

Apocalypse 70

Chapter 70 Sharing?

Even Duke's own mother, whom he respected and loved deeply, had never received such treatment from him. Neither had his father, whom he respected and followed dutifully. Therefore, those who had spent the past few days with Duke and Kisha, witnessing their interactions up close, grasped the significance.

It became evident to them that Duke was resolute on making Kisha his future wife, despite not vocalizing it yet—or perhaps, he hadn't even realized it himself.

Watching in astonishment as the duo busied themselves with cooking, they realized that Kisha and Duke had a remarkable tacit understanding of each other. They moved around seamlessly, like a long-time couple, without needing to exchange words.

It was a captivating sight, yet it stirred a twinge of envy among the single men watching. It almost felt like Kisha and Duke were flaunting their relationship before them, igniting a sense of jealousy. They found themselves eager to gossip with Vulture, hoping to uncover how their master became so adept at pleasing a woman, especially considering his lack of prior experience.

It seemed like just yesterday when they had speculated about Duke's inclinations toward men, leaving them on edge, fearing that he might develop feelings for one of them and their asses being wrecked.

Vulture couldn't help but notice their covert glances, brimming with curiosity and anticipation. However, he chose to feign ignorance, uncertain of how to articulate the intricacies of Duke and Kisha's evolving relationship. For them, it was a journey marked by spontaneity and acceptance, leading to a favorable outcome where Duke appeared destined to stand by Kisha's side.

Everything unfolded so naturally that neither he nor Sparrow could offer much explanation. While Vulture empathized with his comrades, who had endured over a week away, battling the unforgiving elements, he recognized their yearning for uplifting news or engaging gossip to momentarily divert their attention from the harsh realities they faced.

"You guys, how long are you going to stare? The food is ready," Kisha's chilly tone sliced through the room's silence. Startled from their reverie, they turned their gaze toward Kisha as she expertly assembled a meal, spooning rice into a large bowl and adding the braised pork and egg on top with practiced ease. She then handed it over with chopsticks, as if offering solace to those in need.

As they absentmindedly accepted the bowls, their attention shifted to the food cradled in their hands. Among them, the newcomers swallowed hard, feeling a lump form in their throats as they beheld the hearty servings before them. It was almost enough to bring tears to their eyes.

"Do you need other utensils like a spoon?" Kisha asked them because they were not moving at all and were just staring at the bowls in their hands, it's not as if she did not know how they felt. She's also been hungry in the apocalypse, she knew how scarce the food had become that they would cook whatever without complete seasoning, what more ingredients.

They considered themselves fortunate if they could indulge in a simple porridge made from just rice and water, perhaps with a pinch of salt. In a small group, such a meal was a luxury. Rice couldn't be cultivated in the rusted, barren soil, and water from rivers or nearby bodies of water had become dangerous to consume, even after boiling.

As the apocalypse was still in its infancy, the hunger faced by those before her couldn't yet compare to what would come in the years ahead. However, Kisha chose not to dampen their spirits or hopes by revealing this truth, not even to Duke.

Besides, it didn't seem necessary because she already had her territory pack, which proved to be incredibly useful in numerous ways.

So, she allowed them to savor their emotions while holding a bowl of food. After providing them with additional utensils for comfortable eating, she began her own meal.

As she ate, a clean pair of chopsticks bearing a large piece of meat entered her field of vision. They gracefully deposited the meat atop her rice, catching Kisha off guard. She lifted her head from the bowl and met Duke's indifferent expression, but his eyes betrayed a tenderness that momentarily took her by surprise.

Though fleeting, the emotion in Duke's eyes lingered in Kisha's mind, leaving her to wonder if it had been merely her imagination.

But she wasn't the only one who noticed. All eyes in the room were fixed on Duke as he carefully selected a generous portion of his own braised pork and offered it to Kisha with an affectionate gaze. Perhaps Duke himself was unaware of the expression on his face, but to those witnessing the gesture, it was truly a sight to behold.

