

## Apocalypse 858

### Chapter 858 Things Going Along

However, due to the time difference between her territory space and the outside world, she often had to wait hours for replies from the people she contacted. Meanwhile, her responses reached them almost instantly, as if she had prepared them in advance the moment they hit "send."

Since Kisha was still struggling with her sealed awakened ability, she had to return to regular meditation sessions and temporarily stop producing stamina boosters and magic scrolls. As a result, her store was flooded with inquiries, keeping 008 constantly busy handling customer communication. With such limited stock and overwhelming demand, even the low-tier magic scrolls, priced outrageously high, were completely sold out.

This left 008 stunned. It began to question its own ability to manage the store without Kisha. It had never imagined that such overpriced items would actually sell. Left to its own devices, it would have simply followed the market trend, lacking the confidence to mark up prices so boldly. Now, 008 didn't know whether to idolize Kisha for her sharp business instincts or consider her a cunning fox outsmarting a den of wolves, especially compared to the other merchants on the sales channel.

After three days of preparations for the opening of the Military Academy, Kisha jolted awake, her body finally feeling light and free from the backlash that had been tormenting her. She drew in a long, steady breath, relieved and renewed. Just then, Duke slipped behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist, his tone soft and teasing.

"Wifey, good morning... Wanna have breakfast together?" he murmured, gently taking her hand and guiding her downstairs.

Kisha smiled, teasing back, "Are you making me breakfast? Hmm?"

She had grown used to Duke's constant presence, and with time, her emotional walls had started to come down. The wild edge and unpredictable anger that used to cling to her had dulled, her icy aura and murderous intent no longer dominating the space around her. Though that dangerous side hadn't disappeared completely, it still lingered beneath the surface, Kisha had learned to keep it buried unless absolutely necessary.

Duke had changed her in more ways than one.

Now, as she watched him in the kitchen, cracking eggs and expertly opening them into sizzling oil, he looked every bit the picture of a loving, capable husband. Kisha leaned on the counter, resting her cheek against her palm, watching him with quiet amusement.

Duke caught her gaze and flashed her a wolfish grin, clearly proud of himself and basking in her attention.

"Just a little more, honey. Breakfast's almost ready," Duke said as he placed a lid over the pan, letting the trapped heat gently cook the egg yolk, just enough to keep it creamy and runny.

Turning toward the fridge, he asked over his shoulder, "What do you want to drink? Freshly squeezed orange juice, lemon water, or hot chocolate?"

As he poked his head inside the fridge, scanning for ingredients, he waited for her response.

Kisha thought for a moment before answering, "Hmm... I'd like honey apple juice."

"Alright, sit back and relax," Duke said with a grin as he pulled four large apples from the fridge, their skins still cool with condensation. With a casual flair, he tossed one into the air and caught it smoothly with one hand while cradling the other three against his chest. He placed them on the counter, then turned to the stove.

Lifting the lid from the pan, he carefully plated the perfectly cooked fried egg and immediately laid down several strips of bacon. The meat came from the marketplace's specialty butcher, the same place where Kisha had first discovered the cured meats with unique effects. The taste was exceptional, so Duke had returned for more, and now the aroma of sizzling bacon filled the kitchen, rich and mouthwatering.

As he hummed a soft tune, Duke pulled out a cutting board and sliced the apples in half. He plugged in the juicer, added the apple slices, and waited as the machine pressed out every drop of golden juice. He then poured the fresh juice into a tall glass already prepared with ice and a spoonful of Scarlet Honey.

Stirring it gently, he added a straw and set the glass in front of Kisha.

She took the straw, gave the drink a swirl to mix the honey thoroughly, and took a sip. The moment the sweet, potent blend hit her tongue, a familiar, delicious tingle bloomed across her senses. The Scarlet Honey's effects were subtle but addictive; it made the body feel light, sensitive, and euphoric.

Kisha's eyelashes fluttered, and she let out a soft breath, her mind flickering with pleasure. She set the glass down slowly and returned her gaze to Duke, who was still at the stove, his humming continuing like a warm background melody to the moment they shared.

Over the past three days, Aston had successfully settled the new recruits into the Military Academy on the very first day. Although much work still remained to complete the facilities, staying inside and getting started was far better than wasting time.

Since the electricity was still being connected, the warriors couldn't use power-dependent gym equipment like treadmills, so they shifted their focus to weight training and resistance exercises. To keep things moving, Aston appointed temporary instructors. For the initial sessions, he assigned his senior soldiers, making use of their experience.

Over the next two days, Aston held discussions with Fred, Rose, and Rakan, all of whom agreed to help as instructors. Given that Kisha and Duke were preoccupied, Aston decided not to invite them as guest instructors for now. Instead, he prioritized lessons in survival and combat, making full use of the martial arts room, which quickly became one of the busiest training areas.

Those who showed exceptional potential were selected for entry into the cultivation room to give them a firsthand experience. Of course, Aston only sent awakened ability users, as ordinary humans without spiritual energy would gain no benefit from the environment, sending them in would be a waste of valuable resources.

The first batch of supplies was delivered in the afternoon of the first day, and the newly hired staff were immediately put to work. Before setting foot inside the Military Academy, they were given a briefing on what to expect inside the building.

Even though they were informed about the time distortion within the academy and outside world, most were still shocked upon experiencing it firsthand. On the surface, everything inside appeared normal, but after spending hours working, they emerged to find that only seconds had passed in the outside world. The phenomenon amazed them, though they quickly adapted and began their tasks, starting with cleaning the cafeteria and washing the utensils.

Due to an initial shortage of dining ware, Aston placed an urgent order with the Artisans' Workshop under the base's management. The carpentry team immediately began crafting wooden items, while the ceramics artisans started producing bowls and other necessities. It was a flurry of activity all around.