

Apocalypse 622

Chapter 622 Beach Picnic

After the contract signing, the group started a barbecue over an open flame.

Some were grilled over charcoal, grilling stuffed squid, buttered lobster, and octopus, while the larger fish were roasted over the campfire.

Kisha wanted to help, but Duke wouldn't allow it—and neither would the others.

First, because this was her territory, and they already felt like they were benefiting enough just by being here.

Secondly, they would feel uneasy watching her busy herself when she had already done so much for the base and everyone in it.

In truth, they didn't want Duke helping either, but he insisted on personally cooking for his wife. No one could stop him from pampering Kisha.

Instead, they divided the tasks among themselves, ensuring everything ran smoothly. Only Daisy and Mrs. Winters stayed beside Kisha, engaging her in conversation, while Rose and Evelyn took charge of cooking, preparing barbecue marinades, and making dipping sauces.

Marcus busied himself fetching fresh ingredients from his field, while Mike and Grant gathered seasonal fruits from the orchard for Aston and Tristan to slice.

Everyone moved with purpose, as busy as bees, creating a lively and energetic atmosphere.

After the tense and nerve-wracking battle they had endured, this sense of peace and camaraderie felt like a breath of fresh air.

Laughter and cheerful conversation filled the air as they worked together, making the wait for lunch all the more enjoyable.

Vulture's massive swordfish was still grilling over the campfire, its size making it difficult to cook evenly.

To prevent charring on the outside, they wrapped it in banana leaves, allowing the heat to penetrate slowly.

Meanwhile, Tristan and Aston busied themselves slicing watermelon, pineapple, oranges, and mangoes, tossing them into a large juice bowl.

To enhance the flavor, they added Scarlet Honey and water before calling on Duke to conjure ice spikes.

Evelyn, with her blade-like hands, swiftly chopped the ice into tiny pieces, creating the perfect refreshing drink to accompany their feast.

Aston and Tristan didn't forget to grab some coconuts for fresh coconut water, a beachside favorite.

Aston was assigned the task of climbing the coconut tree, which posed a bit of a challenge for him, as climbing wasn't exactly his strength.

Tristan watched him like a hawk, adding pressure to him so he really didn't have a choice either.

Thankfully, Aston recalled one of his soldiers climbing a similar tree with no branches, so he decided to give it a shot.

However, when he realized there was no rope available, he had no choice but to remove his belt and use it.

Wrapping it around the tree like an anchor, with both ends firmly gripped in his hands, he let out a heavy sigh and glanced up at the towering coconut tree before beginning the climb.

He carefully removed his shoes to avoid slipping, then proceeded to ascend slowly.

Every few steps, he paused to use his machete, carving a trail to make the climb easier the next time.

As Aston repeated the process, he eventually reached the top of the tree, where the coconuts were hanging.

Their greenish hue, tinged with a hint of brown at the top, made them easy to spot. Once he was sure he could reach the fruit with his arm, he paused in his climb, hugging the trunk of the tree.

The tree was stable, slightly tipping sideways, which allowed Aston to let go with his upper body, using only his lower half to cling tightly to the trunk.

His hands were now focused on cutting the branch that held a cluster of coconuts.

Once he severed it, the tree, which had been slightly tilting under the weight of the coconuts, began to straighten, and Aston had to cling tightly once again to maintain his balance.

Fortunately, the coconuts had already fallen, landing safely on the sand right in front of Tristan.

As Aston began his descent, Tristan carefully pulled the cluster of coconuts to the prep table, where he cut the stems before using his machete to crack open the fruit and started serving it to those whole like a drink.

Once Aston reached the ground, however, he didn't head straight to Tristan. Instead, he climbed another coconut tree, repeating the process until he had gathered several dozen coconuts.

This way, they wouldn't need to send anyone to fetch more if the ones they had were used up, ensuring there was a steady supply for everyone.

When the grilled stuffed squid, buttered lobsters, octopus, fish, and fresh sea urchins were finally ready, the Winters' men arrived, carrying freshly washed banana leaves that they had carefully dried under the sun to ensure they weren't damp when used to put the food in it as a makeshift plate.

Kisha then took out several long tables from her inventory, surprisingly from the Evans and Winters' villa in City A—items she had taken when ransacking the place before they left.

Mrs. Winters stopped in her tracks as she laid eyes on the familiar tables, her breath catching in surprise.

Kisha didn't wait for Mrs. Winters to ask and quickly confessed. "Um, Mom, before we left City A, we stopped by your villa, and... well, I took everything I could carry—your fish tanks, ornamental plants, all of it."

As she spoke, a flush crept up her face in embarrassment.

She hadn't felt this way when ransacking the villa with Duke by her side, but admitting it to her mother-in-law was a different story.

To her surprise, Mrs. Winters burst into a hearty laugh.

"No wonder it looked so familiar. Turns out, it was my table," Mrs. Winters said with a soft laugh before composing herself.

"Well, I'm relieved you took it with you. Otherwise, I would have been heartbroken thinking that all my furniture and plants could be ruined—either by the zombies or just by time and the environment."

Mrs. Winters wasn't just trying to comfort Kisha; she genuinely appreciated the effort Kisha had put into taking the furniture with her.

She had spent years selecting each piece, hoping that her home would provide her family with the warmth and comfort they deserved.

The furniture wasn't just functional—it was a symbol of her care, and each piece had been carefully chosen, crafted from rare, high-quality hardwoods like African Blackwood, Rosewood, and Brazilian Rosewood.

Those naturally sourced from the wild were far more expensive than synthetic or artificially grown alternatives, adding even more sentimental value to each item.

The fact that all these pieces of furniture, originally belonging to Mrs. Winters, ended up with Kisha and now back with the Winters family felt like fate, and Mrs. Winters couldn't help but chuckle at it.

However, after placing the tables, they noticed that it was sinking into the soft sand, Rose quickly took action.

She conjured a smooth Ice Crystal floor beneath them, carefully shaping intricate ice hedges around the table's legs to prevent them from sliding or shifting.

The structure ensured that the tables stayed firmly in place while everyone enjoyed their meal.

At first, the others hesitated when they saw the seemingly expensive tables, unsure of whether to place the food directly on them.

But their reservations faded, and they quickly spread banana leaves over the surface, layering two sheets to ensure the tables wouldn't get scratched.

With that done, they began arranging the cooked food.

Evelyn had also prepared rice in a large pot, distributing it into several big bowls and placing them around the table—one at each end and two in the center.

The grilled seafood was then spread out across the middle, with the banana leaves serving as a makeshift platter.