After generously sharing half of his meat with her, Duke felt a sense of contentment wash over him as he dug into his meal with gusto. He paid little heed to the extra pair of eyes trained on him or Kisha's wide-eyed surprise. In fact, he found her expression rather endearing, further affirming to him that he had made the right choice in sharing.

Kisha's momentary surprise dissolved as she recalled Duke's consistent generosity in her past life. Despite his often stoic demeanor, he had always shared good things with her. However, what truly caught her off guard this time was the warmth emanating from his expression.

While she had grown accustomed to his actions, the tenderness in his gaze was a delightful surprise, offering a new facet to his character she had yet to fully appreciate.

In her previous life, Duke consistently shared his spoils with her, be it wine, rice, or even a precious chocolate bar. These were luxury items in scarce supply, yet his generosity never wavered. At times, she speculated whether his actions hinted at a deeper interest, but his stoic demeanor and lack of romantic gestures dispelled such notions.

She could only conclude that he treated his valued subordinates with the same level of care and respect.

"Host, you also used to have a stone-cold expression," 008's voice broke through her deep thoughts.

Before Kisha could retort, 008 continued. "Even if he was interested in you back then, what's your plan now? You can't argue that he simply wasn't into women. He certainly isn't gay, though."

"I never suggested that," Kisha retorted silently.

"Well, I'm just making sure, Host," 008 teased before retreating back into Kisha's inner consciousness.

Inside the silent room, the only sound was the clinking of spoons against bowls. Outside, the horrifying roars of zombies echoed through the streets. They wandered endlessly, relentless in their pursuit, unaffected by the need for sleep or sustenance.

The occasional roars of zombies filling the air around them no longer fazed Kisha's group. To them, the sound had become as mundane as the chirping of cicadas on a summer day.

On the other side of the city, Sparrow silently reached the southeast side of the western district. With nimble steps, he leaped from one roof to another, scanning the area for lookout posts or any signs of snipers hiding in vantage points.

He used his Hawk Eyesight to its limit, scanning the roofs for any signs of movement. Sparrow meticulously surveyed the buildings within the perimeter, searching for optimal vantage points for lookouts or snipers. With stealthy precision, he quietly moved to the next building, determined not to make any mistakes that might alert their enemies.

He meticulously mapped out the area he had scouted, ensuring there were no signs of human activity before proceeding. Sparrow was reluctant to assume his comrades had erred in designating this area as part of the enemy's hideout. Instead, he moved forward cautiously, treading through the veil of the dark night with precision and care.

Thanks to Kisha's gift of night vision goggles, Sparrow's job became much easier. He no longer had to worry about using a flashlight or any other lights that might attract the enemy's attention, especially since they were unaware of the enemy's precise whereabouts.

As Sparrow planned to take a brief rest and enjoy a quick snack, he ascended to the rooftop of an apartment building in the vicinity. As he prepared to settle into a corner and retrieve the food from his pouch, a sudden rustle nearby caught his attention.

Startled, he nearly leaped to his feet, scanning his surroundings for any signs of a zombie creeping in the shadows. With caution, he swiftly stowed away his pouch and retrieved his tactical knife, advancing cautiously toward the source of the rustle.

Each step Sparrow took was as silent as a cat's, his senses honed to every rustle and movement. As he closed in on the source of the sound, a voice broke the silence of the rooftop.

"Hey, slow down! You're giving me a backache!" came the irritated voice of a man.

"Sorry," another man's voice echoed from the same direction, accompanied by a groan akin to that of a beast in heat.

This was enough to send a shiver down Sparrow's spine. With a lump in his throat, he cautiously moved closer, the unsettling sounds growing louder with each step. Soon, the night air was filled with the unmistakable sound of flesh meeting flesh. Sparrow's scalp tingled with unease; he wasn't ignorant of the nature of those sounds.

Soon, his suspicion was confirmed by the following words they exchanged.

"Ah! Right there!" exclaimed the man who had been complaining earlier.

"Fuck, tighten your ass. I'm cumming!!!" He let out another groan through gritted teeth.