witnessed something straight out of her favorite romance novel.

Grandpa Alden, in contrast, wore a deeply furrowed scowl that clearly showed his displeasure.

Keith's glare intensified, making it clear that neither he nor Grandpa Aldens was amused by what they had just walked in on.

"We've been searching the whole island for you, only to find you having a secret rendezvous here?" Keith scolded, his tone sharp with frustration. "When are you going to train us, huh?"

Though his words were directed at both of them, it was clear his anger was mostly aimed at Duke. The overprotective brother in him was fuming—his precious older sister had been stolen away, and worse, Duke was clearly corrupting her not-so-innocent mind.

Keith had even overheard Duke's last words, and just thinking about them made his stomach churn in anger. He couldn't imagine ever saying something so shameless, let alone his sister being subjected to such indecency.

But Duke, utterly unfazed, merely flashed a crescent-eyed smirk, still holding Kisha firmly in his arms without a hint of remorse. Meanwhile, Kisha, who was pinned against the tree, was too flustered to move. Her face burned with embarrassment as she realized just how much she had forgotten about the outside world.

She had been so wrapped up in the moment, thinking she and Duke still had time alone, that it hadn't even crossed her mind that her family would finish their training early—and worse, come looking for her.

Kisha quickly pressed her palms against her face, trying to hide her embarrassment, but Duke only found her reaction utterly adorable. He chuckled, completely unapologetic, and Kisha couldn't even blame him—after all, she had willingly gone along with him.

"Ugh," she groaned, still covering her face, wishing she could disappear. Seeing her like this only made Duke want to tease her more, but unfortunately, there were more pressing matters at hand. With a sigh, he forced himself to refocus, letting go of the urge to continue his playful torment.

Unlike Kisha, Duke remained completely unfazed by their unexpected audience. To him, this was perfectly fine—they were husband and wife, after all. There was no reason to feel embarrassed just because Keith and their elders had caught them sharing an intimate moment.

Besides, they hadn't done anything beyond kissing and exchanging a few 'affectionate words'. And if anyone expected him to feel shame? Well, they were in for a disappointment—Duke was as shameless and thick-skinned as they came, and this wouldn't rattle him in the slightest.

"Alright, let's continue with the training since we have limited time," Duke said, offering Kisha a way to collect herself and giving Keith a distraction from what he had just heard and witnessed.

Grandma Aldens, understanding Duke's intent, happily played along, nudging Grandpa Aldens to head back the way they came.

"Alright, we'll wait for you back there," Grandma Aldens said as she walked away with Grandpa Aldens.

Kisha peeked out from between her fingers, her voice small and hesitant. "G-Grandma, you can keep cultivating. Duke and I really do need to train..."

But Duke still hadn't let her go, keeping her pinned in place.

Grandpa Aldens snorted, as if he had just heard the funniest joke. "Train? Or continue with your little rendezvous?"

"G-Grandpa!" Kisha squeaked, her face burning with embarrassment. "We really are going to train!"

Grandpa Aldens snorted again, clearly unconvinced, but before he could tease her further, Grandma Aldens grabbed him by the ear and dragged him away. "Enough of that," she said, pulling him along as he hurried to keep up, grumbling under his breath.

Keith, watching the scene unfold, shifted nervously before trailing after his grandparents—but not before shooting Duke a sharp glare.

"G-Grandma, wait for me!" Keith called out, jogging after them.

He tried his best to blend into the background, hoping to avoid becoming Grandma Aldens' next target. Plastering on a foolishly obedient smile, he trailed behind like the perfect grandson—anything to keep her attention off him.

Seeing Keith retreat with his tail between his legs, Duke chuckled, flashing a fleeting smile before shifting his attention back to Kisha.

"Now, wifey, where were we?" His voice dropped a few degrees lower, laced with playful seduction as he tried to coax her back into their interrupted moment.

But Kisha weakly smacked his chest, her lips quivering as she pretended to shed a tear coquettishly. Her red-rimmed eyes only made her look more pitiful, sending Duke into an instant panic.

"W-Wifey, what's wrong? Please tell me..." he pleaded, brushing his thumb gently across her damp lashes, his worry deepening as he noticed the lingering traces of unshed tears from her lingering embarrassment.

"No, we should really train. I'll teach you how to awaken and control your aura..." Kisha croaked, her voice still uneven.

She had no intention of doing anything intimate here in her own territory—especially not when there was always the risk of her brother barging in and picking a fight with Duke.

Keith might act tough, but deep down, he was still too dependent on her, a lingering effect of his childhood trauma. Kisha couldn't blame him for struggling to let go; after all, handing over his beloved sister wouldn't be easy.

For now, they had to be patient. Keith needed more time to adjust, which meant she and Duke would have to steal their moments together in secret—at least until her brother could finally accept their relationship.

"Okay, I'll do whatever my wife wants," Duke nodded, pressing a gentle kiss to Kisha's cheek as he lightly cradled her face.

He had just managed to calm himself earlier when his in-laws interrupted, so letting go now wasn't too difficult. But as he carefully set Kisha back on the ground, she stifled a laugh—her eyes landing on the unmistakable bulge in his pants.

Emotionally, he might have regained his composure, but his body clearly had other ideas.

Duke let out a helpless sigh, offering her a weak smile. "Wifey, don't tease me..." he murmured, ruffling her hair affectionately before summoning several floating ice shards around him, hoping to cool himself down—at least physically.

Kisha stopped chuckling and gently patted Duke's chest. "You're so good to me, hubby..." she said with a warm smile before tiptoeing to plant a soft kiss on his cheek. Then, taking his hand, she led him back toward their training ground.

Duke chuckled, his grip on her tightening. "If I'm not good to you, then who else should I be good to?" he teased, pulling her closer and wrapping an arm around her shoulders. With a playful grin, he swayed with her, rocking them side to side as they walked.