

Apocalypse 292

Chapter 292 I am Not A Trophy Husband

"To solve this issue, we need to acquire the heavy machinery and any remaining materials and fabrics from the textile factory," Kisha added, glancing at Aston. His surprise was evident, likely because she hadn't mentioned the machinery before and had only focused on the fabric.

Of course, Kisha had considered the need for heavy machinery from the start; it was a key part of her plan and a major reason for her willingness to venture into the dangerous area. She had the means to procure ample cotton and wool from her territory, but the machinery was essential for establishing her own factory within the base.

With this setup, she could ensure that her base would never be short of clothing, regardless of the climate.

Duke noticed Aston's surprised expression and thought to himself, 'If you believe my wife was only focused on monetary gain, you're sorely mistaken.'

There's nothing more valuable than establishing a means to produce an endless supply of essentials, rather than merely securing a decade's worth of clothes or fabric that will eventually run out.' With a smug, satisfied smile, Duke looked proudly at Kisha, as if he were the one who had come up with the solution.

Kisha continued, "Given the situation, we'll need to send a large team and figure out how to break into the factory. It's surrounded by zombie hordes numbering in the thousands—far more than a medium-sized base could handle. It's an extremely dangerous task." She sighed deeply.

"I'll lead the mission," Duke declared with a nonchalant air, playfully twirling Kisha's curls as he spoke. He looked both playful and a bit silly. Kisha lifted her head to glance at him, then at Zeus, who was still lounging on the floor. Meanwhile, Bell, indifferent to the discussion, was sound asleep on top of Kisha's head.

Duke, slightly annoyed by Bell's presence, considered poking the bee, as it was taking up space he wanted to use. He had hoped to rest his chin on Kisha's head, but Bell was in the way.

Although Duke considered poking fun at Bell, he wisely refrained, recalling how sharp its forelegs were—capable of slicing through human flesh effortlessly. Instead, he decided to focus on playing with Kisha's hair.

Despite his nonchalant demeanor, Duke exuded a commanding confidence that assured he could handle the task no matter the obstacles. Kisha had complete faith in his abilities, knowing he would find a way to succeed. This certainty put her at ease, reinforcing her trust in Duke and inspiring her on how to address the issue effectively.

"Well, indeed. I can leave this to you. After all, weren't you just complaining about not being able to fulfill your duties and staying home waiting for me like a dutiful wife? Seems like this is your chance to step up," Kisha playfully jested, prompting hearty laughter from everyone.

The image of Duke acting like a coquettish wife, eagerly waiting for Kisha to come home like a husband bringing in the bacon, struck everyone as hilariously amusing.

Duke, unfazed by the teasing, puffed out his chest with a smirk. "Of course, my wife pampers and loves me," he boasted. "Unlike some of those single guys out there who don't have anyone looking out for them." He shot a pointed look at Vulture and the other single men who had been laughing the hardest.

Sure enough, Vulture, Sparrow, Bald Eagle, and the others fell silent, their faces contorted with resentful glares directed at Duke. Though they tried to restrain their expressions, their irritation was evident. Not only were they being forced to eat dog food daily, but now they were also being mocked for their single status.

They resented Duke for forgetting his own humble beginnings (Being Single for years) and for his apparent disregard for their current struggles, especially when he had never had a woman until recently.

"Exactly, I was thinking the same thing," Duke replied playfully. "I don't want to be just a trophy husband to my beautiful wife. I'd hate for some random guy to think I'm merely for decoration and try to seduce you instead." He hugged Kisha from behind, resting his chin on her shoulder and adopting a coquettish tone.

Duke's parents and subordinates exchanged wry smiles, their lips twitching with amusement and resignation. Not only were they being force-fed dog food once again, but they were also witnessing a side of Duke they never imagined they'd see in their lifetime.

Kisha burst into laughter at everyone's expressions, which were a mix of amusement and embarrassment over Duke's antics. Despite his coquettish remarks, Duke seemed completely unbothered and was grinning proudly. Kisha was genuinely surprised by this side of Duke and found his playful demeanor irresistibly cute.

Although Duke's commanding and aloof demeanor, which Kisha had grown accustomed to in her past life, was compellingly alluring like a mature Adonis, this playful side of him was equally endearing and entertaining, offering a refreshing change that helped clear her mind.

Kisha cleared her throat, stopped laughing, and shifted back to business. "Earlier, I didn't have a good solution for this problem, but on my way back to the villa, I encountered the people being sent to the medical facility. I'm sure you're all aware of the mass awakening happening around the base—it's spreading like a domino effect."

"And by tomorrow, most of these people will wake up, having fought off the virus that nearly overtook their bodies and ate their minds," Kisha continued. "I just remembered that a significant number of them are likely to awaken abilities.

I've already separated them from those with a lower chance of awakening or turning into zombies." Kisha also realized that the reason the first batch of awakeners had been stronger in her previous lives was likely due to their greater potential.

Just as she observed in the medical facility, there are more people with talents and potential who are likely to awaken abilities compared to those who don't. Even if someone only has a talent without a specific gift or a gift without a talent, they still have a higher chance of awakening than those without any such potential.

This means that individuals like her and Duke, who have already awakened, represent the true firepower for humanity's survival. In contrast, those who awaken later, after their bodies have adapted to the virus through prolonged exposure, tend to be weaker because they lack these inherent gifts and potential. They're akin to the scraps left over after crafting the finest, tailor-made garments.

Due to people's ignorance, they ended up killing these superhumans who could have been the true driving force for humanity's survival. As a result, there were only a few first-generation awakeners like Kisha, leading to a significant disparity in power.

It's only now, with her 'Eye of Truth' gift—which she didn't have before—that she fully understands this, as previously they had relied solely on speculation.

She genuinely felt sorrow for those who had already been killed, not knowing how many of them possessed gifts and talents crucial for humanity's survival, or how many harbored monster-like potential similar to Duke's. Fortunately, this time she and Duke had managed to prevent such a tragedy at their base.

However, the same couldn't be said for the other bases, which made the situation all the more regrettable.

This mass awakening would continue throughout the month, until all the first-generation awakeners had manifested their abilities.