

## Apocalypse 134

### Chapter 134 Let's Eat

The young group seemed understandably wary of strangers, which was a prudent mindset. However, Kisha couldn't bear to see the disappointed expression on Mrs. Winters' face after the misunderstanding. So, she interjected from her seat on the leather chair, speaking across the room, "My mother-in-law was simply extending an invitation for you to join us for a meal. No need to overthink it."

Upon hearing Kisha's words, Clyde was momentarily caught off guard, choking on his own saliva in surprise. Meanwhile, Mrs. Winters's smile widened at the unexpected but warmly received address from Kisha.

With each passing moment, her fondness for Kisha seemed to deepen, appreciating the respect and endearment behind being called "mother-in-law." Even Duke, occupied with Vulture and Tristan, couldn't help but smile to himself as he dealt with the ingredients. Inspired by the exchange between his mother and Kisha, he felt compelled to also cook for his own mother.

Duke could sense Kisha's protective instinct toward his parent, and it filled him with immense happiness. Knowing that the most important people in his life were getting along so well made him feel as if all the waiting for the right person had been worthwhile. The thought of spending his life with anyone else seemed unimaginable to him, both in the past and especially now.

Duke and the others carried on with their tasks, seemingly focused on their cooking duties, yet they ensured there was plenty of food for everyone, extending their hospitality to Clyde's group as well. Meanwhile, Mrs. Winters ceased bothering Clyde and struck up a conversation with Kisha, aiming to get to know her better.

Their discussion mainly centered around Kisha's grandparents and younger brother.

"You mentioned being adopted. Have you ever had the chance to meet your biological family? Did they ever try to find you after your grandparents sent the report?" Mrs. Winters inquired, her expression fraught with sadness, her voice betraying her emotions as it quivered with a mix of concern and empathy.

Kisha's story touched her deeply, evoking a sense of maternal compassion and a desire to understand Kisha's journey more intimately.

Kisha shook her head. She had tried to find her family after graduating from college and even after she started working. Despite the apocalypse, she clung to a small hope that maybe they had survived. She longed to meet them, to understand her origins, and to know why her family had abandoned her and never looked for her.

For over 99 lives, Kisha had never met them and had lost hope of finding them in the apocalypse, considering most of the population had turned into zombies. She thought they might have suffered the same fate. Noticing the helplessness in Kisha's eyes, Mrs. Winters quickly changed the topic, steering the conversation back to Kisha's adoptive family. This brought a smile to Kisha's face, making Mrs.

Winters feel guilty for asking such a painful question out of curiosity.

She was relieved that Kisha did not get angry with her for asking such sensitive information. It made her appreciate Kisha's good upbringing and calm temperament even more, qualities that perfectly matched her son. Thinking about how such a wonderful young woman had been chosen by her son filled her with pride. She felt that her son had a keen eye for finding a great partner.

Since it was boring to just wait for the food, the Patriarch decided to join in on Kisha and Mrs. Winters' chitchat. Mr. Winters, sitting silently beside his wife, also listened attentively, finding himself equally bored.

"Kisha, when are you planning to have a child with my grandson?" the Patriarch interjected with a wide grin, cutting into Kisha and Mrs. Winters' conversation. Despite his excitement at the thought of grandchildren, he also felt a pang of sadness. The current environment was far from ideal—so dangerous and uncertain.

He knew any children born now deserved the best of everything, yet they couldn't even guarantee a safe place for them to be born in.

Duke, on the other hand, shook his head after hearing his grandfather's words. "Grandpa, don't scare my wife off. If she runs away, I'll grow old alone," Duke teased, trying to lighten the mood after seeing the gloomy expression on his grandfather's face. He understood his grandfather's concerns, but Duke was confident that it was only a matter of time before Kisha became pregnant with his child.

However, before that happened, he was determined to ensure that his family had a safe place to call home, away from the dangers of the apocalypse.

But he wasn't alone in thinking this way. Kisha also aimed for the same goal, one they had actually achieved in her previous life: a safe haven for humanity. However, it was going to be a lot of work. This time, their safe haven would be even better than before, more sustainable, and more secure.

But if Kisha knew what Duke was thinking about her getting pregnant, she might be the one to jump at the opportunity herself.

Soon after, Duke, Vulture, and Tristan called everyone to eat. Each member of Kisha's team held a bowl of steaming beef stew and a large piece of bread. The stew's aroma wafted through the office, making Clyde and his group swallow hard.

Although they had supplies in the storeroom, they didn't have anything warm to eat, and the smell of meat made their stomachs grow louder than the zombies outside, filling the room with a chorus of hunger.

Vulture snorted at Clyde's group, remembering their earlier pretense. Despite this, he scooped out a bowl of stew for each of the 14 people in Clyde's group. This time, no one pretended they weren't hungry or declined the offer. They all eagerly accepted and ate the steaming beef stew with relish, tears of gratitude and relief threatening to spill from their eyes.

Vulture also distributed bread along with the beef stew, ensuring everyone had enough energy for the tasks ahead.

"He's arrived," Kisha's voice, though not loud, carried through the room. Vulture was the first to head to the office door, opening it eagerly. Clyde's group glanced curiously at the door, and soon after, a man walked in, carrying backpack after backpack of supplies and guns. The sight left Clyde's group gasping in astonishment.