

Apocalypse 409

Chapter 409 Look For The Blueprint Of The Sewer System

"That's my grandson for you!" The patriarch had become increasingly amiable after these family gatherings, laughing more often.

Perhaps it was because he was now anticipating a great-grandson from his favorite grandson, whom he had worried about for so long, believing he would never settle down and start a family of his own.

It was amusing to see him acting like a fool for his wife, and the patriarch thoroughly enjoyed witnessing his once-stoic and indifferent grandson breaking out of his shell.

Duke wore a smirk as Kisha turned around to glare at him, clearly annoyed yet shy, while he reveled in the attention from his wife.

Despite her reproachful gaze, he couldn't help but smile happily. Mr. Winters could only shake his head in defeat at his son's antics.

Mrs. Winters playfully pinched Mr. Winters on the sides of his stomach before whispering, "Don't act as if you've never behaved like that when you were younger." She said teasingly.

Mr. Winters cleared his throat, pretending not to hear his wife, and averted his gaze while pursing his lips.

"But first, I need to know where the blueprint for the city's sewer system is. Do you know where it is, Aston?" Duke's smirk was replaced by a serious expression as he turned his attention to Aston.

Kisha's expression also changed the moment she heard Duke's words.

It was crucial to have a clear understanding of the sewer system's layout to ensure they didn't overlook any critical areas.

This knowledge would enable them to clean the sewers more effectively and efficiently, especially since they were racing against time.

Aston shared this line of thought, falling into deep contemplation.

Although he wasn't a local of City B, he had been stationed there long enough to gather crucial information about the city and its defenses.

He understood the importance of being prepared in case the city's security was compromised and he needed to lead and evacuate the leaders of key sectors.

Familiarity with the sewer system was essential, as it provided one of their possible escape routes.

If I remember correctly, there are two copies of the sewer system blueprint. One is in the waste management building located outside the city, while the other should be in the central hall, as it was recently presented to us," Aston said decisively.

"I'll lead you to where it's stored so you can examine it," Aston said, gesturing for Duke to follow him as he took the lead.

"Then I'll go and select the best warriors from my team to accompany you outside, or I could join you myself," Vulture offered, stepping forward to assist Duke.

"No, you need to continue leading the defense team in building the new wall's perimeter and cleaning up. When Sparrow and his team arrive with the cargo trailers, you need to be prepared so you can quickly erect the walls."

"Your project is just as time-sensitive as this one and directly related to the base's defenses; we can't compromise either," Duke firmly replied, shooting down Vulture's suggestion.

He recognized Vulture's eagerness to work under him, knowing that Vulture was one of his own men whom he had raised and trained as a valuable foundation for his force.

Now, their efforts were bearing fruit, with both Vulture and Sparrow gradually developing their own teams and training them—essentially becoming leaders themselves.

As leaders, they needed to stand beside their subordinates, training them with their own sweat and blood to ensure their growth.

Sparrow and Vulture couldn't always linger in Duke's shadow; they had to step up and lead on their own.

At the same time, following Duke had become second nature for Sparrow and Vulture; it was what they were meant to do from the very beginning.

While Duke and Kisha could still command their loyalty as their leaders, they now had greater responsibilities and needed to grow as individuals to prepare for the bigger battles ahead.

They couldn't face these challenges alone or be the only ones training and leading the people.

That's why Sparrow, Vulture, Aston, Tristan, and the others needed to step up and contribute more to support the entire team.

Now that Tristan was mentioned, it was important to note that he wasn't at the meeting because he was currently in the dungeons of villa #5, where the Coltons were confined.

He was torturing them one by one; when one of them was on the brink of death, he would stop the torture and send them for treatment before moving on to the next.

Unsurprisingly, the most tormented among them was none other than the Young Master of the Coltons, who had led and ordered his people to commit acts against the Winters.

Of course, Tristan's actions had Duke's approval.

With Duke occupied with matters around the base, he didn't have the time to personally oversee the torture in the dungeon, so he sent his personal assistant to carry out the task.

This ensured that the Coltons would never forget the horror they were enduring and would remain trapped in their nightmares.

At the same time, they closely monitored each of them to see if anyone was on the verge of awakening, ensuring they wouldn't be blindsided by any potential threats.

Tristan was also careful to gradually break the Coltons' mentality through his torture, the echoes of their horror-stricken shouts reverberating through the damp, gloomy confines of the dungeon.

One of the guards assigned to monitor the Coltons and the former Minister of Defense held captive in the dungeon was none other than Reeve's former member from his teen idol group before the apocalypse.

Recently rescued by Kisha, he had ash-blond hair and deep blue eyes that sparkled with allure, accentuated by a teardrop mole next to his left eye.

Kisha had granted him permission to serve as a guard in the dungeon because she recognized that he harbored a demon in his heart.

If he couldn't let go of it, that demon would only grow and impede his development.

Kisha was concerned for him because he had immense potential, just like Reeve and Clyde.

She couldn't bear to see his potential wasted by the hatred and resentment consuming his heart and soul.

Right now, this teenager was like a vengeful ghost, determined to stop at nothing to exact his revenge.

Because Kisha had been the one to save him, he saw her as his only salvation, the lone light in his darkest moments.

He was more than willing to confront the demon in his heart, feeling unworthy to even stand beside Kisha, as he saw himself as tainted.

To calm himself, he took a grim satisfaction in hearing the tortured screams of the man who had once tormented him, nearly destroying both his body and soul.

This small taste of revenge wasn't enough to fully satisfy his desire for justice, but Kisha's promise that he could exact his own revenge once Duke was finished kept him patient.

In the meantime, he diligently guarded the cells, ensuring that none of these wretched souls could escape the living hell that awaited them before they died of the most gruesome death possible.

Who would have imagined that this teenager was once the beloved teen idol, always playful and full of joy, adored by many?

Now, his expression was deadly, his bottomless eyes sending chills through anyone who looked at him, and the small curve of his lips made him appear eerie despite his striking features.

His appearance had also changed—he now looked like a living incubus, with a beauty capable of toppling a city.

His androgynous figure, still not fully developed, allowed him to easily pass as either male or female.