

## Apocalypse 847

### Chapter 847 Dog Food

While waiting for the pasta to cook, he skewered the plump red tomatoes and held them over the fire, letting the skins blister and char slightly. As the aroma deepened, he rotated the fish to cook evenly on the other side. Then, once the tomatoes were nicely roasted, he peeled off the skins and mashed them into a rich, fragrant paste.

Then he minced some garlic and reheated the same iron pan, adding a bit more oil before tossing in the garlic. As the aroma filled the air, he added the freshly mashed tomatoes, their rich, smooth red hue bubbling with promise.

He seasoned the sauce with a blend of spices, then grated some aged cheddar cheese into the mixture. Right on cue, the pasta reached perfect al dente, and Duke folded the meatballs into the sauce, followed by the pasta itself, stirring everything together as the pan stayed over the flame.

Once everything was thoroughly mixed and the flavors had melded, he plated the dish into two servings. He topped each with a final sprinkle of shredded cheese and a touch of garnish. Just as he finished, Kisha opened her eyes, the soft smile on her lips blooming like sunrise.

"Smells good," she said sweetly.

When Kisha slowly opened her eyes, Duke's smile bloomed across his face, his eyes crinkling with warmth. "You look tired," he said gently. "I made you something to eat. Want to take a quick break and have a bite before you continue training?"

He lifted a plate slightly, showing her the steaming dish in his hands. The aroma of meatball spaghetti wafted through the air, and at the sight of it, Kisha gulped and nodded. She stood up, and Duke handed her the plate with a soft smile.

Then, turning back to the fire, he retrieved a fish he'd been roasting. With practiced ease, he pulled another plate from his space ring, removed the charred skin and scales, and began deboning it carefully. Once the tender meat was ready, he offered it to Kisha.

Kisha, who was already devouring the spaghetti with obvious delight, only now realized how truly famished she was. Maybe it was because Duke had cooked the food with such love and care, but it tasted so much better than anything from the cafeteria. She ate with gusto, her eyes bright and crinkled with joy as she looked at Duke and gratefully accepted the fish he offered her.

"Hubby, you should eat too..." Kisha said sweetly, her voice laced with playful affection. Every now and then, she couldn't help but act a little coquettish—especially when Duke treated her so well. A bit of cuteness here and there wouldn't hurt, especially when she truly felt this happy.

Hearing her soft, flirtatious tone, Duke's grin widened, his heart fluttering as if a kitten were gently scratching at it—an oddly ticklish and delightful feeling. He reached for his own plate of meatball spaghetti, though his portion was noticeably smaller than Kisha's.

He had given her the best of everything—seven perfectly round, golden-brown meatballs, while keeping only five for himself, some slightly overcooked or misshapen. Kisha's plate also had more pasta, and it was generously topped with cheddar cheese, while his was more modest.

Noticing the quiet sacrifice, Kisha's heart warmed. Without a word, she gently speared one of her best-looking meatballs and held it out to Duke with a soft smile, offering it to him as naturally as breathing.

"Hubby, you're so good to me. Here, have more," Kisha said with a soft smile, offering him another meatball. "Your cooking is honestly the best I've ever had."

She wasn't just flattering him—she meant every word. Even in their previous life, she had always loved Duke's cooking. Every meal he prepared felt like a reward, a quiet gesture of love that never failed to make her heart full, although they weren't really together in their previous life.

Duke, seeing his little wife willingly give him her biggest, most perfect meatball, felt a surge of joy. Her small act of affection made him feel even happier than she did. To him, her appreciation was the sweetest reward of all.

"Tsk! I came here to train, but it looks like if I stick around any longer, I'll be fed dog food instead of meatball spaghetti..." Keith grumbled.

He had just returned from his excursion around the base and left his grandparents to rest in the villa since there was electricity there, and spotted Marcus in the villa, watering the backyard vegetables. The sight made him feel at ease, and after Marcus opened a portal for him, Keith practically skipped his way over, eager to visit the newly formed spiritual pool in Kisha's territory space.

He was excited, not just because he saw the bustling HOPE Base, which was far livelier than the hidden base, but also to witness warriors training seriously. It reignited his own desire to push his limits. Training near the spiritual pool would definitely be more effective, he thought.

But just as he got closer, a mouthwatering aroma caught his nose. His stomach growled in response. Hungry and curious, he followed the scent, only to stumble upon a scene that instantly soured his appetite: his sister and brother-in-law shamelessly flirting in broad daylight, exchanging sweet words over a plate of meatball spaghetti.

Keith felt like he had swallowed a fly—bitter, annoyed, and just a little left out.

So, Keith turned around and ended up bumping into Mike, who was pulling a cart full of dried hay. Deciding to be useful instead of sulking, Keith offered to help. He grabbed the second cart—the one Mike had planned to use next—and followed along to the animal farm.

Together, they fed the cows, tossing hay into the troughs. Keith then watched as Mike mixed up a hearty batch of pig feed and poured it into large basins, while the pigs squealed and oinked excitedly all around them. It was incredibly noisy, but Mike didn't seem the least bit bothered. In fact, he looked even happier.

"The livelier they are, the healthier they are," Mike said with a grin, watching one of the pigs break into a little sprint across the open pen. The grassy field gave them plenty of space to run and play, and the sight made Keith smile despite himself.

Meanwhile, while Keith was busy helping out on the animal farm, Duke and Kisha had just finished eating. After cleaning up the dishes, Duke insisted Kisha return to her training. She tried to help, but he gently stopped her, pressing a soft kiss to her cheek.

"I know you're not feeling well. Leave this to me and focus on getting better," he said with a wink, his voice low and suggestive. "You can repay me later..."

The moment the words left his mouth, both of them immediately recalled what had happened the night before. Duke's face flushed red as realization hit—he had passed out in the middle of their lovemaking, leaving things... unfinished. Embarrassed, he turned and bolted like a startled rabbit, cheeks burning.

Kisha burst into laughter, watching her usually composed husband trip over his own teasing. Her laughter rang out, bright and carefree, making her feel lighter and more energized than she had all day.

After patting his face to clear his thoughts, Duke refocused on his task: locating rubber trees. Once he spotted one, he opened his holographic map, pinned his current location, and labeled it "Rubber Tree", changing the pin color to green for easy reference.

He carefully removed the dead bark from the tree, then pulled a small pail and a triangular metal spout from his space ring. After scraping the tree's side at a downward angle, white sap began to ooze from the wound. He made two slanted cuts to maximize sap flow and positioned the spout to guide the sap into the pail.

Once the setup was done, he moved on to the next rubber tree marked on the map and repeated the process. After setting up several trees, he stepped back, letting the sap collect in the pails. He planned to return later to check the yield.

For now, his next priority was to find the necessary chemicals to start the coagulation process, which would solidify the rubber. But that was only part of the process. Rubber still required treatment and the addition of more chemicals, depending on its intended use, to make it harder or softer as needed.

Duke needed to return to HOPE Base to ask the Artisan-type awakened ability users if anyone had experience with harvesting rubber from rubber trees or knew the proper treatment process to make the rubber usable. After all, it was better to consult someone knowledgeable than to risk doing it incorrectly on his own.

So, he made his way back to Hugo and told him, "I've located several rubber trees and set up pails to collect the sap. It'll take some time for the sap to accumulate, so while we wait, I'm planning to look for the necessary chemicals and find someone who can guide us through the proper treatment procedures."

After Duke left, Hugo and the others were just starting their break. The women who had been assisting Marcus on the farm had helped free up his schedule significantly and had already harvested vegetables for lunch. Others went to the barn to collect eggs, and Mike even generously provided a few whole chickens for the meal.