

## Apocalypse 276

### Chapter 276 Are You here to Eat or be Eaten?

After finishing her training, Kisha was able to harvest five fruits with remarkable efficiency. It was as if she had five extra hands dedicated to the task, seamlessly following her intentions and actions. It felt like an extension of her own body, perfectly synchronized with her consciousness and desires.

Although it took her many hours of practice, being inside her territory meant that only a few minutes had passed in the outside world. By the time she emerged, it was already lunchtime, and Mrs. Winters had finished cooking.

"You arrived just in time!" Mrs. Winters exclaimed with a smile. "Didn't I say I would bring lunch for you and Duke?" She happily handed Kisha the packed lunch she had prepared and urged her to leave the villa. "Now, why don't you take this lunch to your husband and enjoy a meal with him?"

After being promptly sent out the door just after entering, Kisha fell into a daze before she began walking back to the square. As she was leaving the villa, she noticed Marcus and his grandchildren emerging from the backyard, carrying a few vegetables as they headed back inside.

Shaking her head, Kisha took determined strides toward the square, her mind still swirling with thoughts about her next steps and how to tackle the challenges ahead.

Before she realized it, Kisha had reached the square, where the warriors were lining up in front of a small tent serving food. The sight of the tent brought wide smiles to their faces as they eagerly formed a line. The enticing aroma of meat and vegetables filled the air, lifting their spirits and easing their fatigue.

Some warriors were already seated on the ground, savoring their meals, while others set aside portions of meat and vegetables, perhaps planning to take them home for their families or loved ones.

Seeing this, Vulture, who was overseeing the line, blew his horn and scolded the warriors. "You lot! We prepared this food to give you the energy you need to continue your training and become stronger. Why are you saving the meat and vegetables? They're essential for your nutrition!" By the end of his reprimand, he was gritting his teeth in annoyance.

Vulture then took a deep breath to compose himself before continuing, "If you're worried about your families, don't be. We've already prepared half of your compensation so you can focus on your training without concern. You'll receive the remaining half at the end of the week.

Additionally, the City Lord, through the Minister of Defense, has just approved the construction of a cafeteria dedicated to warriors. The food there will be much cheaper, allowing you to enjoy meals at the cafeteria and send all the rations from your compensation home to your families without worry." Vulture spoke with evident pride, as though he were bragging about the new arrangement.

The warriors were visibly relieved and pleased to hear that a resolution had been made, easing their worries about their families and children. Energized by Vulture's words, they began to eat with renewed vigor, savoring the meat and vegetables to replenish their energy for continued training.

Their excitement grew as they looked forward to the end of the day when they would start receiving their rations.

Those passing through the square couldn't help but feel envious as they caught the tantalizing aroma of meat in the air and saw the warriors enjoying their meal of vegetables, meat, and white rice. In contrast, they were making do with instant noodles and bread—an improvement from their previous lack of food, but still far from the luxurious fare the warriors received.

The disparity sparked thoughts of joining the defense force among many of them, though, unfortunately, they were among those who didn't make the cut.

But, they would take all opportunity to jump in if there was an opening in the future, which ensured Kisha's defense force was not lacking any personnel, especially in tough times. While Kisha was busy looking around the square and seeing the warriors vigorous back as they devour their meal, Duke has already seen her from afar and has already made his way to her.

Without waiting for Kisha to notice him, Duke swept her off her feet and carried her in a princess carry, completely unfazed by the curious gazes of onlookers. Kisha felt an urge to smack Duke for turning their PDA into such a spectacle, and she buried her face in his chest, clutching the lunchbox tightly.

"Are you here to eat with me or to be eaten by me?" Kisha didn't need to see Duke's face to know he was wearing that trademark wolfish grin. Even now, she struggled to get used to Duke's shamelessness. All she could do was pinch him on the side of his stomach, hoping he would behave more appropriately, especially with so many warriors around.

Duke merely chuckled at Kisha's pinch, as if it tickled him, and continued toward his tent, where he could either rest or hold meetings if needed. He gently set Kisha down in a recliner chair and then allowed some people in to set up the food on the table inside. Once everything was arranged, the soldiers discreetly moved away from the tent entrance, avoiding their earlier posts.

They knew better than to overhear anything they shouldn't; while they might escape a zombie attack, facing Duke's wrath was a far greater danger.

Duke didn't wait for Kisha to stand up; instead, he scooped her up again and placed her gently on his lap. "Hmm? Did you make this?" His eyes lit up when he noticed the lunchbox, and he was thrilled at the thought that his wife had cooked for him and taken the time to bring it over, just like a loving couple would. Overwhelmed with joy, he started to ignore the other food on the table.

"No, Mom cooked it and asked me to bring it to you so we could eat together," Kisha explained. Her honest answer was like a splash of cold water on Duke's expectations, causing his face to briefly fall in disappointment. However, he quickly masked his initial reaction with a smile and nodded, accepting the reality with good humor.

"Mom really knows how to bring us together and make us feel pampered. Let's eat now, shall we?" Duke's tone shifted warmly as he acknowledged the effort his mother put into preparing the meal so he could spend more time with his wife during this busy period. He appreciated her gesture and chided himself for even momentarily showing any distaste.

Duke set a small bowl in front of Kisha, filling it with meat, vegetables, and warm white rice, ensuring she had more than enough to eat. As she enjoyed her meal, he continued to add more food to her bowl, making sure she was well-fed. Meanwhile, Duke took only a few bites himself, content to watch Kisha eat with a satisfied smile.

"Why are you only feeding me? You need to eat too—what if you collapse from fatigue?" Kisha said, adding more food to Duke's bowl. Duke's face lit up with a joyful grin as he accepted the food, his reaction akin to a child receiving a treat. Kisha couldn't shake the feeling that Duke might be pulling another one of his tricks. 'Did I just fall into one of his traps?' she wondered.