

Apocalypse 408

Chapter 408 Let Me Take Care Of It

Although they anticipated the worst before returning for the meeting, none of them expected that their expectations were more nuanced than they had anticipated.

Aston then guided all the leaders back to the study, where Kisha was already waiting.

Meanwhile, Aston's subordinates stood guard outside the villa entrance to ensure that no one would interrupt the important meeting.

Not that anyone would actually have the nerve to barge into the City Lord's villa, but they were simply following protocol and couldn't afford to relax during such a critical time.

Inside the study, as everyone arrived, Kisha stood up and gestured for them to sit.

Duke approached her, and, as if by habit, they wordlessly agreed—Duke took the leather chair, while Kisha sat on his lap.

No one paid much attention, as they had long grown accustomed to it.

Their expressions remained serious, unaffected by this brief interlude.

Once Kisha sat on Duke's lap, she seemed more at ease, as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders, and her expression softened a little.

With a clearer mind, Kisha initiated the meeting. "I called everyone here for an emergency discussion because Aston and his subordinates have uncovered a problem that could significantly jeopardize our safety, as well as everyone else's."

Her opening remarks were enough to darken everyone's expressions even further.

While they had anticipated hearing something like this, they couldn't help but hold their breath in anticipation of what she would say next.

And sure enough, Kisha never failed to heighten everyone's anxiety with her suspenseful revelation.

"Aston's team has received numerous complaints about zombie growls and other disturbances in various parts of the base. However, when they went out to investigate, they found nothing nearby. Only by sheer luck did they discover that the zombies were actually flooding the sewers, likely affecting the entire sewer system in City B."

Kisha then took a deep, shaky breath, and not just her—everyone in the room felt their breath hitch in horror upon hearing this news.

They had all been going about their duties around the base, blissfully unaware and believing they were safe behind the walls, with defenses and personnel securing the perimeter.

The realization that a threat lurked just below their feet was both alarming and terrifying.

Just when they thought that was everything, Kisha continued.

"But that's not our only problem. Alongside the zombies down there, there are also mutant rats that could easily spread deadly diseases and pose a threat of biting survivors, potentially turning them into zombies."

"This requires immediate action on our part. However, I can't halt the wall construction, so Sparrow and Vulture's teams will have to continue with their current tasks."

Aston was surprised to learn about the additional threat of mutant rats, but everyone assumed that Kisha had discovered this by sending the Scarlet Bees to scout the sewers for a clearer understanding of the situation.

After Rose awakened her dual ability, Kisha no longer sent Bell with the advance team.

With Sparrow's firepower drastically increased by the addition of Evelyn and Rose, their combination was already deadly on its own.

Kisha felt relieved that she had chosen not to send Bell, as her assistance was needed more at the base than with Sparrow's team.

However, she still sent Zeus to help guard the five STAUs, allowing Sparrow, Evelyn, and Rose to concentrate on leading and protecting the entire advance team without worrying about the vulnerable STAUs.

After all, Zeus had demonstrated great restraint during their last mission, focusing solely on protecting the STAUs without causing any issues for Bell.

Kisha felt confident that sending Zeus with Sparrow and the others would not pose any problems.

Because of this, Bell and the Scarlet Bees assisted with the base's defenses, and Kisha felt confident they could hold the fort while dealing with the zombies in the sewer.

The challenge now was determining how to handle that situation in the specified timeframe.

"Let me handle this issue," Duke's deep, hoarse voice caught everyone off guard.

He usually stepped back to let Kisha take the spotlight, following her lead without question.

As a result, they had almost forgotten how skilled and formidable Duke's leadership could be when it came to missions and confronting enemies.

Now that he was stepping up to handle the cleanup of the sewers, a shiver ran through their bodies at the sound of his voice, reminding them of his prowess.

Duke then turned to Kisha, still lounging nonchalantly in the leather seat as he twirled her hair.

"Do we have a timeframe I need to consider for this mission?" he asked, directing his question at Kisha.

He knew that her tasks and missions often came with deadlines, which was why she always seemed to be in a rush.

"Seven days." Kisha's response was precise.

She looked at Duke, trying to decipher his thoughts, but his expression made it difficult to read anything.

One thing was certain, though: Duke exuded complete confidence in his ability to complete the mission, no matter the challenges ahead.

It seemed that he had already formulated a plan for completing the mission.

"Will you assign some warriors to my team to help with this job?" Duke asked Kisha directly, as if they were discussing household chores. He appeared relaxed and confident.

"How about I let you choose your own team?" Kisha replied, feeling reassured by Duke's reaction and his unwavering confidence.

With a sense of comfort and safety in his presence, she began to match his pace.

"Then how about letting me borrow some of Vulture's earth-type ability users? For the rest, I just need capable combatants who can hold their own and help me carry my supplies. How does that sound?" Duke playfully pinched Kisha's side, prompting her to raise an eyebrow at him.

His lighthearted demeanor made her skeptical, but she reminded herself that Duke always delivered impressive results.

However, the Duke standing in front of her was strikingly different from the serious man she remembered, the one who took every matter—no matter how small—very seriously.

Perhaps that's what responsibility and pressure do to people. Looking back, she realized that she, too, had become overly serious when reminded of her responsibilities.

Now that Duke was taking this mission off her hands, she felt a sense of relief wash over her shoulders and an increasing gratitude toward him.

"Then it's settled. I'll lead the team to clean up the sewers over the next six days, and the final day will be reserved for tying up any loose ends or dealing with the aftermath," Duke said before embracing Kisha.

"But, son, wouldn't that be really dangerous? If what Kisha said is true, then the sewers are crawling with zombies," Mrs. Winters said nervously, worry etched on her face.

"Mom, I have a thousand ways to handle those zombies. I just need to assess the situation on my own first and gauge where I stand before formulating a plan."

"You don't have to worry; I have no intention of dying so soon. After all, I have a beautiful wife waiting for me to come home, and this is my chance to impress her."

Kisha's face flushed red, and everyone could see that Duke had seized the opportunity to show off his relationship with her.

Aston could only clear his throat and avert his gaze, while the Patriarch chuckled heartily in his seat, clearly amused.