

Apocalypse 194

Chapter 194 Going to the Market

Sparrow and Vulture quickly prepared dinner while Reeve set the table delicately, moving as if on eggshells. As an idol, he was skilled at reading the room and sensitive to others' emotions, sometimes almost overly so.

He was aware that Duke did not look kindly upon him, which made him feel like he was walking on eggshells around the others. Despite Sparrow and Vulture treating him kindly, the final decision rested with Duke, their master.

When Reeve saw Duke happily leading Kisha downstairs by the hand, he understood that they had reconciled. However, as an outsider among them, he felt distant and unsure of where he stood.

Despite his discomfort, Reeve knew he had to remain with them to protect himself and rescue his good friends from the Coltons' grasp.

But once dinner started, Reeve found himself treated like everyone else—fed and accepted without any hostility from Duke. It seemed Kisha had talked sense into him, now seeing Reeve as more of a kid than anything else. Reeve still felt a bit uncertain, perhaps due to his youth and the constant desire to fit in, but as he relaxed, he noticed Sparrow and Vulture also made it easy for him.

Once everyone had finished eating, they gathered in the living room for tea and small talk, deliberately ignoring the cameras and listening devices. They made it appear as though everything was perfectly normal.

Then they all retired to rest; Reeve's room was conveniently located near Vulture and Sparrow's, ensuring they could keep an eye on him in case of any attempt to kidnap him or pull a fast one. Sparrow and Vulture remained on high alert, while Duke and Kisha resumed sharing a room to themselves.

Duke no longer wanted to sleep in separate bedrooms. First and foremost, he wanted to prevent Kisha from having nightmares; he felt he could truly comfort her and prevent them. Secondly, he couldn't sleep without feeling her soft body against him. It felt incomplete, leaving him restless and unable to sleep peacefully.

Kisha was comfortable with this arrangement too. Despite Duke's occasional teasing, when it came to resting, he always prioritized her well-being and made sure she could rest properly. This was particularly important after their long and eventful day outside the shelter, where Kisha had managed their navigation and remained on high alert with her scarlet bees at the ready.

Not long after, they fell asleep in each other's embrace.

Meanwhile, in another part of the shelter, the Minister of Defense and the Coltons' Young Master engaged in a serious discussion about Kisha and Duke. They held contrasting views on recruiting them into their team. The Coltons' Young Master was determined to harness Kisha and Duke's potential as powerful assets, envisioning them as formidable guard dogs and lethal weapons.

In contrast, the Minister of Defense harbored concerns that their unpredictable nature could ultimately lead to disaster for their group.

After meeting Kisha earlier, he concluded that they were not the type of individuals easily controlled. Their strength and capability were undeniable, yet this very power posed a challenge in managing such formidable figures, in his view. On the other hand, the Coltons' Young Master found their dangerous potential enticing.

He believed that once he subjugated them and turned them into his hunting dogs, no one would dare challenge his authority again.

He watched Villa #1 intently through the monitoring device, observing Kisha and Duke huddled together and became increasingly convinced that capturing one would inevitably lead to capturing the other. He began scheming various scenarios on how he could apprehend either of them, his mind already concocting plans for their capture.

After a restful night, Kisha woke up in Duke's embrace to find him watching her sleeping face intently, unmoving. He didn't mind his arm growing numb from being used as Kisha's pillow all night; seeing her so peacefully comfortable in his arms brought a wide smile to his face.

When he noticed Kisha waking up, his smile widened. They spent a whole five minutes simply gazing at each other before getting out of bed. Kisha helped massage Duke's numb arm with a smile, the atmosphere serene and calm, calming their hearts as they thought, "This is how life should be."

After freshening up and descending, Duke and Kisha found Vulture had already prepared breakfast, while Sparrow and Reeve set out to patrol the villa, maintaining appearances. Following a light breakfast, Duke and Kisha ventured to a small market where survivors traded daily necessities they had gathered, as their shelter was now of little use for such items, in exchange for food.

Vulture and Sparrow remained at the villa with Reeve, dedicating time to training him in basic self-defense techniques to ensure his safety.

Meanwhile, Kisha leisurely strolled through the small market, taking in each stand and its offerings: gold accessories, clothing, and everyday essentials such as toothbrushes and shampoo.

Duke and Kisha carried a backpack of supplies with them as they browsed.

Kisha spotted a stall selling seeds of various vegetables and fruits. It reminded her of the expansive plots of land in her territory pack. While she had allowed the base residents to cultivate a portion of her farmland, much of it remained untouched. In fact, she hadn't even explored her own territory space fully yet.

Seeing the seeds sparked an idea: she decided to experiment with farming inside her territory and explore its capabilities further. She believed there were more functions within her territory pack waiting to be discovered, but her busy schedule had prevented her from fully exploring them until now.

"Excuse me, sir. How much are these seeds?" Kisha crouched down to examine the seeds more closely. They appeared healthy and not overly dried, prompting a satisfied nod from Kisha.

The elderly man appeared worn and battered, his eyes vacant and his cheeks sunken, giving him an almost skeletal appearance. "Young Miss, I could let them go for a pack of bread," he said, his voice weary but hopeful. Seeing Kisha's frown, the old man grew flustered. He knew a pack of bread was a steep price to ask, but he had young children to support, and they had gone hungry for days.

As an elderly man unable to embark on missions for supplies, he couldn't rely on earning rewards doing odd jobs for the shelter because there was no shortage of younger individuals who could do the job.

The only possessions he had left were these seeds, remnants of his life as a farmer. Yet in the shelter, there was no land to cultivate nor water to nurture the vegetables. All he could do now was hope to find someone interested in these seeds he had managed to salvage while fleeing with his grandchildren.

"Grandpa, where did you get these?" Kisha asked as she examined each pack of seeds. There were so many varieties that she could fill one of their backpacks with these seeds alone, all for just a pack of bread. If she could successfully grow all of them, she could harvest enough vegetables and fruits to fill ten trucks.

She looked at the old man in astonishment, who mistook her expression for anger and hastily began apologizing, tears welling up in his eyes.