

## **Apocalypse 375**

### Chapter 375 Being United

After giving herself a moment to fully bask in the excitement and pride of how far she had come, overcoming countless hurdles, Kisha steadied herself. She pulled her thoughts together, refocusing on what needed to be done next.

There were still many missions awaiting her, along with the responsibilities of safeguarding the base and its people. There was no time to rest on her laurels—she had to keep moving forward.

After checking her spoils of war and weighing her options, Kisha noticed that breakfast was already being prepared. While she was resting, Aston had returned to the makeshift cafeteria he had set up ever since he mentioned it to Kisha to cook for the soldiers.

Since they still didn't have a proper location for the military cafeteria he envisioned, this temporary setup was the best they had for now.

He, along with the civilians volunteering in the military cafeteria, busied themselves preparing meals for the battle-weary soldiers and warriors. To maximize their efficiency, he even doubled the number of kitchen staff, ensuring they could produce food as quickly as possible.

The survivors sheltered safely within the base were eager to lend a hand, motivated by gratitude rather than the work points Aston had promised.

They wanted to give back to Kisha and the warriors who risked their lives to protect the entire community, embodying a spirit of solidarity in the face of adversity.

Faced with the enthusiasm of the eager survivors, Aston relented, allowing them to help without the promised work points. Instead, he suggested that they accept their meals from the makeshift cafeteria, ensuring that everyone could share in the camaraderie of eating together.

Everyone eagerly agreed, transforming breakfast into a joyous morning feast. It became a celebration of their survival and a tribute to the bravery of the warriors and their leaders, who had stood bravely at the forefront of the battle.

Soon, the enticing aroma of bacon and eggs wafted from the tent, transforming the previously gloomy atmosphere. Exhausted soldiers and warriors perked up as the delicious scent reached them from afar, igniting their anticipation for a hearty breakfast.

Aston and the others were not just preparing bacon and eggs; some were also baking fresh bread and squeezing oranges for juice sourced from the Supply Center.

They whipped up refreshing lemonade and iced tea, and didn't overlook a hearty chicken soup brimming with mushrooms and vegetables.

As the cooks prepared meals for the battle-weary warriors and soldiers, their excitement transformed the breakfast into a true feast.

The spread included rice, various meats, creamy dairy dishes, hearty soups, and a selection of fresh juices, allowing the soldiers to choose their favorites.

Once the feast was fully prepared, Aston directed the volunteers to set up a long table, creating a buffet-style spread where everyone could help themselves to the delicious food.

This arrangement encouraged camaraderie, allowing soldiers and civilians alike to choose their favorites and celebrate together.

However, with insufficient chairs and tables for everyone, soldiers and warriors scattered to find their own spots to eat.

When the food was finally served, they formed an orderly line, their disciplined demeanor reflecting their respect for the meal and one another, ensuring that everything remained calm and organized.

One lesson deeply ingrained in them from Duke's training was the importance of discipline and order. He had little patience for chaos and made it clear that he would relentlessly drill these values into them until they understood and embraced the necessity of following the rules.

By now, everyone, including the newly awakened ability users, adhered to the established order. Thanks to this discipline, everything proceeded smoothly.

The line may have been long, but there were no complaints; they were permitted to take as much food as they could eat, allowing them to fill their plates without the need for frequent returns.

Some soldiers took two or three helpings, while others filled their trays with a single serving of each dish, enough to cover two or three plates.

No one commented or judged—they all understood how exhausted and famished everyone was. Besides, they knew they had to stay alert, ready for whatever might come next.

That's why the other survivors, invited to join the feast, stepped aside and let the soldiers and warriors take their turn first.

Only after the soldiers had filled their plates did the survivors line up. They prioritized the children and elderly, ensuring they were served before the able-bodied stepped forward.

The kitchen staff busily worked to ensure the outdoor tables remained fully stocked, tirelessly cooking to provide everyone with a hearty meal. Their dedication filled the air with enticing aromas, promising that no one would leave hungry.

Kisha watched the scene unfold from the side, a small smile tugging at her lips. She had never imagined that a day like this—filled with harmony and unity—could occur, especially amid the chaos of the apocalypse.

It was a moment of hope she had longed for, this moment filled her with a sense of hope, a rare glimpse of what could be achieved when people came together.

"Host, it only means that you are doing an amazing job leading this base." 008's unexpected voice jolted Kisha from her stupor, but her smile deepened at the affirmation. The words resonated deeply in her heart, reminding her of the impact she was making.

This was the safe haven she had always envisioned—or, more accurately, the dream her former, naive self had pursued through countless lifetimes. It was a vision she had tried so hard to manifest, only to be met with betrayal and pain that had shattered her hopes.

'But perhaps I was imposing my ideals from the start, so preoccupied with fitting everything together that I overlooked countless details. Now, as my thoughts are focused solely on surviving alongside my loved ones, everything seems to fall into place. I suppose if something is meant to be, it will happen.' Kisha chuckled wryly to herself; she had learned many lessons in life the hard way.

Yet, as she reflects on it all, she realizes she has no regrets. If given the chance to start over, she wouldn't change a thing.

She may sound idealistic, but she knows she wouldn't be the person she is today without those stumbles and pains.

She could never truly let go of her vulnerabilities and ideals without witnessing them crumble before her eyes. And she wouldn't understand who was truly loyal to her without experiencing betrayal.

"Perhaps everything has a way of working out in its own time," 008 added, gradually fading from Kisha's mind to give her the space she needed for herself.

Kisha nodded in agreement with 008's words. Moments later, she felt a gentle nudge on her arm. Turning to her side, she saw Duke standing beside her, holding two plates brimming with food.

"Care to join me for breakfast?" he asked. When he noticed Kisha following him, he guided her to a quiet spot where they could enjoy some quality time together.

Being so close to Kisha, Duke felt his fatigue and drained energy recover more quickly than before. He attributed this to the power of love, as he considered Kisha his comfort zone and the love of his life. Just being with her lifted his spirits and brought solace to his weary body.