

Apocalypse 153

Chapter 153 Going Out again

Sparrow and Vulture observed quietly as the couple openly displayed affection in front of them. Initially finding it endearing, their sentiment shifted, feeling as if they were begrudgingly consuming dog food. The food lacked flavor to them, a stark contrast to Duke's hearty appetite. He ate with gusto, savoring every dish Kisha placed before him, his face lit up with delight.

Observing Duke's evident enjoyment of the meal, Kisha felt compelled to keep feeding him, resulting in Duke consuming four large bowls of rice. However, Duke reciprocated the gesture, ensuring Kisha also received the dishes she enjoyed.

While pink bubbles were floating in the air on Duke and Kisha's side, on the other side, those who were monitoring them felt like bugs were crawling their skin because they were seeing two equally intimidating individuals with different genders acting so intimate from the bedroom and was acting like two in-love teenagers on the dining table, they felt it looked disturbing, even more so when the two individual kept their indifferent expressions.

These observers hadn't collected any substantial information about Kisha and her group yet. They were unsure whether Kisha and her companions were exceptionally vigilant and had detected their surveillance, or if they genuinely led uneventful lives with nothing to conceal.

As they watched Kisha and the others enjoy their meal, a sense of resentful hunger gnawed at them, knowing they lacked the abundance of food Kisha possessed. All they had were packets of instant noodles and some canned goods, hardly comparable to the appetizing hot meals Sparrow and Vulture prepared.

They found themselves in a predicament. Their storage had been depleted after a recent transport, and the supplies around the shelter were already scarce. To gather more provisions, they would need to

venture farther, perhaps to riskier locations that others had not yet explored. Surely, these untapped areas held plentiful supplies waiting to be discovered.

If they desired live animals, they could attempt their luck on farms on the outskirts. However, the journey was far and equally perilous as navigating the city. Furthermore, there was uncertainty regarding the survival of any animals. What if the animals too had fallen prey to the zombies, or worse, become infected themselves?

There was pervasive uncertainty, which left them hesitant to take risks. Many office workers and seasoned farmers alike began planting vegetables within the shelter's confines to bolster sustenance for the survivors. These crops could also be bartered for other supplies, albeit at a slightly higher cost due to the scarcity of fresh produce—just as they lacked fresh meat.

The shelter was also grappling with a severe shortage of electricity, as damaged power lines and posts left them virtually powerless. Restoring electricity was crucial, but the company supplying power to the entire city lay on the outskirts, accessible only through open terrain. It was a gamble—either a straightforward task or a plunge into the fiery abyss.

If they were encircled by zombies, there would be nowhere to hide.

At present, their reliance is solely on generators. However, without electricity, the water system was at risk of faltering soon. Relying solely on water bottles from their supply runs outside the shelter was unsustainable. The soldiers were diligently addressing this imminent issue to prevent a crisis down the line.

Aston's decision to save the Winters wasn't solely due to their shared circle; he recognized Duke's multifaceted talents. With Duke's ingenuity and resourcefulness, Aston trusted that the shelter's challenges would soon find solutions.

However, Aston was also keenly aware of the conflict between the Coltons and the Winters, which had driven the Winters to flee outside to avoid endangering innocent survivors seeking refuge in the shelters. This understanding improved Aston's impression of the Winters, leading him to side with them over the greedy Coltons.

He knew the Coltons wouldn't be satisfied with just eliminating the Winters; they would likely seek to eradicate any potential threats to their rule, including Aston himself.

Hence, Aston felt a pressing need to locate the Winters. He understood that without their presence, the shelter he had meticulously constructed would inevitably succumb to the rule of the Coltons, putting the lives of the innocent inhabitants at risk. While Aston was a capable soldier and leader, he recognized that his abilities were not on par with Duke's.

Duke possessed both formidable combat skills and sharp business acumen, qualities that could potentially turn the tide against any challenges they faced.

Indeed, Duke possessed a unique perspective that allowed him to view challenges as opportunities, a skillset that Aston admired but struggled to emulate. Unlike Aston, who adhered strictly to principles of righteousness, Duke was unafraid to navigate morally gray areas if it meant securing an advantage for their cause.

This divergence in approach often led Duke to consider solutions that Aston might deem morally questionable, yet undeniably effective in achieving their goals.

The next morning arrived swiftly, with Aston appearing at the break of dawn, even before the roosters announced the new day. Positioned at the front of their villa, Aston awaited with his truck and a small group of five individuals. Among them were those who had accompanied him previously to deliver Kisha's rewards, their admiration for her and her group evident in their demeanor.

But since it was still so early, because its not as if the early bird catches the worm in this case anymore, Kisha sent Sparrow outside to fetch Aston and his people so they could eat breakfast before going out on their mission, but at the same time, Kiha also wanted to make them help her group to transport their supplies unto the truck, because no matter how much she wanted to put it inside her inventory, the whole villa was surrounded by cameras and listening devices.

And she was not stupid enough to just leave her supplies in her villa knowing that some people had access to it, they would surely take her supplies and eat like kings for few days while she was outside and by the time she came back, even if she found out who was responsible for all this, the food has already been consumed.

She wasn't about to take any chances. Kisha would rather risk her rations in the midst of a zombie-infested city than leave them vulnerable in her villa. While the odds of her supplies remaining untouched in the city were around 80%, she knew all too well that within the shelter, they'd vanish without a trace, devoured by opportunistic scavengers.

She refused to feed the snakes that lurked within, a sentiment she'd grown to despise over time.