

Apocalypse 738

Chapter 738 Lunch 2

Perhaps Mrs. Evans had become especially dependent on Melody. After losing her real daughter, she might have clung to Melody for emotional stability, and that reliance had slowly turned into habit. Even now, it was clear she still harbored lingering attachment and dependency toward Melody.

Yes, the Evans were disappointed in Melody, but that disappointment hadn't yet reached the threshold where they could bring themselves to let her go. Still, as one letdown followed another, their feelings were beginning to shift—subtly, gradually, the distance was growing.

The one truly struggling to let go was Mrs. Evans. Her emotional dependence on Melody made it hard for her to cut ties. Her husband, on the other hand, was more concerned for his wife's well-being than for Melody herself. Their sons, however, had already started trying to curry favor with Kisha. Ethan was the best example.

As soon as the trucks came to a stop, Ethan quickly jumped down from his vehicle and briskly walked toward Kisha, who was lazily stepping down from her side of the truck. Duke was already waiting for her with a chuckle, but when he noticed Ethan approaching, his expression changed instantly—from a smile to a cold snort.

"Oh? What's young master Ethan doing here?" Duke said, his tone laced with sarcasm. "Your sister is over there—see? She looks pitiful, watching you like a lost puppy. Shouldn't you be comforting her? I can take care of my wife just fine."

He then took Kisha's hand, making his claim clear.

Kisha didn't even glance at Ethan. Though she'd learned the Evans were her biological family, she had long given up hope in them.

She had only discovered her biological family in this life, but in her heart, it was the Aldens she truly recognized as her own.

When Keith noticed Ethan approaching his sister, he hurried over, calling out, "Sister! Are you tired? Want me to give you a shoulder massage?" His voice was unusually sweet, the same tone he always used when he wanted something—acting like a pampered little brother trying to charm his way in.

Kisha noticed the flicker of nervousness in Keith's eyes and couldn't help but smile warmly, nodding in response.

Ethan, watching the exchange, felt a sting in his chest. His eyes narrowed, the rims turning slightly red, but he held his tongue, unable to speak.

Duke, standing beside Kisha, rolled his eyes at Keith's antics and added dryly, "I can take care of my wife just fine. You should go be filial to your grandparents—serve them tea, massage their shoulders or something."

Keith choked on his own saliva as he stopped in front of the couple. "Why don't you go be filial to your in-laws and parents, huh? You just jealous 'cause my sister loves me more?" he shot back at Duke with a smug grin.

Before he could add another word, a sharp smack landed on the back of his head, making him yelp in pain. He spun around, only to find his grandparents standing right behind him. Trailing behind them were the Winters couple and the Patriarch, all looking amused by the bickering.

"You little rascal!" Grandpa Aldens barked playfully. "Are you looking down on your grandparents now, passing your filial duties onto your brother-in-law?" His tone was light, but his eyes twinkled with mischief as he threw Keith a meaningful glance—his subtle way of telling the boy not to get in the way of a married couple and to tone down the clinginess toward his sister.

Why did Grandpa Aldens suddenly change his stance? Just hours ago, he was scowling at Duke, furious that his little girl had been "taken away." But who could blame him for shifting his attitude after his wife had made him kneel on the washboard?

Even at his age, Grandma Aldens had no qualms about putting him in his place. She wasn't afraid to make him kneel as punishment for causing trouble, and her method was effective—after all, what kind of man would he be if he let his wife keep him in check so easily?

Grandma Aldens had been eagerly anticipating holding her great-grandchild in her arms, but her husband had been acting like a stubborn child, refusing to stay out of the couple's way.

So, she taught him a lesson. The mere thought of the washboard made Grandpa Aldens rethink his behavior, and now, his focus was entirely on Keith. He didn't want his grandson to be a hindrance to Kisha and Duke, not when he could potentially be a great-grandfather soon.

The idea of becoming a great-grandpa softened his heart. After all, how could he scowl at Duke for much longer when the prospect of holding a cute great-grandchild was on the horizon?

But that didn't mean he would completely abandon his gruffness—he'd still throw Duke the occasional scowl, just for old time's sake.

Then, as if inspiration struck, Grandpa Aldens grinned wider. "Why don't you go find a girlfriend, huh? You're a grown man now—we wouldn't stop you!"

His eyes slid over to Abby, who happened to be standing nearby, looking especially adorable with her curious gaze. They'd taken a liking to her—especially after the way she defended Kisha earlier with such boldness. She had spirit, and that blunt honesty reminded them of someone they cherished.

But Keith's face twisted into a pout. "Tch. Grandpa! Can you not pair me off so casually?"

"Are you selling me?" Keith added, his voice filled with disbelief. His words only served to anger his grandfather, who smacked him on the back of his head.

"Stop hitting me on the back of my head! I'll be dumb if you keep doing that!" Keith cried out, pouting as he quickly hid behind Kisha for protection.

"It's not like you were all that smart to begin with..." Grandpa Aldens grumbled, causing everyone around them to burst into laughter. Kisha, Duke, and the Winters all chuckled, their laid-back attitude shocked Dracon and his team as odd. In the midst of the apocalypse, they seemed completely unfazed by the uncertainty of it all.

Dracon, watching the group with growing disbelief, couldn't help but scan his surroundings. The Winters' men were already stationed as lookouts, keeping a close watch to ensure no zombies would breach their perimeter. Despite the tension of the situation, the atmosphere remained oddly relaxed, and that contrast left Dracon and his team stunned.

If they were outside the shelter, everyone would have been on edge—gloomy, tense, and always on high alert. They wouldn't dare bring non-combatants along, and yet here they were, bringing Abby and the civilians with them.

The group had been separated from their original faction, and though they could easily join other shelters or bases, they had never encountered people like Kisha and her group.

Kisha's people were different—so relaxed and confident. They even brought their families along, as if they were going on a casual outing, completely unbothered by the danger lurking in the world outside.

What surprised them the most was how a set of folding chairs seemed to appear out of nowhere. Duke then approached, offering a seat to his family. "Grandpa Aldens, Grandma Aldens, Mom, Dad, Grandpa, why don't you all sit for a bit?" he said with a warm smile.

He guided Kisha to a chair, opting not to have her sit on his lap—he knew the chair might not handle their combined weight. Instead, he reached into his Space Ring and pulled out a small coffee table, setting it down before starting to brew tea.