

Apocalypse 58

Chapter 58 What to Eat?

"Bell, deploy all available bees and have them explore every corner of this shelter. Notify me immediately if anything out of the ordinary is discovered," Kisha instructed through their link.

Duke and the others observed without understanding the exchange, but they witnessed Bell flap its wings twice and give a slight nod—a gesture impossible for an ordinary bee. From this, they surmised that Bell possessed not only an unusual size but also intelligence beyond that of a typical bee.

"What are you planning?" Duke asked as his eyes examined Bell.

Just right after his question left his mouth, a swarm of bees materializes out of nowhere just like how Bell appeared in thin air. They were all fascinated but at the same time felt their skin crawling with bugs.

They were accustomed to seeing Kisha store and retrieve items from her inventory, but witnessing living creatures emerge from her space felt entirely novel to them.

Kisha allowed Bell to fly around the villa, ensuring it had morphed to appear smaller and less conspicuous. Despite being within their own walls, there was still a concern that someone might unexpectedly check on them and notice Bell's presence.

As she reminded Bell and it changed its size to an even smaller form, the doorbell chimed from outside. Vulture, being closer to the entrance, swiftly took on the task and hurried to check the intercom connected to the doorbell outside.

"Master, it's a soldier from the (HAMO)House and Allocation Management Office," Vulture reported, standing beside the intercom, awaiting Duke's response and instructions.

Duke did not immediately answer but looked at Kisha, remembering that they still had this issue.

Kisha waved her hand and instantly, a box worth of instant noodles and canned goods, along with a few gallons of water appeared on top of the coffee table in front of them and Kisha put all the big bags lying on the floor back to her inventory, to make it look like they have already arranged the supplies they are going to use for the exchange.

Observing that both Kisha and Duke had ceased their movements, Vulture promptly accessed the gate control panel beside the intercom and opened the gate. He positioned himself by the door, ready to welcome the visitors, while Sparrow positioned himself behind Duke and Kisha, assuming a stance akin to a loyal guard dog.

Not long after, the soldier from earlier, accompanied by two more soldiers of lower ranking following him from behind, entered the villa with a wide smile playing their lips.

"Hello again, I hope I am not disturbing your evening as I am only passing by to collect the supplies meant for the rental of the villa." He said as he scanned the living room and immediately saw the supplies they'd talked about in the office earlier.

He did not act humble nor servile towards Duke and the others, instead, he immediately stepped forward to assess the supplies and after making sure that there was nothing missing and it was enough, he nodded and the two soldiers behind him stepped forward to start packing the supplies so they can transport it back to the warehouse after filing it in the inventory.

Kisha and Duke did not try to make a conversation with the soldiers and just watched them complete what they came for, the soldiers also felt uncomfortable under their gazes so they worked faster and left just as soon after a little smile and farewell with the four people living in the big villa.

But even after the people left, Kisha and the rest still did not start another conversation. However, the tranquility was abruptly shattered by the loud grumble of a stomach.

All three turned their heads to look at Kisha, her expression indifferent as if nothing had occurred, and certainly not acknowledging that the noise had emanated from her own stomach.

"Are you hungry?" Duke inquired, drawing nearer, his gaze lingering on her face. If Kisha didn't know better, she might have interpreted his expression as an attempt at seduction.

'Does he look even at the toilet bowl like this?'

It would be a lie to say that Kisha was not affected by that look.

"Are you planning to cook? Because I'm hopeless in the kitchen," Kisha responded, meeting Duke's gaze with a smile. It wasn't that she couldn't cook, but Duke's culinary skills were simply exceptional. In their past life, he didn't always cook, but when he did, it was unforgettable. Just the thought of one of his simple dishes had her salivating.

So, if, she's going to compare herself to him, she's really hopeless.

Duke's gaze lingered on her face for a moment longer before he rose from the couch and made his way to the kitchen. Kisha's eyes lit up in anticipation as she watched him retrieve an apron hidden in the drawer. Without hesitation, she joined him in the kitchen, put some ingredients in the fridge, and assisted in the cooking process.

While Sparrow and Vulture watch with open mouths because they did not even know that Duke knows how to cook because they knew that Duke has never even touch a spatula and never went near the kitchen.

But here he was, acting all confident and picking out ingredients from the fridge that Kisha prepared. "what are you cooking?" Kisha excitedly asked as she watched him from the side.

Duke's head remained buried in the fridge as he continued to select ingredients. "What do you feel like eating?" he replied casually, his focus on the task at hand.

"I'll eat anything you make," Kisha replied almost instantly.

Duke's head turned sharply to the side, his eyes were almost sucking her in with the way he looked at her, a different intensity flickering in them as his lips curved seductively. "You'll eat anything?" he added, his tone suggestive.

But for Kisha, his question sounded suggestive and lewd. Her breathing hitched in her throat as she met his gaze.

She couldn't determine if she was being dirty-minded or if that was exactly what he intended to convey. Moreover, she didn't want to jump to conclusions. It appeared as though Duke enjoyed teasing her frequently, and she didn't want to be the sole subject of teasing. So...

Kisha locked eyes with Duke, her expression equally seductive. Her lips parted slightly, and she teasingly grazed her tongue with her lower lip, invitingly. Leaning against the counter, she showcased her curves for Duke to admire. Not content with just that, she retrieved a strawberry from her inventory and sensually nibbled on it, adding to the allure of the moment.

Duke observed Kisha's every move with intensity, his gaze fixed on her like a hawk. He felt a rush of heat flooding his lower abdomen, his throat drying up, and his entire body growing warm. Unable to tear his eyes away, he was captivated by the woman before him, who was teasing him unabashedly.

His eyes grew darker, acknowledging the truth that he had initiated this exchange, his mind succumbing to desire triggered by something Kisha had said. However, being met with the same teasing energy now pushed his last shred of restraint to the brink of snapping.

'Fuck! Now I know the true meaning of shooting yourself in the foot!!!' Duke thought as the remaining strings of reason snapped one by one.